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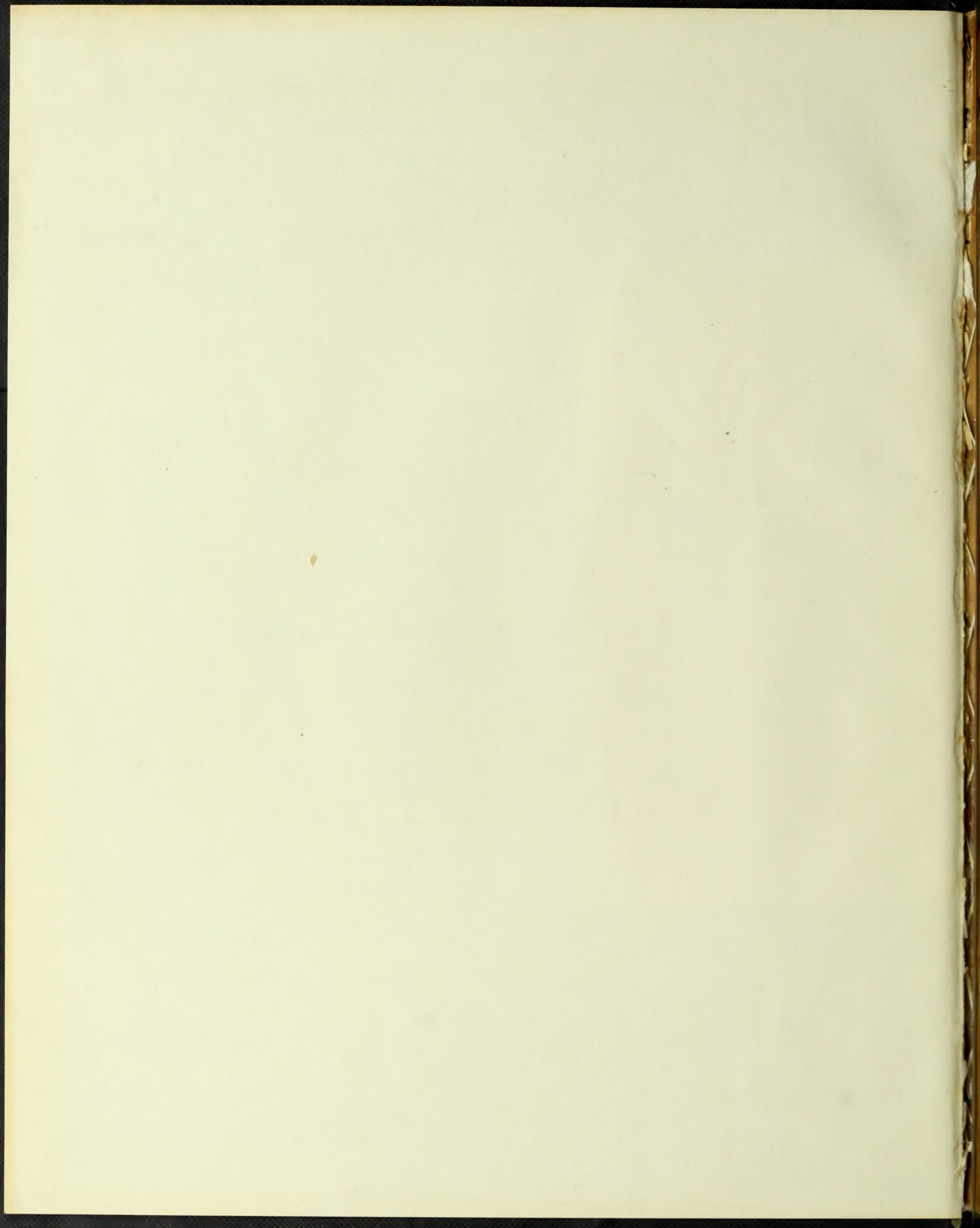
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SERIAL STORY

THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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THE KEY NOTE.

THERE are some men who fashion their own lives with their own thoughts and their own actions, who start in their journey through the world with a settled purpose, and who progress steadily towards a chosen goal. There are other men who tread the maze of life blindly, whose highest hopes and noblest endeavours seem to be the sport of Fate, men around whose footsteps a fatal web has been woven, and who move unconsciously and inevitably towards darkest doom. For these men there is no generous feeling, nor honour. They are the victims of destiny, and from the first are a pre-ordained

who will want to be taken about in the carriage, and to come down to the drawing-room, and who will be always in the way. Had she been a child of Mildred's age, and a play-fellow for Mildred, I should not have objected half so much."

"I'm very sorry you object; but I have no doubt she will be a play-fellow for Mildred all the same, and that she will not mind spending a good deal of her life in the schoolroom."

"Evidently, John, you don't know what girls of fourteen are. I do."

"Naturally, Maud, since it is not so many years since you yourself were that age."

The lady smiled, touched ever so slightly by the suggestion of youth, which was gratifying to the mother of a seven-year-old daughter.

The scene was a large old-fashioned drawing-room, in an old-fashioned street in the very best quarter of the town, bounded on the west by Park Lane and on the east by Grosvenor square. The lady was sitting at her own particular table in her favourite window in the summer gloaming; the gentleman was lolling with his back to the velvet-draped mantelpiece. The room was full of flowers and prettinesses of every kind, and offered unmistakable evidence of artistic taste and unlimited means in its possessors.

The lady was young and fair, a tall slender woman, who afforded a Court milliner the best possible scaffolding for expensive work. The gentleman was middle-aged and had strongly-marked features and a resolute

The lady was the

her own weaker nature, but she liked him still better for the sake of wealth which seemed unlimited.

She was nineteen at the time of her marriage, and she had been married nine years. Those years had brought the honourable Mrs. Fausset only one child, the seven-year-old daughter, who was playing about the room in the twilight. The lady's pleasure as a woman had been indulged to the full by her husband, and admiring husband: time in his life John Fausset had asked his wife a favour too readily. It must not be a small one, the adoption of a child. Mr. Fausset

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"I'm afraid the lady, tone of a voice
"How can she bore child, and you can do said the gentleman.

"My dear John, you she is between thirteen deal more than a child—a

typical ferns. Mildred was enjoying herself in the quiet way of children accustomed to play alone, looking at the pretty things upon the various tables, peering in at the old china figures in the cabinets, the ridiculous Chelsea shepherd and shepherdess, the Chelsea lady in hawking costume, with a falcon upon her wrist; the absurd lambs, and more absurd foliage, and the Bow and Battersea ladies and gentlemen, with their blunt features, and coarse complexions. Mildred was quite happy prowling about, and looking at things in silent wonder; turning over leaves of illustrated books, and lifting the lids of gold and enamelled boxes; trying to find out the uses and meanings of things. Sometimes she came back to the front drawing-room and seated herself on a stool at her mother's feet, solemnly listening to the conversation, following it much more earnestly, and comprehending it much better than either her father or mother would have supposed possible.

To stop up after nine o'clock was an unwonted joy for Mildred, who went to bed ordinarily at seven. The privilege had been granted in honour of the rare occasion, a *tete-a-tete* dinner in the height of the London season.

"Is there no one else who could take her?" repeated Mrs. Fausset impatiently, finding that her husband took a long time to answer.

"There is really no one else upon whom the poor child has any claim."

"Cannot she remain at school? You could be schooling, of course. I should not

be in a lady who had brought in a fine five thousand pounds, and money as freely as if it had

been at school. She is a kind of school. She needs

horrid rebellious at school, and nobody else will

Maud. is a girl feelings, abilities had less

She had been sitting with her head bent over her doll, and her hair falling forward over her face like golden rain, for the last ten minutes. Mrs. Fausset had no suspicion that the child had been listening, and this sudden appeal was startling to the last degree.

"Wisdom has spoken from my darling's rosy lips," said Fausset, coming over to the window and stooping to kiss his child.

"My dear John, you must know that your wish is a law to me," replied his wife, submitting all at once to the inevitable. "If you are really bent upon having your ward here she must come."

"I am really bent upon it."

"Then let her come as soon as you like."

"I will bring her to-morrow."

"And I shall have some one to play with," said Mildred, in her baby voice: "I shall give her my second best doll."

"Not your best, Mildred?" asked the father, smiling at her.

Mildred reflected for a few moments.

"I'll wait and see what she is like," she said, "and if she is very nice I will give her quite my best doll. The one you brought me from Paris, father. The one that walks and talks."

Maud Fausset sighed, and looked at the little watch dangling on her chatelaine.

"A quarter to ten! How awfully late for Mildred to be up. And it is time I dressed. I hope you are coming with me, John. Ring the bell, please. Come, Mildred."

The child kissed her father with a hearty, clinging kiss which meant a world of love, and then she picked up her doll—not the walking-talking machine from Paris, but a friendly, old-fashioned wax and bran personage—and trotted out of the room, hanging on to her mother's gown.

"How sweet she is," muttered the father, looking after her fondly; "and what a happy home it has been. I hope the coming of that other one won't make any difference."

CHAPTER II.

FAY.

MRS. Fausset's three parties, the last of which was a very smart ball, kept her away from home until the summer sun was rising above Grosvenor-square, and the cocks were crowing in the mews behind Upper Park-street. Having been so late in the morning, Fausset ignored breakfast, and only made appearance in time for lunch, when her husband came in from his ride. He had been to the first of her parties, and had been the way to the second, to go and ening in the H-terest

difference," he argued, "even if she has a peculiar temper. If she is inclined to be troublesome, she shall be made to keep herself to herself. Maud shall not be rendered unhappy by her."

He went out soon after lunch and came home again at afternoon tea-time in a hansom, with a girl in a black frock. A four-wheeler followed with a large trunk and two smaller boxes. The splendid creatures in knee breeches and powder who opened the door had been ordered to deny their mistress to everybody, so Mrs. Fausset was taking tea alone in her morning-room.

The morning-room occupied the whole front of the second floor, a beautiful room, with three windows, the centre a large bow, jutting out over empty space. This bow window had been added when Mr. Fausset married, on a suggestion from his fiancée. It spoiled the external appearance of the house, but it made the room delightful. For furniture and decoration there was everything pretty, novel, eccentric, and expensive that Maud Fausset had ever been able to think of. She had only stopped her caprices and her purchases when the room would not hold another thing of beauty. There was a confusion of form and colour, but the general effect was charming; and Mrs. Fausset, in a white muslin gown, suited the room, just as the room suited Mrs. Fausset.

She was sitting in the bow window, in a semicircle of flowers, and amidst the noises of the West End world, waiting for her husband and the new comer, nervous and apprehensive. The scarlet Japanese tea-table stood untouched, the water bubbling in the quaint little bronze teakettle, swinging between a pair of rampant dragons.

She started as the door opened, but kept her seat. She did not want to spoil the new comer by an undue appearance of interest.

John Fausset came into the room leading a pale girl, dressed in black. She was tall for her age, and very thin, and her small face had a pinched look, which made the great black eyes look larger. She was a peculiar-looking girl, with an olive tint in her complexion which hinted at a lineage not altogether English. She was badly dressed in the best materials, and had a look of never having been much cared for since she was born.

"This is Fay," said Mr. Fausset, trying to be cheerful.

His wife held out her hand, which the girl took shyly. She had an air of being

"What a pretty name!" said Fay, looking up at her.

is Fausset. She is y."

at last night," said air. "You only

ave said a family are namesakes,

areasingly, and red table in kes, and buns. his daughter.

esson; but she will be o, no doubt," answered

have to begin lessons so se fingers stuck down upon

the cold hard keys. The piano is so uninviting at seven years old, such a world of labour for such a small effect. If she could turn a barrel organ, with a monkey on the top, I'm sure she would like music ever so much better; and after a year or two of grinding it would dawn upon her that there was something wanting in that kind of music, and then she would attack the piano of her own accord, and its difficulties would not seem so hopelessly uninteresting. Are you fond of lessons, Fay?"

"I hate them," answered the girl, with vindictive emphasis.

"And I suppose you hate books too," said Mrs. Fausset, rather scornfully.

"No, I love books."

She looked about the bright, spacious room curiously, with admiring eyes. People who came from very pretty rooms were lost in admiration at Mrs. Fausset's morning room, with its heterogeneous styles of art—here Louis seize—there Japanese—Italian on one side—Turkish on the other. What a dazzling effect then it must needs have upon this girl, who had spent the last five years of her life amidst the barren surroundings of a suburban school.

"What a pretty room," she exclaimed at last.

"Don't you think my wife was made to live in pretty rooms?" asked Fausset, touching Maud's delicate hand as it moved among the tea things.

"She is very pretty herself," said Fay, bluntly.

"Yes, and all things about her should be pretty—this thing for instance," as Mildred came bounding into the room and clambered on her father's knee. "This is my daughter, Fay, and your playfellow if you know how to play."

"I'm afraid I don't, for they always snubbed us for anything like play," answered the stranger, "but Mildred shall teach me if she will."

She had learnt the child's name from Mr. Fausset during the drive from Streatham Common to Upper Parchment-street.

Mildred stretched out her little hand to the girl in black with somewhat of a patronising air. She had lived all her little life among bright colours and beautiful objects, in a kind of butterfly world, and she concluded that this pale girl in sombre raiment must needs be poor and unhappy. She looked her prettiest, smiling down at the stranger from her father's shoulder, where she hung fondly. She looked like a cherub in a picture by Rubens, red lips, with eyes of azure, and flaxen hair just touched with gold, and a complexion of dazzling lily and carnation colour suffused with light.

"I mean to give you my very best doll," she said.

"You darling, how I shall adore you," cried the strange girl impulsively, rising from her seat at the tea table, and clasping Mildred in her arms.

"That is as it should be," said Fausset, patting Fay's shoulder affectionately. "Let there be a bond of love between you two."

"And will you play with me, and learn your lessons with me, and sleep in my room?" asked Mildred coaxingly.

"No, darling. Fay will have a room of her own," said Mrs. Fausset, replying to the last inquiry. "It is much nicer for girls to have rooms to themselves."

"No, it isn't," answered Mildred, with a touch of petulance that was pretty in so lovely a child. "I want Fay to sleep with me. I want her to tell me stories every night."

"You have mother to tell you stories, Mil-

dred," said Mrs. Fausset, already inclined to be jealous.

"Not every night. Mother goes to parties almost every night."

"Not at the Hook, love."

"Oh, but at the Hook there's always company. Why can't I have Fay to tell me stories every night?" urged the child persistently.

"I don't see why they should not be together, Maud," said Mr. Fausset, always prone to indulge Mildred's lightest whim.

"It is better that Fay should have a room of her own for a great many reasons," replied his wife, with a look of displeasure.

"Very well, Maud, so be it," he answered, evidently desiring to conciliate her. "And which room is Fay to have?"

"I have given her Bell's room."

Mr. Fausset's countenance fell.

"Bell's room—a servant's room!"—he repeated blankly.

"It is very inconvenient for Bell, of course," said Mrs. Fausset. "She will have to put up an extra bed in the housemaid's room; and as she has always been used to a room of her own, she made herself rather disagreeable about the change."

Mr. Fausset was silent, and seemed thoughtful. Mildred had pulled Fay away from the table and led her to a distant window, where a pair of Virginian love-birds were twittering in their gilded cage, half hidden amidst the bank of feathery white spirea and yellow marguerites which filled the recess.

"I should like to see the room," said Fausset presently, when his wife had put down her tea cup.

"My dear John, why should you trouble yourself about such a detail?"

"I want to do my duty to the girl—if I can."

"I think you might trust such a small matter to me, or even to my housekeeper," Maud Fausset answered with an offended air. "However, you are quite at liberty to make a personal inspection. Bell is very particular, and any room she occupied is sure to be nice. But you can judge for yourself. The room is on the same floor as Mildred's."

This last remark implied that to occupy any apartment on that floor must be a privilege.

"But not with the same aspect."

"Isn't it? No, I suppose not. The windows look the other way," said Mrs. Fausset innocently.

She was not an over educated person. She adored Keats, Shelley, and Browning, and talked about them learnedly in a way; but she hardly knew the points of the compass.

She sauntered out of the room, a picture of languid elegance in her flowing muslin gown. There were flowers on the landing, and a scarlet Japanese screen to fence off the stairs that went downward, and an embroidered Algerian curtain to hide the upward flight. This second floor was Mrs. Fausset's particular domain. Her bedroom and bathroom and dressingroom were all on this floor. Mr. Fausset lived there also, but seemed to be there on sufferance.

She pulled aside the Algerian curtain, and they went up to the third story. The two front rooms were Mildred's bedroom and schoolroom. The bedroom door was open, an airy room with two windows brightened by outside flower-boxes, full of gaudy red geraniums and snow-white Marguerites, a gay looking room with a pale blue paper, and a blue and cream-coloured carpet. A little brass bed with lace curtains for

Mildred—a brass bed without curtains for Mildred's maid.

The house was like many old London houses, more spacious than it looked outside. There were four or five small rooms at the back occupied by servants, and it was one of those rooms, a very small room looking into a mews, which Mr. Fausset went to inspect.

It was not a delightful room. There was an outside wall at right angles with the one window which shut off the glory of the western sun. There was a forest of chimney pots by way of prospect. There was not even a flower-box to redeem the dinginess of the outlook. The furniture was neat, and the room was spotlessly clean; but as much might be said of a cell in Portland prison. A narrow iron bedstead, a couple of cane chairs, a common mahogany chest of drawers in the window, and on the chest of drawers a white toilet cover, and a small mahogany looking glass. A deal washstand and a zinc bath. These are not luxurious surroundings; and Mr. Fausset's countenance did not express approval.

"I'm sure it is quite as nice a room as she would have at any boarding school," said his wife, answering that disapproving look.

"Perhaps; but I want her to feel as if she were not at school, but at home."

"She can have a prettier room at the Hook, I daresay, though we are short of bedrooms even there—if she is to go to the Hook with us."

"Why of course she is to go with us. She is to live with us till she marries."

Mrs. Fausset sighed, and looked profoundly melancholy.

"I don't think we shall get her married very easily," she said.

"Why not?" asked her husband quickly, looking at her anxiously as he spoke.

"She is so remarkably plain."

"Did she strike you so? I think her rather pretty; or at least interesting. She has magnificent eyes."

"So has an owl in an ivy bush," exclaimed Mrs. Fausset petulantly. "Those great black eyes in that small pale face are positively repulsive. However, I don't want to depreciate her. She is of your kith and kin, and you are interested in her, so we must do the best we can. I only hope Mildred will get on with her."

This conversation took place upon the stairs. Mr. Fausset was at the morning-room door by this time. He opened it, and saw his daughter in the sunlit window among the flowers, with her arm round Fay's neck.

"They have begun very well," he said.

"Children are so capricious," answered his wife.

CHAPTER III.

A SUPERIOR PERSON.

MILDRED and her father's ward got on remarkably well, perhaps a little too well to please Mrs. Fausset, who had been jealous of the new comer, and resentful of her intrusions from the outset. Mildred did not show herself capricious in her treatment of her playfellow. The child had never had a young companion before, and to her the advent of Fay meant the beginning of a brighter life. Until Fay came there had been no one but mother; and mother spent her life in visiting and receiving visits. Only the briefest intervals between a ceaseless round of gaieties could be

afforded to Mildred. Her mother doated on her, or thought she did; but she had allowed her life to be caught in the cogs of the great society wheel, and she was obliged to go round with the wheel. So far as brightly-furnished rooms and an expensive morning governess, ever so much too clever for the pupil's requirements, and costly toys and pretty frocks, and carriage drives, could go, Mildred was a child in an earthly paradise; but there are some children who yearn for something more than luxurious surroundings and fine clothes, and Mildred Fausset was one of those. She wanted a great deal of love, she wanted love always, not in brief snatches, as her mother gave it, hurried caresses given in the midst of dressing for a ball, hasty kisses before stepping into her carriage to be whisked off to a garden party, or in all the pomp and splendour of ostrich feathers, diamonds, and court train, before the solemn function of a Drawing Room. Such passing glimpses of love were not enough for Mildred. She wanted warm affections interwoven with the fabric of her life, she wanted loving companionship from morning till night; and this she had from Fay. From the first moment of their clasping hands the two girls had loved each other. Each sorely in need of love, they had come together naturally, and with all the force of free, undisciplined nature, meeting and mingling like two rivers.

John Fausset saw their affection and was delighted. That loving union between the girl and the child seemed to solve all difficulties. Fay was no longer a stranger. She was a part of the family, merged in the golden circle of domestic love. Mrs. Fausset looked on with jaundiced eye.

"If one could only believe it were genuine!" she sighed.

"Genuine! which of them do you suppose is pretending? Not Mildred, surely?"

"Mildred! No indeed! *She* is truth itself."

"Why do you suspect Fay of falsehood?"

"My dear John, I fear—I only say I fear—that your protégé is sly. She has a quiet, self-contained air that I don't like in one so young."

"I don't wonder she is self-contained. You do so little to draw her out."

"Her attachment to Mildred has an exaggerated air—as if she wanted to curry favour with us by pretending to be fond of our child," said Mrs. Fausset, ignoring her husband's remarks.

"Why should she curry favour? She is not here as a dependent—though she is made to wear the look of one sometimes more than I like. I have told you that her future is provided for; and as for pretending to be fond of Mildred, she is the last girl to pretend affection. She would have been better liked at school if she had been capable of pretending. There is a wild, undisciplined nature under that self-contained air you talk about."

"There is a very bad temper, if that is what you mean. Bell has complained to me more than once on that subject."

"I hope you have not set Bell in authority over her," exclaimed Mr. Fausset hastily.

"There must be some one to maintain order when Miss Colville is away."

"That some one should be you or I, not Bell."

"Bell is a conscientious person, and she would make no improper use of authority."

"She is a very disagreeable person. That is all I know about her," retorted Mr. Fausset, as he left the room.

He was dissatisfied with Fay's position in the house, yet hardly knew how to complain or what alteration to suggest. There were no positive wrongs to resent. Fay shared Mildred's studies and amusements, they had their meals together, and took their airings together.

When Mildred went down to the morning-room or the drawing-room Fay generally went with her: generally, not always. There were times when Bell looked in at the schoolroom door and beckoned Mildred. "Mamma wants you alone," she would whisper on the threshold, and Mildred ran off to be petted and paraded before some privileged visitor.

There were differences which Fay felt keenly and inwardly resented. She was allowed to sit aloof when the drawing-room was full of fine ladies upon Mrs. Fausset's afternoon, while Mildred was brought into notice and talked about, her little graces exhibited and expatiated upon, or her childish tastes conciliated. Fay would sit looking at one of the art books piled upon a side table, or turning over photographs and prints in a portfolio. She never talked unless spoken to, or did anything to put herself forward.

Sometimes an officious visitor would notice her.

"What a clever-looking girl. Who is she?" asked a prosperous dowager, whose own daughters were all planted out in life, happy wives and mothers, and who could afford to interest herself in stray members of the human race.

"She is a ward of my husband's, Miss Fausset."

"Indeed. A cousin, I suppose."

"Hardly so near as that. A distant connection."

Mrs. Fausset's tone expressed a wish not to be bored by the clever-looking girl's praises. People soon perceived that Miss Fausset was to be taken no more notice of than a piece of furniture. She was there for some reason known to Mr. and Mrs. Fausset, but she was not there because she was wanted—except by Mildred. Everybody could see that Mildred wanted her. Mildred would run to her as she sat apart, and clamber on her knee, and hang upon her, and whisper and giggle with her, and warm the statue into life. Mildred would carry her tea and cakes, and make a loving fuss about her in spite of all the world.

Bell was a power in the house in Upper Parchment-street. She was that kind of old servant who is as bad as a mother-in-law, perhaps worse; for your mother-in-law is a lady by breeding and education, and is in some wise governed by reason, while your trustworthy old servant is apt to be a creature of impulse, influenced only by feeling. Bell was a woman of strong feelings, devotedly attached to Mrs. Fausset.

Twenty-seven years ago, when Maud Donfrey was an infant, Martha Bell was the young wife of the head gardener at Castleconnell. The gardener and his wife lived at one of the lodges, near the bank of the Shannon, and were altogether superior people for their class. Martha had been a lace-maker at Limerick, and was fairly educated. Patrick Bell was less refined and had no ideas beyond his garden; but he was honest, sober, and thoroughly respectable. He seldom read the newspapers, and had never heard of Home Rule or the three F's.

Their first child died within three weeks of its birth, and a wet nurse being wanted at the great house for Lady Castleconnell's seventh baby, Mrs. Bell was chosen as altogether the

best person for that confidential office. She went to live at the great white house in the beautiful gardens near the river. It was only a temporary separation, she told Patrick; and Patrick took courage at the thought that his wife would return to him as soon as Lady Castleconnell's daughter was weaned, while in the meantime he was to enjoy the privilege of seeing her every Sunday afternoon; but somehow it happened that Martha Bell never went back to the commonly-furnished little rooms in the lodge, or to the coarse-handed husband.

Martha Bell was a woman of strong feelings. She grieved passionately for her dead baby, and she took the stranger's child reluctantly to her aching breast. But babies have a way of getting themselves loved, and one baby will creep into the place of another unawares. Before Mrs. Bell had been at the great house three months she idolised her nursling. By the time she had been there a year she felt that life would be unbearable without her foster child. Fortunately for her she seemed as necessary to the child as the child was to her. Maud was delicate, fragile, lovely, and evanescent of aspect. Lady Donfrey had lost two out of her brood, partly, she feared, from carelessness in the nursery. Bell was devoted to her charge and Bell was entreated to remain for a year or two at least.

Bell consented to remain for a year; she became accustomed to the plenty and the refinements of a nobleman's house, she hated the lodge, and she cared very little for her husband. It was a relief to her when Patrick Bell sickened of his empty cottage and took it into his head to emigrate to Canada, where he had brothers and sisters settled already. He and his wife parted in the friendliest spirit, with some ideas of reunion years hence, when the honourable Maud should have outgrown the need of a nurse. Mrs. Bell lived at the great white house until Maud Donfrey left Castleconnell as the bride of John Fausset. She went before her mistress to the house in Upper Parchment-street, and was there when the husband and wife arrived after their continental honeymoon. From that hour she remained in possession at the Hook, Surrey, or at Upper Parchment-street, or at any temporary abode by sea or lake. Bell was always a power in Mrs. Fausset's life, ruling over the other servants, dictating and fault-finding in a quiet, respectful way, discovering the weak side of everybody's character and getting to the bottom of everybody's history. The servants hated her, and bowed down before her. Mrs. Fausset was fond of her as a part of her own childhood, remembering that great love which had watched through all her infantine illnesses and delighted in all her childish joys. Yet even despite these fond associations, there were times when Maud Fausset thought that it would be a good thing if dear old Bell would accept a liberal pension and go and live in some rose and honeysuckle cottage among the summery meadows by the Thames. Mrs. Fausset had only seen that river-side region in summer, and she hardly realized the stern fact of winter in that district. She never thought of rheumatism in connection with one of those low white-walled cottages, half hidden under overhanging thatched gables and curtained with woodbine and passion flower, rose and myrtle. Dear old Bell was forty-eight, straight as a ramrod, very thin, with sharp features, and quick, eager grey eyes, under bushy iron-gray brows. She had thick iron-gray hair, and she never wore a cap. That was one of her privileges,

and a mark of demarcation between her and the other servants; that and her afternoon gown of black silk or satin.

She had no specific duties in the house, but had something to say about everything. Mrs. Fausset's French maid and Mildred's German maid were at one in their detestation of Bell; but both were eminently civil to that authority.

From the hour of Fay's advent in Upper Parchment-street Bell had set her face against her. In the first place she had not been taken into Mr. and Mrs. Fausset's confidence about the girl. She had not been consulted or appealed to in any way; and, in the second place, she had not been told that her bedroom would be wanted for the new comer, and that she must henceforward share a room with one of the housemaids, an indignity which this superior person keenly felt.

Nor did Fay do anything to conciliate this domestic authority. Fay disliked Bell as heartily as Bell disliked Fay. She refused all offers of service from the confidential servant, and when Bell offered to help in unpacking her boxes—perhaps with some idea of peering into those details of a girl's possessions which in themselves constitute a history—Fay declined her help curtly and shut the door in her face.

Bell had sounded her mistress, but had obtained the scantiest information from that source. A distant connection of Mr. Fausset's; his ward; an heiress. Not one detail beyond this could Bell extract from her mistress, who had never kept a secret from her. Evidently Mrs. Fausset knew no more.

"I must say, ma'am, that for an heiress the child has been sadly neglected;" Bell told her mistress. "Her under-linen was all at sixes and sevens till I took it in hand, and she came to this house with her left boot worn down at heel. Her drawers are stuffed with clothes, but many of them are out of repair, and she is such a wilful young lady that she will hardly let me touch her things."

Bell had a habit of emphasising personal pronouns that referred to herself.

"You must do whatever you think proper about her clothes, whether she likes it or not," answered Mrs. Fausset, standing before her glass, and giving final touches to the feathery, golden hair which her maid had arranged a few minutes before. "If she wants new things you can buy them for her from any of my tradespeople. Mr. Fausset says she is to be looked after in every way. You had better not go to Bond Street for her under-linen. Oxford Street will do; and you need not go to Stephanie for her hats. She is such a very plain girl that it would be absurd—cruel even—to dress her like Mildred."

"Yes, indeed, it would ma'am," assented Bell, and then she pursued musingly: "If it was a good school she was at, all I can say is that the wardrobe woman was a very queer person to send any pupil away with her linen in such a neglected state. And as for her education, Miss Colville says she is shockingly backward. Miss Mildred knows more geography and more grammar than that great overgrown girl of fourteen."

Mrs. Fausset sighed.

"Yes, Bell, she has evidently been neglected; but her education matters very little. It is her disposition I am anxious about."

"Ah, ma'am, and so am I," sighed Bell.

When Bell had withdrawn, Maud Fausset sat in front of her dressing table in a reverie. She

forgot to put on her bonnet, or to ring for her maid, though she had been told the carriage was waiting, and although she was due at a Musical Recital in ten minutes. She sat there lost in thought, while the horses jingled their bits impatiently in the street below.

"Yes, there is a mystery," she said to herself, "everybody sees it, even Bell."

(To be continued.)



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 11th January.

THE past week has been one of more animation in the Stock Exchange, and in several departments substantial advances have to be recorded.

Home Rails (led by Brighton A) have secured most attention and on favourable rumours as to a probable Dividend of 5% advanced to 121¼, other Lines moving upward in sympathy. These securities (apart from the uncertainty of Foreign Politics) are likely to engage more attention for some weeks to come, and we anticipate higher prices. Chatham and Dover at 22¾ are worth attention, and it is thought in well-informed circles that Hull and Barnsley, which are now quoted at 39 will have a substantial rise as soon as the terms of the working arrangement with the Midland Railway Company are announced.

The Foreign Market (with the exception of Uruguay) has been dull on the whole, and affected by the failure of a large operator in Paris, with liabilities amounting to nearly half-a-million sterling. He was caught a Bear of some 10,000 Rio Tinto Shares, which will in some measure account for the rapid advance in these securities, and which in our opinion is not warranted, even if we take into consideration the rise in Copper. Any violent fluctuations amongst Foreigners we do not anticipate, but we think that Peruvians at the present price, viz. 16½, should be watched, and bought on any reaction. The latest despatch from Panama states that the Peruvian Government has adopted vigorous measures for the recovery of the Railways from the Contractors, with the view of resuming possession. The Engineers and Inspectors of Mines, sent out by the London Committee of Peruvian Bondholders, are completing their survey, and these energetic proceedings would seem to imply that an arrangement with the Government of Peru respecting their claims will eventually be arrived at.

Americans have been undecided but fairly maintained, considering the small amount of business doing in them and they close at an advance on the week, with every prospect of going better. Union Pacifics are well spoken of in quarters generally well informed, but we should prefer Readings at present price, viz. 33½, which, but for the Coal strike on this Line, would have seen a higher figure. The buying in this security is said to have been mostly American, which is usually a good sign, but whilst predicting an advance in this Market, we must, at the same time, enjoin caution in the selection of this class of security.

For a lock-up Stock, which is 'sure to yield a good return, we strongly recommend the \$100 Shares of the New York Ontario and Western, now selling at about 17½, which is only 2% above the lowest price recorded since 1886.

The prospects of this Line are steadily improving, as shown by the large increase in Traffic returns, which for the month of December were no less than \$117,897, as compared with \$96,792 for the corresponding month of 1886. This Line is held almost exclusively by English Investors, is under English management, and the report for last year showed an actual profit over and above all first charges, which would have been available for Dividend, had it not been spent in necessary improvements. From reports just to hand from New York, there are some new and important developments mentioned in connection with this Line, which, if carried out, will greatly enhance the value of its shares, it being hinted that one of the Trunk Lines contemplates an arrangement for the use of the Ontario route, which, if carried out, would be of immense benefit to the Shareholders.

We can safely predict an important advance, and only patience is required to ensure a handsome profit.

The Mining Market has been very active, and dealings chiefly directed to Copper Shares. Rio Tintos, as

before stated, we cannot recommend at the present high price, although a much higher figure is predicted for them. We prefer the lower priced Copper Shares, such as "Argentellas," at 6/6, and "Tocopillas," at 8/-, which are well worth attention, and will see better prices. "Pestarena United Gold Mining Co.," whose £3 fully paid up Shares are now selling at about 4/-, are worth buying. This mine is in full working order, and the yield of gold for last December amounted to more than 550 oz. Those of our readers who feel disposed to go in at this low price, should insist on the delivery of the Shares when bought. "Violas," at 1½ should be watched. The last report from the Mine is highly satisfactory (in fact the best that has yet come to hand) producing 5,200 oz. of Silver, which is likely to be maintained for some time to come.

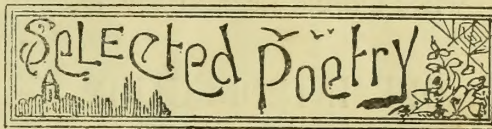
The "Miscellaneous Market" closed quiet but firm. Hotchkiss at about 17. Suez Canal at 82½ ex div., with every prospect of an improvement in price, and we should advise a purchase for a rise of at least 10 per cent. within the next few months. Guinness, at 27½, we will not presume to give advice on, as our Irish friends are likely to know more about the working of this Company than we are, and are no doubt better informed.

In conclusion, we are strongly of opinion that after the settlement now in progress, and in face of the very favourable returns of the Board of Trade (published last Saturday) we shall see improving Markets all round, and the several Stocks and Shares to which we have drawn attention may safely be purchased and held for higher prices.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.



IF BUT ONE HEART BE TRUE.

THOUGH everything seems out of sorts,
And all the world goes wrong,
And there's no sweetness left in life
Where troubles thickly throng,
Still hopefully and cheerfully
Our course we may pursue,
If but one heart be true to us,
If but one heart be true.

There's many a friend that we may meet
In bright and prosperous days,
Who, when adversity is near,
Our confidence betrays;
But though misfortune crowds around,
And friends, alas! are few,
We'll thankful be; nor quite despair,
If but one heart be true.

No riches we may gather in
Can half the joy impart
That comes from sweet companionship
With one devoted heart;
That thinks of us, and cares for us,
In ways that will reveal
In quality, and prove 'twill be
Forever true as steel.

And, oh, what happiness is ours,
What wonder we perform,
When one who loves stands faithfully
Beside us through the storm;
And in fresh fountains of delight
Our courage we renew,
If but one heart be true to us,
If but one heart be true.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society," payable in advance.

Yearly	-	-	-	-	6/6
Half-Yearly	-	-	-	-	3/3
Quarterly	-	-	-	-	1/8

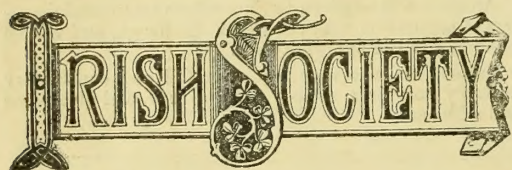
Scale of Advertisements

Front Cover,	5/-	per inch	Single Column.
Back	"	4/-	"
Inside	"	3/-	"

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and 12 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.
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WEEK ENDING 14th JANUARY, 1888.

OUR INTRODUCTION.

IN undertaking the conduct of a Journal which aims at becoming a true interpreter and reflex of Irish life, particularly in its best and most cultivated aspects, as well as an interesting and instructive medium of general information, the Editor deems it to be respectful to the Public, whose patronage he trusts to secure and retain, to state briefly the general lines on which the new Journal, IRISH SOCIETY, will be consistently and steadily conducted.

A great blot on Society journals in England is the readiness, and even avidity, with which they lend themselves to the purveying of scandals and the invasion of the privacy of the domestic hearth in order to provide what is regarded by only too many as "racy gossip," a good deal of which is often unfounded, and more of it grossly exaggerated, causing infinite distress to numbers of thoroughly estimable people, whose private lives and affairs are ruthlessly ransacked to satisfy the morbid cravings of a morally depraved class of the community. The London *flaneur*, who may be attached to a small Society journal, sees a "spicy" item of news in the merest Club gossip, or in conversation at innocent social gatherings, and, with a cleverness peculiarly his own, forthwith weaves it into a story, the publication of which very frequently inflicts the deepest pain on perfectly innocent individuals. With such a course of journalism the conductors

of IRISH SOCIETY can have no possible sympathy, and at the outset of a career which they trust will be a lengthened and prosperous one, they desire to assure the public that their columns shall never be degraded to such a purpose.

What they propose to themselves is the task of furnishing to their readers reliable Society gossip, and as in Ireland the field for such a purpose is a large one, ample materials of the necessary kind are always at hand. But this will be done in a way to ensure that all classes of readers shall be instructed or amused, while no one is needlessly or undeservedly pained or hurt. With the business of private life the conductors of IRISH SOCIETY have no concern, and such matters consequently cannot be permitted to obtrude themselves at any time into its columns. They attach all due respect to the home circle, and shall never be found imitating the bad example so prevalent in many Society journals across Channel.

Public matters, and especially the Corporate management of the affairs of Dublin, will receive intelligent attention from a perfectly independent standpoint; and, while the conductors of IRISH SOCIETY will refuse to ally themselves with any political party, they will endeavour to promote, by every means in their power, the social well-being of the people in all parts of the country, and in Dublin especially. They aim, also, at showing that it is possible to produce in the capital of Ireland, and to continue successfully, a Society journal of the highest character—pure in tone, interesting in matter, and written in a style calculated to secure for it ready and welcome access to all classes of Irishmen and Irishwomen at home and abroad.

In its pages will be found numerous attractive features, of which the following may be cited as examples:—

- 1.—A Serial Story of surpassing interest, by the Queen of Modern Novelists, Miss Braddon, entitled "The Fatal Three,"—a story which will be found the most thrilling and interesting that has yet emanated from that world-famous lady's versatile pen.
- 2.—Complete Tales by Popular Authors.
- 3.—Original and Selected Poetry, to the former of which readers of IRISH SOCIETY will be invited to contribute.
- 4.—Society Gossip and News, written with the design of interesting and amusing the public, and steering clear of all personalities or intrusion in private affairs.
- 5.—Portraits and Sketches by our Special Artist.
- 6.—Facetiae; and General Information, and
- 7.—A specially-prepared Monetary Article weekly, written by a gentleman of great experience in the financial world, who enjoys rare facilities for affording reliable information to investors, and whose hints, if followed, must have valuable results.

The typographical arrangements of IRISH SOCIETY will speak for themselves, and its conductors guarantee that in this respect nothing will be left undone to render their journal presentable on every drawing-room table, while its contents will be such as will appeal to the sympathy and support of all classes of the community.

The first Levee of the season will be held by His Excellency the Marquis of Londonderry at the Castle, on the 31st January, and the first Drawing-room by Her Excellency on the following day.

The Ball in aid of the funds of Jervis-street Hospital is announced for the 25th inst. in the Leinster Hall, and we sincerely trust that it may eventuate in a great financial success. All the Dublin Hospitals are doing noble service to the cause of humanity; but Jervis-street has special claims of its own, being heavily weighted with the burden of recent enlargements which were required for the accommodation of the suffering poor.

One of the events of the Dublin Winter season has been the Orthopædic Ball, held on the 11th inst. in the Leinster Hall. Everyone is a friend of the Orthopædic Hospital, and when the date for the Annual Ball in aid of its funds has been fixed, even those whose means will not permit them to attend the revels, heartily wish the festival success. The attendance was numerous, and the better classes from the townships were well represented. Nothing, indeed, was left undone by the Committee to ensure that the proceedings should be unmistakably enjoyable throughout, and the public will be glad to know that as a result of the ball the funds of this admirable charity will benefit considerably. The ladies' dresses were charming, as were the fair wearers themselves, and on all hands it is admitted that the spectacle in the Hall was a brilliant one, and worthy of the Irish capital.

The Fancy Dress Ball to children given by her Excellency at the Viceregal Lodge towards the close of last week merits special mention. According to all accounts it was a very brilliant affair, and resulted in an entire success. The little guests were of course the children of the upper crust of Dublin Society, and are said to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. All the well-known characters of ancient and modern history would appear to have been represented, and there can be no doubt that on the costumes provided for the occasion a good deal of money must have been spent, giving employment to a considerable number of young girls in city *modistes'* establishments. This is a step in the right direction which at this season we should desire to see frequently followed by persons of means and position. As Messrs. Chancellor & Son are preparing grouped portraits of the interesting juvenile revellers, the public will shortly have an opportunity of forming an idea of the breathing picture presented by the joyous youngsters on the occasion of what may be fairly described as a miniature state ball.

We heartily felicitate the deservedly popular Sir Charles Cameron on his convalescence.

Mr. F. St. Clair Ruthven, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has been married to Miss Emmie Steele, eldest daughter of Major-General Loftus Steele, of Lordello, Co. Dublin.

There have been several fashionable marriages in the vicinity of Dublin lately. Miss Dorothy May Clay, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Keating Clay, the eminent solicitor of St. Andrew Street, was married by special license



in her father's house, Anglesea, Killiney, Co. Dublin, to Mr. John Gordon, barrister-at-law, of 25 Upper Fitzwilliam Street. Mrs. Gordon's dress was of rich white satin, adorned with crystal ornaments and orange blossoms. We believe this lovely gown was designed and made in Mr. Alfred Manning's, Grafton Street.

The latest invention in the jewellery line is an engagement bracelet. The putting on of this article of jewellery is an easy matter, but when the fair recipient endeavours to take it off she finds to her dismay that, no matter how hard she may try, it is impossible to remove it without the aid of the donor, who keeps the secret of the spring in his own possession. When this bracelet comes into use in Ireland, another source of unending amusement will be at the service of those who love and those who don't.

With the first issue of IRISH SOCIETY we give a portrait of one of the loveliest of her sex, the youthful and popular Duchess of Leinster. Beloved in her own aristocratic circle, and singularly honoured by the people among whom she dwells for a great portion of the year at Carton, her Grace seems never to be wearied of doing good, especially among the class in her neighbourhood who require the exercise of benevolence. The young Duchess, who may be fittingly described as a gentle ivy tendril clinging round the old but vigorous Geraldine oak, is a daughter of the Earl of Feversham, of Ryedale, Yorkshire, and grand-daughter of the late Sir James Graham, Bart. Lady Hermione Wilhelmina Duncombe was born in 1864, and was married in January, 1884, to the Marquis of Kildare, who last year succeeded his father in the ancient Dukedom of Leinster. Their Graces have one child, Maurice, Marquis of Kildare, born in March, 1887.

It was a thoughtful and a kindly feeling on the part of her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry which prompted the gift of a toy to each of the children in the various hospitals of Dublin at the festive season of Christmas. How the suffering little ones were delighted with her ladyship's simple aids to the forgetfulness of pain might have been witnessed by a visit to the several institutions in which the children's injuries are attended to, and in the cots of which the tiny patients exhibited with infantile glee the gifts of which they had become the possessors.

Miss Braddon it appears makes £4,500 by each novel she writes. It is her custom to publish two a year, and she has strictly kept to that rule for several years. "The Fatal Three," which commences in this issue of IRISH SOCIETY is her latest story, and competent judges have declared that it is the best yet produced by her.

The fun of the Pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe the First" at the cosy Queen's Theatre, in Brunswick Street, is now so thoroughly recognised by the public that no further assertion of that important fact is required. Its truth is best attested by the crowded houses that have witnessed each representation since the initial one on the afternoon of Boxing Day, when public anticipation of what Mr. Warden is capable of accomplishing in this particular domain of theatrical spectacle was fully verified. The Pantomime literally bristles with fun, while the costumes are superb, and the scenery is all that might be looked for from the artistic ability of such painters as John O'Farrell and Edmund Swift. In a word, "Robinson Crusoe the First" is the success of the season in Dublin.

The incidental scenery is a feature of the Pantomime, and will be long remembered for its singular beauty under the effect of various forms and blends of coloured lights. "Under the Sea," by Mr. O'Farrell, is very effective, the marine objects shown being both pretty and attractive, and such as the eye could dwell on for a long time. The same painter's pictures of the main deck and saloon of the "Saucy Sally" are conceived in true nautical spirit, and are realistically worked out, giving the nearest approach possible on the stage to our modern ideas of the sort of craft it must have been in which the "monarch" of all he surveyed set sail from the port of Hull on his voyage of discovery. "Full forty fathoms deep" (Mr. Edmund Swift) is a splendid picture, as are the "Landing-place on the Lake," and the "Court-yard of the Palace" by the same artist, who has also turned out the "Transformation Scene," entitled "Earth, Air, Fire, and Water," presenting a brilliant series of tableaux which only require to be seen to be warmly admired.

A word now anent the *corps dramatique* who are so successfully engaged in presenting the accepted pantomimic episodes associated with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Miss Kitty Brooke comes first, as the representative of Defoe's hero. The lady is the possessor of a fine figure, and with a well-modulated voice, which she uses artistically, rarely fails in evoking genuine applause. Her dancing, too, is graceful, and Miss Kitty is a general favourite. So, also, is Miss Bella Bashall, who, as "Kitty Clover," looks very pretty and even captivating. Miss Annie Sterne enjoys the reputation of being one of the best dancers on the stage, but as "Billee Taylor" she is not afforded as much opportunity as could be desired for a display of the terpsichorean art, and this little defect might be remedied by the management with advantage to the pantomime. Miss Helen Granville, a *debutante*, makes a positively lovely "Fairy Freedom," while Miss Lydia Frazer as the Wicked Fairy is piquant and charming.

Mrs. Crusoe, otherwise Mrs. Mary Anne Selkirk, finds her representative in Mr. Fred Cairns, and it will be generally admitted that, with the exception of one or two little peculiarities of manner and style, it would have been difficult to make a better selection for the part. Mrs. Crusoe is occasionally a little rough and unnecessarily masculine—faults which Mr. Cairns is quite capable of mending; and having made this complaint, we have nothing to add of him but words of praise. He is essentially the life

of the piece, and on at least a couple of occasions afforded quiet amusement to the author of the pantomime, who watched his manœuvres with some interest from the corridor in the dress circle. His topical songs are always received with pleasure, and are invariably re-demanded. Patsy Harvey is an old favourite who improves on further acquaintance, and as "Will Atkins" affords much satisfaction to all parts of the house. Of the other and numerous characters in the pantomime, it only remains to add that they are all as perfect as could be in their respective parts. Mr. Jones, the lessee, is certainly doing the right thing in the way of making the Queen's even more comfortable in the auditorium than it admittedly has been. He has just given the dress circle a new costume of red upholstery, which imparts a decidedly warm appearance to the house, while the entrance and corridor look quite festive in their coating of baize with a bright brass studding.

But about Mr. Whitbread. This, we think, is the fitting place to pay a well-merited meed of praise to one who is perhaps the most deservedly popular manager whom Dublin theatrical life has known for many a year. Author of several successful plays, and clever actor as well, he occupies a leading position in the profession; and it was a fortunate circumstance that his assistance was available in the production of "Robinson Crusoe the First," which has now a firm hold of the popular fancy. To Mr. Warden, of course, primarily belongs the great credit of the pantomime, aided, as he was, in the designs of the costumes by the cultivated taste of Mrs. J. F. Warden; but all the same, he was the better of Mr. Whitbread's help, which no one would, we are sure, be readier to acknowledge than the genial and versatile proprietor of the Belfast Theatre Royal, whose son represents him at the Queen's.

Mr. Levenston, the able conductor of the orchestra, must not be either overlooked or forgotten. He has accustomed the patrons of the Queen's to good music artistically rendered, and his pantomime selections are full of vivacity and life.

Through the discourtesy of Mr. Gunn's manager at the Gaiety, Mr. M. J. Doyle, we are reluctantly obliged to defer a notice of the pantomime at present running at that theatre. We applied in the ordinary way for the grant to us of the usual facilities accorded to the Press, who are presumed to keep the public apprised of the merits or demerits of theatrical entertainments, and were refused. To this we could not reasonably object. The authorities of the Gaiety have a perfect right to decide who among journalists shall, and who shall not, enjoy the privilege of free *entree*; but we do very strongly object to a refusal conveyed in the ill-mannered language used by Mr. Gunn's unamiable representative to the gentleman of this office who waited on him, and who naturally expected to be received by that individual with common courtesy. In this anticipation our representative was, however, disappointed; but we will return good for evil, and as we are so charmed with Mr. Doyle's polite and gentlemanly deportment, we shall next week give to a portrait of this great theatrical magnate all the benefit of our circulation. He will probably be flattered by it—at least we hope so.

We regret to hear that Lady Edith Monck has been seriously ill. Her sister-in-law, the Hon. Frances Mary Monck, Lord Monck's eldest daughter, is about to make a very suitable, if curious marriage. This charming young lady, who is deaf and dumb, is, we understand, betrothed to a gentleman who is in a similar predicament.

Contributors to the Women's Jubilee Fund will be pleased to know that her Majesty the Queen has approved of the application of the Women's Jubilee Offering to the benefit of nurses.

The weather is extremely mild; consequently a greater stir is observable in fashionable circles than is usual at this time of the year. The large drapery establishments are looking their best, and the window decorations and displays in such houses as Arnott's, Switzer's, Clery's, and Todd, Burns', is seasonable and attractive. The Sackville-street house especially has made a name for itself by its usual tasteful and elegant window display.

According to an American contemporary Mr. Chamberlain is very popular with the ladies across the water. His manners are described as admirable, and his conversation sparkling. He is declared to be the most attractive widower now in the states, and it is opined that he will not long remain in single blessedness.

THE DECAYED INDUSTRIES OF IRELAND.

If English capitalists could only see it, there is a rare field in Ireland at present for the development of many of our ancient industries, which only need a little kindly encouragement to restore them to an active and profitable vitality. Our woollen mills are in the enjoyment of a pleasant prosperity which bids fair to continue, and the linen trade is also moderately vigorous, while the manufacture of whiskey and porter for the past year, and their export from Ireland, were on a much larger scale than previously. These industries may be safely left to take care of themselves; but what we would point out is, that by a moderate application of capital in several parts of the country, many interesting handicrafts would receive an impetus which would tend largely to the prosperity of the districts, while securing good returns for the investors. A few instances in this direction will suffice for the present. A very large amount of money is annually sent from Ireland to England and Scotland for the gear and tackle necessary to equip our fishing boats, every penny of which should be spent for this purpose at home; and when the fish are captured they are shipped to England and Scotland, where, after supplying market requirements, the remainder are consigned to curing-stations in those countries, to be returned largely to Ireland in various forms of preservation. The vast sum thus paid in a single year for this class of food might well astonish easy-minded people at home who attach little or no importance to the subject of curing-stations, once so numerous around the Irish coast, but now numbered among our industries of the past. Surely, to begin with, the project of fish-curing stations in Ireland should meet with favour from capitalists. In the proper seasons shoals are numerous in our waters, and only an earnest effort on the part of capitalists is required to make this country a great producer of cured fish, for which ready markets would be everywhere obtained.



UNITED IN DEATH.

BY J. S. WILSON.

HE was only a poor artist ; she was an opera singer, playing a long engagement in one of the popular theatres of the city. She was admired, petted and spoiled—was the recipient of fine presents—and had only to smile to bring the wealthiest to her feet.

He lodged and toiled in the garret of a miserable tenement in a crowded portion of the metropolis. He ate at a cheap and common restaurant.

He had no plenitude of friends ; but he had that which was better—a pure soul and a noble heart. He had genius, too, but people were slow to recognise it, and so he had to starve and freeze and go without decent clothes in consequence. He was a remarkably handsome man, and to those he liked could be very charming.

He was engaged on a picture that, when finished, would bring him both fame and fortune. A certain art firm, very popular with the fashionable world, had seen some of this artist's work, and were quick to see the merit in it, and had engaged him to paint a picture for them, for which they had contracted to pay a fabulous price—and the picture was nearly completed.

Poor as he was, he always managed to attend the opera—especially since Celestine Bordelon had been playing.

This Celestine Bordelon was an uncommonly pretty woman—small, but graceful as a swan—and the glorious golden hair that fell down and around her in shining, clustering curls had stirred many a masculine heart with the fire of love. Her eyes were the most beautiful ever set in a woman's head—so large and tender and brown ; so changeful in expression ; so bewitching always.

As we have said, her admirers were legion—all kinds, conditions and classes bowed in willing homage at her feet. Lovers, too, she had—rich, aristocratic and proud.

A thorough star in the theatrical firmament, she was born for that and that alone. Nightly she held her vast audiences spell-bound. With a voice like an angel's, she would draw tears from the most stony-hearted. Her reign was imperial. The country, far and near, resounded with her name. Presents, smiles—ay, and hearts—were showered upon her. But, with all her marvellous success, her heart and soul remained unsullied. The poor artist loved her—as so many others had—when she first appeared before him in the glare of the foot-lights, with a love he had never felt before. A month had gone by, and she was still playing, and his love all the time grew stronger. He always occupied the same remote seat in the crowded theatre, and he never failed to send the beautiful actress a bunch of blue-eyed pansies.

Inspired with her beauty and his love, he was painting the picture that was to bring him a fortune.

Celestine, touched by the unassuming flowers—so different from the other gifts that were showered upon her—fathomed out the donor ; and as she observed him nightly in his lonely

seat, her heart went out to him in something like pity ; but one night, as she watched him, with his face all aglow with love and enthusiasm—far handsomer than any human being she had ever seen—the feeling of pity was changed to love—they are so near akin.

This was the beginning. It was not difficult to effect that which two loving hearts so much desired, and the brilliant and popular actress and the almost unknown and humble artist met and exchanged vows of eternal love.

Nightly would he escort her to her sumptuous lodgings in the most brilliant portion of the great city. One by one the wealthy suitors were rejected, and their costly offerings of love returned. All the city wondered, and many tongues were set a-wagging. Luciene and Celestine cared little for the gossips and scandal-mongers. They knew that they loved each other, and that the love was pure.

The poor artist, raised to the seventh heaven of bliss, worked with an inspired brush, and day by day the wonderful picture that was to bring him wealth, fame, his Celestine and happiness, grew. Only one more week of labour lay between him and all this. With love-impassioned eyes his Celestine encouraged him.

At last the painter pronounced his work complete. With a sigh of infinite satisfaction and relief, he laid his brushes and palette aside.

Now was his struggle with grinding poverty at an end. The happiness that he had so long coveted, but never hoped to gain, was almost within his grasp.

How cheerful the world looked ; how brightly the sun shone, and how deliciously sweet the birds sang all around ! As he gazed in rapture on his beautiful picture, tears of joy coursed down his cheeks ; his heart swelled with pride, and a prayer of thankfulness ascended to heaven from his moving lips.

When night at last enfolded the world within her sable arms, and the lighted lamps of the city gleamed like so many stars, the artist sallied forth to the theatre, and took his accustomed seat.

Never was such a crowd packed within the spacious hall before. Celestine Bordelon closed her engagement on this night, and her friends, of all classes, had gathered to honour her.

The orchestra sounded, the curtain was raised, and Celestine, in all her dazzling, glittering beauty, stepped upon the stage.

As she gazed down upon the many eager faces, her heart thrilled with unutterable happiness. The glad face of her lover, turned upon her from his distant seat, filled her with a new enthusiasm, and she sang as she had never sung before.

Hark ! what sound is that which interrupts the song upon the singer's lips, and causes every face to blanch and every heart to stand still with sudden terror ? It is the dread cry of fire—the theatre building is in flames !

A panic breaks forth. Every avenue of escape is assailed. Great, strong men, in their agony of fear, dash weak women and children to the ground and trample upon them. Wives, relatives and friends, are nothing now—every life is battling for itself.

In all this confusion and distress, where is Luciene Le Fevre, the artist ? There he is, with tattered clothing and smoke-grimed face, assisting that old terror-stricken man to escape from the burning building. One of the first to escape the flames himself, he has returned again and again to aid those unable to aid themselves.

Vainly he has sought his Celestine from the first. A sudden chill envelopes his heart, a terrible thought takes possession of his brain. Surely she cannot—But listen ! Hear that terrible scream—a woman's scream of mortal agony—borne shrill and piercing to the ears of the multitude, and causing the blood to turn like ice in Le Fevre's swollen veins !

Looking upward in the direction of the cries, at a window of the burning building, surrounded by crackling flames, he sees Celestine Bordelon waving her hands and calling for help.

The sash of the window is down, and the poor girl in her terror has not the strength to raise it. Even had she, it would benefit her nothing. As well die in the flames as to be dashed to death on the stony pavement.

For an instant the surging mass of people, looking on from below, is silent, and then a mighty shout arises. Something must be done to save the perishing woman, and that quickly.

"Who will risk his life to save yonder woman ?" some one shouts ; but there is no time given for answer, for Luciene Le Fevre steps forth from the crowd, with compressed lips and determined face, and taking a ladder that is lying near, he plants it as firmly as is possible against the trembling wall.

Celestine sees him and her heart grows stronger ; but when she hears the well-known voice shout up to her : "Have courage, darling, I will save you !" her nerves grew strong as steel.

Slowly, step by step, the heroic artist toils upward. Higher and higher he goes ! Angrier and angrier grows the fire. The vast building is now one sheet of flame, which roars like ten thousand demons turned loose from the infernal regions.

Now ! The artist has reached his poor Celestine. It is but the work of a moment for him to tear away the sash of glass, and stretch out his arms and take the trembling girl.

Whispering a few words of encouragement in her ear, he grasps her firmly and begins his tortuous, perilous descent.

The walls tremble and shake ; huge pieces of burning timber fall about him ; dense volumes of smoke surge around him, almost blinding and smothering him.

Slowly, oh, so slowly ! he toils downward with his lovely burden. To the anxious crowd below every second seems an age. Oh, he will soon reach the ground. Only a little space lies between him and safety.

Merciful Heaven ! The wall against which the ladder is resting shakes more and more, and is bending outward. The hushed, expectant multitude now realize that the descending couple are doomed to death.

A smothered cry breaks the stillness, followed by a tremendous crash, and the quaking walls part and fall forward ; a cloud of dust and heavy black smoke fly upward, and Luciene Le Fevre and Celestine Bordelon disappear for ever from life.

*** * * * *

Next morning two charred and blackened forms were taken from the ruins of the theatre building, and gently borne by tender hands to the city's lovely burying ground, and laid to rest in one grave. The artist's famous picture was sold, and the proceeds used to purchase a monument which rises white and grand over the last resting place of the ill-starred pair, and tells the story of their tragic death.



HOW THE SUEZ CANAL IS WORKED.

THE number of ships in the Suez Canal at one and the same time is sometimes very great; the slightest mistake or carelessness, therefore, in sending signals from station to station might lead to very serious consequences. The way in which the canal is worked from the Suez office is, like many other ingenious devices, exceedingly simple. It is ascribed to the local head of the administration, M. Chartrey, who deserves immense credit both for the invention itself and the way in which it is applied to the traffic.

Against the wall at one side of the room is a narrow shelf or platform, along which runs a groove. At intervals this trough or groove has deep recesses, and at two places these recesses are of larger size. This trough or groove represents the canal. The recesses are the sidings. The larger intervals are the Great Bitter Lake and Lake Timsah. When a vessel has been signalled and is about to enter the canal at, say, the Suez end, a small toy boat or model three or four inches long is chosen to represent her. A group of these model ships stands ready beside the model canal, each furnished with a flag. About forty have the English flag, ten or a dozen the French flag, and so on with other nationalities. As the steamer comes up and her name is known, it is written on paper and placed on the toy boat. The whole number of ships thus actually in the canal at any moment can be seen at a glance; and, as the telegraphic signals give notice, the toy boats are moved along, or placed in a siding, or shown traversing one of the lakes at full speed. Signals are sent from the office to the various *gares* prescribing the siding at which each ship must stop to let another ship meet and pass it.

The official who is on duty keeps the models moving as he receives notice, taking care, when perhaps two ships going in opposite directions are both nearing the same siding, to give timely warning to the pilots in charge by means of the signal balls and flags at each station under his control from the office, and to direct which of the two is to lie up and which to proceed.

CHEERFULNESS AT MEALS.

IT is said by medical authorities that cheerfulness at meals is a great promoter of health, and that whatever increases agreeable social intercourse at table, is therefore a matter of practical importance. In fact, one of the strongest pleas in favour of dinner-parties, large and small, public or private, is the fact of social intercourse at and after dinner, being favourable to health. It is pronounced by high authority that solitary meals are decidedly difficult of digestion, and that there is no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a genial social or family circle. More than this, the merrier the assembly, the better their digestion. "Laughter," says a famous doctor, "is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted, and the custom prevalent among our ancestors of exciting it at table, by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles. What nourishment one receives amid mirth and jollity will certainly produce good and light blood."

BATHS.

THE use of cold water as a bath for ordinary health purposes is purely reactionary. The cold bath is only useful, or even safe, when it produces a rapid return of the blood to the surface immediately after the first impression made, whether by immersion or effusion. The surface must quickly redden, and there must be a glow of heat. If these facts are not rapidly apparent cold bathing is bad, and no such effects are likely to be produced unless the circulation be vigorous, and both the heart and blood vessels are healthy. Great mistakes are made, and serious risks are often incurred by the unintelligent use of the cold bath by the weakly or unsound. Moreover, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is seldom too much energy to spare after middle age, and it is seldom expedient for persons much over 40 to risk cold bathing. No one above that age should use the tub quite cold, unless under medical advice. It is possible to be apparently robust and, for all the average purposes of life, healthy, and yet to have such disabilities arising out of organic disease or weakness as to render the recourse to heroic measures, even in the matter of cold bathing, perilous.

ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT.

A man can go back on relations,
And it will not disturb the world's plan;
But, ah, it's a different matter
When relations go back on the man.

WHAT IT COSTS TO REAR A BOY.

"My father never did anything for me," recently remarked a young man, who, a few weeks ago, had finished his school life, and is now seeking a good business opening. Judging by the words and the complaining tone in which they were uttered, the member of the firm who heard them is prone to believe that the young man's idea of "doing something" is an outright gift of a £250 in a lump, or the purchase of a partnership in an established business. This young man, to the knowledge of the writer, has never done one month's actual work for others in his entire life. His life has been passed in the pleasant pastimes of the home circle, in reading, study, hunting, fishing, ball-playing, yachting, and other employments not particularly beneficial to others. He is a type of that class of boys whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to keep servants to attend to the household drudgery, and whose fathers follow avocations in which no use can be made of the boy's spare hours. Like most boys of his class, he looks upon his board and clothes for twenty years, together with jewellery, bicycle, etc., as matters of course. The writer, while the complaining remark was still ringing in his ears, had the curiosity to make a conservative compilation of what it costs to rear an ordinary boy for the first twenty years of his life, and here it is:

£20 per year for the first five years.....	£100
£30 per year for the second five years.....	£150
£40 per year for the third five years.....	£200
£60 per year for the next three years.....	£180
£100 per year for the next two years.....	£200
	£830

Yes, this is a moderate estimate of the financial balances against the boy who complains that his father has never done anything for him.

QUITS.

WHILE Dr. Young, an officer belonging to the Woolwich Garrison, was escorting some ladies up the river to Vauxhall about the year 1720, he played them some tunes on a flute. Behind them was a boat in which were several officers rowing for the same goal, and, as these soon came alongside the one the doctor and his party were in, he ceased playing. One of the officers immediately asked why he did so.

"For the same reason that I began," answered Dr. Young, "to please myself."

The reply to this was an order to continue playing, ending with a threat that if he did not do so he—the officer—would toss the doctor into the Thames. Dr. Young complied with the insolent demand, and played all the way up the river to Vauxhall. During the evening, however, the doctor observed the officer who had been so musically inclined by himself in one of the walks, when he went up to him, and with great coolness said,—

"It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony of either my company or yours that I complied with your arrogant demand, but, that you may learn that courage is to be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place without any second, the quarrel being entirely between ourselves."

The doctor further covenanted that the affair should be decided by swords, to all of which conditions the officer readily agreed. The parties met on the following morning as had been arranged; but, the moment the officer had taken his ground and drawn his sword, the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol, and presented it at him.

"What!" exclaimed the officer in a fright—"do you mean to assassinate me?"

"No," replied the doctor, "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man."

The other at this began to swear at his opponent, as well as to vow he would do nothing of the kind; but the doctor was resolute, giving the officer clearly to understand that, if he did not begin to dance before he—Young—counted thirty, the threat would be carried into effect. In slow time the doctor began to count "One. two, three," and by the time he had got up to "ten" the sword was returned into its sheath, and before he had counted "twenty" the officer was going through a minuet, as stateliness as a man could do that had a loaded pistol levelled within but a few feet of his head. After a quarter of an hour's practice the muzzle of the pistol was lowered, the holder of it saying as it fell:—

"That will do, sir; we are now quits. You forced me to play against my will, and I have compelled you to dance against yours. Being now on a level, I will give you whatever other satisfaction you require. The next affair will of course be with seconds. You know where to find me. Good-morning."

The doctor, however, heard no more of the matter.

RUDENESS REBUKED BY A PLUMBER.

A PLUMBER was sent to the house of a very wealthy stockbroker, with orders to execute some repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once." But the man of lead was in

nowise disconcerted. "Tom," said he, to his apprentice, who accompanied him, "take my watch and my chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be dishonest people about this house."

SPOILING SERVANTS.

THE test of honesty has changed of late. People who would scorn to borrow an umbrella without leave, and who scrupulously return a borrowed book have no hesitation whatever in enticing the servants of their nearest neighbour or dearest friend away whenever their interest prompts the so doing. Strangers, therefore, are clearly entitled to no consideration in this respect, and it is no uncommon thing for a tidy-looking nurse girl to be stopped on the street and interrogated by some woman in search of a nurse as to whether she likes her place or would be willing to leave it.

Still more frequently is the query with regard to other servants, as, for example, when the other day a nurse with her charges was accosted by a lady who asked her if she knew of a good cook.

"I don't know but one—my mother," replied the girl, "and she is in service."

"What wages does she get?"

The girl told her.

"Ah, whom does she live with?"

The name was given and recognized as that of a gentleman who had some reputation as a *bon vivant*.

"Very well, tell her to come to me and I'll give her higher wages. I must have a good cook."

AN OCULIST'S ADVICE.

KEEP a shade on your lamp or gasburner.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Never begin to read, write, or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate, whether twilight, moonlight, or on cloudy days.

Finally, the moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

PURIFYING POLLUTED WATER.

THE use of alum to clear muddy water has long been known, but Professor Leeds, in the course of an investigation on an outbreak of typhoid fever recently discovered another value in its use, which may be very important. He found that the water which was supplied to the inhabitants of a certain district was swarming with bacteria, about fifteen drops being capable of forming 8,100 colonies of these microscopic germs when spread upon a suitable surface. He tried the experiment of adding a minute amount of alum to this water in the proportion of only half a grain to a gallon, and found that not only was the dirt and colouring matter precipitated, but that instead of the same quantity of water containing 8,100 colonies of bacteria, it contained only 80, and these were all of a large form. On filtering the water through two thicknesses of filtering paper he found that the filtered water contained no bacteria, but was "as sterile as if

it had been subject to prolonged boiling." This amount of alum is too small to be evident to the taste, and is not harmful to health. If his observations shall remain unrefuted, they may form a valuable method of purifying polluted drinking water.

PRACTICAL POLITENESS.

LITTLE things may betray a man's lack of good breeding, or prove that he has been well instructed in the code of politeness. Few men appear to know that if they are compelled to crowd by ladies in the theatre or any public place, it is the height of rudeness to turn their backs on them. Again, one will see young men who claim to be polite—and who try to be—meet young women in the street, stop them, converse a while, and then go on, leaving them to go their way. If a gentleman meets a lady in the street and wishes to converse with her, he will, of course, turn and join her, walking with her as far as he has time or inclination to do so. Then, too, young man, if you are calling on a lady, and have finished your call, rise, bid the lady good morning or evening, as the case may be—and then leave. Don't stand and keep on saying "Well, I must go now," and edge off to the front hall expecting your friend to follow; for if she knows what is what, she will formally bow you out of the parlour, and leave you to get out of the house the best way you can. Others, instead of being deficient in politeness, develop a lack of familiarity with the code by being superfluously polite—by saying: "Beg your pardon," "Thanks," "Don't mention it," "After you," "Excuse me," etc., etc., in a series of endless repetitions, and with scarcely any warrant. And in this rambling essay on politeness we note also that often when men try to be polite to a lady they annoy her and are really impolite by making her the subject of too much notice.

FIVE WAYS TO STOP OR CURE A COLD.

BATHE the feet in hot water, and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.

Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.

Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours.

Inhale ammonia or menthol.

Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

Summer colds are the worst of all colds oftentimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A ten-grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or physical exertion.

HIGH HATS AND BALD HEADS.

A NEW VIEW OF THE CAUSE OF PREMATURE LOSS OF HAIR.

THE habit of wearing warm coverings on the head is not of recent date; the armies of Europe, for instance, no inconsiderable number of men, with heads close cropped, have worn for a long period warmer and heavier headgear than the modern dwellers in cities, without the same tendency to baldness. Nor are the heavy fur coverings of northern races incompatible with luxuriant hair. It is also difficult to understand what injury can result from close cutting, per se. The growth is in the

hair follicle, and in it alone; there is no vital connection between the hair outside the scalp and within; it is usually cut closest at the back of the head and neck, where baldness never occurs. Would not close cutting rather stimulate the growth by exposure of the scalp? Such at least is the popular belief. So, too, with indoor life; women, who ought to show it most, whether in the home or in the factory, are never bald as men are; on the contrary, it is most common with men in good circumstances, as Mr. Eaton's statistics show—men who spend a larger proportion of their time in the open air than the indoor workers.

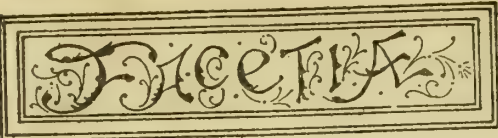
I believe the common form of baldness is due entirely to the kind of hat that is worn, principally to the high hat and the hard felt hat, but also to any other head-covering that constricts the blood-vessels which nourish the hair-bulbs. To have a clearer understanding of this, we must remember that the scalp is supplied with blood by arteries at the back, sides, and front of, and lying close to, the skull, which diminish in size by frequent branching as they converge toward the top of the head. They are in a most favourable position to be compressed, lying on unyielding bone and covered by thin tissue. Consider what effect must be produced by a close-fitting, heavy, and rigid hat; its pressure must lessen to a certain extent the flow of arterial blood, and obstruct to a greater extent the return of the venous; the result being a sluggish circulation in the capillaries around the hair follicles and bulbs, a consequent impairment of nutrition, and final atrophy. This pressure is not trivial or imaginary, as any one will admit who has noticed the red band of congestion on the forehead when a hard hat is removed after moderate exercise.

PIANOFORTE MANIA.

AN English physician affirms that under certain circumstances people can be driven crazy by the playing of a piano. When this fact becomes generally recognized all that will be necessary for a man convicted of a high crime will be for him to prove that he has been living next door to a young lady with an exquisite touch. The jury will bring in a verdict, without leaving their seats, of "Not guilty," by reason of insanity.

PROFITABLE BEGGING.

AMONG the begging letters received by a rich gentleman was one from a woman, who wrote in pencil on a bit of dirty paper, saying that she was a laundress, a widow with two children and a new born baby, who had lost her customers through the necessity of waiting upon her husband in his last illness, and her own subsequent illness at the birth of her child. She only asked for a few shillings to pay her rent and was sure with that she could go on through the next month and find work enough to support herself. As a guarantee of her honesty she enclosed her last month's rent receipt. On taking this to the Association of Charities they turned to a bundle of some forty of these letters, that each contained a rent receipt and had been turned into them for investigation. The woman was a widow with three children, and she lived in a good deal of comfort as a result of her industry, sending off some twenty of these letters a week and averaging £3 or £4 in return. Another woman was discovered living in luxury on her skilful begging letters. She lived in a pretty flat, dressed well, had a piano, and went to the seaside in Summer.



OBEYED ORDERS.—The spirit of Casabianca is not dead; at least it was not some sixteen years ago. Possibly, in these modern days, it is slightly mingled with mischief, as this story of war-times indicates. An Irishman stationed at Pensacola, in 1861, was placed upon picket one night on the beach, with orders to walk between two points, and allow no one to pass without whispering the countersign.

About midnight the corporal with the relief discovered, by the moonlight, that the sentinel was up to his waist in water, the tide having set in since he was posted.

"Who goes there?"

"Relief."

"Halt, relief; advance, corporal, and give the countersign."

Corporal—"I am not going in there to be drowned. Come out here and let me relieve you."

Sentinel—"Will I, indade! The liftinant tould me not to lave me post."

Corporal—"Well, then, I'll leave you in the water all night" (turning away at the moment).

Sentinel—"Halt! I'll put a hole in ye if ye pass widout the countersign. Thim's me orders from the liftinant" (cocking and levelling his gun).

Corporal—"You stupid, everybody will hear it if I bawl it out to you."

Sentinel—"Yis, me darlint; and the liftinant said it must be given in a whisper. In wid ye! Me finger's on the trigger, an' me gun may go off."

The corporal had to yield and wade in to the sentinel, who exclaimed: "Bedad, it's well ye've come; the tide has almost drowned me!"

JUNIOR PARTNER.—"Our travelling man ought to be punished. He told one of our customers that I was an ignorant fool." Senior partner: "I shall speak to him without fail, and insist that no more office secrets be divulged."

PROUD MOTHER (haughtily):—"You allowed yourself to be won altogether too easily, Edith!" Edith:—"I suppose I did. But as Albert is rather bashful, and I am nearing thirty, I thought it only proper to make it as easy as possible for him."

TEN THINGS A BABY CAN DO.—It can beat any alarm clock ever invented at waking up a family in the morning.

Give it a fair show and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that was ever executed.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night, and night till morning, without once varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is down town, and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try it.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is to the fore, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they knew they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a larger blank than all the rest of the world put together.

TURNING THE TABLES.—The Comte de Bearn, a well-known Parisian, who has been gathered to his fathers, was at one time an inveterate card player, and always came home from his club in the early hours of the morning. The countess complained, and threatened all sorts of things unless he reformed. So the count had a lay figure made, and ordered his valet to place it in his bed every night about eleven. His wife, who was in the habit of peeping into his bedroom to see if he was there, was thus imposed on for some time. One night, however, having important news to communicate to him, she resolved to wake him up, and thus discovered the trick. The countess said nothing, but determined to turn the tables on her husband. She accordingly placed the lay figure upright behind the door. The count, returning home as usual in the darkness of the night, knocked the figure down, and the next second aroused the entire household by crying: "Thieves—thieves! Help—help!"

When lights were brought the count stood abashed, and, asking his wife's pardon, swore he would turn over a new leaf.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.—A little three-year-old girl and her grandmother were out walking, when they met a man who was hobbling along on crutches.

"Grandma," said the little girl, "what a funny looking man! What's the matter with him?"

"That poor man has only one leg," replied the lady; "he is a cripple."

The little blue eyes looked sympathisingly and thoughtfully at him, and for a few moments the child said nothing. Then having, to all appearances, formed some kind of a theory as to the cause of the poor man's deformity, she asked,—

"Grandma, what is God doing with his other leg?"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once heard two Quakeresses talking about him on the railway during the time of the election. "I expect," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham." "Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is joking," was the reply.

A COMICAL SCENE.—One thing which one of the Russian emperors held in particular aversion was wealth coupled with avarice. He was once travelling with a great dignitary whom he had often bantered on account of his stinginess.

At one of the stages the carriage had to undergo sundry repairs, and the gentlemen went forward on foot. They came to a spot where

the road was flooded to a considerable depth. The emperor called a road labourer, and asked him if he would undertake to carry him through the water.

"Why not?" said the labourer.

He took the monarch in his arms and conveyed him safely across. The emperor gave him a couple of gold pieces, and whispered,—

"Now go and fetch the other gentleman, but when you have got half way through the water, stand still and ask him how much he intends to give you."

The man did as he was told; stood still with his living load in the middle of the water, and inquired how much he was to get for his labour.

"You rascal!" cried the miser; "the other gentleman paid for us both. I saw him, you impudent swindler! You shall not have another farthing!"

"What is he going to stand?" called out the emperor.

"Nothing."

"Then throw him into the water!"

The labourer was about to do so, but his intended victim held on tightly, exclaiming:—

"I will give you three roubles."

"Ask three hundred," interposed the emperor, laughing.

And now began a most comical scene. The terrified rider clung still more closely to his bearer, whom the emperor, by his gestures, encouraged to remain firm. The rage and terror depicted in the features of the miser were indescribably ludicrous, the emperor meanwhile urging him to come on at once.

"Well, now," exclaimed the grand dignitary at last, "carry me across. I will pay you when we get there."

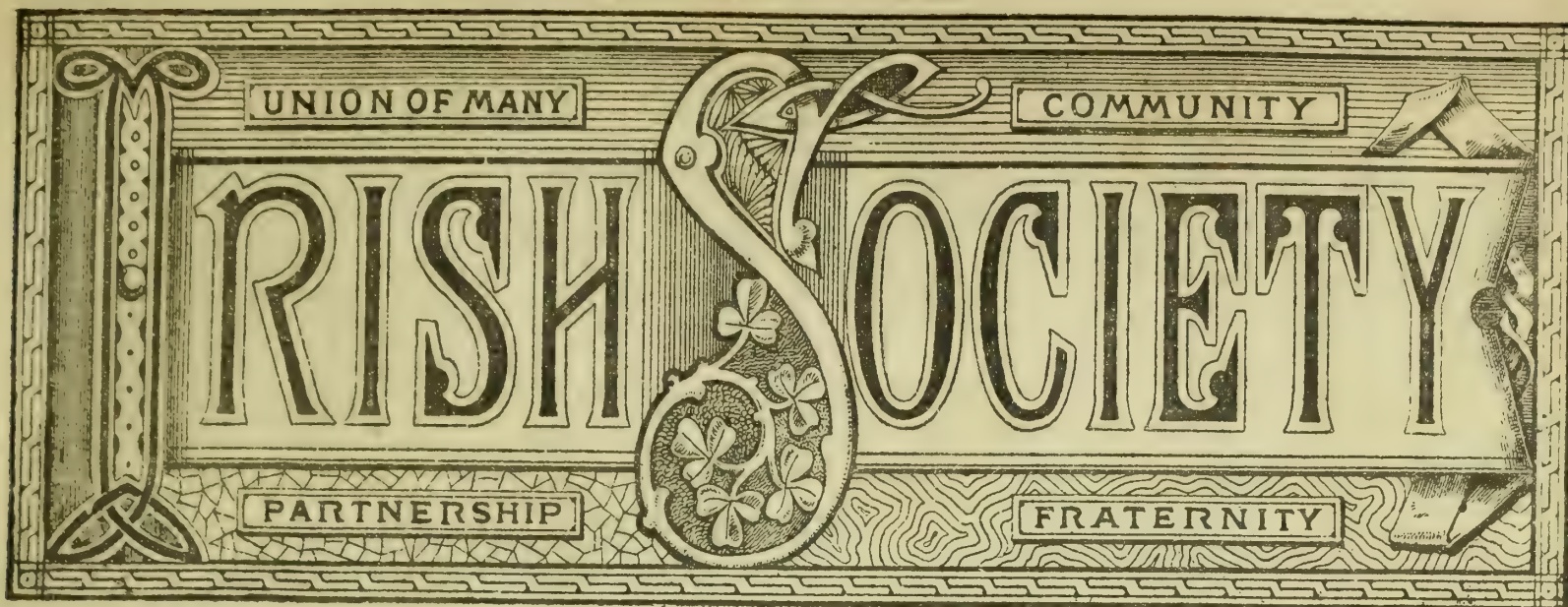
"Don't you trust him; make him pay at once," again called out the emperor, nearly dying with laughter.

And so it was. Our anxious traveller had, while hanging there over the water, to bring out his pocket-book and hand the countryman the three hundred roubles.

THE LATEST YANKEE DODGE.—A man recently in New York laid a wager that he would woo, win, and marry within an hour a young lady whom, with his companions, he had just seen arrive at the hotel where he was living. There is nothing in the American marriage law to prevent this despatch. He introduced himself to the damsel, she smiled upon his suit, a minister was called in, and they were married within an hour. The wager, of no inconsiderable amount, was handed over to the bridegroom, who left with his bride on the following day. It was shortly afterwards discovered that the couple had long been man and wife, and that they had been travelling about playing the same trick at various hotels.

A SMART REPROOF was once addressed by Archbishop Whately to the Bishop of Cork. Dr. Gregg was not a *bon-vivant*, and when the cloth was removed forgot, as teetotallers are apt to do, to pass the decanter. "Cork," said the host, "don't stop the bottle."

As **WILLIAM** bent over her fair face he whispered—"Darling if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?" She, summing up her scanty knowledge of French—"Billet doux!"



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Price One Penny.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CLORTIO; OR, THE SPINNING OF THE WEB.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL SHE COULD REMEMBER.

THE London season was waning, and fewer carriages rolled westward to the Park Gates in the low sunlight of late afternoon, and fewer riders trotted eastward towards Grosvenor-square in the brighter sunshine before luncheon. Town was gay still; but the flood-tide of gaiety was over. The river of London life was on the ebb, and people were beginning to talk about grouse moors in Scotland, and sulphur springs in Germany.

Fay had lived in Upper Parchment-street for nearly two months. It seemed to her impatient spirit as if she had lived there half a life time. The life would have been hateful to her without Mildred's love. That made amends for a good deal, but it could not make amends for everything; not for Bell's quiet insolence, for instance.

Bell had replenished the alien's wardrobe. Everything she had bought was of excellent quality, and expensive after its kind; but had a prize been offered for bad taste Bell would have taken it by her selections of raiment on this occasion. Not once did she allow Fay to have a voice in the matter.

"Mrs. Fausset deputed me to choose the things, Miss," she said, and I hope I know my duty."

"I suppose I am very ugly," said Fay resignedly, as she contemplated her small features in the glass, overshadowed by a mushroom hat of coarse brown straw, with a big brown ribbon bow, "but in this hat I look positively hideous."

The hat was an excellent hat, that good coarse Dunstable, which costs money, and wears for ever, the ribbon of the best quality; but Hebe herself would have looked plain under a hat shaped like a bell-glass.

Fay's remark was recorded to Mrs. Fausset as the sign of a discontented spirit.

Not being able to learn anything about Fay's history from her mistress, Bell had tried to obtain a little light from the girl herself, but without avail. Questioned about her school, Fay had replied that she hated her school, and didn't want to talk of it. Questioned about her mother, she answered that her mother's name was too sacred to be spoken about with any stranger; and on a subtle attempt to obtain intelligence about her father, the girl flushed crimson, started up angrily from her chair and told the highly respectable Bell that she was not in the habit of chattering to servants, or being questioned by them.

After this it was war to the knife on Martha Bell's part.

Miss Colville, the expensive morning governess, was in some way above prejudice; and was a person of liberal mind, for a governess who had lived all her life in other people's houses, looking on at lives of fashionable frivolity in which she had no share, who had been obliged to study Debrett's annual volume as if it were her Bible, lest she should commit herself in every other speech, so intricate are the ramifications and interweavings of the British nobility and county families. Miss Colville was not unkind to Fay Fausset, and was conscientious in her instructions; but even she resented the mystery of the girl's existence, and felt that her presence blemished the respectability of the household. By-and-by, when she should be seeking new employment, and should have occasion to refer to Mrs. Fausset, and to talk of her pupils in Upper Parchment-street, there would be a difficulty in accounting for Fay. A ward of Mr. Fausset's, a distant connection. The whole thing sounded improbable. An

heiress who had come to the house with torn embroidery upon her under linen. A mystery, yes, no doubt a mystery. And in Miss Colville's ultra particular phase of life no manner of mystery was considered respectable.

In spite of these drawbacks, Miss Colville was fairly kind to her new charge. Fay was backward in grammar and geography; she was a dullard about science, but she could chatter French, she knew a little Italian, and in music she was highly gifted. In this she resembled Mildred, who adored music, and had taken her first lessons on the piano as a water-fowl takes to a pond, joyously, as to her native element. Fay was not advanced in the technique of the art, but she played and sang charmingly, for the most part by ear; and she used to play and sing to Mildred in the summer twilight, till Bell came like a prison-warder and insisted upon Mildred's going to bed.

"I nursed your mamma, Miss," she would say, "and I never allowed her to spoil her complexion with late hours as Miss Fay is leading you on to do."

At seven Mildred neither cared for health nor complexion in the abstract, and she loved Fay's music and Fay's stories. Fay would tell her a fairy tale, with musical accompaniments, improvised to suit the story. This was Beauty's father groping through the dark wood. Then came the swaying of branches, the rustling of summer leaves, the long, long sigh of the night-wind—the hoot of the owl, and the roll of distant thunder. Here came Fatima's brothers to the rescue, with a triumphant march, and the trampling of fiery steeds, careering up and down the piano in double arpeggios, bursting open the gates of Bluebeard's Castle with a volley of tremendous chords.

"I never heard anyone make such a noise on a piano," said Bell, bristling with indignation.

At eight o'clock Fay's day and evening were done. Mildred vanished like the setting of the sun. She would like to have had Fay to sit beside her bed and tell her stories, and talk to her, till she dropped asleep, but this happiness was sternly interdicted by Bell.

"She would keep you awake half the night, Miss Mildred, over-exciting you with her stories, and what would your pa and the doctor say to me?" exclaimed Bell.

The door of the bright, pretty bedchamber closed upon Mildred, and Fay went back to the schoolroom heavy of heart, to enjoy the privilege of sitting up by herself till half-past nine, a privilege conceded to superior years. In that hour and a-half of utter loneliness the girl had leisure to contemplate the solitude of her friendless life. Take Mildred from her and she had no one, nothing. Mr. Fausset had meant to be kind to her, perhaps. He had talked very kindly to her in the long drive from Streatham. He had promised her a home and the love of kindred; but evil influences had come in his way, and he had given her—Bell. Perhaps she was of a jealous, exacting disposition, for, fondly as she loved Mildred, she could not help comparing Mildred's lot with her own; Mildred's bright, airy room and flower-decked windows, looking over the tree-tops in the Park, with her dingy cell overlooking smoky chimneys, and tainted with odours of stables and kitchen; Mildred's butterfly sashes of lace and muslin with the substantial ugliness of her own attire; Mildred's manifold possessions, trinkets, toys, books, games, pictures, and flowers, with her empty dressing-table and unadorned walls.

"At your age white frocks would be ridiculous," said Bell; yet Fay saw other girls of her age flaunting in white muslin all that summer through.

Sometimes the footman forgot to bring her lamp, and she would sit in the schoolroom window, looking down into the street, and watching the carriages roll by in endless procession, with their lamps flaming in the pale grey night, carrying their freight to balls and parties, hurrying from pleasure to pleasure on swift-revolving wheels. A melancholy hour this for the longing heart of youth, even when the school-girl's future participation in all these pleasures is a certainty, or contingent only upon life; but what was it for this girl, who had all girlhood's yearnings for pleasure and excitement, and who knew not if that sparkling draught would ever touch her lips, who felt herself an alien in this fine house—a stranger at this fashionable end of the town? It was no new thing for her to sit alone in the twilight, a prey to melancholy thoughts. Ever since she could remember, her life had been solitary and loveless. The home ties and tender associations which sweeten other lives were unknown to her. She had never known what love meant till she felt Mildred's warm arms clinging round her neck, and Mildred's soft cheek pressed against hers. Her life had been a shifting scene peopled with strangers. Dim and misty memories of childhood's earliest dawn conjured up a cottage garden on a windy hill; the sea stretching far away in the distance, bright and blue, but unattainable; a patch of grass on one side; a patch of potatoes on the other; a bed of wallflowers and stocks and yellow marigolds in front of the parlour window; a family of hens and an arrogant and ferocious cock strutting in the foreground; and, standing out sharply against the sky and the sea, a tall column surmounted by a statue.

How she had longed to get nearer that vast expanse of water to find out what the sea was like. From some points in the view it seemed so near, almost as if she could touch it with her outstretched hands; from other points it looked so far away. She used to stand on a wall behind the cottage and watch the white-sailed boats going out to sea, and the steamers with their trailing smoke melting and vanishing on the horizon.

"Where do they go?" she asked in her baby French. "Where do they go?"

Those were the first words she remembered speaking, and nobody seemed ever to have answered that eager question.

No one had cared for her in those days. She was very sure of that, looking back upon that monotonous childhood, a long series of empty hours in a cottage garden, and with no companions except the fowls, and no voice except that of the cow in the meadow hard by, a cow which sent forth meaningless bellows occasionally, and which she feared as if it had been a lion.

There was a woman in a white cap whom she called *Nounou*, and who seemed too busy to care about anybody, a woman who did all the house work and dug the potato garden, and looked after the fowls, and milked the cow and made butter, and rode to market on a donkey once or twice a week, a woman who was always in a hurry. There was a man who came home from work at sundown, and there were two boys in blouses and sabots, the youngest of whom was too old to play with the nurse-child. Long summer days in the chalky garden, long hours of listless monotony in front of the wide bright sea had left a sense of oppression upon Fay's mind. She did not know even the name of the town she had seen far below the long ridge of chalky hill—a town of tall white houses and domes and spires, which had seemed a vast metropolis to the eyes of infancy. She had but to shut her eyes in her evening solitude, and she could conjure up the picture of roofs and spires, and hill and sea, and the tall column in its railed enclosure—yet she knew no more of town or hill than that they were on the other side of the Channel.

She remembered lying in a narrow little bed that rocked desperately on a windy day, and looking out at the white sea foam dashing against a curious oval window like a giant's eye; and then she remembered her first wondering experience of railway travelling; a train flashing past green fields and hop gardens and houses; and then darkness and the jolting of a cab; and after that being carried half asleep into a strange house, and waking to find herself in a strange room, all very clean and neat, with a white curtained bed and white muslin window curtains, and on looking out of the window, behold, there was a patch of common, all abloom with yellow furze.

She remembered dimly that she had travelled in the charge of a little gray-haired man, who disappeared after the journey. She found herself now in the care of an elderly lady, very prim and strict, but not absolutely unkind, who wore a silk gown and a gold watch at her waistband, and who talked in an unknown tongue. Everything here was prettier than in *Nounou's* house, and there was a better garden, a garden where there were more flowers and no potatoes; and there was the common in the front of the garden, all hillocks and hollows, where she was allowed to amuse herself in charge of a ruddy-faced girl in a lavender cotton frock.

The old lady taught her the unknown tongue, which she discovered in time to be English, and a good deal besides. Reading and writing, for instance, and the rudiments of music, a little arithmetic, grammar, and geography. She took kindly to music and readings, and she liked to dabble with ink; but the other lessons were abhorrent, and she gave the orderly old lady a good deal of trouble. There was no love

between them, only endurance on either side; and the long days on the common were almost as desolate as the days on the chalky hill above the sea.

At last there came a change. The dress-maker sent home three new frocks, all unpromisingly ugly; the little old gray-haired man reappeared, looking exactly as he had looked on board the steamer, and a fly carried Fay and this guardian to the railway station on the common, and thence the train took them to a great dark city, which the man told Fay was London; and then they went in a cab through streets that seemed endless, till at last the streets melted into a wide high road, with trees on either side, and the cab drove into a garden of shining laurels and rhododendrons, and pulled up before a classic portico. Fay had no memory of any house so grand as this, although it was only the conventional suburban villa of sixty or seventy years ago.

Just at first the change seemed delightful. That circular carriage sweep, those shining shrubberies with great rose-coloured trusses of rhododendron bloom, that golden rain on the laburnums, and the masses of perfumed lilac; all was beautiful. Not so beautiful the long, bare schoolroom, and the willow pattern cups and saucers. Not so beautiful that all pervading atmosphere of restraint which made school odious to Fay from the very beginning.

She stayed there for years—an eternity it seemed to her, looking back upon its hopeless monotony. Pleasure, variety, excitement she had none. Life was an everlasting tread-mill—up and down, down and up, over and over again. The same dull round of lessons; a dismal uniformity of food; Sunday penance in the shape of two long services in a badly ventilated church, and one long catechism in a dreary schoolroom. No gaol can be much duller than a well-regulated middle-class girls' school. Fay could complain of no ill-treatment. She was well fed, comfortably housed, neatly clad; but her life was a burden to her.

She had a bad temper; was irritable, impatient, quick to take offence, and prone to fits of sullenness. This was the opinion of the authorities; and her faults increased as she grew older. She was not absolutely rebellious towards the governesses; but there was always something amiss. She was idle and listless at her studies, took no interest in anything but her music lessons, and was altogether an unsatisfactory pupil. She had no lasting friendships among her schoolfellows. She was jealous and capricious in her likings, and was prone to fancy herself slighted or ill-treated on the very smallest provocation. The general verdict condemned her as the most disagreeable girl in the school. With the meaner souls among her schoolfellows it was considered an affront that she should have no antecedents worth talking about, no relatives, no home, and no hampers or presents. She was condemned as a discreditable mystery; and when one unlucky afternoon, a sultry afternoon at the beginning of a warm summer, she lost her temper in the middle of a class-lesson, burst into a torrent of angry speech, half defiance, half reproach, bounced up from her seat, and rushed out of the schoolroom, there were few to pity, and none to sympathise.

The proprietress of the school was elderly and lymphatic. Miss Fausset had been stigmatised as a troublesome pupil for a long time. There were continual complaints about Miss

Fausset's conduct, worrying complaints, which spoilt Miss Constable's dinner, and interfered with her digestion. Really the only course open to that prosperous, over-fed personage was to get rid of Miss Fausset. There was an amiable family of three sisters, highly connected young persons, whose father was in the wine trade, waiting for vacancies in that old-established seminary.

"We will make a *tabula rasa* of a troublesome past," said Miss Constable, who loved fine words. "Miss Fausset must go."

Thus it was that John Fausset had been suddenly called upon to find a new abode for his ward; and thus it was that Fay had been brought to Upper Parchment-street.

No doubt Upper Parchment-street was better than school; but if it had not been for Mildred, the atmosphere on the edge of Hyde Park would have been no more congenial than the atmosphere at Streatham. Fay felt herself an intruder in that splendid house, where amidst that multitude of pretty things she could not put her finger upon one gracious object that belonged to her—nothing that was her "very own," as Mildred called it; for she had refused Mildred's doll and all other proffered gifts, too proud to profit by a child's generosity. Mrs. Fausset made her no gifts, never talked to her, rarely looked at her.

Fay knew that Mrs. Fausset disliked her. She had divined as much from the first, and she knew only too well that dislike had grown with experience. She was allowed to go down to afternoon tea with Mildred, but had she been deaf and dumb her society could not have been less cultivated by the mistress of the house. Mrs. Fausset's feelings were patent to the whole household, and were common talk in the servants' hall. "No wonder," said the women; the men said "What a shame;" but footmen and housemaids were at one in their treatment of Fay, which was neglectful, and occasionally insolent. It would hardly have been possible for them to behave well to the intruder and keep in favour with Bell, who was absolute, a superior power to butler or housekeeper, a person with no stated office and the supreme right to interfere with everybody.

Bell sighed and shook her head whenever Miss Fay was mentioned. She bridled and wriggled with pent up indignation, as if the girl's existence were an injury to her, Martha Bell. "If I hadn't nursed Mrs. Fausset when she was the loveliest infant that ever drew breath, I shouldn't feel it so much," said Bell, and then tears would spring to her eyes and chokings would convulse her throat, and the housekeeper would sympathise mysteriously with a mysterious trouble.

At the end of July the establishment migrated from Parchment-street to the Hook, Mr. Fausset's river-side villa between Chertsey and Windsor. The Hook was an expanse of meadow land bordered with willows, round which the river made a kind of loop, and was not quite an island, but it was more than a peninsula; and on this enchanted bit of ground, a spot loved by the river-god, Mr. Fausset had built for himself the most delightful embodiment of that much-abused word villa; a long, low, white house, with spacious rooms, broad corridors, a gracefully curving staircase, with a double flight of stairs, meeting on a landing lit by an Italian cupola—a villa surrounded with verandahs, and looking out upon peerless gardens sloping to the willow-shadowed stream.

To Fay the Hook seemed like a vision of Paradise. It was almost happiness even to her impatient spirit to sit in a corner of those lovely grounds, screened from the outer world by a dense wall of Portugal laurels and arbutus, and with the blue water, and the low, flat meadows of the further shore for her only prospect.

Miss Colville was left behind in London. For Fay and Mildred life was a perpetual holiday. Mrs. Fausset was almost as much in society at the Hook as she had been in London. Visitors came and visitors went. She was never alone. There were parties at Henley and Marlow and Wargrave and Goring. Two pair of horses were kept hard at work carrying Mr. and Mrs. Fausset about that lovely river-side landscape to garden parties and dinners, picnics and regattas. John Fausset went because his wife liked him to go, and because he liked to see her happy and admired. The two girls were left for the most part to their own devices, under the supervision of Bell. They lived in the gardens, with an occasional excursion into the unknown world along the river. There was a trustworthy under-gardener, who was a good oarsman, and in his charge Mildred was allowed to go on the water in a big wherry, which looked substantial enough to have carried a select boarding school.

This life by the Thames was the nearest approach to absolute happiness which Fay had ever known; but for her there was to be no such thing as unbroken bliss. In the midst of the sultry August weather Mildred fell ill, a mild attack of scarlet fever, which sounded less alarming to Mrs. Fausset's ear, because the doctor spoke of it as scarlatina. It was a very mild case, the local practitioner told Mrs. Fausset; there was no occasion to summon a doctor from London; there was no occasion for alarm. Mildred must keep her bed for a fortnight, and must be isolated from the rest of the house. Her own maid might nurse her if she had had the complaint. "How could she have caught the fever?" Mrs. Fausset asked, with an injured air; and there was a grand investigation, but no scarlet fever to be heard of nearer than Maidenhead.

"People are so artful in hiding these things," said Mrs. Fausset; and ten minutes afterwards she begged the doctor not to mention Mildred's malady to anyone.

"We have such a host of engagements, and crowds of visitors coming from London," she said. "People are so ridiculously nervous. Of course I shall be extremely careful."

The doctor gave elaborate instructions about isolation. Such measures being taken, Mrs. Fausset might receive all fashionable London with safety.

"And it is really such a mild case that you need not put yourself about in any way," concluded the doctor.

"Dear, sweet pet, we must do all we can to amuse her," sighed the fond mother.

Mild as the case might be, the patient had to suffer thirst and headache, a dry and swollen throat, and restless nights. Her most eager desire was for Fay's company, and as it was ascertained that Fay had suffered from scarlet fever some years before in a somewhat severe form, it was considered she might safely assist in the sick room.

She was there almost all day, and very often in the night. She read to Mildred and sang to her, and played with her, and indulged every changing fancy and caprice of sickness. Her

love was inexhaustible, indefatigable, for ever on the watch. If Mildred woke from a feverish dream in the deep of night, with a little agitated sob or cry, she found a figure in a white dressing-gown bending over her, and loving arms encircling her before she had time to feel frightened. Fay slept in a little dressing-room opening out of Mildred's large, airy bedroom, so as to be near her darling. It was a mere closet, with a truckle bed brought down from the servant's attic; but it was good enough for Fay, whose only thought was of the child who loved her as none other had ever loved within her memory.

Mrs. Fausset was prettily anxious about her child. She would come to Mildred's room in her dressing-gown before her leisurely morning toilet, to hear the last report. She would sit by the bed for five minutes showering kisses on the pale cheeks, and then she would go away to her long summer day of frivolous pleasures and society talk. Ripples of laughter and snatches of speech came floating in at the open windows; and at Mildred's behest Fay would stand at a window and report the proceedings of this happy world outside.

"They are going out in the boat. They are going to have tea on the lawn. Your mamma is walking up and down with Sir Horace Clavering. The Misses Grenville are playing croquet;" and so on, and so on, all day.

Mildred tossed about on her pretty white bed impatiently.

"It is very horrid being shut up here on these fine days," she said; "or it would be horrid without you, Fay. Mamma does not come to see me much."

Mamma came three or four times a day; but her visits were of the briefest. She would come into the room beaming with smiles, looking like living sunlight in her exquisite white gown, with its delicate ribbons and cloudy lace—a fleecy white cloud just touched with rose colour, as if she were an embodiment of the summer dawn. Sometimes she brought Mildred a peach, or a bunch of hothouse grapes, or an orchid, or a brand new picture book; but beautiful as these offerings were the child did not always value them. She would push the plate of grapes or the peach aside impatiently when her mother was gone; or she would entreat Fay to eat the dainty.

"Mamma thinks I am greedy," she said; "but I ain't, am I, Fay?"

Those three weeks in the sick room—those wakeful nights—and long, slow summer days—strengthened the bond of love between the two girls. By the time Mildred was convalescent they seemed to have loved each other for years. Mildred could hardly remember what her life was like before she had Fay for a companion. Mrs. Fausset saw this growing affection not without jealousy; but it was very convenient that there should be some one in the house whose companionship kept Mildred happy, and she even went so far as to admit that Fay was "useful."

"I cannot be with the dear child half so much as I should like to be," she said. "Visitors are so exacting."

Fay had slept very little during Mildred's illness, and now that the child was nearly well the elder girl began to flag somewhat, and was tired early in the evening, and glad to go to bed at the same hour as the patient, who under Bell's supervision was made to retire before eight. She was now well enough to sit up all day, and

to drive out in a pony carriage in the sunny hours after early dinner. Fay went with her of course. Pony and landscape would have been wanting in charm without Fay's company.

Both girls had gone to bed one sultry evening in the faint gray twilight. Fay was sleeping profoundly; but Mildred, after dozing a little, was lying half awake, with closed eyelids, in the flower-scented room. The day had been exceptionally warm. The windows were all open, and a door between Mildred's bedroom and sitting-room had been left ajar.

Bell was in the sitting-room at her favourite task of clearing up the scattered toys and books, and reducing all things to mathematical precision. Meta, Mildred's German maid, was sitting at needlework near the window by the light of a shaded lamp. The light shone in the twilight through the partly open door, and gave Mildred a sense of company. They began to talk presently, and Mildred listened, idly at first, and soothed by the sound of their voices, but afterwards with keenest curiosity.

"I know I shouldn't like to be treated so," said Meta.

"I don't see that she has anything to complain of," answered Bell. "She has a good home, and everything provided for her. What more can she want?"

"I should want a good deal more if I were a heiress."

"An heiress," corrected Bell, who prided herself on having cultivated her mind, and was somewhat pedantic of speech. "That's all nonsense, Meta. She's no more an heiress than I am. Mr. Fausset told my poor young mistress that just to throw dust in her eyes. Heiress indeed! An heiress without a relative in the world that she can speak of—an heiress that has dropped from the moon. Don't tell me."

Nobody was telling Mrs. Bell anything, but she had a resentful air, as if combating the arguments of an invisible adversary.

There was a silence during which Mildred nearly fell asleep, and then the voices began again.

(To be continued.)

THE GAIETY PANTOMIME.

No thanks to that delightful pink of managerial courtesy and nice manners, Doyle, we have seen the Gaiety Pantomime after all, and on precisely the same terms as those accorded to the general public—by paying for the pleasure. The scenery could not be much better; the dresses are pretty and in fairly good taste; and the spectacles and groupings—especially the arrangement of the Amazonian warriors on the island in the ninth scene—are a big credit to Mr. Walter Raynham, the very clever stage manager, who conceived and designed them. The transformation scene, too, is a brilliant and dazzling affair, and well worth waiting to the end to have a look at. As to the music, the selections have been well chosen and admirably arranged by Mr. Clarence Corri.

Which being conceded, as the poet said, we proceed—to find fault. Not *with* "the book," for Mr. R. J. Hughes has told his story trippingly, and lavished dozens of quips and quiddities in the brightening up of his lines. Not *on* "the book" as it has been written by Mr. Hughes, but on the principle of "the book," according to which, as we conjecture, the author has been compelled to write it. A poor, weak, washy, wobbly principle it is. The

best authorities concede that Pantomimes are now got up just as much to amuse grown-up people as to delight those who are not grown-up. We do not find fault with this. In Italy, from which these entertainments have been borrowed, Pantomimes were conceived in this spirit; but we find fault with the way in which the idea is carried out. Here is a "book" containing scores of really good jokes and puns intended for the delectation of the average citizen and citizeness, and yet nine out of every ten of them fall as flat as—as a pancake. Why? Well, simply because they are not the sort of jokes that should live in Pantomime. We do not blame Mr. Hughes for this, but we *do* blame the management. There is, if we are not mistaken, at the Gaiety Theatre a notion that to touch even remotely on the subjects which, according to all true ideas of Pantomime, would make "the book" a thing of life and laughter, would be fatal. The gallery would cheer, and some other place would hiss—some other place would cheer and the gallery would hiss. It may be so; but we have always noticed that Dublin audiences are good-natured if they are anything, and we will not believe that our fellow-citizens are so stupid as to resent the legitimate allusions of Pantomime, even at the expense of their own feelings and convictions, social or political. The Gaiety management has far too much respect for the fine feelings of Gaiety audiences, and the result is that in "Robinson Crusoe" we have not a single good hearty and healthy joke. In Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain, in some form or other imagined by the satirist, raises the laugh of the Radical in the pit just as readily as he brings the smile to the mouth of the Tory in the balcony; and are we so thin-skinned in Ireland that we cannot bear a joke when levelled against ourselves? What offence, for instance, could the most extreme "True blue" take if the writer of "the book" poked a bit of fun at the flower-garden bouquet constantly worn by Mr. De Cobain, M.P.; or how could the most fervent of Nationalists feel hurt at a comical interpretation of the invisibility of Mr. Parnell or Mr. Pyne? Never was there a season in which the caricaturist of the times had greater scope than in the present, and just see how woefully it has been neglected. Mr. W. H. Smith, as leader of the Commons, moving "that the question be now put;" the Chief Secretary and the episode of the Galway midwife; Mr. Gladstone the Coercionist as a Home Ruler; Lord Spencer the Tyrant, and Lord Spencer the Friend of the People; Dr. Tanner's idiosyncrasies; Doyle's Chesterfieldian politeness and invariable elegance of manner; Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's system of "finding salvation;" Irish Unionists on the "Wealth and Intelligence," &c.; Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen bound in conscience to uphold judicial rents, and the same gentlemen as the proposers that the judicial rents should be reduced; or such incidents as that in which the Kerry policeman rushed to secure a day labourer, with the exclamation, "You're a long time on the run, Mr. Gilhooly," believing he had captured the nomadic Member for West Cork. And so on, with almost as good material in our Municipal and social life as in the world of politics.

"Robinson Crusoe" at the Gaiety touches on none of these topics, prolific of material for the pen of the satirist. It makes a joke at the expense of "Dr." Keating, but the public have forgotten that character. It refers to the odour

of the Liffey, and Westland Row is mentioned—threadbare jokes, which are not improved on by something or other about the wood paving of Grafton Street. For this state of things Mr. Hughes is not in any sense blameable. The limits for the exercise of his faculty of caricature have been apparently very narrow, and he has been obliged to fall back on puns, with the results indicated, while in the whole Pantomime there is not what could be called, even by a stretch of indulgence, a good topical song.

As to the performance, most of the characters do their parts fairly well, particularly Friday (Mr. J. E. Drew); Crusoe (Miss Addy Conyers), and Billy (Mr. C. Wallace). The latter's song "The Boy of the Mill," a parody on the "Maid," is the best item in the pantomime and could afford to have a couple more verses added. The Mrs. Crusoe of Mr. W. W. Walton is a performance calculated to make more than the judicious grieve and particularly so when the mind goes back to the Pantomime of last year and to the representation of a somewhat similar character by Mr. Danvers. Mr. Walton's singing of "I won't get married any more" is a business which one would be inclined to go any distance not to hear.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

(RONDEAU.)

LOVE reigns supreme, 'twas ever so,
E'en Cupid bends in reverence (though
That magic spell he rules o'er king),
Yea, even when his love-red wing
Fled, leaving Psyche anguish-low.

A maiden she with heart aglow,
A woman she, and fain would know
The mystic strain that seemed to sing
"Love reigns supreme!"

False, Eve-like step, Grief born of Woe,
Long years of torture, self-dealt blow:
Thus lost she Cupid, gained love's sting;
Then, after years of suffering,
The gods give Cupid back to show
Love reigns supreme!

R. J. HUGHES.

Miss Mary Anderson is described by the Anglo-American Times as the richest actress. She is worth 1,000,000 dollars in her own right.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the man who grumbles the most about matrimony is the man who is not married and never expects to be.

Whenever you meet a man who can tell you about the weak points in his neighbours, you will find one who needs as much watching as an east wind.

General Sir William Butler and his family will shortly take up their residence in County Wicklow, where the gallant soldier has bought a property.

We have just received a copy of the "Old, Old Story Valse," by Marie Dupres. The music throughout is varied, sweet, and very suggestive of the four stages of lovemaking it represents, viz.:—Proposal, Entreaty, Hesitation, and Acceptance.

Our contemporary, the *Irish Sportsman* has been reduced in price from threepence to one penny. This is a step in the right direction, and we hope our venerable sporting friend will, as a consequence, renew its vigour and old-time piquancy.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 17th January.

THE week closed without any special feature, but with a dull tendency, arising from stagnation of business, caused partly by the continued fog which hung over London for several days, and the usual fortnightly settlement which passed off satisfactorily, although some large difference must have been paid by speculators in Rio Tinto Shares, which in our last issue we advised our readers to avoid. Copper having fallen some £4 per ton, these Shares have been done as low as 19½ as against 21 last week.

The Bank rate remains at 3½%, but has little effect on discount rates, the present quotation for 3 mos. Bills being about 2%. Consols have been largely dealt in, and although not closing at the best, are steady at 102¾, and the New Local Government Loan is quoted at 104½.

Some little excitement was created in the English Railway Market by the proposed working arrangement amongst the Southern Lines, and the rumoured resignation of Sir Edward Watkin, which has only to be confirmed to ensure an immediate advance. We fear, however, that this rumour is too good to be true, but should it prove to be correct, all these Lines will sell at higher prices, and Chathams at 22¾ should not be lost sight of. The dividends of the Metropolitan and Brighton Companies were considered satisfactory, and the tone at the close was favourable, owing to the small supply of Stock.

Foreigners have been a fairly steady Market, and but slightly affected by rumours, regarding the health of the Emperor of Germany and the Crown Prince. Telegrams from Berlin are anxiously awaited, and this Market is just now extremely sensitive, and great caution should be exercised by operators in this class of security. For our part we can only see our way to purchase one or two of the low priced South American Stocks at present quotations. Peruvians we have already recommended at 16½. Honduras we hear well spoken of, and with every probability of an early resumption of Dividends; this Stock at about 10½ cannot be called dear. Greek 5 per cent. at about 68½ may be bought for higher prices.

Americans have been quiet but steady, and the tendency appears to be in an upward direction. Readings have been done at 34½, or 1 per cent. advance since last week, and with the termination of the strike on this line we anticipate a further rise.

Ontarios.—Which we strongly recommended have advanced 1½ per cent. on the week, and are now quoted at 18½. Our readers may be satisfied that we had good grounds for what we stated, and the rise in them has only now commenced. Since we last wrote, further important concessions have been secured by this Company, including the settlement of some long outstanding claims against the "West Shore," which will benefit the New York Ontario to the extent of 140,000 dols. (mostly in Cash). These shares are, in our opinion, worth intrinsically nearer 30 than 20. There has been some good buying in Norfolk and Western Preference Shares, which should see a much higher figure. It is only a few months ago that they were selling at 60, and can be bought to-day at about 45¼. This line is able to show a large increase in the net earnings by reason of the development of its Coal Traffic, and a corresponding decrease in working expenses. For the present year it is not unlikely that a Dividend of from 4 to 5 per cent. will be earned for division amongst the Preferred Shareholders, and at the present price we consider them a good purchase, with every probability of again touching 60 before the year is out.

In recommending Americans, our readers must bear in mind, that we are not responsible for the numerous fluctuations which almost daily take place in these stocks. We endeavour to draw their attention to certain securities which, on their merits, will eventually command a higher range of prices, but to those who in the meantime are adverse to seeing their shares at the mercy of speculators, and moving 2 or 3 points in as many days, we say at once, don't go in for them, but invest your money in less sensitive stocks, which will yield less profit and cause less anxiety.

For a sound investment American Railway Stock, paying regular Dividends. Pennsylvania's at 55½ are

not dear, and can hardly be classed amongst the speculative list.

The Mining Market has been decidedly dull (and with the exception of a decline in the high-priced Copper Shares) almost featureless. Low-priced shares were not affected by the fall in this Metal, and will yet see higher prices.

Cape Copper's at 43¾ look cheap, and have become very scarce, and likely to be more so, with a prospective dividend of at least £10 per Share (if the present price of copper is maintained).

Gold Hill Mining Shares now selling at 4/- are well worth attention. They are fully paid, and the last returns are very encouraging, to say nothing of a shipment of 100 ozs. of gold coming forward this month.

Consolidated Esmeralda at 7/- might be bought if only on the satisfactory Weekly Telegrams from the Mine, as also Mount Morgan Extended at about 10/6. Both are a good purchase, also Viola's, recommended in our last.

The Miscellaneous Market has been very quiet, with the exception of a demand for Explosive Shares. Yet another of these Ventures has been launched under the title of "The Flameless Explosive's Co.," whose prospectus appears to have been well received.

Bass & Co., the great Burton Brewers will next week turn their business into a Limited Company (the Largest Brewery in England following the example of the largest Brewery in Ireland.) It is rumoured that a capital of three millions will be required, but only Debenture and Preference shares will be offered to the public,

To any of our readers who have a fancy for Music Hall Shares (which on this side are becoming very popular) we would mention those of the Canterbury and Paragon Limited, whose £5 shares are now selling at about 4¾. We have very favourable reports of this undertaking, and a dividend will shortly be announced, estimated at 10 per cent.

Royal Music Hall Shares £5 fully paid now selling at 3¼-½ might be picked up. It is not long ago that they were selling at 5½, since which time the Building has been entirely remodelled, and is one of the most popular places of amusement (of its kind) in London. We know of no reason why they should stand at this low figure.

ADVICE GRATIS.

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Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M.—A good purchase.

Investor.—(Bray).

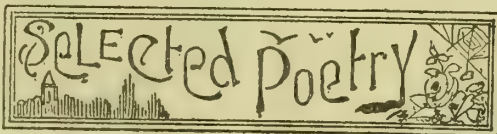
P. D.—Ontarios, Portuguese.

Anxious.—Should advise you to sell.

Irish Investor.—Thanks for interesting letter, which has attention. We shall be glad to insert correspondence of this class, if accompanied with name and address (not for publication) but to show bona fides.

Subscriber.—(1) Yes. (2) Going better.

G. M. P.—(1) See above article. (2) A trifle less.



MOTHER LOVE.

[In the villages of the West Riding, Yorkshire, there is a tender sentiment or custom still prevailing. When one of a family has been buried or gone away, the house-door is left unlocked for seven nights, lest the departed might in some way feel that he was locked out of his old home.]

"Suspense is worse than bitter grief,

The lad will come no more;

Why should we longer wait and wait?

Turn the key in the door.

From weary days and lonely nights

The light of hope is fled;

I say the ship is lost, good wife,

And our bairn is dead."

"Husband, the last words that I spoke,
Just as he left the shore,
Were: 'Come thou early, come thou late,
Thou'lt find an open door;
Open thy mother's heart and hand,
Whatever else betide,'
And so I cannot turn the key
And my bairn outside.

"Seven years are naught to mother love,
And seventy times the seven,
A mother is a mother still,
On earth or in God's Heaven.
I'll watch for him, I'll pray for him—
Prayer, as the world, is wide—
But oh! I cannot turn the key,
And leave my bairn outside.

"When winds were loud, and snow lay white,
And storm-clouds drifted black,
I've heard his step—for hearts can hear;
I know he's coming back.
What if he came this very night,
And he the house-door tried,
And found that we had turned the key
And our bairn outside!"

The good man trimmed the candle light,

Threw on another log,

Then suddenly he said: "Good wife,

What ails—what ails the dog?

And what ails you? What do you hear?"

She raised her eyes and cried:

"Wide open fling the house-door now,

For my bairn's outside!"

Scarce said the words, when a glad hand

Flung wide the household door:

"Dear mother! Father! I am come!

I need not leave you more!"

* * * * *

That night the first in seven long years,

The happy mother sighed:

"Father, now you may turn the key,

For our bairn's inside."

PRESS OPINIONS.

Irish Times, 12th January, 1888.

We notice with pleasure the appearance of a new Dublin venture, entitled "Irish Society," which is brought out in excellent style, and at the price of one penny. There is not in existence any publication of the kind, and this little paper ought to find very many appreciative supporters. For such a publication there is plenty of room, and it should find favour. The first number creates a favourable impression. There is good fiction, and there are lively notes. The gossip is harmless and interesting, and there may be found in a special department, "hints to investors," which will interest specially a large class of readers. The first number is excellent, and it looks bright and pleasing. The "make up" is artistic, and the matter is harmless and interesting. We wish the venture success, and if it continues upon its present lines, there is no reason why it should not merit the extended patronage that it invites.

Belfast Morning News, 17th January, 1888.

We have received from the publishers a copy of a new weekly, which appears under the title of "Irish Society." Two resolutions on the part of the conductors of "Irish Society" will be certain to be received with satisfaction—namely, that they will refuse to lend themselves to the purveying of scandals and the invasion of the privacy of the domestic hearth, and that they are determined to steer entirely clear of all party politics. The contents of the first number augur well for the future success of this publication. An artistically executed likeness of the Duchess of Leinster is also given, and there are besides a number of pages devoted to general information, facetiae, &c., which cannot fail to prove attractive. Altogether the new journal is certain to prove a valuable addition to our native periodicals. It is produced in very handsome cover, while the typographical arrangements are all that could be desired.

Daily Express, 12th January, 1888.

"IRISH SOCIETY"—This is the name of a new Dublin periodical, very creditably brought out, which contains some chapters of Miss Braddon's new story, "The Fatal Three," besides a complete short tale, some original poetry, and a good deal of Society gossip and news which is well told, and quite free from some of the more intrusive and objectionable features of the corresponding gossip in London society papers.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society," payable in advance.

Yearly	-	-	-	6/6
Half-Yearly	-	-	-	3/3
Quarterly	-	-	-	1/8

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Wholesale Agents for "IRISH SOCIETY," who will also receive Subscriptions and supply back numbers.

Messrs. Charles Eason & Son, Dublin and Belfast.

Messrs. J. Menzies & Co., 21 Drury Street, Glasgow, and 12 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

Mr. George Vickers, Angel Court, 172 Strand, London. The International News Co., United States and Canada.



WEEK ENDING 21st JANUARY, 1888.

The Princess Louise, although having no family of her own, recently gave expression to a very beautiful sentiment. The Princess said if she could do anything which tended to make the homes of the people happier, and that helped the children to progress, her fondest desires would be more than satisfied. Such noble sentiments do honour to the daughter of our good Queen, and we trust the Princess will soon find a field to put her fondest desires into practice.

It would be well if some of the young business girls of Dublin adopted Lady Leamington's idea of a working girl's dress. The fashion and fancy observable amongst a certain class of young girls in Dublin is really in some instances disgusting. To see a girl in a workshop or perched sideways on an office stool fearful lest her bustle might be crushed or the geegaws of her attire disarranged is simply ridiculous. To seem what we are not is a despicable policy. Lady Leamington suggests a plainly made dress of good, strong, linsey, which can be brushed and not easily affected by rain. A gown with the pretence of fashion, an over-trimmed pale-tot, and a crushed bonnet are all abominations, and the misfortune is that all see it except those interested.

Yet another victim to the vile habit of tight-lacing! Will wasp-waisted women take warning from the recent death which was fully reported in the daily papers? Quite likely not. Hundreds of young ladies are at the present moment preparing for the usual seasonable balls and parties, where, as feminine hour glasses, they will appear in all their bravery. Distortion or

disease, if not death, is sure to be the result of this wicked practice. But warnings are given in vain, for women will persist in their dangerous course so long as bran-brained men continue to praise small feet and waists.

Last Thursday Mdme. Florac gave the first of a series of musical recitals at her residence, 4 Wellington Park, Adelaide Road. Mdme. Florac, who is the charming wife of Herr Florac, the eminent flautist, has taken this method of intimating her accession to the noble army of professional songstresses, to whose ranks she ought to prove an effective addition.

We understand that the University Choral Society have fixed the 4th of February for the opening of their present season. We can only wish them a repetition of last season's flattering success.

Lady Bellairs relates the following exceedingly interesting story:—"Three or four years ago I was told of a country family so circumstanced as to render it expedient for them to break up temporarily their expensive establishment, and retrench considerably in their mode of living. It became a question of leaving and endeavouring to sell or let their comfortable ancestral home. But the daughters—seven in number, fine high-spirited girls—undismayed and equal to the occasion, petitioned to remain. Let all the domestics be discharged; they were ready to undertake all the household work; and so it happened. Father, mother, and children co-operated with hearty goodwill. Retrenchment became the order of the day in all departments. Yet to outsiders and friends who visited them, the old house seemed as pleasant to stay at as before, and the young men, struck with admiration, voted the daughters the nicest and most sensible girls out. When last I inquired about them, five had already flown, having made excellent marriages. As this was some little time ago, probably the remaining two have ere this also 'gone off.'"

A lady while shopping the other day fainted and fell to the floor of the shop in which she then was. It was afterwards ascertained that the pin which secured her bonnet had, owing to the fall, penetrated deeply in to the brain. Ladies, beware of stiletto hairpins!

Last week a fashionable ball took place in the Town Hall, Waterford, which was gaily decorated for the event. The list of invitations included—The Hon. Dudley and Lady Fortescue, Captain, Mrs. and Miss Stack, Major and the Misses O'Gorman, Major and Mrs. Wheeler Cuff, and the nobility and gentry of Waterford and district generally. Some beautiful toilets were observable on the ladies, who were remarkable for their beauty and elegance. Mr. Liddel's string band supplied the music.

We are pleased to note the success of the home for young ladies in Rutland Square. We shall welcome a greater development of the plan by which young ladies from the provinces who are engaged in business and attending the schools of art and other places throughout the city, can meet together in the evenings, and enjoy all the female comforts and companionship of a home association.

A marriage will shortly take place between Miss Mable Edith Scott, youngest daughter of Sir Claude Edward Scott, Bart., and Lady Lina Scott, and Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, only son of the late Lord Gerald Fitzgerald.

We are pleased to be in a position to note the marriage of a true-hearted and fearless young Irish lady, Miss Curtin, daughter of the late John Curtin, Molahiff House, County Limerick. Miss Curtin took a heroic part in the now famous moonlight attack upon her father's house, in which that gentleman unfortunately lost his life. Mr. Justice O'Brien has presented the young lady with a gold cross, in recognition of her sterling worth and value.

We are pleased to hear that "Lord Bob" has returned to town, after having come to an amicable arrangement with his tenants in the West, to whom he granted the largest abatements that have yet taken place in agrarian matters in this country. His grateful tenantry are, we understand, about to signify their appreciation of his "lordship's" munificence by inviting him to a public banquet, at which his more than many aristocratic friends will doubtless be present. Ta, ta, dear boy.

"Two's company, three's none," is a good old adage, but, so far as parlour games are concerned, it threatens to become obsolete. We are on the eve of a revolution in the ever popular game of draughts. We recently saw a new patent version of the game which entirely does away with the *tete-a-tete* that was erstwhile one of the most charming corollaries of this pastime. This new version provides for a third party to the game—an intruder, some will no doubt think. The board is in the form of an equilateral triangle, divided into eighty-one small equilateral triangles—forty-five black and thirty-six white. Each of the three players has ten pieces, differently coloured, of course, and plays for his own hand against the two others. The rules and moves are almost the same as in the older game.

The Castle season will open on Tuesday, January 31, and already the modistes' establishments are overcrowded with work.

Superstition and sentiment frequently overrule common sense. Last week we read of the exceedingly ridiculous action of the ladies of Birmingham, who took to bed and refused under any circumstances to get up until the chances of immunity from an earthquake were sure.

The accounts supplied by the Press of the strange proceedings in the house of a clergyman in Brecknockshire, also helped to keep up the sensation. It appears that he and his family had been considerably troubled nightly during the past week by phenomena startling and inexplicable. Each night, before the family retired to rest, the chairs and other moveable objects in the house left their usual places and hopped about the rooms in all directions. Even the coals, which were kept in a bucket close to the fire, were thrown all over the house, and the voices of human beings were heard upstairs. The affair has excited great interest in the neighbourhood, as the clergyman thinks the visitor must be a "spirit."



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 31st January.

LAST week was mainly taken up in adjusting accounts for the usual fortnightly settlement, and owing to the cheapness of money, and to the comparatively small speculative account, rates for carrying over were unusually light, and little, if any, difficulty was experienced in continuing bargains until next account. Consols were steady, at $102\frac{3}{4}$ — $\frac{7}{8}$, both for money and account, which is due to the fact that the date fixed by the National Debt Commissioners for the surrender of Stock agreed to be converted into Local Loan Stock, has just expired, which Stock is now nominally quoted at $104\frac{1}{4}$.

English Rails—The excitement of the week has been centered in the annual meeting of the shareholders of the South Eastern Railway Company, which, in spite of a very influential opposition representing Stock to the amount of over £2,000,000, has once more had to give in to the superior voting power which the chairman, Sir Edward Watkin, was able to manipulate. That interest in this meeting is not confined to England alone is evidenced by the comments of the New York Press, which remarks that "Sir Edward Watkin has had a harder fight than the result would indicate. It is his domineering temper, his irascibility, his wasteful management, his costly and continual wrangles with other companies, and his complete indifference to the claims of the public, which have earned for him his vast unpopularity. The South-Eastern is one of the dearest and worst equipped roads, with the least convenient service, out of London. His co-directors owe their places to him, and some of them are mere tools."

We print in another column a letter addressed to a contemporary, respecting another unfortunate line, of which he is the chairman, viz., the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, which only proves what mischief can be done by placing so much power in the hands of one man; and we trust that the time is not far distant when his place will be occupied by a chairman who can realize the advantage of living at peace with ones neighbours. The price of Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire referred to in this letter is now about 71 ex-div., and cannot be called dear at this price. Hull and Barnsley have fluctuated between 39 and 40, but we believe they will see higher prices. Another cheap Stock, which has been overlooked, is Caledonian Deferred (now selling at $8\frac{1}{2}$ for £100 Stock). Of course we only recommend this for a lock up, which, with an improvement in this Line, will be sure to see a better price. (Not so long ago this Deferred Stock stood at about 12.)

Foreigners remain steady, but there is no special feature to report. Portuguese have had a fair rise, to which we drew attention. Greeks are steady round about 70. Honduras are quoted $12-12\frac{1}{2}$, and Peru's remain stationary at $16\frac{1}{4}$.

Americans have been by far the best Market, and with slight fluctuation have held their own and close at an advance on the week, and still show an upward tendency. We are pleased to note that the chief movement has been on Norfolk and Western Preference, which we drew attention to, and strongly recommended when quoted at $45\frac{3}{4}$ (they are now selling at $48\frac{3}{4}$), and will see a much higher figure, although as a speculation we would not for the moment recommend our readers to get in at the top of a sharp rise, like this, but we should certainly buy them on any reaction. Milwaukee's we hear well spoken of, and there is room for an improvement in price. Ontario's keep steady at $18\frac{1}{4}-\frac{1}{2}$, with a good traffic return for December, last showing an increase of \$3,400.

Mines have been largely dealt in, particularly De Beer's Diamonds, which have risen £4, viz., to 33. Low priced Copper Shares are still enquired for at higher prices. Cape Coppers have again advanced to 52-53. We hope our friends did not miss them altogether, as we recommended them a fortnight ago, when at about 44, and they have steadily risen ever since. Good reports continue to come to hand from the Viola Mine, to which we have drawn attention more than once.

The Miscellaneous Market has been firm especially for Telephone Shares, which, on rumours of being bought up by the Government, advanced sharply, United Telephones being quoted $13\frac{3}{4}$. South of England rose from 6/- to 7/6, and Irish from 5/3 to 6/-. Hotchkiss

Ordinance remain at 17, and Suez Canal are quoted $82\frac{1}{4}$. Royal Music Hall Shares, to which we drew attention, we prefer to leave alone for the moment, as there is a chance of picking them up cheaper. Aerated Bread Shares, at $5\frac{1}{4}$, are well worth attention, and are being bought for investment. This company is doing a steady and increasing business, which cannot fail to be very satisfactory to its shareholders.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

SIR,—Shareholders of this company have naturally been disappointed at the results of the past half-year. "The deferred hope which maketh the heart sick," seems to be their never-ending fate. Unless vigorous action be taken, they are unlikely ever to get a reasonable return for their investment.

Some 10 years ago the Great Northern and Midland Railway Companies were willing, and offered, to lease the undertaking of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, guaranteeing a minimum dividend on the latter company's ordinary stock of 3 per cent., rising to 4 per cent. for ever from the year 1881.

Sir Edward Watkin caused the rejection of the offer, and, in an official circular explanatory of the refusal, stated that the "Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, worked independently, would not earn less dividend, than would have been secured under the proposed arrangement." What has been the result?

At no time for the last nine years, have the dividends, been in any one year equal to the offer made; for the last six years, instead of the 4 per cent. guarantee, the average has been under $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum.

Had the proposed arrangement been carried out, the market value of the ordinary stocks of the company would have been as follows:—
Ordinary would now be 115, getting 4 per cent. under guarantee.

Preferred ordinary, would now be 160, getting 6 per cent. under guarantee.

Deferred Ordinary, would now be 55, getting 2 per cent. under guarantee.

It is no use now going back on the past. The question is the future—and as long as Sir Edward Watkin and his policy block the way, nothing will be done.

But on the 25th inst., the day before the contest to rescue the South-Eastern Company from his evil grasp, the shareholders of the Sheffield Company are to meet in Manchester.

Why should not a beginning be made by them? Let them insist on the directors of their company making the advance to the Midland and Great Northern Companies, offering to accept, say, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1888, 3 per cent. for 1889, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1890, and 4 per cent. for ever after. These two leasing companies could look forward in time to making a profit out of the lease, in working a system so interwoven with their own.

To the shareholders of the Sheffield Company the above terms would mean "peace and plenty," what they never will have while Sir Edward holds the ribands.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,
SHAREHOLDER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M.A.G. (Subscriber)—Will answer in our next issue. Queries on this subject (which are forwarded to our agent in London), for reply, must reach us not later than Monday in each week to be answered in next issue.

F.L.W.—You should buy more to average.

INTERESTED.—Send us your address, and we will write you.

R.S.—(1) Sound security. (2) More or less speculative.

J.W.B.—(1) Suez Canal. (2) Greek Fives.

CORRESPONDENCE.

S.R.—There are several accomplished dancers at present engaged in the Pantomime at the Queen's Theatre, any one of whom could perfect you in the graceful art—that is, if you are teachable, and if they should care to undertake the work. You can, however, easily ascertain this

by placing yourself in communication with either Miss Sterne, Mrs. Ashcroft, or Mr. Fred Cairns, at the Brunswick-street house.

HARAS.—Your contribution to hand and will appear in our next issue.

ETHNEA.—Not suitable.

R. M. S.—No room at present.

HER EXCELLENCY'S FIRST DRAWINGROOM FOR THE SEASON.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough—Train of rich black Lyons, trimmed with finest jet butterflies.

The Lady Clementina Maud—Train, silver-gray poplar, lined with pink satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers and Brussels lace.

Hon. Mrs. H. Burke—Train of rich white satin, trimmed with silver cord, and ornaments.

Hon. Mrs. Caulfield—Train of rich moire and satin stripe, over petticoat of lace and moire ribbons.

Lady Ashbourne—Rich black satin dress, panels beautifully embroidered in gold and steel, on black velvet ground; corsage, satin trimmed, embroidery to match; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Dillon—White brocaded silk bodice and train; satin and tulle skirt, with inserted crystal embroidery, trimmed narcissus and lilac; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Jameson—Black velvet train and bodice; black lace and satin skirt, trimmed jet; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Jameson (presentation)—Train and bodice, rich white faille Francaise, softly trimmed tulle; tulle skirt; head-dress, Court plume, ostrich feathers; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Chatterton—Bodice and train, rich black Lyons velvet, with goblin blue moire antique skirt, tastefully trimmed black lace and ruby roses and foliage; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Taylor—Rich black frisé gown, very handsomely embroidered; front of jet, trimmed richly with lace; head-dress, plume, ostrich feathers, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Guinness—Biscuit shoit moire train and corsage, tastefully trimmed with white tulle; soft white tulle skirt, with panel of iridescent jet; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. George Brooke—Train of richest black satin, handsomely trimmed inserted jet and ribbon, skirt to match; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. A. Barton—Shaded brocade bodice and train, lined pongee cream tricotine skirt, with handsome embroidery; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. O'Brien—Cream satin bodice and train, trimmed Flanders point: rich satin skirt, front of inserted velvet and lace; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss O'Brien—Train and corsage, rich white poult de soie, tastefully trimmed ruches of soft tulle and chestnut blossoms; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Webb—White stripe silk bodice and train, trimmed tulle; soft tulle skirt, trimmed ribbons and acacia; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Onslow—Cream stripe silk bodice and train, trimmed tulle; soft tulle skirt, trimmed ribbons and acacia; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Armitage Moore—White brocade bodice and soft tulle skirt, trimmed white lilac; rich white-corded silk train; head-dress, Court plume, ostrich feathers; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. French—Cream brocade bodice and train, lined satin, and trimmed handsome garniture shaded begonia leaves; rich satin skirt, pearl embroidered front, and garniture of begonia; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. George Morris—Train and bodice, maize brocade, prettily trimmed satin; rich satin skirt, with very handsome cream embroidery; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Sanderson—White tulle dress, front draped with gold sequins, embroidered with tulle; striped silk bodice, trimmed to correspond; white silk train, mounted from shoulder, trimmed tulle and horse-chestnut blossom; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Nash—Pale Heliotrope brocade, trimmed with violets.

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Mr. George Vickers, Angel Court, 172 Strand, London. The International News Co., United States and Canada.



WEEK ENDING 4th FEBRUARY, 1888.

Young ladies who love to parade in tight-fitting dresses and coats will do well to take a lesson from the accident which befel one of the sex in a fashionable thoroughfare on Saturday last. As a young beauty of about two-and-twenty was making her way up Grafton-street, dressed in a tight-fitting long jacket which reached to her heels, jerry hat, and cravat, and swinging gaily from the index finger of the right hand a light cane, and leading by a string a fashionable pomeranian dog, she accidentally fell to the ground. The cause of her descent was a piece of mischievous orange peel. Helpless by reason of the tightness of her jacket and dress, she could only assume a sitting posture and implore help from the passers-by. Several young fellows of the "masher" stamp stood by, but the appeals of the victim of the orange peel only evoked a grin from the youths, who, it must be said, showed an extraordinary want of that gallantry which is said to be characteristic of our countrymen. At length relief came in the shape of an able-bodied "Metropolitan," who assisted the embarrassed Venus to an upright position, and with dismay on her countenance she pursued her way, the little dog wagging his caudal appendage in satisfaction at the escape of his young mistress.

The days when we were accustomed frequently to see ladies wedged fast in street gratings by long dainty heels have passed away; and it may be asked when will the reign of tight-dresses give place to a better state of things?

George's-street by lamplight on Saturdays is a "hot shop." The constables on duty seem not to recognise the fact that their duty is to control

the conduct of the crowd of mixed characters that promenaded the street, and the result is that the roughs and votaries of that sect yclept the "Black Gang" have a fine time of it jostling the more respectable persons whose business brings them through the street. We hope for a time when the police will awaken to a sense of their duty and perform it.

The popular Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club intends giving a dance in the Ancient Concert Rooms on the evening of Friday, the 17th inst.

We know of a gentleman who travels regularly once a month from Manchester to Dublin in search of cameos. Every time he comes to the city he disguises himself and prowls round the second-hand jewellery shops just to see what he can pick up. One day lately in a small shop, not two hundred yards from the office of this journal, he informed us that he had procured a beautiful specimen of a cameo, worth, in his estimation, a large sum of money, for a few shillings. We expect to take a round with him on one of his journeys, and in a subsequent issue we shall let our readers have a full account of the many precious relics of a bygone era that it will, we hope, be our privilege to see and handle.

Crotchets are peculiar things to deal with; nevertheless, they are becoming day by day more patent as a phase of character which, if we desire to retain the good will of friends, must be respected. These peculiar characteristics gradually develop as the world grows older. While one person's pursuit may be old disused stamps, another, who has not the remotest sympathy with the former, will pounce upon a jubilee sixpence just as a cat would upon an unsuspecting mouse. There are others who search through every old book shop in the city for engravings, closely followed by the book worm in quest of ancient tomes. There is no wonder, therefore, that such a distinguished artiste as Christine Nilsson should display her passion for tapestry and fans, of which she is in the possession of some very beautiful specimens.

This being leap year an enterprising journal across the water has published a list of over five-hundred names and addresses of eligible bachelors living in Chicago. To still further help the unmarried ladies, a short description accompanies each name, which sets forth the matrimonial advantages of the owner. Some excellent hints are also given as to how to set to work. There are more than five-hundred bachelors in Dublin whose names we think it would be a charity to print. We shall think the matter over!

We have in our midst a literary society yclept "The Association of Elocutionists," which has for the past year and a half provided a series of new, and apparently popular, entertainments for the citizens of Dublin. Amongst the celebrated visitors who have been introduced to the public of Dublin by this Association we would particularise the names of Mrs. Ellis Cameron, of London, and Miss Bessie Byrne, from New York. These talented artistes having secured the sympathy and approval of their Irish audiences.

Her Excellency's first Drawing-Room of the season was held at Dublin Castle on Wednesday evening last. The attendance was large. In another portion of IRISH SOCIETY a description of the dresses worn by a number of ladies present on the occasion will be found detailed.

The Association of Elocutionists is presided over by Dr. Tisdall, Chancellor of Christ Church, who is no stranger upon Dublin platforms, and who takes a lively interest in the welfare of the society. Its secretary is well known in literary circles and has written some very effective recitals. The association numbers amongst its honorary members such distinguished names as those of Henry Irving, Lady Wilde, Thomas Sexton, M.P., Clifford Harrison, and many others of equal prominence. There is a similar society in London, which has also selected Chancellor Tisdall to be its president, and which owns a filial allegiance to the Dublin association. Amongst the attractions which the council contemplate for their next public night will be a talented juvenile elocutionist, age 10 years. As infant prodigies seem at present to be the rage, we have no doubt Miss Constance Porter will meet an appreciative reception.

A breach of promise case has just made its appearance on the Dublin horizon, and if negotiations now going forward between the parties and their friends do not stop its course, we may soon expect it in the zenith of the social sky. The parties, we understand, move in the most fashionable circles in the city, and if an amicable arrangement be not arrived at before the case is listed for hearing in the law courts, the public may expect some big surprises and humorous revelations. If the case comes off we fear poor Mrs. Grundy will be so overworked as to bring on paralysis of that appendage which has always been the distinguishing characteristic of that amiable body.

More music for Dublin. Here is a piece of good news. We do not announce a high-class concert, or the arrival in our midst of a favourite musical celebrity. By no means; but we report the safe landing here from Fatherland of another German "band!" They arrived on Sunday morning in all the finery of heavy clogs, braided blue uniform, and "Boy Alexander" caps. Henceforth we may look or listen for an addition to the already overcrowded programme of street music.

These German people are industrious, and must be very early risers, if we may judge of these qualities by the hour at which they visit our streets in the mornings. Just as one turns to have the last half-hour's nap before rising, his half-wakeful senses are greeted by a deafening crash of mingled big drum, cornet, trombone, and reeds, and as napping is out of the question during the half-hour which the noisy programme lasts, there is nothing for it but to dress, and bless the music-loving Germans.

We notice that the enterprising Mr. R. Motherell, of Belfast, has made a very important engagement with the celebrated "Blue Hungarian Band," so widely known by its recent performances at the Manchester Exhibition, to perform afternoons and evenings at the Leinster Hall, Dublin, March 5th and 7th, 1888. We wish him every success.



The subject of our sketch is a lady honoured in all lands where philanthropy and benevolence are regarded as types of a noble perfection, and in our own land thousands of industrious fishermen, whose bread is won from the treacherous waves, bless her for the goodness of heart which prompted her to stretch out her hand to them with assistance in procuring boats, tackle, and gear, wanting which they would have been destitute and helpless indeed. Her charities know neither clime, nor race, nor colour—they are as widespread almost as misery itself, and in Ireland her name is in every sense a household word, which children lisp, while their elders speak of her with a devotion and reverence such as few could inspire.

Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts was born on the 25th April, 1814, and married on the 12th February, 1881, William Lehman Ashmead

Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, Esq., M.P., who, on his marriage, in pursuance of a direction contained in the will of the late Duchess of St. Albans, assumed the surname of Burdett-Coutts. The Baroness is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., of Foremark, County Derby, and Ramsbury, County Wilts, and Sophia, daughter of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., banker, of London. She assumed by Royal license the surname and arms of Coutts, in addition to those of Burdett, on inheriting the property of her maternal grandfather in 1837, under the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, and in 1871 was created a Baroness of the United Kingdom by her Majesty. Her ladyship is one of the co-heirs of the baronies of Scales, Latimer, and Badlesmere, and patroness of three livings—Ramsbury and Baydon, in Wilts, and St. Stephen's, Westminster. In acknowledgment

of having originated and administered the Turkish Compassionate Fund, the first class and cordon of the Order of the Medjedie and the first class and cordon of the Imperial Order of Chakafat were conferred by his Majesty the Sultan on the Baroness in 1878.

We regret to announce that owing to recent illness, Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, who is at present in London, was unable to attend the Drawing Room in Dublin Castle on Wednesday night.

We believe that her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough will do the honours of the Castle during the unavoidable absence of her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Saturday Popular Concerts may now be regarded as an established institution in the city, thanks to the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Sullivan, who originated them. At the last concert Mdlle. Marie Decca was the great attraction, and literally captivated her audience by the purity and expression of her exquisite voice as heard in the "Echo Song" and the "Una Voce" from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Her rendering of the aria, "Gli Angui d'Inferno," from Mozart's "Il Fauto Magico," was a real artistic triumph, and evoked thunders of applause. Miss Rankin's rich contralto was heard to much advantage, and of Mdlle. Dinelli's violin-playing it is impossible to speak too highly. Mr. Bapty was efficient, as he always is, and Mr. Hayes sang in excellent style. Mr. Collisson conducted with his usual ability. The Sixth Concert of the series will be given on Saturday, February 4th, for which occasion Mr. Sullivan announces the appearance of the prince of pianists the Chevalier Emil Bach, whose musical reputation is of a marvellous kind. The company will also include Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Connell, and Mr. Drummond Hamilton. Herr Rudersdorff will render a number of selections on the violoncello, and a most enjoyable entertainment may be fairly anticipated. It may not be out of place to call attention to the *encore* nuisance, now so prevalent, but which the thoroughly educated portion of an auditory never ask for; and we are not without hope that at some early date that the practice will be regarded as more honoured in the breach than the observance by all classes of concert-goers in Dublin. Just one word more in the nature of a suggestion. If people at these high-class musical entertainments *must* leave the Leinster Hall before the completion of the programme, they should make a point of doing so at a moment when their movement will not distract either the artiste or the audience.

The ball in aid of the funds of Jervis Street Hospital, given last week in the Leinster Hall was a brilliant success in everything that constitutes a thoroughly enjoyable gathering, but the attendance was not quite so numerous as on the occasion of the preceding year's ball. The decorations were superb, and it was admitted on all hands that a lovelier collection of ladies than those who graced the hall by their presence could not have been assembled in any part of the world. What is somewhat important in connection with it is the fact that the establishments of our leading *modistes* had a considerable impetus given to their business in preparation for it; and of the dresses we but reiterate the universal opinion when we say that they were positively bewitching and many of them dazzling.

The sale of articles made by distressed ladies is now recommenced at 34 Rutland-square, the house which has been opened as a home for special cases, by Mrs. Power Lawlor. We hope that these Saturday sales will be largely attended, and that ladies who have wealth at command will expend some of it in aiding their suffering sisters, and we can assure all who may be disposed to do so, that they will find a multitudinous assortment of articles which are both beautiful and useful. The name of Mrs. Power Lawlor is a guarantee that no slovenly or inferior work will be allowed to appear in the sales organized by her, and as a mere matter of education in high-class needlework, a visit to

Rutland-square may be recommended. The attendance on last Saturday was not as large as on former occasions, but a satisfactory sum was realized. Mrs. Lawlor herself was unable, through illness, to be present, but her place was supplied to some degree by the Misses Thunder and Miss Butt. Among the visitors were Lady Martin, Miss Gould (Athea) and Miss Bunbury (Limerick).

The Second Edition of Robinson Crusoe the First at the Queen's Theatre, now being played to crowded houses, is the best entertainment of its kind in Dublin, and should be witnessed by every one. New topical songs, new dances, and a splendid variety performance, in which Professor Buer introduces a veritable circus performance—no deception; real ponies and other adjuncts of the ring—make up, with the attractions of the Pantomime proper, a spectacle of the most catching kind. There is a morning performance at the Queen's on each Saturday.

We refer with pleasure to the weekly entertainments given on Saturday evenings in the Concert Hall of the Dublin Coffee Palace, Townsend-street, these being great popular instructors in many advantageous ways. Readings and musical selections of a high class make up an invariably excellent programme, and having been present at several of them, we can cordially recommend the Coffee Palace Popular Entertainments to all who desire to spend an instructive and enjoyable couple of hours.

Professor Herrman is amusing large audiences nightly in the Round Room of the Rotunda with experiments in Mesmerism. The outcome is distinctly funny for the audience, though the volunteer subjects who present themselves on the platform, doubtless, feel very differently. An evening is pleasantly spent with the Professor, who gives away a number of valuable prizes nightly.

The Honourable Gaston and Mrs. Monsell, who have spent the last two winters abroad, are at present visiting Mrs. Lyons, of Croom, Limerick.

It is said the fair daughter of a gallant officer, holding a staff appointment in Dublin, will be not the least admired of the belles of the coming season.

The second vocal recital given by Madame and Herr Johann Florac at their residence, Wellington Park, Adelaide Road, on Thursday evening was a distinguished success in every particular, the music being charmingly rendered, and the audience an educated and appreciative one.

Miss Power has arrived from French Park, Lord and Lady De Freyne's, on a visit to the Honourable Mrs. O'Ferrall, Merrion Square.

Thy latest craze with fashionable ladies in New York is to carry about with them a cat, Persians being the favourites. In fact, cats are being substituted for the "pugs" usually taken out. This new fashion will be sure to put a fancy price on many specimens of the feline race.

The town residence of Mr. Commissioner M'Carthy, at 19 Aylesbury Road, was, last week, the scene of two exceptionally agreeable reunions. Departing from the routine which makes "At Homes" so dull, Mrs. M'Carthy caused two of her reception rooms to be transformed into a pretty and well-appointed theatre, and succeeded in producing a really fine representation of Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu"—the text having been skilfully revised so as to exclude all weak or objectionable passages. Mr. John H. M'Carthy played the "title role." His "make up" was admirable. No one could have recognized this young gentleman in the aged and feeble, yet withal stately, cardinal who appeared before the footlights. His impersonation was a piece of genuine good acting, and might fairly challenge comparison with the great professional artistes who have made the part famous. The mingled weakness and strength, craft and dignity, cruelty and tenderness, shrewd stratagem and lofty statesmanship which Lord Lytton attributes to Cardinal Richelieu, were rendered with versatility, skill, and power. Miss M'Carthy made quite an ideal "Julia." Her personal beauty, her fresh and natural acting, and her complete self-absorption in the part, made her performance extremely interesting. Mr. Patrick Leonard assumed the difficult role of "Baradas" with spirit and success. His costume was an accurate and striking illustration of the court dress of the period; and his reading of the part was marked by fine taste and artistic insight. Mr. Redington Roche's "Joseph" was full of quiet humour. Mr. Justin M'Carthy was a handsome and effective "De Mauprat." Mr. John Leonard managed to represent with effect both the soldierly "Hugnet" and the earnest and anxious "Secretary of State." Mr. Florence MacCarthy looked and played well as "The King." Mr. Robert Curtis was an excellent "Captain of the Guard," and Master John MacCabe made a pretty and lively "Francois." Both performances went off without any of the hitches that usually attend amateur theatricals; and on each occasion they were largely and fashionably attended.

Messrs. Cramer have just published "The Robinson Crusoe Quadrilles." They should not, as we think, have any reason to regret this venture, most of the leading airs in the Gaiety Pantomime having become very popular. Mr. Corri, who has arranged the quadrilles, has done his work well, and the "Robinson Crusoes" should be welcome at all ball-room parties. We wish "The Robinson Crusoe Quadrilles" a great success. By-the-bye, it may be no harm to mention that Messrs. Cramer are bringing out "The Tipperary Rifle," an amusing melody, the words of which are by that clever librettist, Mr. R. J. Hughes.

The Earl of Clancarty, who was dangerously ill in Dublin in the early part of the week, and unable to proceed to England, is, we understand, improving slowly, some of his lordship's family who had been summoned from Bourne-mouth are in attendance on the noble Earl.

Messrs. Cranfield and Co. have now on view at their Gallery, Grafton Street, Sir Noel Paton's wondrous picture of "The Great Shepherd," which is attracting the marked attention not only of connoisseurs, but of the general public. It is in truth a beautiful and remarkable work of art.



But the story all the way from Vienna caps the other in pure and undiluted absurdity. It seems that a murderer of six sweethearts lies buried at a certain spot where a mound of earth was raised to mark the receptacle. To this mound, at certain times of the year, the maid servants in Vienna resort for the purpose of scraping earth from the murderer's grave, planting favourite flowers in the earth, and watering the blooms with their tears. The authorities were at last shocked at the custom, and levelled the grave down. The girls, we are told, nearly went out of their senses, and petitioned the municipality to restore the mound. Who would suppose that any mortal would care to cherish earth scraped up from a murderer's grave!

There are three lady dentists practising in London. One has practised there for the past twelve years, and two have but recently entered the arena. When we hear of lady physicians in America, and lady dentists in London, we are tempted to inquire why Dublin is so far behind in these matters?

A "classic wedding" took place at Boston recently. Miss Alice Freeman, ex-President of Wellesley College, has been united in the bonds of wedlock to Professor Palmer, of Harvard University, the ceremony taking place at the house of ex-Governor Claplin, where an assemblage of the most distinguished educators in the States met to do honour to their colleagues.

There is to be a beauty competition at Spa during the forthcoming season. A committee is to be appointed which will award the prizes, among which there are two for £100. We strongly advise some of our Dublin beauties to put in an appearance, feeling assured that their exquisite elegance and charming freshness will elevate them to the front ranks of reigning beauties.

We believe that £5,500 was realized by the bazaar recently held at the Leinster Hall in aid of the Dominican Schools. The bazaar entailed some hard work upon several of the ladies who have hardly yet quite recovered from the effects of the strain.

The first of the Kingstown Subscription Dances for the season was a decided success. A brilliant and exclusive party assembled to do honour to the occasion.

Mr. O'Donnell's action against the *London Times* will not be tried this term. Perhaps it might be as well that Mr. O'Donnell should drop the case altogether.

Weddings have been arranged between:—

Arthur, son of Mr. Barry, and grandson of the late Sir Charles Barry, and Mabel, third daughter of Colonel Ostrehan, Bombay Staff Corps, Deputy Commissary-General of Bombay. Rev. R. Pearce, eldest son of Mr. R. S. Pearce, of Westwood Park, Southampton, and the Hon. Frances Monck, daughter of the Right Hon. Viscount Monck. Mr. J. Selwin Calverley, eldest son of Mr. Calverley, of Oulton Hall, Leeds, and Sybil, second daughter of Mr. Disraeli, and niece of the late Earl of Beaconsfield.

We believe that Sir George Chetwynd, on the ground of expense, declines to bring an action against the Earl of Durham in connection with the late turf exposures.

Mr. and Mrs. (Violet Cameron) De Bensaude have announced their intention of leaving England. Will they both choose, we wonder, the same scene of retirement?

Lord Lonsdale has delegated his privileges as a churchwarden to his relative, Mr. James Lowther. This is a change to be sincerely thankful for.

Past experience, we believe, has led many people to regard any year in which three of the figures are alike as being fated to be an unlucky one. They quote in proof of their theory the years 1555, 1666, and 1777, and declare that, according to historical precedents, 1888 will be signalled by a great war, a great plague, a great famine, or some other wholesale catastrophe.

Professor Mahaffy, F.T.C.D., has left Dublin on a visit to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant at Mount Stewart, where there is a large shooting party staying at present. If the author of the "Theory of Conversation" be unsuccessful on the mountain side, there is little doubt that in the Castle he will prove a valuable adjunct in—killing "time."

The Dublin Popular Concerts, inaugurated by Mr. Sullivan, are now an established success, and that gentleman is entitled to any amount of praise for his efforts in making them so. For the fifth concert of the series, to be held on Saturday evening, 28th January, in the Leinster Hall, Mr. Sullivan has secured the services of the celebrated American prima donna, Miss Marie Decca. Other engagements for the same concert include the distinguished violinist, Miss Adelina Dinelli, Miss Jessie Rankin, the well-known contralto from Manchester Concerts; Mr. Walter Bapty, of whom it is not necessary to speak or write; and the clever basso, Mr. Patrick Hayes. Miss Edith Oldham is marked for solo pianoforte, and Mr. W. H. Collisson, Mus. B., will conduct. These concerts are eagerly looked forward to by the musical public of Dublin.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been enjoying capital sport in the North, having had several smart runs with the County Down Stag-hounds in the neighbourhood of Mount Stewart. The fields on the various occasions were large.

"Old Moore's" predictions for 1888 form an amusing bit of reading, but they are not so entirely blood-curdling as those with which he astonished his readers at the opening of 1887, and one will rise from their perusal with a feeling of thankfulness that for the coming twelve months there is a chance left to us after all.

Nothing particularly stunning is set down for January, but in February we may begin to look out for squalls, as on the 19th of that month "Neptune and Jupiter will be in conjunction on the very crisp of Taurus, the ascendant of Ireland in quadrature to the Sun," from which the astrologer deduces a bad time for the Tory party. On the 1st of March, Mars will be in conjunction with the Moon, Sol mounting the first degree of Aries on the 19th, while on the 20th Jupiter will be stationary. This is a wretched condition of planetary arrangements, and accordingly a death will take place about that time "that will be talked of in all the Courts of Europe."

April would seem to be a comparatively safe season, Uranus conducting himself respectably, but early in May this planet will again be in conjunction with Mars; Jupiter will be in some sort of antagonism to the Sun, and "France is buckling on her armour for a terrible trial of strength with her old enemy." In July, Austria and Germany will have a number of delicate accounts to settle, and "terrible railway accidents and earthquakes will occur." In August the roar of artillery is likely to be heard on many a battle-field, while on the 11th of Sept. "the warlike Mars and the powerful Jupiter effect a conjunction in the ominous sign, Sagittarius." London and Paris will be in a terrible state of disorder, and after that—the deluge. "Old Moore" seems as vigorous as ever, and in an astrological way the Seer of Dublin can give a ton to "Zadkiel" and beat him hollow.

Mr. Walter Bentley and his talented wife are playing a round of Shaksperian characters at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, with great success. Mr. Bentley, it will be remembered by Dublin theatre-goers, was here with Mr. Irving, and was the original "Christian" in "The Bells."

Talking of townships reminds us that we have some peculiarly managed ones in the suburbs of Dublin, but for excelling in the art of knowing how *not* to do it, the cake must be awarded to the Board who shape the municipal destinies of Drumcondra, Glasnevin, and Clonliffe. Take a couple of examples. One side of Jones's Road is included in the township, the inhabitants across the way being numbered among the burgesses of Mountjoy Ward, and consequently in charge of the City Fathers. The Corporation clean half of the roadway, and sometimes, but not too frequently, the Commissioners follow suit with their side of the boundary, with the result that, as the thoroughfare is never wholly swept at once, it generally bears a piebald appearance which would be funny if it were not inconvenient and annoying to the residents.

The township lamps, too, are carefully turned out at the respectable hour of 11 p.m., though the night should be dark as Erebus, while on the other side the Corporation lights are allowed to remain till daybreak. Clonliffe Road is in the same predicament precisely, and with similar results.

By-the-by, will somebody tell us if since the formation of the township of Drumcondra, Glasnevin, and Clonliffe, such a thing as the election of a member of the Board by the rate-payers has been up to the present heard of? We have frequently seen it stated that So-and-So was "co-opted" a member, but we cannot call to mind the occurrence of a solitary election of any of them in ten or twelve years.

Alphonso XIII, aged nineteen months, has received a present of 10,000 cigars from an Havana planter. They should be well matured before His Majesty is in a position to smoke them.

Lady lion-tamers are not a numerous class of professionals, but when they do appear in this rôle they somehow or other surpass the stronger sex in their dexterity and daring. An "entertainment" of this kind—if you choose to call by that name a performance involving, as it must do, great personal risk and danger—is now on the stage of Mr. Lowrey's Star Theatre of Varieties, and certainly anything more wonderful than Mdle. Senide's mastery of her menagerie of lions, tigers, panthers, and bears, has not hitherto been seen in Dublin. The lady is young and marvellously attractive, and has not the slightest hesitation in opening wide the yawning jaws of the terrible brutes, and gently inserting therein her own graceful head. The audience are relieved when the lady retires from the cage.

We venture to think that in no part of the world can braver men be found than those who man the lifeboats on the Irish coast—hardy seamen scorning the worst the angry sea can do when human life is imperilled; and it is consequently with deep pain we refer to the recent inquiry at Dunmore East, Co. Waterford, into the conduct of the coxswain of the lifeboat at that station on the occasion of the wreck of the American ship *Alfred B. Snow*, with the loss of twenty-eight lives. The allegation was that coxswain Cherry had refused to go to the assistance of the drowning crew, being possibly in terror of his life. The evidence went clearly to show that the lifeboat could have been safely launched and the crew of the vessel possibly saved, and the Court very properly held that Cherry had been guilty of cowardice. This is an inexpressibly sad finding in connection with the gallant lifeboat service, but it is some consolation to know that it is a solitary record of its kind, and that no similar instance of poltroonery can be quoted against the Irish branch of the National Lifeboat Institution.

The fog would appear not only to have been the occasion of sad accidents by sea and land, but a powerful preventive of social gatherings in Dublin, as well as elsewhere. During the past week, we are informed, many private festivities which would otherwise have been given, in two at least of the squares and in the highly select township of Pembroke, have been postponed till the arrival of brighter weather.

Viceregal hospitalities in Dublin are of a fearfully stereotyped kind—that is, so far as the partakers of them are concerned. It does not matter in the least whether the occupant of the Lodge be a Liberal or a Tory, the receivers of the good things are always very nearly the same set of accomplished diners-out at his Excellency's expense, or at that of any other State official who may provide the proper wines and viands and forward the coveted invitation. In this noble art of gormandising sumptuously many of the members of the Irish Judicial Bench are *facile princeps*; they are always at hand when the summons to the banquet is sounded, and have the reputation of being the last to desert the festive field. Now, there are many estimable citizens who entertain strong opinions on this subject, and who believe that, in strict justice to other estimable citizens, these and other highly-favoured epicures should be invited to take back seats for a time at Viceregal entertainments, in order to allow a numerous but neglected class of the Irish gentry to come to the front for a season at least. The variety would be charming, and should of itself recommend the change to his Excellency's adoption.

Lady Burdett Coutts, who has become proverbial for her munificence and works of charity, made many a poor and pinched family happy at Christmas. Five hundred families each got a joint of beef and a supply of groceries. Wealth in the hands of this lady is a noble trust munificently used. We have often wondered how it is there are no Lady Bountifuls in Dublin, where there are so many wealthy ladies. There is, undoubtedly, much being done in the way of procuring cheap food for the poor, but we meet with no such spontaneous acts of true charity as those that have made the Baroness Burdett Coutts' name familiar at every fireside.

In the matter of conventional breeding it is said the young men of France are perfection. There the mothers of the young ladies of society first receive attention, then the daughters. This seems to be the point of good breeding among them.

Recently we have been hearing various stories regarding youthful prodigies, but we think Berry Bowden, with his facial peculiarity, takes the palm. Berry is 12 years of age, a negro, and lives in Macon. He is remarkable for his mouth, which, when fully open, spreads itself across his face, leaving a space of only half-an-inch from the corner of the mouth to the lobe of the ear. He puts his fist in his mouth with ease, and can hold two eggs in it without any difficulty. Certainly Berry has more mouth than cheek!

The great national musical event of 1888 will be the Triennial Handel Festival in June. The directors of the Crystal Palace are proceeding rapidly with the arrangements. Madame Albani, Madame Valleria, and Madame Nordica, Madame Patey and Madame Trebelli, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley, have already been engaged; the baton will of course be again wielded by Mr. August Manns, and measures are being adopted to secure even greater choral and orchestral effects than at preceding festivals.

It is not conducive to ease and comfort to have too many frail articles of bric-a-brac dis-

tributed about a drawing-room or parlour, as one is apt to be in continual fear of moving and breaking them. They should be few in number and well selected.

Women are very peculiar creatures. On an average they have six or seven desperate affairs before finally marrying. Now, it is natural that in the majority of them things happened that are of the most sacred character. Then, urged on possibly by mercenary parents, they marry some fellow because he can support them. In the course of time they meet their old lover and look him square in the face as if without a thought of the intimate past, and as unblushingly as if they had been strangers all their lives. If the past does come up to them they never show it; their acting is the perfection of art.

The latest thing to be seen at American weddings is said to be a pink satin shoe filled with flowers, which hangs from the arm of every bridesmaid by ribbons. No doubt such a display would look extremely pretty.

There is a touching and beautiful, though painful, incident related of the uncle of the now popular and clever Sir Morell Mackenzie, whose name has been so creditably linked with that of the Crown Prince. The Rev. Morell Mackenzie, Theological Professor in the Congregational College, Glasgow, was a passenger on the *Pegasus* when that ill-fated vessel struck on an outlying rock of the Farne Islands, and went down with all on board. When all hope of rescue was cut off, he, calm and fearless, assembled all on deck, and was seen standing erect in person, with crew and passengers kneeling around him, in which attitude he and they went down with the sinking ship. His body was washed ashore at Bamborough, and a tombstone near Grace Darling's records this closing and heroic action of his life. We are pleased to see that some of this calm daring spirit has been inherited by his nephew, Sir Morell Mackenzie.

The visit of the West Indian Team of Cricketers to England has been unavoidably postponed till 1889.

Prince Bismarck possesses some of the largest, and finest forests in Northern Germany, and, with the exception of Prince Furstenberg, who is lord of Schwarzwald, he is probably the largest timber merchant in the empire. Prince Bismarck also owns some very extensive distilleries, his annual output being about 550,000 gallons of spirits.

President Carnot is rapidly gaining the esteem of all classes in the gay metropolis of France. His humane and sympathetic actions toward the poor and oppressed give evidence of a kind and a good heart. During the late festive season in Paris he visited the hospitals and refuges, and lightened many a heavy load of trouble and care by his encouraging words of hope. His latest suggestion is that tricycles and bicycles should be procured for the use of country postmen in France. Have we no influential philanthropist in Ireland who could prevail on, or even suggest to, the Government some means of relieving the strain upon Irish provincial postmen?

The Quakers seem to be animated by a little of the Democratic spirit of the age. The subject of the marriage regulations of the Society of Friends is occupying denominational attention. A committee has been appointed to report to the ensuing yearly meeting as to the desirability of change.

The indignation of "Miranda," the lady gossip of the popular *Lady's Pictorial*, has been greatly roused by the announcement that a member of her own sex has had so little pride as to start a matrimonial agency "for men who want to marry, but have no time to spend in courtship." There is little of the tender romance in this horribly practical suggestion, and it is to be hoped for the sake of our fair sisters that such a scheme will be a failure.

It is a work of supererogation to state that the Americans are far ahead of us in almost everything. The latest democratic invasion is in the matrimonial line. Mrs. Elizabeth Colby can boast of being the first lady who has been permitted to enjoy the unique distinction of being licensed to solemnize marriages! It would be interesting to learn what her ritual is.

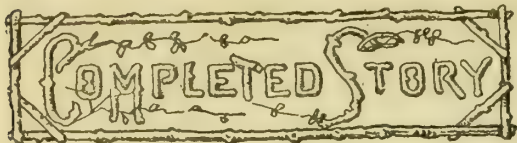
A poor Irish nobleman was about to marry a rich heiress, and he was asked by a friend how long the honeymoon was going to last. "Don't talk of honeymoons," he observed, "it is harvest moons at present with me."

"Modern Men, by A Modern Maid," is the book of the season. We are delighted to hear that the "Modern Maid" is a Dublin lady, moving in the best circles of Irish society. Every modern gentleman should procure a copy and analyse a Dublin lady's ideas of the sterner generally.

In China a girl is never considered anything else in her father's house than an honoured guest. It has become largely that way over here, and that is why we have so many tired mothers. 'Twould be better otherwise.

That remarkable cleric, the Rev. Peter Higginson—"Whyte-Melville," created a social *furor* some years ago by his marriage with Mrs. Whyte-Melville. He has brought himself into prominence once again by an encounter with the irate father of a young lady, who, it is alleged, spent some time in Paris with the reverend husband of the widow of the celebrated novelist. It is stated that the latter lady settled £20,000 upon the "carrier on a small scale," but it is doubtful if he will ever enjoy much of it.

The Hon. Charlotte Higginson Whyte-Melville has taken the only honourable course open to her, and has applied in the London Chancery Division for a receiver of the property comprised in a marriage settlement made upon her marriage with Rev. Peter Higginson Whyte-Melville. She also demands the restoration of all the securities obtained from her and likewise the cancellation of the deed of settlement on the alleged ground that the defendant had been guilty of bigamy, he having a wife living at the time of his marriage with her. She also asserts that the Rev. Henry Peter Higginson Whyte-Melville has been guilty of fraud and undue influence.



RETRIBUTION.

IN August, 1885, three gentlemen arrived in Autun, in the province of Bourgogne, France, and put up at an inn. One of them was a large, fair-haired man, about forty, wearing a full blonde beard; another was a man about thirty-five, also fair-haired and full bearded, but not over medium height; and the third was a young man of about twenty-three, with dark hair, dark complexion and no beard, standing about five feet ten and well put together. They informed the persons at the inn that they were there for pleasure, and they amused themselves by fishing in a small stream which flowed from the hills to the northward of the town. They never brought any fish to the inn, but they gave the landlord to understand that they caught plenty and gave them away to the peasants whom they met. These three men were expert burglars and thieves. The largest of them was an Englishman, named Tibbald, possessing, however, many aliases, and well known to the police of London and most of the large towns of England. Latterly he had been operating in Belgium, and within the last three months he had been associated with a gang of thieves whose headquarters were in Paris. The second was a Frenchman, whose real name was Jurbise, and who had for years been engaged in robberies in various parts of France, having only recently been released from prison, where he had served a term of years. The third was likewise a Frenchman, by name Libert, who had recently been discharged from a situation in Paris for having embezzled a large sum of money. This his father, who was a respectable man, had made good, and so the youth had escaped punishment. He had associated himself with a band of outlaws, and had been selected by Tibbald and Jurbise to accompany them on their present mission, as he was a good talker, had an attractive face and form, and bore himself with the air of an aristocrat.

In the valley between Autun and the small town of Lucenay, lying to the north, was the chateau Arnage, the residence of an old gentleman named Santigny. He was wealthy and reputed to be a miser, and his abode had been selected by Tibbald as one that was probably worth robbing. The object of the visit of the three men to Autun was to procure information, and, if advisable, at once, to undertake the sacking of the chateau. The chateau lay near the stream in which the men professed to fish, and, while passing as harmless strangers on a pleasant tour, they endeavoured to gain from the peasants such information as might be of use in aiding them to carry out their wicked designs. They succeeded beyond their expectations, and after three day's sojourn made up their minds to put into execution the plan which they had formed for the pillaging of the chateau. Early in the afternoon of the fourth day, Libert presented himself at the main entrance of the chateau, and inquired for Monsieur Santigny. An old woman informed him that her master was in the garden, and pointed out to him the way thither.

"Do you mean to say, ma'amselle," Libert

said, using the last word to tickle the old lady's vanity, "that monsieur, at his age, works in the garden?"

"Indeed, he does," was the answer, "for he's got no one else to do the work."

"Why, one would have thought he would have left the labour for one of his servants!" said Libert.

"One of his servants!" exclaimed the old lady. "Why, I'm the only living being about the place except himself."

This was just what Libert wanted to ascertain, and, politely bowing to the woman, he turned toward the entrance to the garden. On passing within the enclosure, he at once saw Monsieur Santigny. Approaching him, he bowed with much politeness, and said,—

"Monsieur Santigny, I and my friends, who are visiting this lovely spot, desire to present you with this basket of fish, which we caught in the stream a little beyond your demesne."

Libert removed the fishing basket from his shoulder and held it forward. Monsieur Santigny looked surprised and then said,—

"Ah, well, my thanks, monsieur. Let me take the basket and give the fish to my cook."

Libert handed the basket to the old gentleman, who hesitated for a moment and then said,—

"Perhaps you will accompany me to the door of my poor residence."

"With your permission, monsieur, my friends and myself will come later in the day, before our return to Autun, and take a look at this splendid old pile."

Monsieur Santigny bowed and expressed a hope that they would do so. Then Libert departed.

As the sun was beginning to dip below the hill, Libert and his two companions presented themselves at the chateau, and found Monsieur Santigny evidently on the look-out for them. He received them with some cordiality. They politely declined his invitation to enter the chateau, and, after admiring the exterior, begged to see his garden. He led the way thither, and had scarcely entered the garden when he was suddenly seized from behind by Tibbald, who pinioned him. At the same time Libert clapped a pitch plaster over his mouth, and then drew a rope from his pocket and bound him.

Jurbise in the meantime had returned to the front entrance of the chateau to watch. Presently Tibbald joined him there, and the two entered the dwelling. Going toward the rear, they found the kitchen without difficulty. There the old woman was at her work by the window, picking to pieces an old dress. Before she had time to arise, she was in the grasp of Jurbise and was quickly disposed of, for she was much too feeble to offer any resistance. Having bound her and laid her upon the floor, they turned toward the main stairway of the chateau, where Libert awaited them.

"What have you done with the old man?" asked Jurbise.

"He began to be troublesome," was the answer, "and so I quieted him."

Having ransacked every place where money or portable valuables were likely to be found, the three men departed without releasing either Monsieur Santigny or the servant, carrying with them several thousand francs in money and some very valuable jewellery set with precious stones of great worth. The spoil was divided, and Tibbald and Jurbise returned to the inn at Autun and took the train to Paris.

Libert took the road to Epinay, where he intended to take an eastern train to Chagny and thence to Marseilles. The excuse he made for not accompanying his associates was that he had relatives near Le Saunier who were wealthy, and that he intended to stay there a while and get into their good graces. The true reason was that he had strangled Monsieur Santigny and was anxious to get out of the country on board of some vessel leaving Marseilles.

While these events were in progress, Monsieur Stanislas Valery was on his way from Marseilles to visit two maiden aunts, living near Le Pont d'Ouest, in one of the valleys at the west of Cote d'Ore, in Bourgogne.

The father of Stanislas was the half brother of the ladies in question, who were known as the Misses Beauja. Stanislas was born in Ceylon, where his father was a merchant, and, being an only child, his father had never permitted him to visit Europe except once, when he went thither with his mother, at the age of twelve. His mother died soon after her return to Ceylon, and Stanislas was educated by private tutors. Toward the close of 1884, the elder Valery died, and his son, who had reached the age of twenty-two, came into possession of all his property, which was large.

As soon as possible he wound up the estate and resolved to return to France. He notified his aunts of his intentions, and, on his arrival at Marseilles the previous day, had telegraphed his intention of reaching Pont d'Ouest by the last train leaving Epinay. He reached Epinay shortly after nine, and had to wait for the train going north to Le Pont d'Ouest. Scarcely had he alighted from the train coming from the direction of Chagny, when Libert reached the station. Valery's luggage was lying on the platform, and Libert observed the name, "Stanislas Valery."

For a long time the two young men were the only occupants of the station, except the officials. Naturally enough, they got into conversation, and Valery offered a cigar. Libert volunteered the information that he was going to visit relatives he had not seen for many years.

"That is singular for I am bent on precisely the same mission," said Valery.

Then Valery told how he had spent most of his life in Ceylon, and was about to see his aunts at Le Pont d'Ouest, for the first time in ten years.

As the time for the arrival of the train going east drew near several passengers came on the platform. Suddenly the sound of an approaching locomotive was heard, and speedily it came round the curve at great speed and darted through the station. As it did so a loud report was heard, something shot into the air, and the next moment descended on the head of Valery, killing him instantly. A crowd gathered around the spot where the corpse of the young man lay, and the officials were among the first there. Libert was all alert and in an instant decided on the course he would take.

"It is terrible," he said; "this is my valet. I am Monsieur Stanislas Valery, and I was on my way to visit my relatives at Le Pont d'Ouest. Remove the body to a more suitable place and I will consider it a great favor."

The railway officials were thoroughly deceived and the corpse was carried to a small office adjoining the main station. While the officials were busy despatching the train from the west, Libert entered the office and rifled the pockets of the corpse, removing papers, pocket-book,

card-case and everything except a small sum of money. He unclasped the gold repeater from the chain and substituted his own timepiece.

After the train had been despatched, he directed the baggage bearing the name of Valery to be removed to a hotel and went thither himself, under the name of Stanislas Valery. In the meantime the authorities had taken possession of the corpse of the real Valery. The next day an inquiry was held and a verdict in accordance with the facts was rendered.

Libert, who had telegraphed to Le Pont d'Ouest, saw that the body was properly interred, and then made arrangements to assume the character as well as the name of the dead man. So he put a bold face on it and went to Le Pont d'Ouest.

He devoted his time with great care to examining all the papers which he found in the trunks which he had appropriated. One thing, however, puzzled him; though there were documents showing that large deposits had been made by Valery previous to quitting Ceylon, there was nothing that gave any authority to draw this money from the bank of France. In the course of three weeks, however, his mind was set at rest on this subject, as he received by mail, addressed to Monsieur Stanislas Valery, letters of credit which empowered that gentleman to draw upon the bank, and growing anxious to get the spoils into his possession he debated with himself the advisability of going to Paris.

Having settled this question with himself, he broached the subject to the Misses Beauja. They were pleased with the idea, and at once suggested that they should accompany him, as they had not visited Paris for nearly twenty years. He therefore readily agreed to the proposal, and in a few days the ladies and their supposed relative were in the metropolis.

After a few days' stay at a hotel, a beautiful villa, elegantly furnished, was rented on the banks of the Seine, a few miles from Paris.

Libert, under the name of Valery, became acquainted with a gay circle of young men, and spent the money he had so nefariously acquired with freedom.

When Tibbald and Jurbise reached Paris, after the robbery of Monsieur Santigny, they went into hiding. It was three days after the perpetration of the crime before the dead bodies of Monsieur Santigny and his domestic were found. The former had been strangled and lay in the garden; the latter was found dead from exhaustion on the floor of the kitchen, and suspicion at once fell upon the three visitors to the hotel at Autun.

Two of these were traced to Paris, but what had become of the third was not ascertained. In course of time all this was known to Tibbald and Jurbise. After a time they metamorphosed themselves and ventured forth into their old haunts. The formation of a well-ordered establishment at Vitry by two elderly ladies and a young gentleman, evidently with wealth at their command, was not likely to remain long a secret from the gang to which Tibbald and Jurbise belonged.

Jurbise, disguised as a peddler, made his way to the villa, and, having sold some trifles to the servants, was returning to the road when he met a gentleman entering the grounds on horseback, whom he recognised as Libert without being known in return.

When Jurbise communicated to Tibbald what he had discovered, the supposition was that

Libert had successfully ingratiated himself with the relatives whom he told them he was going to visit after the affair at Monsieur Santigny's.

They determined to pay him a visit, for they were out of funds, so next day they called at the villa. They sent in assumed names, and, "Valery" fell into the trap. The start that he gave instantly showed that he knew them, though the next moment he recovered himself and disclaimed all knowledge of them.

"It is no use, Libert," said Tibbald; "we are tired of this thing. We didn't murder Monsieur Santigny, and we have made up our minds to give information to the police who did."

Libert turned deadly pale. He saw there was no escape, and conducting them to a private room, told them the history of his life since he quitted them at Lucenay, as it is known to the reader.

Now it so happened that this was the first time of Tibbald and Jurbise's going into company since their return to Paris after the Santigny crime, and a detective, who had long cherished the hope of getting the reward offered for the capture of the perpetrators of that deed, seeing the two men together, connected them in his mind with the offence and determined to watch them. On their entering the villa, he awaited their return and followed them unperceived, until he located them at a house long suspected as a resort of outlaws on the rue Lebrun, near the avenue des Gobelins. So sure was the officer of their being the men wanted for the crime near Lucenay, that he asked for and received the assistance of other officers and made a raid upon the house, capturing the two men. When they found that they were to be sent to Autun, and felt that their identification by the people at the hotel and by villagers was beyond question, they not only confessed their connection with the crime, but also implicated Libert, and disclosed also the facts relating to the death of Valery and Libert's personation of him. Libert's arrest speedily followed, and the confederates were sent to the galleys for life.



HOW RAIN IS PRODUCED.

DID it ever occur to our readers that there was just as much rain in the air above him on a clear, bright day as on a cloudy or rainy one? Rain does not come from somewhere else, the water that was over you was simply wafted to some other place. Water is absorbed in the air above us, at a certain temperature, and it becomes insensible. Cool that air by a wind draft of cooler atmosphere, or by electric or chemical influence, and the moment the air becomes cooler, it gives up some of its watery particles that were insensible or invisible at the higher temperature. These small particles thus given out, unite, and when enough of them coalesce, obstruct the light and show us clouds. When enough of them unite to be too heavy to float in the air, they begin to descend; pair after pair of them come together until a raindrop is formed. One of the minute raindrops is made up of millions of small watery particles. Air passing over the cold tops of mountains is cooled down so that it gives up a great deal of

watery vapour, and hence little rain falls in Colorado and in other places north and south of that state. The prevailing winds blow from the west, and the cool tops of the Rocky mountains lower their temperature, and thus take out the moisture that would otherwise fall in rain.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

It is the general belief that an egg is equal to one-quarter pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat eggs. Not so. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them, and to such eggs are injurious. Another fallacy in regard to diet is, that because milk is an important article of food it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a patient cannot endure will not cure.

FINDING HER AGE.

To ascertain a young lady's age, have her put down the number of the month in which she was born, multiply it by two, add five, multiply it by 50, add her age, subtract 365, add 115, then find the number left, the two right hand figures of which will be her age, and the remainder the month of her birth.

WHAT TO TEACH A BOY.

TEACH him how to earn money.
Teach him to be strictly truthful.
Teach him shorthand and typewriting.
Teach him economy in all his affairs.
Teach him to be polite in his manners.
Teach him history and political economy.
Teach him arithmetic in all its branches.
Teach him to avoid tobacco and strong drink.
Teach him to ride, drive, jump, run and swim.
Teach him careful and correct business habits.
Teach him how to get the most for his money.
Teach him, by example, how to do things well.
Teach him to avoid profane and indecent language.
Teach him habits of cleanliness and good order.
Teach him to be manly, self-reliant, and aggressive.
Teach him to be neat and genteel in his appearance.

HOMELESS.

THERE are hundreds of city men who are practically homeless. That is to say, they have nothing that approaches what a family man calls home. They have lodgings usually in a musty, old-fashioned, cheerless house, where they sleep, and that is all. They don't spend an hour a day in this excuse for a home, because all the influences are depressing. They eat at restaurants, and they live on the street. When they are sick there is no one to care for them or look after them. They must get along as best they can alone, or go to hospital. Who are these people? They are generally men from the country, who have come to the large cities and are employed in business there. A good many newspaper writers live in this way. It is a sort of Bohemian life, but it has not the alluring features that a good many seem to believe.

THE MAN WITH A SOUR FACE.

NOBODY loves the soured man.

He is not an agreeable companion; his sympathies have been warped, his temper made surly, his disposition embittered, he is at outs with the world.

No one very well remembers what he once was.

All have forgotten the time when his pulse beat warm and high, when his hand had a firm and happy grasp, when he loved and hoped.

Everybody knows that he is cold, crossgrained impractical and cynical now.

The world pushes him aside, society votes him a bore, and his best friends shake their heads and wonder that they ever supposed that he would amount to anything.

He is a failure and everybody knows it as well as he does himself.

THE RIGHT HAND.

AN anatomist told me the other day that I could not tell which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand. But he objected. He said he did not say that I could not show him my right hand, or extend my right hand, but that I could not tell which was my right hand; that is, that I could not describe it in words so that one who never heard of the distinction we make between the right hand and the left would be able to find it. I thought that would be easy enough also, until I thought it over; and then I had to give it up, for on the outside of a perfectly-formed human being there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left, and no one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person can find it. If people were ambidextrous and were not taught from their childhood to use one of their hands more than the other, it would be almost impossible for them to know which was which. I often think of this when I hear any one say of some one whom he wishes to stigmatize as a fool, that "he can't tell his right hand from his left."

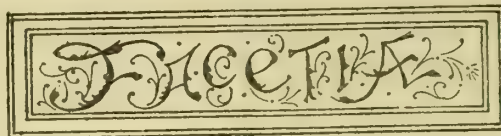
COLLECTING POSTAGE STAMPS.

HUNDREDS of people make a business of collecting postage stamps. Some want nothing but foreign stamps for collections, while others are trying to collect a million of stamps. At any time you can see these collectors going about the post-office carefully picking up every old envelope and removing the stamps. These people are all pretty well dressed and seem to have nothing else to do but look for stamps. There is one young woman who spends several hours a day in the corridors looking for rare postage stamps. She never looks for a letter, and she never expects one, but she watches those who get them, and examines the stamps on all castaway envelopes with great care. The stamp must be very rare before she will accept it, and every time she gets a foreign stamp she consults a small book which she takes from her pocket, and at once decides whether she will keep it or not. She may not get a stamp for days at a time, but she does not seem to be discouraged. When she gets one she is as happy as if she had found a gold mine.

OIL ON THE WATERS.

THE sponge fishers of Florida make considerable use of oil for the purpose of calming the surface of the water. During the greater part of the year the slight ripple on the water is easily overcome by that time-honoured device, the water telescope. By the aid of that instrument the fishers easily discern the sponges and hook them up from the bottom. But it sometimes happens in the spring that the roughness of the sea prevents the handling of both hooks and telescopes. Then the sponger throws a spoonful of oil upon

the waves, which produces a calm about his boat as long as he cares to drift about with it. The oil preferred by the spongers for this purpose is obtained from the liver of the "nurse" shark. So effective is this oil considered, that as much as a dollar a gallon is paid for it. This species of shark abounds in the vicinity of the Florida reefs, and is very easily captured.



A COOL DEED.—"I saw a cool deed this morning," remarked Fangle at the supper table. "What was it?" asked his wife, with deep interest.

"The title to an ice house," replied the wretch.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—He (languishingly)—I have been hoping that you would in time come to regard me as your company.

She (bashfully)—Company! What do you mean by that?

He (courageously)—Well, as your beau.

She (blushingly)—O! That's what company means?

He (smilingly)—Yes. And if you consider me as your company I should like to consider you as my misery.

She (wonderingly)—Your misery?

He (triumphantly)—Yes; because, you know, misery loves company.

She (demurely)—I see. We'll admit, then, that you are company and I misery. But don't you think misery a very disagreeable name for a girl, and that it ought to be changed—say to company?

Then he popped.

DAUGHTER: "Papa, don't you know it is bad manners to put your hands in your pockets?"—Papa: "No, my dear; I am only practising."—Daughter: "Practising for what?"—Papa: "To put my hands in my pockets, for I shall have to keep them there all the time after you have married the masher you are engaged to."

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.—When the 'bus from the noon train arrived in front of the hotel a stout little man in a gray travelling suit and a soft hat descended. He had a florid German face, indicating a quick temper, and the usual number of eyes, which were small and blue, and protected by large polished spectacles of pebble and gold. He made no attempt to enter the hotel, but stepped up to Mr. Curtis, nodded, and said:

"You de brobriotor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Haf you got a prass pand?"

"No, sir."

"Iss dere von in de villitch?"

"No, sir."

"No young vomen vot play de piano in de barlor?"

"No, sir."

"Den I shtay—veeks," he added earnestly under his breath as he walked into the office.

"ANOTHER advance in shoe leather," as the young fellow said when he saw her old man's foot approaching for a second kick, when the first one had sent him down the front steps.

"YOUNG MAN," said a stern parent to his daughter's sweetheart, "do you intend to stay here all night, holding my daughter's hand and looking into her eyes like a sick calf?"—"No, sir."—"What do you intend to do, then?"—"Well, I had thought that when you did us the kindness to retire, I would put my arm around her waist, and if she did not object too forcibly, I might risk a kiss."

AT THE DENTIST'S.—He—"This will be a bad tooth to draw. Will you have chloroform or laughing gas?" She—"How happy could I be with *ether*!"

AN AMUSING INCIDENT has occurred at one of the large new London hotels. One of the scullery-maids, Bridget Maloney, in writing to her friends in Ireland, used the hotel letter-paper. The surprise of the manager may be imagined on finding a letter one morning addressed—"Bridget Maloney, care —Hotel. All modern improvements—lift. Tariff on application, terms moderate, London, England." It was evident Bridget's Irish friend was determined the letter should not miscarry for want of full directions.

A DIRE FATE.—A merry farmer in days long gone by wanted to vote for his landlord, but was, nevertheless, unwilling to go against the wishes of his pastor, who finally threatened to turn him into a common rat if he dared to disobey the Church's mandate. "I'm very sorry, your reverence," said the disconsolate voter, "but I *must* support my landlord, that's so good to me and mine. Then, as he got on the car, to be escorted by constabulary to the scene of the polling, he suddenly cried out, "Just a minnit, boys, till I says a word to my wife. Mary! Mary! for the love o' God *have the cat tied up* when I'm coming home, or *sorra bone o' me* you'll ever see again!"

NOTHING TO REMEMBER.—Wife—"What under the sun are you doing?" Husband—"Trying to tie this string around my finger." "Why, I did not ask you to do any errand." "No; this string is to remind me that I have nothing to remember to-day."

REMEMBERED EVE.—The responsibility for the sins of the world rests on men and women alike, as we are reminded by the quaint saying of a little Sunday-school girl.

She was rather young, to be sure, to be taught the meaning of the text: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin."

But the teacher did her best, and told, as simply as she could, about this one man, and what he did, and what were the consequences of his sin to the human race. She was getting on very well when a shy, grave-faced little girl interrupted her by saying:

"There was a lady, too."

HUSBAND: "I have been making my will, dear. Leaving you everything, with—ah—full power to re-marry—" Wife: "Oh, darling, never!" Husband: "Yes, love. And"—with a sardonic chuckle—"in that case I shall feel assured there will be at least one who will daily deplore my death."

SERIAL STORY

THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CLORTIO; OR, THE SPINNING OF THE WEB.

CHAPTER IV.—continued.

"IT'S impossible for sisters to be fonder of each other than those two are," said Meta. "There's nothing strange in that considering they *are* sisters," answered Bell angrily. "Oh, but you've no right to say that, Mrs. Bell. It's going too far."

"Haven't I a right to use my eyes and ears? Can't I see the family look in those two faces, though Miss Mildred is pretty and Miss Fay is plain. Can't I hear the same tones in the two voices, and haven't I seen *his* way of bringing that girl into the house, and his guilty look before my poor injured mistress. Of course they're sisters. Who could ever doubt it. *She* doesn't, I know, poor dear."

She, in this connection, meant Mrs. Fausset. There was only one point in this speech which the innocent child seized upon. She and Fay were said to be sisters. Oh! how she had longed for a sister in the last year or so of her life, since she had found out the meaning of solitude among fairest surroundings. How all the brightest things she possessed had palled upon her for want of sisterly companionship. How she had longed for a baby-sister even, and had envied the children in households where a new baby was an annual institution. She had wondered why her mother did not treat herself to a new baby occasionally, as so many of her

mother's friends did. And now Fay had been given to her, ever so much better than a baby, which would have taken such a long time to grow up. Mildred had never calculated how long; but she concluded that it would be some months before the most forward baby would be of a companionable age. Fay had been given to her, a ready-made companion, versed in fairy tales, able to conjure up an enchanted world out of the schoolroom piano, skilful with pencil and colour-box, able to draw the faces and figures and palaces and woodlands of that fairy world, able to amuse and entertain her in a hundred ways. And Fay was her sister after all. She dropped asleep in a flutter of pleasurable excitement. She would ask her mother all about it to-morrow; and in the meantime she would say nothing to Fay. It was fun to have a secret from Fay.

A batch of visitors left next day after lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Fausset were to be alone for forty-eight hours; a wonderful oasis of domesticity in the society desert. Mildred had been promised that the first day there was no company she was to have tea with mamma in the tent on the lawn. She claimed the fulfilment of that promise to-day.

It was a lovely day after the sultry, thundery night. Mrs. Fausset reclined in her basket chair in the shelter of the tent. Fay and Mildred sat side by side on a low bamboo bench on the grass; the little girl, fairy-like, in her white muslin and flowing flaxen hair, the big girl in olive-coloured alpaca, with dark hair clustering in short curls about the small intelligent head. There could hardly have been a stronger contrast than that between the two girls; and yet Bell was right, there was a family look, an undefinable resemblance of contour and expression which would have struck a very attentive observer—something in the line of the delicate eyebrow, something in the angle of the forehead. "Mamma," said Mildred suddenly, clambering into her mother's lap, "why mayn't I call Fay sister?"

Mrs. Fausset started, and flushed crimson. "What nonsense, child. Why because it would be most ridiculous."

"But she is my sister," urged Mildred, looking full into her mother's eyes, with tremendous resolution in her own. "I love her like a sister, and she is my sister—Bell says so."

"Bell is an impertinent person," cried Mrs. Fausset, angrily. "When did she say so?"

"Last night when she thought I was asleep. Mayn't I call Fay sister," persisted Mildred coaxingly.

"On no account. I never heard anything so shameful! To think that Bell should gossip! An old servant like Bell—my own old nurse. It is too cruel," cried Mrs. Fausset, forgetting herself in her anger.

Fay stood tall and straight in the sunshine outside the tent, wondering at the storm. She had an instinctive apprehension that Mrs. Fausset's anger was humiliating to her. She knew not why, but she felt a sense of despair darker than any other evil moment in her life, and yet her evil moments had been many.

"You need not be afraid that I shall ask Mildred to call me sister," she said. "I love her dearly, but I hate everybody else in this house."

"You are a wicked, ungrateful girl," exclaimed Mrs. Fausset, "and I am very sorry I ever saw your face."

Fay drew herself up, looked at the speaker indignantly for a moment or so, and then walked quietly away towards the house.

She passed the footman with the tea tray as she crossed the lawn, and a little further on she passed John Fausset, who looked at her wonderingly.

Mildred burst out crying.

"How unkind you are, mamma," she sobbed. "If I mayn't call her my sister I shall always love her like a sister; always, always, always."

"What is the matter with my Mildred?" asked Mr. Fausset, arriving at this moment.

"Nothing. She has only been silly," his wife answered pettishly.

"And Fay—has she been silly, too?"

"Fay, your protege, has been most impertinent to me. But I suppose that does not count."

"It does count, for a good deal, if she has been intentionally impertinent," answered Fausset gravely.

He looked back after Fay's vanishing figure with a troubled expression. He had so sighed for peace. He had hoped that the motherless girl might be taken into his home and cared for, and made happy, without evil feeling upon any

enough.

"It is more than enough," his wife answered, trembling from head to foot, as she rose from her low chair, and walked away from the tent.

John Fausset looked after her irresolutely, went a few steps as if he meant to follow her, and then turned back to the tent, just as Mildred reappeared with Fay from another direction.

"We three will have tea together," said Mr. Fausset, with elaborate cheerfulness. "Mamma is not very well, Mildred; she has gone back to the house. You shall pour out my tea."

He seated himself in his wife's chair, and Mildred sat on his knee, and put her arms round his neck, and adored him with all her power of adoration. Her household divinity had ever been the father. Perhaps her baby mind had found out the weakness of one parent, and the strength of the other.

"Fay shall pour out the tea," she said, with a sense of making a vast sacrifice. "It will be a treat for Fay."

So Fay poured out the tea, and they all three sat in the tent, and were happy and merry—or seemingly so, perhaps, as concerned John Fausset—for one whole sunshiny hour, and for the first time Fay felt that she was not an outsider. Yet there lurked in her mind the memory of Mrs. Fausset's anger, and that memory was bitter.

"What am I, that almost everybody should be rude to me?" she asked herself, as she sat alone that night after Mildred had gone to bed.

From the open windows below came the languid sweetness of a nocturne by Chopin. Mrs. Fausset was playing her husband to sleep after dinner. Sure token of reconciliation between husband and wife.

The doctor came next morning. He appeared upon alternate days now, and looked at Mildred in a casual manner, after exhausting the local gossip with Mrs. Fausset. This morning he and Mrs. Fausset were particularly confidential before the patient was sent for.

"Admirable!" he exclaimed, when he had looked at her tongue and felt her pulse, "we are as nearly well as we can be. All we want now is a little sea air to set us up for the winter. The great point, my dear Madam," to Mrs. Fausset, "is to avoid all risk of *sequela*. A fortnight at Brighton or Eastbourne will restore our little friend to perfect health."

word. She let Mildred kiss her, and kissed her back again, but in a dead silence. She went into the hall with the child, and to the carriage door, and they kissed each other on the doorstep, and they kissed at the carriage window, and then the horses trotted away along the gravel drive, and Fay had a last glimpse of the fair head thrust out of the window, and the lilies and roses of a child's face framed in pale gold hair.

It was a little more than a fortnight before Bell and her charge went back to the Hook. Mildred had sorely missed her playfellow, but had consoled herself with a spade and pail on the beach, and a donkey of venerable aspect, whose chief distinction was his white linen panoply, on the flat and dusty roads.

Mrs. Fausset was not at home to receive her daughter. She had a superior duty at Chertsey, where people of some social importance were giving a lawn party. The house seemed empty and silent, and all its brightness and graceful furniture and flowers in the hall and on the staircase, could not atone for the absence of human life.

"Where is Fay?" cried Mildred, taking alarm.

Nobody answered a question which was addressed to everybody.

"Fay, Fay, where are you?" cried the child, and then rushed upstairs to the schoolroom, light as a lapwing, distracted with that sudden fear. "Fay, Fay?" The treble cry rang through the house.

No one in the schoolroom, nor in Mildred's bedroom, nor in the little room where Fay had slept, nor in the drawingrooms, whither Mildred came running, after that futile quest upstairs.

Bell met her in the hall, with a letter in her hand.

"Your mamma wished to break it to you herself, Miss," said Bell. "Miss Fay has gone."

"Gone, where?"

"To Brussels."

"Where is Brussels?"

"I believe, Miss, that it is the capital of Belgium."

Mildred tore open the letter, which Bell read aloud over the child's shoulder.

"I hope you won't be grieved at losing your play-fellow, my dearest pet. Fay is dreadfully backward in her education, and has no manners. She has gone to a finishing school at Brussels, and you may not see her again for some years."

daughter of every-day life. It was an almost romantic attachment.

Like most only daughters Lola was precocious, in advance of her years in thoughtfulness and emotion, though perhaps a little behind the average girl of twelve in the severities of feminine education. She had been her mother's chief companion from babyhood, the confidante of all that mother's thoughts and fancies, which were as innocent as those of childhood itself. She had read much more than most girls of her age, and had been made familiar with poets whose names are only known to the school girl in a history of literature. She knew a good deal about the best books in European literature; but most of all she knew the hearts and minds of her father and mother, their loves and likings, their joys and sorrows. She had never been shut out from their confidence; she had never been told to go and play when they wanted to talk to each other. She had sat with them, and walked, and ridden and driven with them ever since she was old enough to dispense with her nurse's arms. She had lived her young life with them, and had been a part of their lives.

George Greswold looked up from his *Athenaeum* in quick alarm.

"Fever!" he exclaimed, "fever at Enderby!"

"Strange, isn't it, father? Everybody is wondering about it. Enderby has always been such a healthy village, and you have taken such pains to make it so."

"Yes, love, I have done my best. I am a landlord for pleasure and not for gain, as you and mother know."

"And what seems strangest and worst of all," continued Lola, "is that this dreadful fever has broken out among the people you and mother and I are fondest of—our old friends and pensioners—and the children we know most about. It seems so hard that those you and mother have helped the most should be the first to be ill in all the village."

"Yes, love, that seems very hard for my tender-hearted darling."

Her father looked up at her fondly as she stood behind his chair, her white arm leaning upon his shoulder. The summer was in its zenith; it was strawberry time, rose time, hay-making time, the season of nightingales, and

meadow-sweet, and tall Mary lilies, and all those lovely things that cluster in the very core of summer's great warm heart. Lola was all in white, a loose muslin frock, straight from shoulder to instep. Her thick gold hair fell straight as her frock, below her ungirdled waist, and in her white and gold she had the look of an angel in an early Italian picture. Her eyes were as blue as that cloudless sky of midsummer which took a deeper azure behind the black-green branches of the cedar.

"My pet, I take it this fever is some slight summer malady. Cottagers are such ravens. They always make the worst of an illness."

"Oh, but they really have been very bad. Mary Martin has had the fever, but she is getting better. And there's Johnny Giles, you know what a strong boy he is. He's very bad, poor little chap; so delirious, and I do feel so sorry for his poor mother. And young Mrs. Peter has it, and two of her children."

"It must be contagious," cried Greswold, seizing his daughter's round white arm with an agitated movement. "You have not been to see any of them, have you, Lola?" he asked, looking at her with unspeakable anxiety.

"No, Mrs. Bell wouldn't let me go to see any of them; but of course I have taken them things every day, wine and beef-tea, and jelly, and everything we could think of, and they have had as much milk as they liked."

"You should not have gone yourself with the things, darling. You should have sent them."

"That would seem so unkind, as if one hardly cared; and Puck with nothing to do all the time but to draw me about. It was no trouble to go myself. I did not even go inside the cottages. Bell said I mustn't."

"Bell was right. Well, I suppose there is no harm done if you didn't go into any of the cottages; and it was very sweet of you to take the things yourself, like Red-ridinghood, only without the wolf! There goes the gong. I hope you are hungry."

"Not very. The weather is too warm for eating anything but strawberries."

He looked at her anxiously again, ready to take alarm at a word.

"Yes, it is too warm in this south-western country," he said nervously. "We'll go to Scotland next week."

"So soon?"

"Why not a little sooner than usual, for once in a way?"

"I shall be sorry to go away while the people are ill," she said gravely.

George Greswold forgot that the gong had sounded. He sat, leaning forward, in a despondent attitude. The very mention of sickness in the land had unhinged him. This child was so dear to him, his one ewe lamb. He had done all that forethought, sense, and science could do to make the village which lay at his doors the very shrine of health and purity. Famous sanitarians had been entertained at the Manor, and had held council with Mr. Greswold upon the progress of sanitation, and its latest developments. They had wondered with him over the blindness and ignorance of our forefathers. They had instructed him how to drain his house, and how to ventilate and purify his cottages. They had assured him that, so far as humanity can ever hope to attain, perfection had been achieved in Enderby village and Enderby Manor House.

And now his idolised daughter hung over his chair and told him that there was fever raging

in the land, his land; the land which he loved as if it were a living thing, and on which he had lavished care and money ever since he had owned it. Other men might consider their ancestral estates as something to be lived upon; George Greswold thought of his forefather's house and lands as something to be lived for. His cottages were model cottages, and he was known far and wide as a model landlord.

"George are you quite forgetting luncheon?" asked a voice from one of the open windows, and he looked up to see a beautiful face looking out at him, framed in hair of Lola's colour.

"My dear Mildred, come here for a moment?" he said, and his wife went to him, smiling still, but with a shade of uneasiness in her face.

"Go in, pet. We'll follow you directly," he said to his daughter, and then he rose slowly, with an air of being almost broken down by a great trouble, and put his arm through his wife's arm and led her along the velvet turf beyond the cedar.

"Mildred, have you heard of this fever?"

"Yes; Louisa told me this morning when she was doing my hair. It seems to be rather bad; but there cannot be any danger surely after all you have done to make the cottages perfect in every way?"

"One cannot tell. There may be a germ of evil brought from somewhere else. I am sorry Lola has been among the people."

"Oh, but she has not been inside any of the cottages, Bell took care to prevent that."

"Bell was wise, but she might have done better still. She should have telegraphed to us. Lola must not go about any more. You will see to that, won't you, dearest. Before the end of the week I will take you both to Scotland."

"Do you really suppose there can be danger?" she asked, growing very pale.

"No, no, I don't apprehend danger. Only it is better to be over cautious than over bold. We cannot be too careful of our treasure."

"No, no, indeed," answered the mother, with a piteous look.

"Mother," called Lola from the window, "are you ever coming? Pomfret will be late for church."

Pomfret was the butler, whose convenience had to be studied a little upon Sundays. The servants dined while the family were at luncheon, and almost all the establishment went to afternoon service, leaving a footman and an under-housemaid in sole possession of the great, grave old manor house, where the silence had a solemnity as in some monastic chapel. Lola was anxious that luncheon should begin, and Pomfret be dismissed to eat his dinner.

This child of twelve had more than a woman's forethought. She spent her life in thinking about other people; but of all those whom she loved, and for whom she cared, her father was the first and chief. For him her love was akin to worship.

She watched his face anxiously now, as she took her seat at his right hand, and was silent until Pomfret had served the soup and retired, leaving all the rest of the luncheon on the table, and the wine on a dumb waiter by his master's side.

There was always a cold luncheon on Sundays, and the evening meal was also cold, a compromise between dinner and supper, served at nine o'clock, by which time the servants had gratified their various tastes for church or chapel, and had enjoyed an evening walk. There was no parsonage in England where the day of rest was held in more reverence than it was at Enderby Manor House.

Mr. Greswold was no bigot, his religion in nowise savoured of the over-good school; but he was a man of deep religious convictions; and he had been brought up to honour Sunday as a day set apart.

The Sunday parties and Sunday amusements of fashionable London were an abomination to him, though he was far too liberal minded to wish to shut museums and picture galleries against the people.

"Father," said Lola when they were alone, "I'm afraid you had your bad dream last night."

Greswold looked at her curiously.

"No, love, my dreams were colourless, and have left not even a remembrance."

"And yet you look sorrowful, just as you always look after your bad dream."

"Your father is anxious about the cottagers who are ill, dearest," said Mrs. Greswold.

"That is all."

"But you must not be unhappy about them, father dear. You don't think that any of them will die, do you?" asked Lola, drawing very near him, and looking up at him with awestricken eyes.

"Indeed, my love, I hope not. They shall not die if care can save them. I will walk round the village with Porter this afternoon and find out all about the trouble. If there is anything that he cannot understand, we'll have Pond over from Southampton, or a physician from London if necessary. My people shall not be neglected."

"May I go with you this afternoon, father?"

"No, dearest, neither you nor mother must leave the grounds till we go away. I will have no needless risks run by my dear ones."

Neither mother nor daughter disputed his will upon this point. He was the sole arbiter of their lives. It seemed almost as if they lived only to please him. Both would have liked to go with him; both thought him over cautious; yet neither attempted to argue the point. Happy household in which there are no arguments upon domestic trifles, no bickerings about the infinitesimals of life.

Enderby Manor was one of those ideal homes which adorn the face of England, and sustains its reputation as the native soil of domestic virtues, the country in which good wives and good mothers are indigenous.

There are many such ideal homes in the land, as to outward aspect, seen from the high road, across park or pasture, shrubbery or flower garden; but only a few of these sustain the idea upon intimate knowledge of the interior.

Here, within as well as without, the atmosphere was peace. Those velvet lawns and brilliant flower beds were not more perfect than the love between husband and wife, child and parents. No cloud had ever shadowed that serene heaven of domestic peace. George Greswold had married at thirty a girl of eighteen who adored him; and those two had lived for each other and for their only child ever since. All outside the narrow circle of family love counted only as the margin or the framework of life. All the deepest and sweetest elements of life were within the veil. Mildred Greswold could not conceive a fashionable woman's existence, a life given up to frivolous occupations and futile excitements, a life of empty pleasure faintly flavoured with art, literature, science, philanthropy, and politics, and fancying itself eminently useful and eminently progressive. She had seen such a career in her childhood, and had wondered that any reasoning creature could so live.

The grave red-brick manor house had been built when William the Third was King, and there were some Dutch innovations in the old English architecture; notably a turret, or pavilion at the end of each wing, and a long bowling green on the western side of the garden. The walls had that deep glowing red which is only seen in old brickwork, and the black glazed tiles upon the hopper roof glittered in the sunlight with the prismatic hues of antique Rhodian glass. The chief characteristic of the interior was the oak panelling, which clothed the rooms and the corridors as in a garment of sober brown, and would have been suggestive of gloom, but for the pictures and porcelain which brightened all the rooms, and the rich colouring of the brocaded curtains and tapestry portieres. The chief charm of the house was the aspect of home-life, the books and musical instruments, the art treasures, and flowers, and domestic trifles to be seen everywhere; the air which every room and every nook and corner had of being lived in by home-loving and home-keeping people.

The pavilion at the end of the south-west wing was Lola's special domain, that and the room communicating with it. That pretty sitting-room, with dwarf book shelves, water-colour pictures, and Wedgewood china, was never called a schoolroom. It was Lola's study.

"There shall be no suggestion of school in our home," said George Greswold.

It was he who chose his daughter's masters, and it was often he who attended during the lesson, listening intently to the progress of the work, and as keenly interested in the pupil's progress as the pupil herself. Latin he himself taught her, and she already knew by heart those noblest of Horace's odes which are fittest for young lips. Their philosophy saddened her a little.

"Is life always changing?" she asked her father. "Must one never venture to be quite happy?"

The Latin poet's pervading idea of mutability, inevitable death, and inevitable change, impressed her with a flavour of sadness, child as she was.

"My dearest, had Horace been a Christian as you are, and had he lived for others, as you do, he would not have been afraid to call himself happy," answered George Greswold. "He was a Pagan, and he put on the armour of philosophy, for want of the armour of faith."

These lessons in the classics, taking a dead language not as a dry study of grammar and dictionary, but as the gate to new worlds of poetry and philosophy, had been Lola's delight. She was in nowise unpleasantly precocious; but she was far in advance of the conventional schoolroom child, trained into characterless uniformity by a superior governess. Lola had never been under governess rule. Her life at the Manor had been as free as that of the butterflies. There was only Mrs. Bell to lecture her—white-haired Mrs. Bell, thin and spare, straight as an arrow, at seventy-four years of age, the embodiment of servants' hall gentility in her black silk afternoon gown, and neat cambric cap; Bell, who looked after Lola's health, and Lola's rooms, and was for ever tidying drawers and tables, and lecturing upon the degeneracy of girlhood. It was her boast to have nursed Lola's grandmother, as well as Lola's mother, which seemed going back to the remoteness of the dark ages.

Enderby Manor was three miles from Romsey, and within riding or driving distance of the New Forest and of Salisbury Cathedral. It lay in

the heart of a pastoral district watered by the Test, and was altogether one of the most enjoyable estates in that part of the country.

Before luncheon was finished a messenger was on his way to the village to summon Mr. Porter, more commonly Dr. Porter, the parish and everybody's doctor, an elderly man of burly figure, close-cropped gray hair, and yeoman-like bearing—a man born on the soil, whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather had cured or killed the inhabitants of Enderby parish from time immemorial. Judging from the tombstones in the pretty old churchyard, they must have cured more than they killed, for those crumbling moss-grown stones bore the record of patriarchal lives, and the Union near Enderby was a museum of incipient centenarians.

Mr. Porter came into the grave old library at the Manor looking more serious than his wont, perhaps in sympathy with George Greswold's anxious face, turned towards the door as the footman opened it.

"Well, Porter, what does it all mean, this fever?" asked Greswold abruptly.

Mr. Porter had a manner of discussing a case which was all his own. He always appealed to his patient with a professional air, as if consulting another medical authority, and a higher one than himself. It was flattering, perhaps, but not always satisfactory.

"Well, you see, there's the high temperature—104 in some cases—and there's the throat, and there's headache. What do you say?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Porter, you must know whether it is a malignant, infectious fever or not. If you don't know we'll send to Southampton for Pond."

(To be continued.)

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

OH, cradle me on your knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft, warm breast,
For I saw a sight as you sung me to rest
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep,
Then fix on me your glistening eye
And gaze and gaze till the tear be dry,
Then rock me gently and sigh and sigh
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternal shine,
And the world I'd give if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed through a wood, mamma,
And rested us under a bough;
Then by us a butterfly fluttered in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly, ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty baby, with me."

My tears and fears she beguiled, mamma,
As she led me far away;
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom;
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And, wondering, around me I gazed and gazed;
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babies to me;
Their eyes looked love and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marvelled to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried that I from earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here, love, thou blest shall be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherubs and seraphim fair,
And saw, as I roamed through the regions of peace,
The spirits which come from this world of distress;
And theirs were the joy no tongue can express,
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago?
How you gazed on the sad and lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe that you could not check.
The spirits which come from this world of distress;
And your heart was sore, you wished it would break;
But you lived, and you aye sobbed on!

But ah! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
To see what I saw, you'd ne'er have cried,
Tho' you buried pretty Jane in the grave when she died;
For shining with the blest, and adorned like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind that poor old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door?
And the night was dark and the tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a night of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,
While the rain dropped down from his thin, gray hair,
And fast the big tears of speechless care
Ran down from his glazing eye.

And think what a heavenly look, mamma,
Flashed through the trembling eye
As he told how he went to the baron's stronghold,
Saying: "O! let me in, for the night is cold;"
But the rich man cried: "Go sleep in the wold,
For we shield no beggars here."

Well, he was in glory, too, mamma,
As happy as the blest could be:
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed in white,
And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in regions of light was a guest,
And the heart that has throbbed in the clime of the blest
Can love this world no more.

THE SAFETY OF THEATRES IN DUBLIN.

IN an early number of IRISH SOCIETY we purpose drawing attention to the question of the public safety in our various places of amusement in cases of panic or the outbreak of fire, not in any alarmist spirit, but with the object of causing those responsible for the protection of audiences in theatres and other places of entertainment to take every precaution that exits are ample, and at all times in full and free working order. Several theatres have had a bad time of it lately in consequence of fires, in one at least of which—the house in Exeter—the loss of life was simply awful; and it can scarcely be wondered at that a general feeling of nervousness and trepidation should pervade a large number of people when a visit to a theatre is suggested. Some of our Dublin places of amusement are moderately well provided with exits, while others are lamentably deficient in this respect; and we will be conferring a benefit on the public at large by calling attention to so important a subject.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 24th January.

DULL and disappointing Markets have characterized last week's business, and although closing fairly steady the balance of prices will be found on the wrong side. In the face of a further reduction in the Bank rate to 3 per cent, and money so plentiful, that borrowers can be accommodated at from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, it is difficult to understand why there should be so much hesitation in the Stock Markets, and so little desire on the part of the Investing Public to come forward as buyers. It cannot be said that there is any scarcity of sound paying securities to select from, which at present prices yield fair dividends, and have every prospect of standing at enhanced values. To whatever Market we turn, little difficulty will be found in selecting at least one or two securities, which we think our readers would do well to follow.

English Rails have been heavy and uninteresting and from want of business have a tendency to droop, but as we write, things are certainly firmer. Hull and Barnsley have fluctuated some 2 per cent and now stand at above 40 and are still worth buying. Opinions vary respecting this Stock, but it is our belief that by their connection with the Midland we shall see them at a much higher figure. There are rumours of another "Bear Panic" which some jobbers have not yet forgotten, and it is to be hoped that the memorable rise of 8 per cent in one day has taught them a lesson which they will not be slow to profit by. Furness Ordinary Stock now selling at about 103 will go much better, it is not speculative and is held by investors who have not forgotten the time when the dividends were as much as 10 per cent, and the Stock sold at near upon 170. With increased Mineral Traffics the future looks very promising.

Foreigners have been the steadiest Market, and any attempt to depress prices has been counteracted by the absence of any disturbing news, and by the firmness of the Continental Bourses (Paris especially being a buyer). We drew attention to Greek Bonds in our last issue (then selling at about 69), and we think that Investors have lost sight of this Security. At $69\frac{3}{4}$, to-day's price, they pay about 7 per cent., and it must be admitted that the financial position of Greece is on a firmer footing than it has been for a long time, and the present price of the Stock will allow a good margin for a rise. Mexican Bonds are worth attention, it being reported that they are to be redeemed at 40. Honduras we recommended at $10\frac{1}{2}$, they are now selling at $12\frac{3}{4}$, and will go better. Paraguay Land Warrants, another neglected security, can be bought at about £5 for a £100 Warrant, and are likely to double in price at any moment. These Bonds were issued when the Government was unable to pay the interests on its Loans, and each £100 Warrant represents 145 Acres of Land, which have within the last few weeks been set apart for the Bondholders, no time should be lost in purchasing at present prices. Ecuador has had a sharp rise of 3 per cent., but for the moment we do not recommend them.

Americans are still very irregular, but the fluctuations have been unimportant, and the particular stocks to which we have drawn attention, are well maintained. We are still of opinion that there is a good undertone, which may at any moment develop into a sharp advance. The daily variations in price do not represent the tone of the Market which is just now at the mercy of (what the Americans call) room Traders, who in the absence of outside support, do pretty much what they like with prices. We should not think of parting with any of these Securities, and on any decline, should recommend a purchase. A stock which of late has been little mentioned but should commend itself to an Investor, not only for a fair return for his capital, but on the prospect of greatly enhanced value, is that of the Mexican Central First Mortgage, now selling under 68 and paying at this price nearly $5\frac{1}{2}\%$, and with increased earnings, and a probable $7\frac{1}{2}\%$, would send these Bonds very quickly to par. They were largely dealt in at the end of last year, and an important move in them is likely to take place within the next month or two.

Mines have been quiet, and with few exceptions lower. Cape Copper which we advised at $43\frac{3}{4}$, closed strong at $48\frac{1}{2}$, and have not yet reached the top. Rio Tintos are at the mercy of the French Copper Syndicate, and are too speculative for us to recommend either way. We prefer the lower prices Copper Shares which we have already drawn attention to. We again repeat "buy

Violas," and lose no time in doing so. If report speaks true, the earnings since December last are equal to a dividend of 50 per cent. They can be still bought at £2, and we expect to see them double this price.

The Miscellaneous Market shows few, if any, fluctuations. Bass & Co. have received applications on an enormous scale for their $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock, issued at 107, and now commanding a premium of 11 per cent. These Debentures are redeemable at the option of the Company after 25 years at 117. All the Share Capital is retained for the Shareholders of the old Company, whose net profits for the last five years amount to £340,000 per annum.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.M.P.—(1) You will not get them cheaper. (2) We do not know what Brokerage you pay, but should imagine that you could get your business done quite as well in Dublin. Send us a stamped directed envelope and we will write you.

A.Z.—Should certainly hold for higher prices.

Subscriber.—Will refer to your remarks in next issue.

W.L.S.—(1) Too dear. (2) Can safely be bought and held.

L.M. (Dublin)—We thank you for your appreciation of our efforts to give sound advice. We intend to avoid everything in the shape of rubbish.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received from Belfast an interesting letter signed "R," and at the outset, we could wish that our correspondent had given us his name. His communication is, on the whole, of a friendly character, and his criticism of IRISH SOCIETY, while candid, is not unkind. It is too late to consider his suggestion, anent altering the shape of our journal—that must remain as it is, subject to an enlargement, we trust, in the near by-and-bye. We thank him for the expression of his opinion that our young journal "has the merit of not being 'trashy,' as too many of our Irish productions have been for many a day," and in this respect, we assure him and the public that we will do our very best to make it as original and attractive as possible. On the pressing topic of "Decayed Industries," we intend to point out with frequency the comparative ease with which a great many of them could be revived to the advantage of small capitalists and large numbers of people in remote parts of the country, and hints of this kind would be received by us with pleasure from "R" or any other correspondent who would take the trouble to forward them to us at Temple Lane. "The Corporate management of the affairs of Dublin" require occasional looking after, as those of most other places do; but, of course, our correspondent, living in Belfast, cannot be supposed to see the force of this so strongly as ratepayers in the metropolis do, and he consequently objects to a question of this kind being discussed in the columns of IRISH SOCIETY. But we hope to make even that business generally interesting.

A correspondent has written to us regarding the remarks appended to a note in last week's issue in relation to the munificence of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. We are informed that a lady possessing the means and the disposition some time ago distributed fifteen hundred pounds worth of blankets and quilts amongst the poor of Cork. We were not unaware of Lady Arnott's judicious and timely

gifts when writing the sentences to which our correspondent has taken exception. What we said, and we now repeat it, was that we seldom hear of spontaneous acts of charity performed by the wealthy ladies of Dublin.

At the same time we feel extremely obliged to our respected correspondent, and take this opportunity of inviting ladies and gentlemen who may have exclusive items of intelligence suitable for our columns, such as crumbs of society gossip, reports of marriages, balls, parties, &c., to forward them to us. Our best attention and consideration, as well as space, will be given to them when found suitable.

We acknowledge with deepest gratitude the many kind and encouraging notices given to our first number by the Press of all shades of politics in the country. Our best endeavours will be put forth in order to retain the good opinion so spontaneously and ungrudgingly formed of "IRISH SOCIETY" by our brother journalists.

ETHNEA.—Have retained your contribution for insertion when space offers.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Those hours are not lost which are spent in cementing affection; for a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mine.

Most of us lay up a good stock of patience, but we commit the mistake of putting it where we cannot find it just when we need it most.

Every event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite, of the ideal made real.

Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie than the will can choose an apparent evil.

True love is eternal, infinite, and always like itself; it is equal and pure, without violent demonstrations: it is seen with white hairs, and is always young in the heart.

Good listeners, whether at the table or elsewhere, are as indispensable as good talkers, for the jest or the story owes the life of its success more to the ear of the listener than to the narrator.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words or by bitter scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back terrible charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso therefore can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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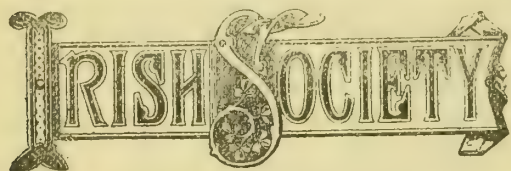
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MONTHLY PART.

Concurrently with this number will be issued our first monthly part, containing the January numbers in coloured cover.

PRICE - 4d. POST PAID - 5½d.



WEEK ENDING 28th JANUARY, 1888.

Why don't the military stationed in Dublin entertain, as they were in the habit of doing in the good old days that seem to have departed, never to return? There are several crack regiments in the garrison, but one never now hears of a ball at Richmond or Island Bridge, or anywhere else, in fact, over which the military have control. Is it economy, or what? Officers now-a-days don't seem to be the dashing cavaliers they were twenty years ago.

Dublin Castle is being to a considerable extent refurnished for the approaching season, and it is certainly high time, as for many years no money whatever has been expended upon the interior, to the serious loss of city tradesmen. Messrs. Dockrell & Sons have just repainted the entire suite of apartments; the portraits of preceding Lord Lieutenants have been restored by a local artist, while the frames and gilding work have been brilliantly renewed by Messrs. Sibthorpe & Son, of Molesworth-street. Messrs. Thomas Fry & Co., of Upper Sackville-street, have had the entire suites of furniture sent to them, and this well-known firm have just re-covered any articles worth retaining, in new silk poplin specially manufactured by them in an Oriental design selected by her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry—a rich crimson being shown for the Throne-Room and a delicate moss green for the drawing-rooms, both of which harmonize admirably with the surrounding decorations. Many new couches, sofas, and

luxurious easy chairs of modern design have also been selected by her Excellency, these being manufactured by Messrs. Thomas Fry & Co., who have the entire suites of furniture and curtains on view at their establishment in the city.

The other evening in one of our Dublin theatres, a correspondent, who has sent us full particulars (names, addresses, &c.,) happened to be sitting right behind a young lady and gentleman, who, it appeared, met there according to previous arrangement made through the medium of the "agony" column of a daily contemporary. Our informant had no desire to play the part of eavesdropper, but owing to the scarcity of sitting-room, he found himself compelled to listen—as he could not possibly watch the performance—to the tender tales of love and devotion which were ardently related by the gentleman, who, we may state, occupies a position in one of our banking institutions, to his all too willing companion. The stenographic fiend behind—so accustomed was he to the mechanical process of speech recording—took down every word of the conversation, which ended in a rather disappointing manner for the Lothario. We have no intention of publishing the particulars, as supplied, as we think the banker has a perfect right to do his love making wherever it pleases him, but we think it would be better that, when he next time intends

"To breathe the loving words
To one so dear to him,"

he should be careful not to allow the conversation to be overheard.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lord Byron, "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," as he once called himself, was celebrated on last Sunday, at the Greek church of St. Sophia, Kensington. His granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt, the daughter of her of whom he wrote "Ada, only daughter of my house," was present during the ceremony. Her husband, Mr. Wilfred Blunt, some years ago represented England as official attache to the Legation at Athens.

The Chief Secretary entertained a numerous party at his lodge in the Phoenix Park last week. Amongst the company present were Mr. George Wyndham and the new Judge, the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Gibson.

It will be noticed that Mr. Condon, B.A., who was called to the Bar the other day, was, until recently employed as an assistant in the City Sub Sheriff's office, and is well known to the Dublin jurors.

The 1st Battalion Gloucester Regiment are coming to Ireland in the summer, and will most likely be stationed in Beggar's Bush Barracks. The 2nd Battalion of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders are also coming to Dublin.

At Tullow Church last week the marriage was solemnized of Mr. William Grogan, of Slaney Park, County Wicklow, to Miss Sabina Eustace, second daughter of Mr. Hardy Eustace, of Castlemore, County Carlow. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Ossory. The bride's dress consisted of a corsage and train of white moire, trimmed with old Brussels lace, pearl ornaments, and orange blossoms, bouquet

of white flowers, the gift of the bridegroom; ornaments, diamonds. The travelling dress was grey cloth, trimmed with silver. The bridesmaids were Miss Eustace and Miss Grace Eustace, sister of the bride; Miss Hackblock, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Duckett and Miss Boltin, cousins of the bride. The bridesmaids' dresses were *eau de nil* corded silk, trimmed with crepe de chine, wreathes of pink flowers, and tulle veils. Each wore a gold pencil bangle and carried a bouquet of flowers, the gifts of the bridegroom.

The second Cinderella Dance of the season took place in the Town Hall, Kingstown, last week, and, like its predecessor, was a decided success. There were about 250 ladies and gentlemen present. The Committee are greatly indebted to the indefatigable labours of Major Edward Whyte, who personally superintended the decoration of the hall.

Since a spirited combination of Cork and Dublin citizens opened the doors of the Munster and Leinster Bank, on the 19th of October, 1885, resuscitated it, Phoenix like, so to speak, from the ruin, and crash, and demoralization of the old institution, it has flourished and prospered, ramificated its branches, and extended its business, so that it to-day stands a monument (and long may it continue so) of financial stability, to the credit, integrity and enterprise of the farmers, merchants, traders, and toilers of Leinster and Munster. With only £47,000 hard cash at its disposal at the close of the financial year of 1885, a blighted name, and no governmental or outside help, it has built up its business and reputation, until at the close of the last financial year it has a sum of £1,307,871 to its credit, paying a dividend of 5 per cent on the year, after also having honourably liquidated the debts of the old Munster Bank. This is something for Irishmen to be proud of.

The Lord Bishop of Ossory and Mrs. Pakenham Walsh last week invited the boys of the Peacocke College, Kilkenny, to spend an evening at the Palace. Tea, cake, and fruit were served in abundance, and after spending a most delightful evening the boys gave three hearty cheers for the Bishop and Mrs. Pakenham Walsh, and then returned to the college, which is one of the best managed institutions of this kind in the country.

The Brecknockshire ghost continues to disturb the peace of mind of the family of the worthy divine whose house it visits. We read that the disturbances continue every night. The tricks are done between six and eleven at night. The doors and shutters of the coal house are thrown off the hinges, coal is carried about the yard, and heavy blows come against the windows; but the greatest mystery is that when the windows come to be examined they are found to have been broken from within. Stones are heard falling against the walls and on the roofs of the outbuildings; but nothing is seen or heard of any human being.

By the way, this brings to our mind the story of the Milltown Ghost, which, some years ago, scared the neighbourhood. In a small house, not far removed from the banks of the Dodder, a man committed suicide by cutting his throat, and shortly after the occurrence his family

The most effective way of commemorating the Queen's Jubilee will soon be visible on an estate in Wales, where a wood has just been planted in such a manner that, owing to the size of the mountain, and the extent of the planting, with trees of different hues, the word "Jubilee" will be discernible from a distance of many miles.

We have in the neighbourhood of Dublin suburbs more beautiful than are to be found within similarly easy distance of any city in the empire, or, indeed, for the matter of that, of any other considerable population in the world, these being for the most part situated on the fringes of our magnificent bay, which has often been compared by travellers to that of Wales; and yet in the season our citizens with their wives and other domestic responsibilities do not patronize them as one would fancy they should. Located for a month in early summer in any of them, the invalid becomes rapidly invigorated, while the pure ozone of the Channel and the Bay brings the ruddy hue of health to all in search of that great blessing, and makes even the robust exposed to its inspiring influence stronger and better than they were before. But in the sense of attracting full contingents of visitors desirous of remaining for a time, they are not the successes they ought to be; and this, we think, is the place and time to state the reason why.

It is certainly early in the year to talk of summer seaside resorts, but it should be remembered that time rolls on, and that it is not exactly when the season is upon them that materfamilias and paterfamilias sit down to arrange the important question: where shall we take the children for a couple of months? That portion of the business is all settled long before. Will it be Howth? No. That pretty watering-place would suit admirably; it is conveniently near town; but two fatal objections interpose—rents are excessive, and the Great Northern Railway company seem to have no desire to encourage an influx of visitors to the North Dublin village, their trains to and from the place being quite unsuited to the requirements of business men engaged during the day in the city, while the fares are neither attractive nor inviting. Howth, then, with its historic hill, will probably continue to be neglected in the future as it has been in the past—at any rate until its tariff for lodgings is largely revised, and the railway company shows some desire to attract visitors by reduced fares and more frequent train service.

The seaside places on the line of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway cannot be said to suffer from deficient train accommodation, which is always convenient at Westland Row or Harcourt Street; but notwithstanding, it cannot be said that on this route, during the past two seasons, an extravagant number of people from the city were found ruralising. Why? Rents again sufficiently high to scare away people of moderate means, who would otherwise have gladly taken out their holidays in any of the cosy seaside nooks between Merriam and Greystones. These people who charge such extravagant rents for lodgings do not seem to realise the fact that they are in this way killing the goose with the golden eggs, and are yearly driving health and pleasure seekers away from them and from Ireland as well, Douglas and other parts of the

Isle of Man proving more attractive because very much cheaper rents are looked for, as a rule, during the holiday season, or indeed at any time of the year. These are facts on which we would invite the parties chiefly interested to ponder.

Black evening dresses are very useful. They never date, and look well to the last moment of their existence.

Nursemaids are generally chosen by ladies moving in the upper or more respectable circles of society, for their cleanliness, neatness, and excellence of character. One important feature which is seldom lost sight of by mothers is the personal appearance and address of the young or middle-aged females that are placed over their children. The use of unnecessary *impedimenta* in the way of dress is very properly discouraged. This, in our opinion, is as it should be; but other nations think differently, and without variation this world would become very commonplace indeed. It is stated that the most gorgeously dressed person at the court of Spain is none other than the nurse of the young king, who, as we stated, was recently the fortunate recipient of 10,000 cigars. The nurse of this infant king wears a rich velvet skirt, with two broad bands of gold around it, a blue velvet apron, also trimmed with gold, and a bodice of black velvet, fastened with lovely silver buttons, which opens on an inner bodice of fine lawn with rich lace. Round her neck are five or six rows of coral beads, and she wears long earrings of the same. A rich silk handkerchief is fastened over her hair, which is arranged Madonna fashion in front.

"Robinson Crusoe the First," at the Queen's Theatre, continues to draw crowded houses nightly. Considerable changes have been made in the variety performances, and the pantomime is now more attractive than ever. At the mid-day performance on Saturday a number of trained dogs displayed to an appreciative audience the keen intelligence of which the canine race is capable. Robinson Crusoe (Miss Kitty Brooke) and Mrs. Crusoe (Mr. Fred Cairns) have done and are doing much to popularise the pantomime at the Queen's.

In connection with the recent annual concert given by the Dublin officials of the London and North Western Railway Company at their stores, North Wall, which was a highly creditable musical reunion, rather less than justice was done in the, evidently furnished, report of the proceedings to one gentleman, at least, who had a great deal to do with ensuring the success of the concert. We refer to Mr. Grindley, who was the life and the soul of the business, and who is dismissed almost contemptuously in the report in question with two brief little references. Though an amateur, Mr. Grindley has in him the germs of a thorough artist, and has on more than one occasion delighted cultivated musical audiences in Dublin by the richness and purity of his voice. With the praise given to the various ladies and gentlemen who assisted at the concert we have no fault whatever to find, as it was well deserved; but the evident slight passed on Mr. Grindley, who was far and away the best vocalist among the gentlemen taking part in the concert, shows a spirit of petty meanness and envy in some quarter which cannot be too severely reprehended.

One of the events of the week was the ball given on Thursday by the Countess of Rosse, at Birr Castle, Parsonstown, King's Co., for which over five hundred invitations were issued to the gentry of the town and neighbourhood. For some days previous the Earl and Countess of Rosse entertained a large party, including:—The Earl and Countess of Bandon, Mrs. and the Misses Taylor, Captain Darby, A.D.C., and Mrs. Darby, Miss Barrington, Miss E. Bayly, Sir Hubert Miller, Bart., Coldstream Guards; Mr. Maude, Coldstream Guards; Mr. R. Skeffington Smyth, Coldstream Guards; Captain Gillman, South Wales Borderers; Mr. C. B. Barrington, Mr. Hurly, Mr. Fyers, Rifle Brigade; Mr. Prendergast, Mr. C. Inglefield. The Ball, which was a thoroughly enjoyable one, ended in a cotillon, led by Sir Hubert Miller with his usual ability. The music was excellent, as is always the case where Liddell is secured. The Earl of Rosse's knowledge of science stood him in good stead: for he availed himself of it to add to the enjoyment of the brilliant gathering; brilliant in more senses than one, as the Castle inside and outside was illuminated with the electric light. Needless to say, the beauty of the costumes and jewels was enhanced by the pure light falling upon them. The broad terrace in front of the Castle formed a lovely picture at night, when illuminated; and the effect was heightened by the background of pines, oaks, and other trees, whose outlines were just defined and no more. There were some very rich toilettes that excited much admiration; but, indeed, all were smart and fresh. Lady Bandon's and Lady Rosse's jewels were greatly admired.

We understand that some additional heavy orders on American account have reached at least a couple of our Irish woollen mills, the execution of which will occupy a considerable period, and necessitate a good deal of overtime, with consequent increase of wages to the hands employed. There is no pleasanter feature in connexion with our limited industries than the steady prosperity of the woollen trade, which is rapidly achieving a splendid position for itself in home and foreign markets. Irish tweeds of the various patterns are now the rage in the United States, while they are becoming increasingly popular in Paris and other continental cities. From the simple fact that in beauty of finish and in staying power they are superior to the woollen products of England or any other country, they have long since been firmly established in London, as well as in other large centres of population across channel.

At last there is a prospect of an immediate start being made with the works of the Dublin Loop Line, connecting the various railways having their termini in Dublin. This will be most welcome intelligence to the numerous bands of unemployed labourers who are at present to be met with daily along the quays, or resting on the steps of one or other of the public statues. Trade in the city is undoubtedly dull just now, and the commencement of this great railway project would quicken the industrial life of the whole community. The Arbitrator, Mr. Posnett, has lodged his award in the matter of the first section of the line—that between Westland Row and the river—and nothing should now be permitted to interfere between the Company and a vigorous initiation of the work.



THE CAPTAIN'S LEAP.

By the Author of "Three Weeks up the Mahogany Country."

A TRUE STORY.

IT is many years since the events I am about relating were told to me by a brother officer of my father's, and it was several years before I heard them that the incidents actually occurred. But, perhaps, the sad story which so often roused and excited my childish imagination may now serve to interest the general reader.

My father having been gazetted to an ensigncy in the — regiment, and having been drilled at Chatham, as the then rule was, embarked on board the Orestes, together with the left wing of his regiment to proceed to the West Indies.

After a tedious voyage, the incidents of which I will not now trouble the reader with, he arrived at the island of Dominica. The commodious harbour looked fresh and buoyant, filled with crafts of every description, from the stately man-of-war to the graceful little American sloop, as they flitted here and there, seeking the best position in which to cast anchor.

On the top of Mourné Brace stood the military barracks, the officers' quarters being detached houses, surrounded by lawns, or savannas, well planted with handsome trees—trees that a wealthy millionaire might envy. At about half-a-mile further up was a long low building, entirely constructed of iron, for the use of the soldiers. On the edge of a steep precipice stood the hospital, set apart, like a lazaret, which was full, alas, always full, of the sick and dying. A little down was the canteen, from which, especially after a comrade's funeral, Bacchanalian songs and drunken brawls could be heard. "Why not?" says the educated officer, much more the illiterate soldier, "Why not—let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Amidst all this exquisite scenery, sad to say, one of the most conspicuous, and certainly one of the most beautiful, objects to be seen was the well-filled churchyard. Happily, perhaps, its quiet, peaceful loveliness suggested gentle thoughts of death, and gave the spectator the idea of its being "God's acre."

The officer in command of the troops was a strict disciplinarian, and the men were much harassed by constant drill parades. At five in the morning, at noon, and again at six in the evening. A general discontent spread through the ranks. "Dis one poor nigger, he hab no time for play," was constantly murmured in their lingo; "Dis one bad major, he no good daddy for we."

This grumbling lasted for some time, yet no relaxation; as much to the annoyance of the officers as well as the men, yet all were equally disliked by the soldiers, as all were officers, so in the mind of the poor negro, all were enemies.

A negro is a strange anomaly, easily satisfied, easily amused, easily subdued, but as easily roused to deadly hatred, possessing no faculty of reason, no forethought. The pain or pleasure of the hour, is all that he can comprehend. The future and the past are equally a blank in his mind, if so dull an intellect can rightly be

called "a mind." The power of thinking is not his. He possesses no memory that can be termed such, can make no calculation for the future. The white man's capability of arranging affairs seems to the dense intellect of the black man, as a supernatural gift.

"Ah!" he often exclaims in amazement when reminded of some event of yesterday. "Eh, Massa Backra, he be de dibble, he look back, look back ber much."

The negro can be won to feel the most canine degree of affection, treat him kindly, as you would treat a pet dog, and he will follow you and become attached to you just like a pet spaniel, but the negro once roused, his anger is unappeasable; because he is incapable of understanding why there should be any reasonable motive for making him do any duty contrary to his inclinations. Therefore the unusual drills which would have ceased on the removal of Major — seemed to the poor weary soldiers never ending; consequently unbearable.

The anger and discontent increased with each successive order for these tiresome parades, till at last several instances of insubordination were reported. Courts martial were assembled, and a number of ringleaders condemned to receive from two to three hundred lashes.

On the evening of one of these punishments having been inflicted, my father was preparing to dress for mess. His servant was absent, and strange to say, much to his annoyance, every right foot boot was also missing. In vain he called and shouted for Columbus. No Columbus appeared; my father then searched every likely and unlikely place—in every nook and corner of his room, in the verandah; in vain, no right foot boot could be found. At last the bugle sounded and most reluctantly he was obliged to give up all idea of going to mess that evening.

Half an hour passed, a rapid though stealthy step crossed the verandah, entered the room, and at the same moment a loud explosion, a deafening yell, a report of fire arms rent the air with a sudden crash of breaking in doors and windows.

Columbus rushed in, the missing boots in his hands, exclaiming in imploring though suppressed tones: "Oh! massa, run—oh! massa, run, run. All dem bad officer go dead; dem all go killed. Me hab horse at door, oh! massa, run, run."

My father had sprung to the door, in an instant the terrible truth flashed across his mind—the men had mutinied; had surrounded the mess room, and while, as they thought, all the officers were at dinner, had shot them down without mercy, scattering their blood and brains on the walls behind them.

My father owed his life to his faithful Columbus, who dared not reveal the conspiracy, but had resorted to the expedient of hiding his master's boots, so preventing him from going to mess as usual.

Hastily pulling on his boots, he followed Columbus to the back of the house, where his horse stood ready saddled. Springing hastily into the saddle, my father attempted to reach the road. But the insurgents caught sight of him, and with a wild yell of vengeance interposed in his path.

With cool though desperate courage my father turned his horse towards the precipice which overlooked the sea. Such a leap seemed certain death; but it was his only chance, and only cowards fear to venture. Holding the reins firmly in his grasp—chased by the yelling infuriated soldiers—with one short prayer to heaven—

he spurred his gallant horse to the edge—the animal reared, plunged, but at last obeyed the spur, and with one bound sprang over the precipice almost into the sea. The noble creature came down upon the hard road with a heavy groan and was killed. My father, with knees and hands still clinging to the horse's back, was safe and unhurt, though stunned by the fall, until a fierce yell of disappointed rage rose above his head roused every nerve and faculty to effect his escape. A light canoe lay on the beach. Hastily pushing it into the water and seizing the paddle, with vigorous strokes—the shots flying around him—with bated breath he pulled towards Dominica, knowing that his enemies would have to march nearly three miles round the hill before they could reach that part of the road on to which he had leaped, as nothing but certain death behind him could induce any human being to attempt the desperate leap he had just taken; since known as "The Captain's Leap."

Without abating his speed he rowed on, pulled towards Dominica and made for Roseau, where—parched with thirst, weary, but burning for revenge—he arrived near midnight, presented himself at Government House, roused the Governor and in a few words disclosed his disastrous tale.

Immediately the whole garrison was roused, and the white troops under arms, and accompanied by my father, on a fresh horse, as he would listen to no remonstrance—but with clenched teeth vowed he would never rest while one of the bloodthirsty savages was alive—set out for Orinee Ruperto.

The whole of the white troops, as I have said, set out for Orinee-Ruperto, marching along the narrow road which led under the precipice, now rendered famous by my father's leap. By this time the sun had risen, and shone upon the dreadful scene.

On reaching the steep cliff and raising their eyes towards it a dark mass of men were seen standing in line, hand in hand. Next moment a wild yell rent the air, answered by a shout of horror from those below, for with one impulse—with one fearful bound—the whole line of miserable creatures sprang from the rock, to be dashed in pieces on the hard road beneath.

The whole garrison (Columbus alone excepted, who was found hanging on a tree in front of his master's quarters) had thus madly rushed on death in preference to meeting the punishment their bloodthirsty crime so justly merited; and for many years their unburied bones lay bleaching in the sun. A ghastly memorial of the black-man's brutal thirst for revenge, for wrongs which to a more reasonable mind were merely petty annoyances, and could be but of temporary duration.

A dangerous illness was the result of my father's miraculous escape and over excitement and exertion. He was rewarded by a complimentary letter of thanks, and the Governor received a baronetage for the deed of bravery which he had not even seen performed—such is justice.

But as long as my father lived the memory of that awful leap, the walls of the messroom bespattered with the blood and brains of so many of his brother officers, the bleaching bones of the miserable victims of evil passions, and his own illness haunted his imagination, till, in after years, soothed by the affectionate tenderness of my mother, and the cheerfulness of his children, he tried to forget the terrible scene through which he had passed.

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SERIAL STORY

THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"

"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER V.—continued.

"Of course you can have him if you like. I judge more by temperature than anything—the thermometer is a safer guide than the pulse, as you know. I took their temperatures this morning before I went to church—only one case in which there was improvement—all the others decidedly worse—very strongly developed cases of malignant fever—typhus or typhoid—which, as you know, by Jenner's differentiation of the two forms—"

"For God's sake, man, don't talk to me as if I were a doctor, and had your ghoulish relish for disease. If you have the slightest doubt as to treatment send for Pond."

He took a sheaf of telegraph forms from the stand in front of him, and began to write his message while he was talking. He had made up his mind that Dr. Pond must come to see these humble sufferers, and to investigate the cause of evil. He had taken such pains to create a healthy settlement, had spared no expense; and for fifteen years, from the hour of his succession until now, all had gone well with him. And now there was fever in the land, fever in the air breathed by those two beloved ones, daughter and wife.

"I have been so happy; my life has been cloudless, save for one dark memory," he said to himself, covering his face with his hands as

he leaned with his elbows on the table, while Mr. Porter expatiated upon the cases in the village, and on fever in general.

"I have tested the water in all the wells—perfectly pure. There can be nothing amiss with the milk, for all my patients are getting it from your own dairy. The drainage is perfection—yet here we have an outbreak of fever, which looks remarkably like typhoid."

"Why not say at once that it is typhoid?"

"The symptoms all point that way."

"You say that there can be nothing amiss with the milk. You have not analysed it, I suppose?"

"Why should I? Out of your own dairy, where everything is managed in the very best way—the perfection of cleanliness in every detail."

"You ought to have analysed the milk all the same," said Greswold thoughtfully. "The strength of a chain is its weakest link. There may be some weak link here, though we cannot put our fingers upon it—yet. Are there many cases?"

"Let me see. There's Johnny Giles, and Mrs. Peter and her children, and Janet Dawson, and there's Andrew Rogers, and there's Mary Rainbow," began Mr. Porter, counting on his fingers as he went on, until the list of sufferers came to eleven. "Mostly youngsters," he said in conclusion.

"They ought to have been isolated," said Greswold. "I will get out plans for an infirmary to-morrow. There is the willow field, on the other side of the village, a ridge of high ground sloping towards the parish drain, with a southern exposure, a capital site for a hospital. It is dreadful to think of fever poison spreading from eleven different cottages. Which was the first case?"

"Little Rainbow."

"That fair-haired child whom I used to see from my dressing-room window every morning as she went away from the dairy, tottering under a pitcher of milk. Poor little Polly. She was a favourite with us all. Is she very ill?"

"Yes, I think her's is about the best case," answered the doctor unctuously; "the others are a little vague—but there's no doubt about her, all the symptoms strongly marked—a very clear case."

"Is there any danger of a fatal termination?"

"I'm afraid there is."

"Poor little Polly—poor pretty little girl. I used to know it was seven o'clock when I saw that bright little flaxen head flit by the yew hedge yonder. Polly was as good a timekeeper as any clock in the village. And you think she may die? You have not told Lola, I hope."

"No, I have not let out anything about danger. Lola is only too anxious already."

"I will put the infirmary in hand to-morrow; and I will take Mrs. Greswold and Lola to Scotland on Tuesday."

"Upon my word it will be a very good thing to get them away. These fever cases are so mysterious. There's no knowing what shape infection may take. I have the strongest belief in your system of draining—"

"Nothing is perfect," said Mr. Greswold impatiently. "The science of Sanitation is still in its infancy. I sometimes think we have not advanced very far from the knowledge of our ancestors, whose homes were desolated by the Black Death. However, don't let us talk, Porter. Let us act if we can. Come and look at the dairy."

"You don't apprehend evil there."

"There are three sources of typhoid poison—drainage, water, milk. You say the drains and the water are good, and that the milk comes from my own dairy. If you are right as to the first and second the third must be wrong, no matter whose dairy it may come from."

He took up his hat and went out of the house with the doctor. Gardens and shrubberies stretched before them in all their beauty of summer verdure, gardens and shrubberies which had been the delight and pride of many generations of Greswolds, but loved more dearly by none than by George Greswold and Mildred, his wife. In Mildred's mind the old family house was a part of her husband's existence, an attribute rather than a mere possession. Every tree and every shrub were sacred. These, his mother's own hands had cropped and tended; those, grandfathers and greatgrandfathers and *arriere* greatgrandfathers had planted in epochs that distance had made romantic.

On the right of the hall door a broad gravel path led in a serpentine sweep towards the stables, a long, low building spread over a

considerable area, and hidden by shrubberies. The dairy was a little further off, approached by a winding walk through thickets of laurel and arbutus. It had been originally a chapel, and was used as a receptacle for all manner of out-of-door lumber when Mildred came to the Manor. She had converted the old stone building into a model dairy, with outside gallery and staircase of solid woodwork, and with a Swiss roof. Other buildings had been added to this one large barn-shaped edifice. There were low cowhouses, and tall pigeon houses, and a picturesque variety of gable and elevations which was delightful to the eye, seen on a summer afternoon such as this June Sunday, amidst the odour of clove carnations, and old English roses, and the cooing of doves.

Mrs. Greswold's Channel Island cows were her delight, creatures with coats of tawny or gray, black noses, and wistful brown eyes. Scarcely a day passed on which she did not waste an hour or so in the cowhouses or in the meadows caressing these favourites. Each cow had her name, painted in blue and white above her stall, and the chief or duchess of the herd, was very severe in the maintenance of cowhouse precedence, and knew how to resent the insolence of a new-comer who should presume to cross the threshold in advance of her.

The dairy itself had a solemn and shadowy air, like a shrine, and was as pretty as the dairy at Frogmore. The walls were lined with Minton tiles, the shallow milk pans were of Doulton pottery, and quaintly shaped pitchers of bright colours were ranged on china brackets along the walls. The windows were latticed with panes of ruby, rose, or amethyst here and there, as if put in hazard among the old bottle-green glass.

The chief dairy woman lived at an old-fashioned cottage on the premises with her husband, the cowkeeper; and their garden, which lay at the back of cowhouses and dairy, was the very ideal of an English garden, in which flowers and fruit strive for the mastery. In a corner of this garden, close to the outer offices of the cottage, among rows of peas, and summer cabbages, and great overgrown lavender bushes and moss roses, stood the old well with its crumbling brick border and ancient spindle, a well that had been dug when the old manor house was new.

There were other water arrangements for Mrs. Greswold's dairy, a new artesian well, on a hill a quarter of a mile from the kitchen garden, a well that went deep down into the chalk, was famous for the purity of its water. All the drinking water of the house was supplied from this well, and the water was laid on in iron pipes to dairy and cowhouses. All the vessels used for milk or cream were washed in this water, at least such were Mr. Greswold's strict orders; orders supposed to be carried out under the supervision of his bailiff and housekeeper.

Mr. Porter looked at a reeking heap of stable manure that sprawled within twenty feet of the old well with suspicion in his eye, and from the manure heap he looked at the back premises of the old cob-walled cottage.

"I'm afraid there may have been soakage from that manure heap into the well," he said, "and if your dairy vessels are washed in that water—"

"But they never are," answered Greswold; "that water is only used for the garden—eh, Mrs. Wadman?"

The dairy-woman was standing on the threshold of her neat little kitchen, curtsying to her

master, resplendent in her Sunday gown of bright blue merino, and her Sunday brooch, containing her husband's photograph, coloured out of knowledge.

"No, of course not, sir; leastways never except there was something wrong with the pipes from the Artesian."

"Something wrong; when was that? I never heard of anything wrong."

"Well, sir, my husband didn't want to be troublesome, and Mr. Thomas he gave the order for the men from Romsey, that was on the Saturday after working hours, and they was to come as it might be on the Monday morning, and they never come near, and Mr. Thomas he wrote and wrote, and my husband he says, it aint no use writing, and he takes the pony and rides over to Romsey in his overtime, and he complains about the men not coming, and they tells him there's a big job on at Broadlands and not a plumber to be had for love or money; but the pipes is all right now, sir."

"Now? Since when have they been in working order?"

"Since yesterday, sir. Mr. Thomas was determined he'd have everything right before you came back."

"And how long have you been using that water?" pointing to the well, with its moss-grown brickwork and flaunting margin of yellow stonecrop, "for dairy purposes."

"Well, you see, sir, we was obliged to use water of some kind; and there ain't purer or better water than that for twenty mile round. I always use it for my kettle every time I make tea for me or my master, and never found no harm from it in the last fifteen years."

"How long have you used it for the dairy?" repeated Greswold angrily; "can't you give a straight answer, woman?"

Mrs. Wadman could not, had never achieved a direct reply to a plain question within the memory of man.

"The men was to have come on the Monday morning, first thing," she said, "and they didn't come till the Tuesday week after that, and then they was that slow—"

George Greswold walked up and down the garden path raging.

"She won't answer," he cried. "Was it a week—a fortnight—three weeks ago that you began to use that water for your dairy?" he asked sternly, and gradually he and the doctor extorted from her that the garden well had been in use for the dairy nearly three weeks up to yesterday.

"Then that is enough to account for everything," said Dr. Porter. "First there is filtration of manure through a gravelly soil—inevitable—and next there is something worse. She had her sister here from Salisbury—six weeks ago—down with typhoid fever three days after she came—brought it from Salisbury."

"Yes, yes—I remember," said Greswold, "you told me there was no danger of infection."

"There need have been none. I made her use all precautions possible in an old-fashioned cottage—but however careful she might be, there would be always the risk of a well—close at hand like that one—getting tainted. I asked her if she ever used that water for anything but the garden—and she said no—the Artesian well supplied every want—and now she talks about her kettle—and tells us coolly that she has been using that polluted water for the last three weeks—and poisoning a whole village."

"Me poisoning the village! Oh, Dr. Porter,

how can you say such a cruel thing? Me that wouldn't hurt a fly if I knew it."

"Perhaps not, Mrs. Wadman; but I'm afraid you've hurt a good many of your neighbours without knowing it."

George Greswold stood in the pathway silent, and deadly pale. He had been so happy for the last thirteen years of his life—a sky without a cloud—and now in a moment the clouds were closing around him, and again all might be darkness, as it had been once before in his life. Calamity for which he felt himself unaccountable had come upon him before—swift as an arrow from the bow—and now again he stood helpless, smitten by the hand of fate.

He thought of the little village child, with her pretty, guileless face, looking up at his window as she tripped by with her pitcher—and his dole of milk had been fatal to the simple souls who had looked up to him as a Providence. He had taken such pains that all should be sweet and wholesome in his people's cottages, he had spent money like water, and had lectured them and taught them; and lo, from his own luxurious home the evil had gone forth. Careless servants, hushing up a difficulty, loath to approach him with plain facts, lest they should be considered troublesome, had brought this evil, had spread disease and death in the land.

And his own and only child, the delight of his life, the apple of his eye—that tainted milk had been served at her table. Amidst all that grace of porcelain and flowers the poison had lurked, as at the cottagers' board. What if she, too, should suffer?

He meant to take her away in a day or two—now—now when the cause of evil was at work no longer. The thought that it might be too late, that the germ of poison might lurk in the heart of that fair flower filled him with despair.

Mrs. Wadman had run into her cottage shedding indignant tears at Dr. Porter's cruelty. She came out again, with a triumphant air, carrying a tumbler of water.

"Just look at it, sir," she said; "look how bright and clear it is. There never was better water."

"My good woman, in this case brightness and clearness mean corruption," said the doctor. "If you'll give me a pint of that water in a bottle, I'll take it home with me and test it before I sleep to-night."

CHAPTER VI.

"AH! PITY! THE LILY IS WITHERED."

GEORGE Greswold left the dairy garden like a man stricken to death. He felt as if the hand of fate were on him. It was not his fault that this evil had come upon him, that these poor people whom he had tried to help suffered by his bounty, were perhaps to die for it. He had done all that human foresight could do, but the blind folly of his servants had stultified his wisdom. Nothing in a London slum could have been worse than this evil which had come about in a gentleman's ornamental dairy, upon premises where money had been lavished to secure the perfection of scientific sanitation.

Mr. Porter murmured some hopeful remark as they went back to the house.

"Don't talk about it, Porter," Greswold answered impatiently, "Nothing could be worse—nothing. Do all you can for these poor people—your uttermost, mind, your uttermost."

Spare neither time nor money, save them if you can."

"You may be assured I shall do my best. There are only three or four very bad cases."

"Three or four! My God, how horrible. Three or four people murdered by the idiocy of my servants."

"Joe Stanning—not much chance for him, I'm afraid—and Polly Rainbow."

"Polly—poor pretty little Polly. Oh, Porter, you *must* save her. You must perform a miracle, man. That is what genius means in a doctor. The man of genius does something that all other doctors have pronounced impossible. You will have Pond over to-morrow, no doubt. He will help you."

"If she live till to-morrow. I'm afraid it's a question of a few hours."

George Greswold groaned aloud.

"And my daughter has been drinking the same tainted milk. Will she be stricken do you think?" he asked, with an awful calmness.

"God forbid. Lola has such a fine constitution, and the surrounding circumstances are all different. I'll go and have a look at my patients, and come back to you late in the evening with the last news."

They parted by a little gate at the corner of a thick yew hedge, which admitted Mr. Greswold into his wife's flower garden, a very old garden which had been the care and delight of many generations, a large square garden, with broad flower beds on each side, a stone sundial in the centre of a grass plot, and a buttressed wall at the end, a massive old wall of vermilion brickwork, honeycombed by the decay of centuries, against which a double rank of hollyhocks made a parti-coloured screen, while flaunting dragon's mouth and yellow stonecrop made a flame of colour on the top.

There was an old stone summer house in each angle of that end wall, temples open to the sun and air, and raised upon three marble steps, stained with the discolouration of ages.

Charming as these antique retreats were to muse or read in, Mildred Greswold preferred taking tea on the lawn in the shadow of a mulberry tree that looked old enough to have been coeval with Shakespeare's tree in the garden of New Place. She was sitting in a low garden chair with a Japanese tea table at her side, and a volume of Robertson's sermons on her lap.

It was a rule of life at Enderby Manor that only books of pious tendency should be read on Sundays. The religious library was varied and well chosen. Nobody ever found the books dull or the day too long. The dedication of that one day in seven to godliness and good works had never been an oppression to Mildred Greswold.

She remembered her mother's Sundays, days of hasty church, and slow, elaborate dressing for afternoon or evening gaieties—days of church parade, and much talk about other people's gowns and other people's conduct—days of gadding about and running from place to place—Sunday luncheons—Sunday musical parties—Sunday expeditions up the river—Sunday in the studios—Sunday at Richmond or Greenwich. Mrs. Greswold remembered the fussy emptiness of that fashionable Sunday, and preferred sermons and tranquil solitude in the manor gardens.

Solitude meant a trinity of domestic love. Husband, wife, and daughter spent their Sundays together. Those were blessed days for the wife and daughter, since there were no busi-

ness engagements, no Quarter Sessions, or interviews with the bailiff, or letter-writing, to rob them of the society they both loved best in the world. George Greswold devoted his Sundays entirely to his Creator and his home.

"Where is Lola?" he asked, surprised to find his wife alone at this hour.

"She has a slight headache, and I persuaded her to lie down for an hour or so."

The father's face blanched. A word was enough in his overwrought condition.

"Porter must see her," he said, "and I have just let him leave me. I'll send some one after him."

"My dear George, it is nothing; only one of her usual headaches."

"You are sure she was not feverish?"

"I think not—it never occurred to me. She has often complained of headache since she began to grow so fast."

"Yes, she has shot up like a tall white lily—my lily," murmured the father tenderly.

He sank into a chair, feeling helpless, hopeless almost under that overpowering sense of fatality—of undeserved evil.

"Dear George, you look so ill this afternoon," said his wife with tender anxiety, laying her hand on his shoulder and looking earnestly at him as he sat there in a downcast attitude, his arms hanging loosely, his eyes bent upon the ground. "I'm afraid the heat has overcome you."

"Yes, it has been very hot. Do me a favour, Mildred. Go into the house, and send somebody to find Porter. He was going the round of the cottages where there are sick people. He can easily be found. I want him to see Lola—at once."

"I'll send after him, George; but indeed I don't apprehend any need for a doctor. Lola is so strong. Her headaches pass like summer clouds. Oh, George, you don't think that *she* is going to have fever, like the cottagers!" cried Mrs. Greswold, full of a sudden terror.

"No, no; of course not. No, Mildred. Why—why should she have the fever? But Porter might as well see her—at once—at once. I hate delay in such cases."

His wife hurried away without a word. He had imbued her with all his own fears.

He sat in the garden, just as she had left him, motionless, benumbed with sorrow. There might, indeed, be no ground for his chilling fear—others might die and his beloved might still go unscathed. But she had been subjected to the same poison, and at any moment the same symptoms might show themselves. For the next week or ten days he must be haunted by a hideous spectre. He would make haste to get his dearest one away to the strong fresh mountain air, to the salt breath from the German Ocean; but if the poison had already tainted that young life, mountain and sea could not save her. She must pass through the furnace, as those others were passing.

"Poor little Polly Rainbow. The only child of a widow—the only one—like mine," he said to himself.

He sat in the garden till dusk, brooding, praying, dumbly, unutterably sad. The image of the widow of Nain was in his mind while he sat there. The humble funeral train; the mourning mother; and that divine face shining out of the little group of peasant faces, radiant with intellect and faith—among them but not of them—and the uplifted hand beckoning the dead man from the bier.

"The age of miracles is past," he thought; "there is no Saviour in the land to help *me*. In my day of darkness heaven made no sign. I was left to suffer as the worms suffer under the plough-share, and to wriggle back to life as best I could, like them."

It was growing towards the summer darkness when he rose and went into the house, where he questioned the butler, whom he met in the hall. Mr. Porter had been brought back, and had seen Miss Greswold. He had found her just a little feverish, and had ordered her to go to bed. Mrs. Greswold was sitting with her. Did Dr. Porter seem anxious? No, not at all anxious, but he was going to send Miss Laura some medicine before bedtime.

It was after nine now, but Greswold could not stay in the house. He wanted to know how it fared with his sick tenantry—most of all with the little flaxen-haired girl he had so often noticed of late.

He went out into the road that led to the village—a scattered colony—a cottage here and there or a cluster of cottages, and gardens on a bit of rising ground above the road. There was a common a little way from the Manor, a picturesque, irregular expanse of hollows and hillocks, skirted by a few cottages, and with a fir plantation shielding it from the north. Mrs. Rainbow's cottage stood between the common and the fir-wood—an old half timbered cottage, very low, with a bedroom in the roof, and a curious dormer window, with a thatched arch above the lattice, like a projecting eyebrow. The little bit of garden was aflame with scarlet bean-blossoms, roses, and geraniums, and the perfume of sweet-peas filled the air.

Greswold heard the doctor talking in the upper chamber as he stood by the gate. The deep, grave tones were audible in the evening stillness, and there was another sound that chilled the Squire's heart, the sound of a woman's suppressed weeping.

He waited at the gate. He had not the nerve to go into the cottage, and face that sorrowing widow. It seemed to him as if the child's peril was his fault. It was not enough that he had taken all reasonable precautions. He ought to have foreseen the idiocy of his servants. He ought to have been more on the alert to prevent evil.

The great round moon came slowly up out of a cluster of Scotch firs. How black the branches looked against that red light. Slowly, slowly, sliding upwards in a slanting line the moon stole at the back of those black branches and climbed into the open sky.

How often Lola had watched such a moon-rise at his side, and with what keen eyes she had noted the beauty and glory of the spectacle. It was not that he had trained her to observe and to feel the loveliness of nature. With her it had been an instinct, born with her, going before the wisdom of maturity. The cultivated taste of travelled experience.

To-night she was lying in her darkened room, the poor head heavy and painful on the pillow. She would not see that exquisite moon rise yonder, in that cloudless sky.

"No matter, she will see it to-morrow, I hope," he said to himself, trying to be cheerful. "I am a morbid fool to torment myself—she has been subject to headaches of late. Mildred is right."

And then he remembered that death and sorrow were near—close to him as he stood there watching the moon. He remembered

poor little Polly Rainbow, and grew despondent again.

A shrill cry, a woman's agonised shriek, broke the soft summer stillness, and pierced George Greswold's heart.

"The child is dead," he thought.

Yes, poor little Polly was gone. The widow came out to the gate presently, sobbing piteously, and clasped Mr. Greswold's hand and cried over it, broken down by her despair, leaning against the gatepost, as if her limbs had lost the power to bear her up.

"Oh, sir, she was my all," she sobbed; "she was my all."

She could say no more than this, but kept repeating it again and again. "She was all I had in the world; the only thing I cared for."

George Greswold touched her shoulder with protecting gentleness. There was not a peasant in the village for whom he had not infinite tenderness—pitying their infirmities, forgiving their errors, inexhaustible in benevolence towards them all. He had set himself to make his dependents happy, as the first duty of his position. And he had done them evil unwittingly. He had cost this poor soul her dearest treasure—her ewe lamb.

"Bear up if you can, my good soul," he said, "I know that it is hard."

"Ah, sir, you'd know it better if it was your young lady that was stricken down," exclaimed the widow bitterly, and the squire walked away from the cottage gate without another word.

Yes, he would know it better then. His heart was heavy enough now. What would it be like if *she* were smitten?

She was much the same next day, languid, with an aching head and some fever. She was not very feverish. On the whole the doctor was hopeful, or he pretended to be so. He could give no positive opinion yet, nor could Dr. Pond. They were both agreed upon that point; and they were agreed that the polluted water in the garden well had been the cause of the village epidemic.

Mr. Greswold hastened his preparations for the journey to Scotland with a feverish eagerness. He wrote to engage a sleeping carriage on the Great Northern. They were to travel on Thursday, leaving home before noon, and starting for the North in the evening. If Lola's illness were indeed the slight indisposition which everybody hoped it was, she might be quite able to travel on Thursday, and the change of air and the movement would do her good.

"She is always so well in Scotland," said her father.

No, indeed, there did not seem much amiss with her. She was very sweet, and cheerful even when her father went into her room to sit beside her bed for a quarter of an hour or so. The doctors had ordered that she should be kept very quiet, and a hospital nurse had been fetched from Salisbury to sit up at night with her. There was no necessity for such care, but it was well to do even a little too much where so cherished a life was at stake. People had but to look at the father's face to know how precious that frail existence was to him. Nor was it less dear to the mother; but she seemed less apprehensive, less bowed down by gloomy forebodings.

Yes, Lola was quite cheerful for these few minutes in which her father sat by her side. The strength of her love overcame her weakness. She forgot the pain in her head, the weariness of her limbs, while he was there. She questioned him about the villagers.

"How is little Polly going on?" she asked.

He could not tell the truth. It would have hurt him too much to speak of her death.

"She is going on very well; all is well love," he said, deceiving her for the first time in his life.

This was on Tuesday, and the preparations for Scotland were still in progress. Mr. Greswold's talk with his daughter was all of their romantic Highland home, of the picnics and rambles, the fishing excursions and sketching parties they would have there. The nurse sat in a corner and listened to them with a grave countenance, and would not allow Mr. Greswold more than ten minutes with his daughter.

He counted the hours till they should be on the road for the north. There would be the rest of Tuesday and all Wednesday. She would be up and dressed on Wednesday, no doubt; and on Thursday morning the good old gray carriage horses would take them all off to Romsey Station, such a pretty drive on a summer morning, by fields and copses, with changeable glimpses of the silvery Test.

Dr. Pond came on Tuesday evening, and found his patient not quite so well. There was a long conference between the two doctors, and then the nurse was called in to receive her instructions; and then Mr. Greswold was told that the journey to Scotland must be put off for a fortnight at the very least.

He received the sentence as if it had been his death warrant. He asked no questions. He dared not. A second nurse was to be sent over from Southampton next morning. The two doctors had the cool, determined air of men who are preparing for a battle.

Lola was light-headed next morning, but with intervals of calmness and consciousness. She heard the church bell tolling and asked what it meant.

"It's for Polly Rainbow's funeral," answered the maid who was tidying the room.

"Oh, no," cried Lola, "that can't be. Father said she was better."

And then her mind began to wander, and she talked of Polly Rainbow as if the child had been in the room; talked of the little girl's lessons at the parish school, and of a prize that she was to get.

After that all was darkness, all was despair—a seemingly inevitable progress from bad to worse. Science, care, love, prayers—all were futile; and the bell that had tolled for the widow's only child tolled ten days afterwards for Lola.

It seemed to George Greswold as those slow strokes beat upon his brain, heavily, like minute guns, that all the hopes and cares, and joys and expectations life had held for him were over. His wife was on her knees in the darkened house from which the funeral train was slowly moving, and he had loved her passionately; and yet it seemed to him as if the open car yonder with its coffin hidden under snow-white blossoms, was carrying away all that had ever been precious to him upon this earth.

"She was the morning, with its promise of day," he said to himself. "She was the spring with its promise of summer. While I had her I lived in the future, henceforward I can only live in the present; I dare not look back upon the past?"

CHAPTER VII.

DRIFTING APART.

GEORGE Greswold and his wife spent the rest of that fatal year in a villa on the lake of Thun, an Italian villa, with a campanello tower and a long white colonnade, and

stone balconies overhanging lawn and gardens, where the flowers grew in a riotous profusion. The villa was midway between two of the boat stations, and there was no other house near, and this loneliness was its chief charm for those two heart-broken mourners. They yearned for no sympathy, they cared for no companionship—hardly even that of each other, close as the bond of love had been hitherto. Each seemed to desire above all things to be alone with that great grief—to hug that dear, sad memory in silence and solitude. Only to see them from a distance, from the boat yonder, as it glided swiftly past that flowery lawn and gracious villa, that paradise in little, an observer would have guessed at sorrow and bereavement from the mere attitude of either mourner—the man sitting with his head bent forward brooding on the ground, the unread newspaper lying across his knee—the woman on the other side of the lawn, beyond speaking distance, half reclining in a low basket chair, with her hands clasped above her head, gazing at the distant line of snow mountains in listless vacancy. The huge tan-coloured St. Bernard, snapping with his great cavern-like jaws at infinitesimal flies, was the only object that gave life to the picture.

The boats went by in sunshine and cloud, the boats went by under torrential rain, which seemed to fuse lake and mountains, villas, and gardens, into one watery chaos; the boats went by, and the days passed like the boats, and made no difference in the lives of those two mourners. Nothing could ever make any difference to either of them for evermore, it seemed to Mildred. It was as if some spring had broken in the machinery of life. Even love seemed dead.

"And yet he was once so fond of me, and I of him," thought the wife, watching her husband's face, with its curious look of absence—the look of a window with the blind down.

(To be continued.)

AWAY FROM THE WORLD.

I KNEEL in the dim old convent
At the close of a sweet June day;
I have left the world behind me,
And have stolen away to pray.
And my heart is filled with gladness,
As the evening darkness falls,
Nought but holy thoughts are present
Within these sacred walls.

The nuns' sweet voices chanting
Soft their sacred evening hymn,
Seem like heavenly music stealing
Through the evening twilight dim,
And I clasp my hands together,
While a prayer bursts from my heart,
For I know they've chosen wisely,
That their's is the better part.

There is grace in every movement,
There is joy in every face,
Sunshine seems to lie around them—
E'en how dark or drear the place.
They have cast all worldly pleasures
And their vanities aside,
And have lifted up their crosses
To become a heavenly bride.

As I watch their black-robed figures
Bowed in silent fervent prayer,
I think of happy children,
Some there are so young and fair.
And I feel a holy longing
From this world's cares to be free,
For they've earned their title nobly,
As the Sisters of Charity.

ASPHODEL.

Dublin.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 31st January.

LAST week was mainly taken up in adjusting accounts for the usual fortnightly settlement, and owing to the cheapness of money, and to the comparatively small speculative account, rates for carrying over were unusually light, and little, if any, difficulty was experienced in continuing bargains until next account. Consols were steady, at $102\frac{3}{4}$ -%, both for money and account, which is due to the fact that the date fixed by the National Debt Commissioners for the surrender of Stock agreed to be converted into Local Loan Stock, has just expired, which Stock is now nominally quoted at $104\frac{1}{4}$.

English Rails.—The excitement of the week has been centered in the annual meeting of the shareholders of the South Eastern Railway Company, which, in spite of a very influential opposition representing Stock to the amount of over £2,000,000, has once more had to give in to the superior voting power which the chairman, Sir Edward Watkin, was able to manipulate. That interest in this meeting is not confined to England alone is evidenced by the comments of the New York Press, which remarks that "Sir Edward Watkin has had a harder fight than the result would indicate. It is his domineering temper, his irascibility, his wasteful management, his costly and continual wrangles with other companies, and his complete indifference to the claims of the public, which have earned for him his vast unpopularity. The South-Eastern is one of the dearest and worst equipped roads, with the least convenient service, out of London. His co-directors owe their places to him, and some of them are mere tools."

We print in another column a letter addressed to a contemporary, respecting another unfortunate line, of which he is the chairman, viz., the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, which only proves what mischief can be done by placing so much power in the hands of one man; and we trust that the time is not far distant when his place will be occupied by a chairman who can realize the advantage of living at peace with ones neighbours. The price of Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire referred to in this letter is now about 71 ex-div., and cannot be called dear at this price. Hull and Barnsley have fluctuated between 39 and 40, but we believe they will see higher prices. Another cheap Stock, which has been overlooked, is Caledonian Deferred (now selling at $8\frac{1}{2}$ for £100 Stock). Of course we only recommend this for a lock up, which, with an improvement in this Line, will be sure to see a better price. (Not so long ago this Deferred Stock stood at about 12.)

Foreigners remain steady, but there is no special feature to report. Portuguese have had a fair rise, to which we drew attention. Greeks are steady round about 70. Honduras are quoted 12-12½, and Peru's remain stationary at 16¼.

Americans have been by far the best Market, and with slight fluctuation have held their own and close at an advance on the week, and still show an upward tendency. We are pleased to note that the chief movement has been on Norfolk and Western Preference, which we drew attention to, and strongly recommended when quoted at 45¼ (they are now selling at 48¼), and will see a much higher figure, although as a speculation we would not for the moment recommend our readers to get in at the top of a sharp rise, like this, but we should certainly buy them on any reaction. Milwaukee's we hear well spoken of, and there is room for an improvement in price. Ontario's keep steady at 18¼-½, with a good traffic return for December, last showing an increase of \$3,400.

Mines have been largely dealt in, particularly De Beer's Diamonds, which have risen £4, viz., to 33. Low priced Copper Shares are still enquired for at higher prices. Cape Coppers have again advanced to 52-53. We hope our friends did not miss them altogether, as we recommended them a fortnight ago, when at about 44, and they have steadily risen ever since. Good reports continue to come to hand from the Viola Mine, to which we have drawn attention more than once.

The Miscellaneous Market has been firm especially for Telephone Shares, which, on rumours of being bought up by the Government, advanced sharply, United Telephones being quoted 13¾. South of England rose from 6/- to 7/6, and Irish from 5/3 to 6/-. Hotchkiss

Ordinance remain at 17, and Suez Canal are quoted 82-¼. Royal Music Hall Shares, to which we drew attention, we prefer to leave alone for the moment, as there is a chance of picking them up cheaper. Aerated Bread Shares, at 5-¼, are well worth attention, and are being bought for investment. This company is doing a steady and increasing business, which cannot fail to be very satisfactory to its shareholders.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

SIR,—Shareholders of this company have naturally been disappointed at the results of the past half-year. "The deferred hope which maketh the heart sick," seems to be their never-ending fate. Unless vigorous action be taken, they are unlikely ever to get a reasonable return for their investment.

Some 10 years ago the Great Northern and Midland Railway Companies were willing, and offered, to lease the undertaking of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, guaranteeing a minimum dividend on the latter company's ordinary stock of 3 per cent., rising to 4 per cent. for ever from the year 1881.

Sir Edward Watkin caused the rejection of the offer, and, in an official circular explanatory of the refusal, stated that the "Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, worked independently, would not earn less dividend, than would have been secured under the proposed arrangement." What has been the result?

At no time for the last nine years, have the dividends, been in any one year equal to the offer made; for the last six years, instead of the 4 per cent. guarantee, the average has been under 2¼ per cent. per annum.

Had the proposed arrangement been carried out, the market value of the ordinary stocks of the company would have been as follows:—Ordinary would now be 115, getting 4 per cent. under guarantee.

Preferred ordinary, would now be 160, getting 6 per cent. under guarantee.

Deferred Ordinary, would now be 55, getting 2 per cent. under guarantee.

It is no use now going back on the past. The question is the future—and as long as Sir Edward Watkin and his policy block the way, nothing will be done.

But on the 25th inst., the day before the contest to rescue the South-Eastern Company from his evil grasp, the shareholders of the Sheffield Company are to meet in Manchester.

Why should not a beginning be made by them? Let them insist on the directors of their company making the advance to the Midland and Great Northern Companies, offering to accept, say, 2½ per cent. for 1888, 3 per cent. for 1889, 3½ per cent. for 1890, and 4 per cent. for ever after. These two leasing companies could look forward in time to making a profit out of the lease, in working a system so interwoven with their own.

To the shareholders of the Sheffield Company the above terms would mean "peace and plenty," what they never will have while Sir Edward holds the ribands.—I am, sir, yours, etc., SHAREHOLDER.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M.A.G. (Subscriber)—Will answer in our next issue. Queries on this subject (which are forwarded to our agent in London), for reply, must reach us not later than Monday in each week to be answered in next issue.

F.L.W.—You should buy more to average.

INTERESTED.—Send us your address, and we will write you.

R.S.—(1) Sound security. (2) More or less speculative.

J.W.B.—(1) Suez Canal. (2) Greek Fives.

CORRESPONDENCE.

S.R.—There are several accomplished dancers at present engaged in the Pantomime at the Queen's Theatre, any one of whom could perfect you in the graceful art—that is, if you are teachable, and if they should care to undertake the work. You can, however, easily ascertain this

by placing yourself in communication with either Miss Sterne, Mrs. Ashcroft, or Mr. Fred Cairns, at the Brunswick-street house.

HARAS.—Your contribution to hand and will appear in our next issue.

ETHNEA.—Not suitable.

R. M. S.—No room at present.

HER EXCELLENCY'S FIRST DRAWINGROOM FOR THE SEASON.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough—Train of rich black Lyons, trimmed with finest jet butterflies.

The Lady Clementina Maud—Train, silver-gray poplar, lined with pink satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers and Brussels lace.

Hon. Mrs. H. Burke—Train of rich white satin, trimmed with silver cord, and ornaments.

Hon. Mrs. Caulfield—Train of rich moire and satin stripe, over petticoat of lace and moire ribbons.

Lady Ashbourne—Rich black satin dress, panels beautifully embroidered in gold and steel, on black velvet ground; corsage, (satin trimmed, embroidery to match; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Dillon—White brocaded silk bodice and train; satin and tulle skirt, with inserted crystal embroidery, trimmed narcissus and lilac; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Jameson—Black velvet train and bodice; black lace and satin skirt, trimmed jet; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Jameson (presentation)—Train and bodice, rich white faille Francaise, softly trimmed tulle; tulle skirt; head-dress, Court plume, ostrich feathers; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Chatterton—Bodice and train, rich black Lyons velvet, with goblin blue moire antique skirt, tastefully trimmed black lace and ruby roses and foliage; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Taylor—Rich black frisé gown, very handsomely embroidered; front of jet, trimmed richly with lace; head-dress, plume, ostrich feathers, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Guinness—Biscuit shot moire train and corsage, tastefully trimmed with white tulle; soft white tulle skirt, with panel of iridescent jet; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. George Brooke—Train of richest black satin, handsomely trimmed inserted jet and ribbon, skirt to match; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. A. Barton—Shaded brocade bodice and train, lined pongee cream tricotine skirt, with handsome embroidery; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. O'Brien—Cream satin bodice and train, trimmed Flanders point; rich satin skirt, front of inserted velvet and lace; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss O'Brien—Train and corsage, rich white poult de soie, tastefully trimmed ruches of soft tulle and chestnut blossoms; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Webb—White stripe silk bodice and train, trimmed tulle; soft tulle skirt, trimmed ribbons and acacia; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Onslow—Cream stripe silk bodice and train, trimmed tulle; soft tulle skirt, trimmed ribbons and acacia; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Armitage Moore—White brocade bodice and soft tulle skirt, trimmed white lilac; rich white-corded silk train; head-dress, Court plume, ostrich feathers; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Trench—Cream brocade bodice and train, lined satin, and trimmed handsome garniture shaded begonia leaves; rich satin skirt, pearl embroidered front, and garniture of begonia; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. George Morris—Train and bodice, maize brocade, prettily trimmed satin; rich satin skirt, with very handsome cream embroidery; head-dress, Court plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Saunderson—White tulle dress, front draped with gold sequins, embroidered with tulle; striped silk bodice, trimmed to correspond; white silk train, mounted from shoulder, trimmed tulle and horse-chestnut blossom; head-dress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Nash—Pale Heliotrope brocade, trimmed with violets.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society," payable in advance.

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WEEK ENDING 4th FEBRUARY, 1888.

Young ladies who love to parade in tight-fitting dresses and coats will do well to take a lesson from the accident which befel one of the sex in a fashionable thoroughfare on Saturday last. As a young beauty of about two-and-twenty was making her way up Grafton-street, dressed in a tight-fitting long jacket which reached to her heels, jerry hat, and cravat, and swinging gaily from the index finger of the right hand a light cane, and leading by a string a fashionable pomeranian dog, she accidentally fell to the ground. The cause of her descent was a piece of mischievous orange peel. Helpless by reason of the tightness of her jacket and dress, she could only assume a sitting posture and implore help from the passers-by. Several young fellows of the "masher" stamp stood by, but the appeals of the victim of the orange peel only evoked a grin from the youths, who, it must be said, showed an extraordinary want of that gallantry which is said to be characteristic of our countrymen. At length relief came in the shape of an able-bodied "Metropolitan," who assisted the embarrassed Venus to an upright position, and with dismay on her countenance she pursued her way, the little dog wagging his caudal appendage in satisfaction at the escape of his young mistress.

The days when we were accustomed frequently to see ladies wedged fast in street gratings by long dainty heels have passed away; and it may be asked when will the reign of tight-dresses give place to a better state of things?

George's-street by lamplight on Saturdays is a "hot shop." The constables on duty seem not to recognise the fact that their duty is to control

the conduct of the crowd of mixed characters that promenade the street, and the result is that the roughs and votaries of that sect yclept the "Black Gang" have a fine time of it jostling the more respectable persons whose business brings them through the street. We hope for a time when the police will awaken to a sense of their duty and perform it.

The popular Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club intends giving a dance in the Ancient Concert Rooms on the evening of Friday, the 17th inst.

We know of a gentleman who travels regularly once a month from Manchester to Dublin in search of cameos. Every time he comes to the city he disguises himself and prowls round the second-hand jewellery shops just to see what he can pick up. One day lately in a small shop, not two hundred yards from the office of this journal, he informed us that he had procured a beautiful specimen of a cameo, worth, in his estimation, a large sum of money, for a few shillings. We expect to take a round with him on one of his journeys, and in a subsequent issue we shall let our readers have a full account of the many precious relics of a bygone era that it will, we hope, be our privilege to see and handle.

Crotchets are peculiar things to deal with; nevertheless, they are becoming day by day more patent as a phase of character which, if we desire to retain the good will of friends, must be respected. These peculiar characteristics gradually develop as the world grows older. While one person's pursuit may be old disused stamps, another, who has not the remotest sympathy with the former, will pounce upon a jubilee sixpence just as a cat would upon an unsuspecting mouse. There are others who search through every old book shop in the city for engravings, closely followed by the book worm in quest of ancient tomes. There is no wonder, therefore, that such a distinguished artiste as Christine Nilsson should display her passion for tapestry and fans, of which she is in the possession of some very beautiful specimens.

This being leap year an enterprising journal across the water has published a list of over five-hundred names and addresses of eligible bachelors living in Chicago. To still further help the unmarried ladies, a short description accompanies each name, which sets forth the matrimonial advantages of the owner. Some excellent hints are also given as to how to set to work. There are more than five-hundred bachelors in Dublin whose names we think it would be a charity to print. We shall think the matter over!

We have in our midst a literary society yclept "The Association of Elocutionists," which has for the past year and a half provided a series of new, and apparently popular, entertainments for the citizens of Dublin. Amongst the celebrated visitors who have been introduced to the public of Dublin by this Association we would particularise the names of Mrs. Ellis Cameron, of London, and Miss Bessie Byrne, from New York. These talented artistes having secured the sympathy and approval of their Irish audiences.

Her Excellency's first Drawing-Room of the season was held at Dublin Castle on Wednesday evening last. The attendance was large. In another portion of IRISH SOCIETY a description of the dresses worn by a number of ladies present on the occasion will be found detailed.

The Association of Elocutionists is presided over by Dr. Tisdall, Chancellor of Christ Church, who is no stranger upon Dublin platforms, and who takes a lively interest in the welfare of the society. Its secretary is well known in literary circles and has written some very effective recitals. The association numbers amongst its honorary members such distinguished names as those of Henry Irving, Lady Wilde, Thomas Sexton, M.P., Clifford Harrison, and many others of equal prominence. There is a similar society in London, which has also selected Chancellor Tisdall to be its president, and which owns a filial allegiance to the Dublin association. Amongst the attractions which the council contemplate for their next public night will be a talented juvenile elocutionist, age 10 years. As infant prodigies seem at present to be the rage, we have no doubt Miss Constance Porter will meet an appreciative reception.

A breach of promise case has just made its appearance on the Dublin horizon, and if negotiations now going forward between the parties and their friends do not stop its course, we may soon expect it in the zenith of the social sky. The parties, we understand, move in the most fashionable circles in the city, and if an amicable arrangement be not arrived at before the case is listed for hearing in the law courts, the public may expect some big surprises and humorous revelations. If the case comes off we fear poor Mrs. Grundy will be so overworked as to bring on paralysis of that appendage which has always been the distinguishing characteristic of that amiable body.

More music for Dublin. Here is a piece of good news. We do not announce a high-class concert, or the arrival in our midst of a favourite musical celebrity. By no means; but we report the safe landing here from Fatherland of another German "band!" They arrived on Sunday morning in all the finery of heavy clogs, braided blue uniform, and "Boy Alexander" caps. Henceforth we may look or listen for an addition to the already overcrowded programme of street music.

These German people are industrious, and must be very early risers, if we may judge of these qualities by the hour at which they visit our streets in the mornings. Just as one turns to have the last half-hour's nap before rising, his half-wakeful senses are greeted by a deafening crash of mingled big drum, cornet, trombone, and reeds, and as napping is out of the question during the half-hour which the noisy programme lasts, there is nothing for it but to dress, and bless the music-loving Germans.

We notice that the enterprising Mr. R. Motherell, of Belfast, has made a very important engagement with the celebrated "Blue Hungarian Band," so widely known by its recent performances at the Manchester Exhibition, to perform afternoons and evenings at the Leinster Hall, Dublin, March 5th and 7th, 1888. We wish him every success.



The subject of our sketch is a lady honoured in all lands where philanthropy and benevolence are regarded as types of a noble perfection, and in our own land thousands of industrious fishermen, whose bread is won from the treacherous waves, bless her for the goodness of heart which prompted her to stretch out her hand to them with assistance in procuring boats, tackle, and gear, wanting which they would have been destitute and helpless indeed. Her charities know neither clime, nor race, nor colour—they are as widespread almost as misery itself, and in Ireland her name is in every sense a household word, which children lisp, while their elders speak of her with a devotion and reverence such as few could inspire.

Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts was born on the 25th April, 1814, and married on the 12th February, 1881, William Lehman Ashmead

Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, Esq., M.P., who, on his marriage, in pursuance of a direction contained in the will of the late Duchess of St. Albans, assumed the surname of Burdett-Coutts. The Baroness is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., of Foremark, County Derby, and Ramsbury, County Wilts, and Sophia, daughter of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., banker, of London. She assumed by Royal license the surname and arms of Coutts, in addition to those of Burdett, on inheriting the property of her maternal grandfather in 1837, under the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, and in 1871 was created a Baroness of the United Kingdom by her Majesty. Her ladyship is one of the co-heirs of the baronies of Scales, Latimer, and Badlesmere, and patroness of three livings—Ramsbury and Baydon, in Wilts, and St. Stephen's, Westminster. In acknowledgment

of having originated and administered the Turkish Compassionate Fund, the first class and cordon of the Order of the Medjedie and the first class and cordon of the Imperial Order of Chakafat were conferred by his Majesty the Sultan on the Baroness in 1878.

We regret to announce that owing to recent illness, Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, who is at present in London, was unable to attend the Drawing Room in Dublin Castle on Wednesday night.

We believe that her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough will do the honours of the Castle during the unavoidable absence of her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Saturday Popular Concerts may now be regarded as an established institution in the city, thanks to the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Sullivan, who originated them. At the last concert Mdle. Marie Decca was the great attraction, and literally captivated her audience by the purity and expression of her exquisite voice as heard in the "Echo Song" and the "Una Voce" from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Her rendering of the aria, "Gli Angui d'Inferno," from Mozart's "Il Fauto Magico," was a real artistic triumph, and evoked thunders of applause. Miss Rankin's rich contralto was heard to much advantage, and of Mdle. Dinelli's violin-playing it is impossible to speak too highly. Mr. Bapty was efficient, as he always is, and Mr. Hayes sang in excellent style. Mr. Collisson conducted with his usual ability. The Sixth Concert of the series will be given on Saturday, February 4th, for which occasion Mr. Sullivan announces the appearance of the prince of pianists the Chevalier Emil Bach, whose musical reputation is of a marvellous kind. The company will also include Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Connell, and Mr. Drummond Hamilton. Herr Rudersdorff will render a number of selections on the violoncello, and a most enjoyable entertainment may be fairly anticipated. It may not be out of place to call attention to the *encore* nuisance, now so prevalent, but which the thoroughly educated portion of an auditory never ask for; and we are not without hope that at some early date that the practice will be regarded as more honoured in the breach than the observance by all classes of concert-goers in Dublin. Just one word more in the nature of a suggestion. If people at these high-class musical entertainments *must* leave the Leinster Hall before the completion of the programme, they should make a point of doing so at a moment when their movement will not distract either the artiste or the audience.

The ball in aid of the funds of Jervis Street Hospital, given last week in the Leinster Hall was a brilliant success in everything that constitutes a thoroughly enjoyable gathering, but the attendance was not quite so numerous as on the occasion of the preceding year's ball. The decorations were superb, and it was admitted on all hands that a lovelier collection of ladies than those who graced the hall by their presence could not have been assembled in any part of the world. What is somewhat important in connection with it is the fact that the establishments of our leading *modistes* had a considerable impetus given to their business in preparation for it; and of the dresses we but reiterate the universal opinion when we say that they were positively bewitching and many of them dazzling.

The sale of articles made by distressed ladies is now recommenced at 34 Rutland-square, the house which has been opened as a home for special cases, by Mrs. Power Lawlor. We hope that these Saturday sales will be largely attended, and that ladies who have wealth at command will expend some of it in aiding their suffering sisters, and we can assure all who may be disposed to do so, that they will find a multitudinous assortment of articles which are both beautiful and useful. The name of Mrs. Power Lawlor is a guarantee that no slovenly or inferior work will be allowed to appear in the sales organized by her, and as a mere matter of education in high-class needlework, a visit to

Rutland-square may be recommended. The attendance on last Saturday was not as large as on former occasions, but a satisfactory sum was realized. Mrs. Lawlor herself was unable, through illness, to be present, but her place was supplied to some degree by the Misses Thunder and Miss Butt. Among the visitors were Lady Martin, Miss Goold (Athea) and Miss Bunbury (Limerick).

The Second Edition of Robinson Crusoe the First at the Queen's Theatre, now being played to crowded houses, is the best entertainment of its kind in Dublin, and should be witnessed by every one. New topical songs, new dances, and a splendid variety performance, in which Professor Buer introduces a veritable circus performance—no deception; real ponies and other adjuncts of the ring—make up, with the attractions of the Pantomime proper, a spectacle of the most catching kind. There is a morning performance at the Queen's on each Saturday.

We refer with pleasure to the weekly entertainments given on Saturday evenings in the Concert Hall of the Dublin Coffee Palace, Townsend-street, these being great popular instructors in many advantageous ways. Readings and musical selections of a high class make up an invariably excellent programme, and having been present at several of them, we can cordially recommend the Coffee Palace Popular Entertainments to all who desire to spend an instructive and enjoyable couple of hours.

Professor Herrman is amusing large audiences nightly in the Round Room of the Rotunda with experiments in Mesmerism. The outcome is distinctly funny for the audience, though the volunteer subjects who present themselves on the platform, doubtless, feel very differently. An evening is pleasantly spent with the Professor, who gives away a number of valuable prizes nightly.

The Honourable Gaston and Mrs. Monsell, who have spent the last two winters abroad, are at present visiting Mrs. Lyons, of Croom, Limerick.

It is said the fair daughter of a gallant officer, holding a staff appointment in Dublin, will be not the least admired of the belles of the coming season.

The second vocal recital given by Madame and Herr Johann Florac at their residence, Wellington Park, Adelaide Road, on Thursday evening was a distinguished success in every particular, the music being charmingly rendered, and the audience an educated and appreciative one.

Miss Power has arrived from French Park, Lord and Lady De Freyne's, on a visit to the Honourable Mrs. O'Ferrall, Merrion Square.

Thy latest craze with fashionable ladies in New York is to carry about with them a cat, Persians being the favourites. In fact, cats are being substituted for the "pugs" usually taken out. This new fashion will be sure to put a fancy price on many specimens of the feline race.

The town residence of Mr. Commissioner M'Carthy, at 19 Aylesbury Road, was, last week, the scene of two exceptionally agreeable reunions. Departing from the routine which makes "At Homes" so dull, Mrs. M'Carthy caused two of her reception rooms to be transformed into a pretty and well-appointed theatre, and succeeded in producing a really fine representation of Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu"—the text having been skilfully revised so as to exclude all weak or objectionable passages. Mr. John H. M'Carthy played the "title role." His "make up" was admirable. No one could have recognized this young gentleman in the aged and feeble, yet withal stately, cardinal who appeared before the footlights. His impersonation was a piece of genuine good acting, and might fairly challenge comparison with the great professional artistes who have made the part famous. The mingled weakness and strength, craft and dignity, cruelty and tenderness, shrewd stratagem and lofty statesmanship which Lord Lytton attributes to Cardinal Richelieu, were rendered with versatility, skill, and power. Miss M'Carthy made quite an ideal "Julia." Her personal beauty, her fresh and natural acting, and her complete self-absorption in the part, made her performance extremely interesting. Mr. Patrick Leonard assumed the difficult role of "Baradas" with spirit and success. His costume was an accurate and striking illustration of the court dress of the period; and his reading of the part was marked by fine taste and artistic insight. Mr. Redington Roche's "Joseph" was full of quiet humour. Mr. Justin M'Carthy was a handsome and effective "De Mauprat." Mr. John Leonard managed to represent with effect both the soldierly "Hugnet" and the earnest and anxious "Secretary of State." Mr. Florence MacCarthy looked and played well as "The King." Mr. Robert Curtis was an excellent "Captain of the Guard," and Master John MacCabe made a pretty and lively "Francois." Both performances went off without any of the hitches that usually attend amateur theatricals; and on each occasion they were largely and fashionably attended.

Messrs. Cramer have just published "The Robinson Crusoe Quadrilles." They should not, as we think, have any reason to regret this venture, most of the leading airs in the Gaiety Pantomime having become very popular. Mr. Corri, who has arranged the quadrilles, has done his work well, and the "Robinson Crusoes" should be welcome at all ball-room parties. We wish "The Robinson Crusoe Quadrilles" a great success. By-the-bye, it may be no harm to mention that Messrs. Cramer are bringing out "The Tipperary Rifle," an amusing melody, the words of which are by that clever librettist, Mr. R. J. Hughes.

The Earl of Clancarty, who was dangerously ill in Dublin in the early part of the week, and unable to proceed to England, is, we understand, improving slowly, some of his lordship's family who had been summoned from Bournemouth are in attendance on the noble Earl.

Messrs. Cranfield and Co. have now on view at their Gallery, Grafton Street, Sir Noel Paton's wondrous picture of "The Great Shepherd," which is attracting the marked attention not only of connoisseurs, but of the general public. It is in truth a beautiful and remarkable work of art.

A mysterious lady, who claims to be a daughter of the late Abbe Liszt, has appeared in Paris. She keeps her name secret, and alleges that her mother is a royal personage. We may expect to see her in Dublin one of those days, as it is her intention to tour round the world as a professional pianist. This is another opportunity for the enterprising Mr. Mapleson.

This is the dancing season, and, as frequently as it comes round, a certain class of young men in our city think and talk of nothing else. In the near future we expect to hear of some practical outcome of the waggonette party which attended that most successful affair which was held in a hall on the outskirts of Malahide.

Lord Dangan, who attained his majority last year, and whose name is associated with that of Miss Phyllis Broughton, the actress, is son and heir of Earl Cowley, and consequently a near or remote relation of the husband of Miss Kate Vaughan.

An historic necklace has been purloined by a despicable and avaricious burglar. The pearls of which it was composed were presented by the Emperor Nicholas to the late Earl of Westmoreland, when he was accredited to the Court of St. Petersburg. They were bequeathed by Lord Westmoreland to his son, the Hon. Julian Fane, from whom they passed to his daughter, Mrs. Grenfell, whose husband now offers the handsome reward of £500 for their recovery.

The "banjo fad" is the strongest craze of society at present. Since it was mooted that the Prince of Wales was engaged in acquiring a knowledge and manipulation of this instrument, all sorts and conditions of society have followed his example. Young ladies in and about Dublin have taken such a delight in the "thrum-thrum" of the banjo, that it is now quite common at evening parties to organise "banjo sets," whose performances are much appreciated.

A correspondent, in answer to our request for crumbs of Society Gossip, has sent us a rambling account of a long conversation, of which the following is an extract:—"The other day as I was coming down Grafton Street I was accosted by an Italian acquaintance (I don't believe he is an Italian at all, but he says he is and that makes a difference!) whose greatest forte lies in exaggeration. He stopped me and having enquired after my health, my business, and everything else concerning me, said that he had just returned from a visit to his 'dear pal' Jonathan. Now I knew that Jonathan had recently been in some trouble, and I was also aware that my 'Italian' friend, though rich in sympathy, was poor in this world's goods, 'Poor Jon' he said, 'the dear boy is in very low spirits; he looks wretched.' I asked him to take a run with me to Mentone, or Biarritz, or Monaco, or to some quiet nook in sunny Italy, and I also promised to defray the cost of the holiday, but he declared Dublin was the only place for him at present. I then offered to take him down to my place in Westmeath, where my horses, carriages and saddles would be at his service; but he was obdurate—he is devoted to his profession, and so wont move. 'Poor Jonathan,' he repeated, as he wiped away a sympathetic tear which glistened on a copious eyelash. This Italian gentleman is well-known

in Dublin and considering that all he possesses in the world could be conveniently stowed away in a hatbox, and that he was born and brought up somewhere in Connaught, you will, no doubt, agree with me that his flights of fancy are worth recording in your excellent little paper." Our correspondent has omitted to mention the name of this "Italian" gentleman, whom we fail to recognise from the above description. We hope, however, that, be he native either of Italy or the Green Isle, in future he will only enlarge upon his vast estates and possessions to those who are unacquainted with his leading characteristics.

An eminent professor in his line, who resides in the vicinity of Brunswick Street, is hailed on his approach by the street urchins singing—"See, the corn-curing hero comes!"

A representative of one of our best drapery houses has informed us that "crushed strawberry," which at one time was very much admired by ladies, will again become fashionable in Summer. He also thinks there will be a revival of dark green.

We may expect a crowd of revelations in connection with the turf one of those days. Mr. Benzon, the young man who created such a sensation at Epsom last year by the reckless distribution of his money, is retiring. It is his intention to write his experiences as a betting man.

Still another new profession! The Yankees have originated the "professional window-gazer." It is a profession not difficult to learn. Two gentlemen walk down one of the principal business streets, and when anything in a shop window attracts their attention they stop and gaze earnestly into the window for some time. Gradually, of course, a crowd collects, eager to discover what can be attracting so much attention. When a dozen or fifteen are collected the two gentlemen walk on, return in a quarter of an hour or so and repeat the experiment. These professionals are paid respectable salaries by the shopkeepers.

By the way, we may remark that if every shopkeeper in Dublin would follow the example set them by Mr. Byron McKenna, the tobacconist of Sackville Street, there would be no need for "decoy ducks" in the shape of professional mashers. In Mr. McKenna's window there is an automatic machine, which has afforded those who have seen it no small amount of pleasure. It is a representation of an old gentleman trying to catch a mouse. We have gazed upon the feints and nods of the life-like figure, and have heard the genuine mirthful laughter of the on-lookers as these feints and nods culminate in a dexterous effort to secure the playful mouse. Those of our readers who have not yet seen this mirth-provoking automaton, should avail themselves of an early opportunity of doing so.

The Waterbury Watch Company in the same street also display an ingenious contrivance which is worth having a look at.

A clever young son of the popular English tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, will probably make his *debut* as a pianist in public some time this year.

Miss Fortescue, whose breach of promise action against Lord Garmoyne, now Earl Cairns, brought into notoriety, is engaged reading some new plays with a view to their early production. Although this lady has received many offers to appear at London theatres, she persistently declines until she procures a new play with a leading role suited to her abilities.

The Carnival at Nice, at which it is expected the Prince of Wales will be present, is to be exceptionally gay this year, a special feature being an international *concours* for male and female masqueraders, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages.

In the Queen's Theatre the other night (writes a correspondent) a gentleman, accompanied by his wife, took up a prominent position in the gallery. Both are Jews, their broken English evidencing that circumstance to those seated near them. Just before the curtain was raised, the lady, who had been peering down into the pit, observed a friend, to arrest whose attention the lady in the gallery leaned over the balustrade in an excited manner. Her husband, thinking it was time for him to interfere, seized her arm and pulled her back, exclaiming in an agonised tone of voice, "Vat for you wants to fall down in dot pit, Repeeca, vere it costs, I tink, five shillings a seat."

Oscar Wilde takes the young men of the present day to task for their disgraceful selfishness in choosing so often a bachelor's life. Match-making mothers and anxious chaperons say there are no marrying men now-a-days. Oscar, or a writer in the paper he so ably edits, is of opinion that modern young men cannot afford to marry, and casts all the blame upon modern young women, who "are brought up uselessly, taught a few accomplishments, and encouraged in such extravagant notions in the way of dress and housekeeping that render them absolutely unfit for the serious business of life."

The Earl of Durham has commenced an action for libel against the London *Bat*. It appears that the editor of the *Bat* in discussing some correspondence which had passed between Lord Durham and Sir George Chetwynd. A most atrocious libel had been committed against the former. The imputation in the *Bat* was that Lord Durham had driven his wife into a state of insanity by his own misconduct. Mr. Ridge, the magistrate, unhesitatingly granted a summons against Mr. Davis, the proprietor of the paper.

The latest novelties from Paris prove that sparkling lace on the skirts of evening dresses continues as much in favour as ever. We saw a dress the other day in one of the city modistes' establishments, in pale blue bangoline, bodice and train, the former made with a long narrow point in front, the latter being very full and long. The whole of the front of the skirt is of pale yellow satin, completely covered with white chantilly, embroidered in pearls and sequins. From the shoulders to the point, the bodice comes out the same colouring, the white embroidered lace over yellow making a most becoming *plastron* on the pale blue. The lace is continued round the shoulders, and thus forms the tiny baby sleeves. The dress is exceedingly pretty, but expensive.



A BUSHRANGING ADVENTURE.

SOME six years ago I received an invitation from some friends, living on a station in the Riverina, to stay a few months with them. I was not long out from England, and was very desirous of seeing a station. So, though my friends were personally unknown to me, I gladly accepted; having been long enough in Australia to find out how thoroughly kind and hospitable are the people.

Leaving, not without a feeling of regret, the beautiful city of Sydney, its picturesque harbour, and incomparably lovely botanical garden, I took my ticket for Y—the railway terminus nearest to Mitta station. At Y—I was met by my host, Mr. Ingram; a gentlemanly, handsome man, of about fifty, who had driven in to meet me on the preceding day.

We had, he informed me, a thirty-miles' drive before us; but as I had been able to procure a sleeping berth, and it was yet early in the day, I was quite ready to set off at once. We were soon clear of the little township, and out on the great grassy plains; when, for the first time in my life, I had the opportunity of seeing in a wild state the kangaroos and emus I had so often read of. On Mr. Ingram pointing out the latter, it was some time before I could realise that they were not stumps as they sat straight up on end until we got close up to them, when they hopped away in the queerest manner; their thick tails looking like a third leg.

Mr. Ingram also introduced to my notice the wild turkey of the plains; laughingly assuring me that I should like him much better on closer acquaintance. It was evening when we reached Mitta, and the place seemed to me a veritable paradise. Mrs. Ingram, with her pretty daughter Alice, and her two sons, Guy and Lancelot, received me at the gate with warmest welcome, and in half-an-hour I felt as much at home as if I had known them for years.

Mr. Ingram and his children certainly did all they could to render my visit a pleasant one. Within a radius of twenty miles there were several stations, and we had no lack of agreeable visitors. The nearest township was about seventeen miles off, and there was ample means of communication, for the mail coach passed on its way thither twice a week, and every Wednesday an old carrier named Brown, who lived on a selection a few miles away, drove in with a light waggon and pair, executing commissions and bringing out parcels. Robert Brown was a great favourite with the Mitta boys, who generally contrived to make a raid into the kitchen when ever he happened to be there. I also made his acquaintance, and from him and the lads together received a very full account of the doings of the famous bushranger, Ned Kelly, whose performances had been lately the talk of the colonies. As Brown turned to go I remarked "that he must find his long drive lonely," and I asked whether he was not afraid of being robbed.

At this the boys laughed, and Brown replied that "such an idea never entered his head; robbery in these parts being a thing unheard of."

"But suppose Brown," went on Guy, "you should be stuck up, you'd be jolly scared, shouldn't you?"

"Well, Master Guy, perhaps I should and perhaps not; 'taint a thing likely to happen."

"Don't be too sure, Brown," observed Mr. Ingram, who had joined us, "you know queer things happen sometimes."

They do; and not many days afterwards this casual conversation was recalled to our minds in a very extraordinary manner.

The holidays were drawing to a close, and the young Ingrams were looking forward ruefully to the prospect of returning to school. Mrs. Ingram was still detained with her sister, but hoped to see her sons for a few hours at Albury. The day had been exceedingly oppressive, with a hot wind blowing, and bringing with it clouds of dust which penetrated into every nook and corner. Alice and I had been glad to take refuge in the large darkened dining-room; but the boys, feeling that every day was precious, had gone off somewhere on the run with their dogs and ponies.

They did not return till night, and whether from the effects of riding in the sun or from over-fatigue, Guy seemed so much done up that Alice was quite anxious about him. He ate scarcely anything at tea, and soon after, complaining of headache, went to bed. Lancelot, after yawning for some time over a book, followed his example, and Mr. Ingram, yielding also to the heat, lay down on the sofa and was soon asleep. This was the day on which Brown made his weekly trip, and we expected he would be here by 10 o'clock at latest and bring us a mail. Alice and I were both expecting letters. So we tried to while away the time with our books and work. Towards 9 o'clock, Alice rose and said she would run over and see whether Guy was asleep, as she feared he might have had a slight sunstroke. I offered to accompany her, but she declined, and ran through the garden to the small detached cottage, separate from the main building, which was given up to the use of the boys.

She presently returned and informed me they were both fast asleep. As the time for the carrier's arrival drew on, we both strolled into the garden to look for him. The moon was at the full, and everything could be seen almost as plainly as in the daytime. The wind had changed and the air was now cool and pleasant. All around stretched the great plains weird and silent, but no sign of the waggon. Ten o'clock, our usual hour for retiring, struck, but no Brown. We returned to the house. Mr. Ingram, rousing from his nap, suggested our going to bed; but this we were unwilling to do till the carrier had come. It was after 11, however, before the expected waggon made its appearance. Mr. Ingram was enjoying a late cigar in the garden, and we both jumped up and ran down to the stockyard gate, eager for the expected letters. But, instead of handing them to us, Brown jumped out, and in an agitated tone inquired for the master. Mr. Ingram was close at hand, and, to our utter amazement, the man informed us that just after passing Mitta Creek, a place about four miles away from the station, he was suddenly set upon by two men in black masks, one of whom caught the horses by the heads, while the other jumped into the waggon, and holding a pistol to his head, threatened to shoot him if he did not instantly give up his watch and money. Brown, not liking the feel of the cold iron against his skin, made no demur about complying, especially as by the clear light of the moon, which just then shone out from be-

hind a light bank of clouds, he could see that the other ruffian was armed in a similar manner. Both were tall, powerfully built men, and Brown felt that he had no chance with them at all. Making him descend from the waggon and kneel down, they bandaged his eyes with his own handkerchief, and telling him it would be at the peril of his life if he stirred under half-an-hour, they left him, and mounting their horses, which had been tethered at a little distance, galloped off. Brown, greatly terrified, waited until he thought the coast was clear; then unfastening his own horses, which the bush-rangers had fastened to a stump, he drove in all haste to Mr. Ingram, who was a magistrate, to give information of the robbery. Mr. Ingram questioned him as to his loss, and was told that his pocket-book contained £15 in notes, besides gold and silver. The watch which had belonged to his father, was a large silver one, of very old fashion. Mr. Ingram at once went over to the men's hut and gave orders for two of the hands to ride over to the town at once and give information to the police. Brown, whose courage had been restored by certain potent restoratives, declined to stay the night, and drove off promising to return in the morning. At daybreak next day came a sergeant and two troopers; and Brown himself shortly afterwards made his appearance. He, Mr. Ingram, and the constables rode out to the scene of the alleged robbery. It was not until after the departure of the police party that the two boys got up and heard what had happened. Tired with their yesterday's exertions, they had slept soundly through all the commotion, and not a little astonished were they at the events of the night. Late in the day Mr. Ingram returned accompanied by a friend, Mr. Burrell, whose run adjoined his own. On reaching the scene of the robbery, Brown had pointed out to them the places where his own and the men's horses had been tied; but no trace of the miscreants had been discovered, with the exception of a silk handkerchief of good quality which had been picked up in the vicinity, and which both gentlemen considered likely to afford a clue which might lead to the apprehension of the fellows. A trouser's button bearing the name of a well-known Melbourne tailor, had also been found, and although much importance could not be attached to this, yet it might, as Mr. Burrell remarked, lead to something. That evening several of the neighbouring squatters rode over. The news of the robbery had spread, and everyone was eager to hear particulars.

It was an exciting subject. Even Guy and Lancelot looked pale, and I was neither surprised nor reluctant when Alice proposed our sharing the same room that night.

In a day or two the matter was the talk of the whole country side; the police were actively engaged in making enquiries, but as yet without result. The general opinion was that the bush-rangers must belong to the district, and there was a general feeling of uneasiness. A robbery in these parts was a thing unheard of, and appeared incredible. Brown adhered to his statement, adding that the fellow who had held the pistol to his head was of unusual stature, and spoke with a strong Irish accent.

"Whoever the fellows are," said Mr. Ingram one morning, "their apprehension can only be a question of time. The numbers of the notes are known, and the watch is a very peculiar one. The handkerchief, too, has probably been bought in one of the neighbouring townships,

the detectives are sure to ferret the matter out; and the rascals will get their deserts." As Mr. Ingram said this, my eye fell upon Alice. She was deathly white, and seemed about to faint. I made a movement toward her; but rallying herself by an effort, she slipped hastily from the room. I followed her; but, though trembling all over, she assured me she was quite well. She appeared anxious to change the conversation by asking me whether, should the bushrangers be caught, they would be hanged. I told her no, but that in all probability they would be sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

"But suppose," pursued Alice, "it had been done in fun by some people who only wished to frighten Brown."

"In that case," I replied, "it might be a very awkward affair for the jokers. The watch and money were actually taken."

"But if they were given back?"

"Even then it would be a very difficult business, now that the affair is in the hands of the police; but what makes you imagine anyone would be likely to do such an insane thing for a joke?"

"I don't know," she answered, "it came into my head."

Nothing more was said at the time; but that evening, as I was getting ready for dinner, my door opened softly and Alice slipped in, holding something muffled in her apron. She was very pale, and her first movement on entering was to shut and lock the door behind her. My idea was that all the talk about the robbery had affected her nerves; but coming straight to me, she grasped my hand and said—

"Miss R——, there is something I must say to you, for I dare not tell papa,"

Then, sinking her voice to a whisper, she said—

"I know who robbed Brown. It was Guy and Lancelot. They only intended it for a joke, just to frighten him, and meant to return the things that night."

"But the pistols!" exclaimed I. "And Brown said one of his assailants was a man of great stature; while Guy and Lancelot are only boys, and small for their age."

"Brown must have been too frightened to notice, and as for the pistols, they were nothing but two old brass candlesticks."

The whole thing, seen in this light, was too ridiculous, and I could not help laughing. Alice's face, however, and the sight of poor Brown's notes and old-fashioned watch recalled me to myself. The matter was too serious for a jest.

"Alice, how did you find out? Did they tell you?"

"Not at first," she answered, "you remember papa and the policeman found a handkerchief? When I saw it I thought it was exactly like one I bought to give to Guy; but neither papa nor anyone else recognised it. The button, too, was just like those on Lancelot's clothes. I did not like to say anything, but this afternoon, when I went to put away some clothes in the boys' room I found these stuffed away in a corner."

"These" consisted of some pieces of black crape and a broken candlestick, which I remembered to have seen the lads play with, pretending it was a pistol.

"One of the drawers was locked," continued Alice, "and the key gone. I wondered at that, but as I wanted to put away the shirts, I unlocked it with a key from mamma's bunch and, oh, Miss R——, the first things I saw were Brown's watch and pocket-book! Then the

whole thing seemed plain to me. I knew they had done it for 'a lark' and were afraid to tell. You remember my saying to you that perhaps someone had done it in fun. What you said frightened me dreadfully, and I went straight to the boys and told them I knew, and that I had seen Brown's watch and money. Lancelot then told me all about it. Brown had been telling you about the Kellys, and they thought it would be great fun to frighten him. After I saw them in bed that night, they got up, and taking their saddles and bridles out of the stable, caught their ponies in the paddock with some corn, and rode off to Mitta Creek to wait for Brown. At first they did not intend to take the things away, but Brown was so frightened, and in such a hurry to hand over his watch and money that they could not resist binding him, meaning to wait for him near Mitta and restore; Guy's pony, however, had got away and it took them so long to catch it, that Brown arrived first and told papa. They hoped to make it all right in the morning, but when the police came they were frightened and kept quiet. They have made me promise not to tell papa, but oh, Miss R——, what is to be done?"

Soothing poor Alice as well as I could, I lost no time in paying a visit to the delinquents, whom I found extremely subdued, being by no means sure that bushranging was not a hanging matter, and rather fearing they might share the same fate as the well-connected highwayman who was hanged in York.

Having reassured them on this point, their sister and I, between us, persuaded them that the only honourable course left was to confess the whole thing to their father, who would, doubtless, do his best to stop all further proceedings. That he would be terrible angry and annoyed there could be no doubt. But any punishment inflicted by him would be preferable to public exposure, should the affair be discovered. Brown must be told, for, of course, his property could not be detained, and I negatived Guy's suggestion of depositing it in his garden, by saying such a course might excite suspicion, and the detectives might bring the matter home to them. Finally, it was arranged that I should first break the matter to Mr. Ingram, and they should then make a full confession. Mr. Ingram was at first amazed. Then, as was natural, he became exceedingly angry at the awkward position in which his sons had placed him. He being a passionate man, I had some difficulty in restraining him from executing summary vengeance on them with a horsewhip. At length, however, the ridiculous side of the matter seemed to strike him; and, like myself, he could not help laughing. The upshot of it all was, that the culprits were hurried back to school, after making restitution and an humble apology to Brown, who received the latter most magnanimously, even going so far as to beg that no punishment might be inflicted. The story got wind in spite of Mr. Ingram's efforts to hush it up; and the two gigantic bushrangers were a long-standing joke against Brown, who, however, bore it good-humouredly, even seeming to enjoy the joke. The circulation of bills offering a reward for the apprehension of the robbers was hurriedly stopped, and the young gentlemen themselves, instead of coming home for the Christmas vacation, were sent to prosecute their studies in Edinburgh.

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.



SALARIES OF FRENCH ACTORS AND COST OF FRENCH PLAYS.

THE report on the Budget of Fine Arts, which has just been presented to the French Chamber, contains many interesting things about the State aided theatres. The total subvention to the opera is £32,000; to the Comédie Française, £9,600; to the Opera Comique, £1,980; to the Odeon, nearly £2,000. In addition to these sums, an item of £2,000 appears in the Budget for popular concerts, and one of £1,200 for other concerts—thus bringing up the whole endowment of amusement to £50,000. Coming next to the pay of the performers, we note that the singers get most. Thus a "first tenor" at the Opera gets £1,380 salary; a "first baritone," £1,780. There is a long drop with the "seconds," a second tenor getting only £180. As for the women, a "dramatic soprano" is paid £1,440; a "dancing soprano," £1,000. A master of the ballet gets about £400; a "première danseuse," nearly £800.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

A FORTUNE-TELLER can hit a woman's case nine times out of ten. "You've had sickness and trouble. You'll have some property fall to you. You do not have full confidence in your husband. Beware! He is deceiving you! You have a very gentle nature. Everybody loves you. You have had trouble with a relative. It was not your fault. Beware of a blue-eyed woman, with a mole on her left cheek. She will make you trouble. Good-bye—two and sixpence—call again."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN CHINA.

IN China capital punishment often depends upon the whim of the officer of the law. Here is an instance:—

Pen Ta Ren, the rear admiral of the Yangtz district, was passing up that river, and chanced to overhear a quarrel between a boatman and a soldier over the matter of two cash—the price of ferriage across a small stream. The admiral took in the situation. The soldier had been ferried over the stream, and then refused to pay the poor ferryman. There was a principle involved. A large number of soldiers were looking on, and apparently enjoying the ferryman's rage at the loss of his wages. An example was needed, and the "Great Man," as his name signifies, who was *incognito*, being on a tour of personal inspection, ordered the soldier to be beheaded, which was done on the spot.

Wilful murder, piracy, and confirmed theft fall under the headsman's axe. Infanticide, however, is not included as murder. The parent, by Chinese law, has the right of life over his own child; hence the practice of female infanticide.

Capital punishment can be met by proxy, and the law be satisfied. It is not uncommon, therefore, when a man of money is sentenced to death, that he can, by the use of money, secure a stay of proceedings long enough to obtain a substitute. This is done by making an offer of one, two, or more hundred taels for a substitute. Some impecunious family, often having two

hundred or three hundred members, as the patriarchal plan of domestic economy prevails, will agree among themselves that they will furnish a substitute, for the proffered sum. Lot is then cast to determine the victim, and the doomed man accepts his fate with stoical indifference, upon the ultra predestination theory that his time has come, else the lot would not have fallen to him individually. He accordingly presents himself to the court, and the convicted man dies by proxy, while the family of the deceased enjoy the proceeds of the arrangement.

PUNISHMENT IN DAHOMEY.

AN African traveller tells how the King of Dahomey punishes those who offend him. The king sits on a platform, with his subjects below him. Men are then put, bound hand and foot, into a basket, which runs down a slide and discharges them among the mob, who at once proceed to chop them into small pieces. The traveller expostulated, but the king explained to him that the victims were "offensive political partisans."

WHO INVENTED THE SEWING MACHINE?

THE honour of inventing the sewing machine has been claimed at times by many different clever men, but who really "set the ball rolling" will, it is to be feared, remain for ever in obscurity. However, it is interesting to know that, even so far back as the year of grace, and silk and satin costumes for men, 1755, a certain Herr Weisenthal took out a patent for a little instrument, which claims to nearly approach old-fashioned sewing by hand, by means of a needle pointed at either end, and having an eye in the middle. Nothing much came of this, but it may be reckoned as a sure thing that inventors dabbling in mechanical construction did not overlook the patent, and later on, in 1790, we find W. E. Thomas Saint, who, as his name implies, enjoyed the proud privilege of calling himself an Englishman, took out a patent, based somewhat on similar lines.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

ADVICES from Mexico say that Mr. Fay, an American millionaire, is having a gorgeous aerial palace built at Guanajato. It will be over three hundred feet high, and supported by massive iron pillars. It will be surrounded by immense gardens, reminding one of the legendary suspended gardens of Babylon. He has already christened it the Semiramis Palace. Access to it will be obtained by a gigantic lift, and it will be placed in telephonic communication with the town. Mr. Fay has purchased a spring in the neighbourhood in order to have a special supply of water. His reason for building this castle in the air is that it is necessary to live at a great height to escape from the poisonous microbes which infest large cities.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

ALL authorities on the amenities of conversation agree that the discussion of politics and religion should be excluded from general society, for the reason that such discussions are very likely to end unpleasantly. Yet this would not be the case if we were sufficiently philosophic to reflect that we are all what circumstances have made us, and that we, with only an exception now and then, would be of the same opinions as our

neighbours had we been reared under like influences. But politics and religion are, and will probably continue to be, dangerous topics to introduce into the social circle, for the simple reason that they are subjects upon which people generally feel so deeply that they cannot discuss them calmly, courteously, and rationally.

THE DEEMSTER'S OATH.

THE oath administered to the Deemsters of the Isle of Man is very curious:—"By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath, in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly, betwixt our Sovereign Lord the King and his subjects within this isle, and betwixt party and party, *as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish.* So help me God, and by the contents of this book." This reference to the backbone of the herring seems quaint and provocative of laughter, but it is explained by the fact that formerly herrings and potatoes formed the staple food of everybody, and therefore the Deemster was reminded of his oath as often as he ate his daily meal.

STREET MAKING.

STREETS should be made so as to benefit fully by the sunshine. Those running north and south are to be preferred to those running east and west, since the latter do not receive the sun's rays through their whole length for more than six months in the whole year. Taking into consideration the course of the sun, the homes of the dwellers in a town where the streets were planned to go from north-east to south-west, and from north-west to south-east, would enjoy the greatest amount of sunshine.



HUSBANDS who accept engagements out for the evening now write in the corner of the letter W.P.—wife permitting.

YOUNG WRITER:—"What do you think of the poetry I turn out sir?" Old Writer:—"Think you serve it just right, sir."

PAT'S ILLUSTRATION.—"Ye pays no more attention to me," said Pat to his children, "than if I was a dumb baste talking to yez."

THIS reminds us of the laundress who, in alluding to the efficiency of a sister toiler in the suds, declared that she was a very *culpable* woman.

MISTRESS (to servant)—"Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?" Servant—"Yis, mum." Mistress—"What do they say?" Servant—"How fortunate!"

MAGNETIST:—"Yes, waiter, I am a magnetist; would you like to see me tip the table?" Waiter:—"No sah; but if it's all de same to you, sah, yer might tip de waiter, sah."

"My dear, he said, 'what is the difference between ingenious and ingenuous?'—"The difference between u and i," she replied, and he scratched his head for a diagram.

"WELL, Lettie," said a young cadet, "which do you prefer, the army or the navy?"—"I—I prefer the arm-y, George!" replied the young girl, as he slipped his sleeve around her waist.

"STEP this way, if you please, ladies," said the gracious floor-walker, as he led off with a majestic wave of his hand. "We are sorry," said a lady, "but we never learned to step that way."

WIFE (who has had her photograph taken)—"I think the expression about the mouth, John, is too firm." Husband—"A trifle, perhaps, but it was probably an effort for you to keep it shut, my dear."

"My dear Murphy!" said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—The force of habit is always strong. A young man who was calling on a tram car conductor's daughter says that the father wandered in at a rather late hour and, opening the parlour door, mechanically exclaimed, "Sit close, please!"

QUACK.—"John, did you ever observe how fond Dr. X. and his wife are of each other?"—"I hadn't noticed it specially. What makes you think they are?"—"Why, Mrs. X. always calls the doctor her duck."—"Ah, yes—that's because he is a quack!"

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.—"Mamma," said a Cork young lady, "is it proper that Clarence should kiss me before we are married?" "Certainly; you are engaged to him, and besides, if you care to have him kiss you, Penelope, you had better let him do it now."

A HINT FOR LEAP YEAR.—"Charlie, did you ever hear it said that, if a person found a four-leaved clover and put it into a shoe, the first gentleman or lady the person walked with would be either their husband or wife?" "No, never heard of it before." "Well, I found one, and put it into my shoe this morning, and you are the first one I have walked with. I wonder if it is true?"

WE cannot vouch for the following story, but give it for what it is worth:—A former Rugby boy, who was himself admitted to holy orders by Archbishop Tait, says that the candidates for priests' orders were obliged to undergo a very trying ordeal. Each of them was compelled to preach a short extempore sermon, in the chapel, to the Archbishop and Dr. Stanley, who formed the sole congregation, and who occasionally interrupted and criticised the sermon. One day a candidate who was by no means a ready speaker, overwhelmed by nervousness, began stammering, "I will divide my congregation into two—the converted and unconverted." This was too much for the Archbishop's sense of humour.—"I think, sir," he exclaimed, "that as there are only two of us, you had better say which is which."

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SERIAL STORY

THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

THERE were times when that look of utter abstraction almost frightened Mildred Greswold. It was an expression she had seen occasionally during her daughter's lifetime, and which had always made her anxious. It was the look about which Lola used to say when they all met at the breakfast table—

"Papa has had his bad dream again."

That bad dream was no invention of Lola's, but a stern reality in George Greswold's life. He would start up from his pillow in an agony, muttering broken sentences in that voice of the sleeper which seems always different from his natural voice—as if he belonged to another world. Cold beads of sweat would start out upon his forehead, and the wife would put her arms round him and soothe him as a mother soothes her frightened child until the muttering ceased and he sank upon his pillow exhausted, to lapse into quiet sleep, or else awoke and regained calmness in awakening.

The dream—whatever it was—always left its mark upon him next day. It was a kind of nightmare, he told his wife, when she gently questioned him, not urging her questions lest there should be pain in the mere recollection of that horrid vision. He could give no graphic description of that dream. It was all confusion—a blurred and troubled picture—but that confusion was in itself agony.

Rarely were his mutterings intelligible—rarely did his wife catch half-a-dozen consecutive words from those broken sentences; but once she heard him say—

"The cage—the cage again—iron bars—like a wild beast."

And now that absent and cloudy look which she had seen in her husband's face after the bad dream was there often. She spoke to him sometimes, and he did not hear. She repeated the same question twice, or thrice, in her soft, low voice, standing close beside him, and he did not answer. There were times when it was difficult to arouse him from that deep abstraction; and at such times the utter blankness and solitude of her own life weighed upon her like a dead weight, an almost unbearable burden.

"What is to become of us both in all the long years before us?" she thought despairingly. "Are we to be always far apart—living in the same house, spending all our days together, and yet divided?"

She had married before she was eighteen, and at one and thirty was still in the bloom of womanhood, younger than most women of that age, for her life had been subject to none of those vicissitudes and fevers which age women of the world. She had never kept a secret from her husband, never trembled at opening a milliner's account, or blushed at the delivery of a surreptitious letter. The struggles of pre-eminence, the social race in which some women waste their energies and strain their nerves were unknown to her. She had lived at Enderby Manor as the flowers lived, rejoicing in the air and the sunshine, drinking out of a cup of life in which there mingled not one drop of poison. Thus it was that not one line upon the transparent skin marked the passage of a decade. The violet eyes had the limpid purity, and the sweet emotional lips the tender carnation of girlhood. Mildred Greswold was as beautiful at thirty-one as Mildred Fausset had been at seventeen; and yet it seemed to her that life was done, and that her husband had ceased to care for her.

Many and many an hour in that lonely solitude beside the lake she sat with hands loosely clasped in her lap or above her head, with her books lying forgotten at her feet—all the newest books that librarians could send to tempt the jaded appetite of the reader—and her eyes gazing vacantly over the blue of the lake or the snow peaks on the horizon. Often in these silent musings she recalled the past, and looked at the days that were gone as at a picture.

She remembered just such an Autumn as this, a peerless Autumn spent with her father at the Hook—spent for the most part on the river and in the garden, the sunny days and moonlit nights being far too lovely for anyone to waste

indoors. Her seventeenth birthday was not long past. It was just ten years since she had come home to that house to find Fay had vanished from it, and to shed bitter tears for the loss of her companion. Never since that time had she seen Fay's face. Her questions had been met coldly, angrily even, by her mother, and even her father had answered her with unsatisfactory brevity.

All she could learn was that Fay had been sent to complete her education at a finishing school at Brussels.

"At school! Oh, poor Fay. I hope she is happy."

"She ought to be," Mrs. Fausset answered peevishly. "The school is horribly expensive. I saw one of the bills the other day. Simply enormous. The girls are taken to the opera, and have all sorts of ridiculous indulgences."

"Still it is only school, mother, not home," said Mildred compassionately.

This was two years after Fay had vanished. No letter had ever come from her to Mildred, though Mildred was able to write now, in her own sprawling, childish fashion, and would have been delighted to answer any such letter. She had herself indicted various epistles to her friend, but had not succeeded in getting them posted. They had drifted to the waste paper basket, mute evidences of wasted affection.

As each holiday came round the child asked if Fay were coming home, always to receive the same saddening negative.

One day, when she had been more urgent than usual, Mrs. Fausset lost temper and answered sharply—

"No, she is not coming. She is never coming. I don't like her, and I don't intend ever to have her in any house of mine, so you may as well leave off plaguing me about her."

"But, mother, why don't you like her?" asked Mildred.

"Never mind why. I don't like her. That is enough for you to know."

"But, mother, if she is father's daughter and my sister, you ought to like her," pleaded Mildred, very much in earnest.

"How dare you say that—you must not say it again—you are a naughty, cruel child to say such things," exclaimed Mrs. Fausset, beginning to cry.

"Why naughty, why cruel? Oh, mother!" and Mildred cried too. She clasped her arms round her mother's neck and sobbed aloud.

"Dear mother, indeed I'm not naughty," she protested, "but Bell said Fay was papa's daughter. 'Of course she's his daughter,' Bell said, and if she's father's daughter, she's my sister, and its wicked not to love one's sister. The psalm I was learning yesterday says so, mother. 'How sweet and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' And it means sisters just the same, Miss Colville said, when I asked her, and I love Fay. I can't help loving her."

"You must never speak her name again to me," said Mrs. Fausset resolutely. "I shall leave off loving you if you plague me about that odious girl!"

"Then wasn't it true what Bell said?"

"Of course not."

"Mother, would it be wrong for papa to have a daughter?" asked Mildred, perplexed by this mysterious resentment for which she could understand no cause.

"Wrong! It would be *infamous*."

"Would God be angry?" asked the child, with an awe-stricken look. "Would it be wicked?"

"It would be the worst possible insult to me?" said Lord Castleconnel's daughter, ignoring the minor question.

After this Mildred refrained from all further speech about the absent girl to her mother; but, as the years went by, she questioned her father from time to time as to Fay's whereabouts.

"She is very well off, my dear. You need not make yourself unhappy about her. She is with a very nice family, and has altogether pleasant surroundings."

"Shall I never see her again, father?"

"Never's a long day, Mildred. I'll take you to see her by-and-by when there is an opportunity. You see it happens unfortunately that your mother does not like her, so it is better that she should not come here. It would not be pleasant for her—or for me."

He said this gravely, with a somewhat dejected look, and Mildred felt somehow that even to him it would be better to talk no more of her lost companion.

As the years went by, Mrs. Fausset changed from a woman of fashion to a nervous valetudinarian. It was not that she loved pleasure less, but her beauty and her health had both begun to dwindle and fade at an age when other women are in their prime. She fretted at the loss of her beauty—watched every wrinkle, counted every grey hair, lamented over every change in the delicate colouring which had been her chief charm.

"How pretty you are growing, Mildred," she exclaimed once, with a discontented air, when Mildred was a tall, slender slip of fourteen. "You are just what I was at your age. And you will grow prettier every day until you are thirty, and then you will begin to fade as I have done, and feel an old woman as I do."

It seemed to her that her own charms dwindled as her daughter grew. As the bud unfolded the flower faded. She felt almost as if Mildred had robbed her of her beauty. She would not give up the pleasures and excitement of society. She consulted half-a-dozen fashionable physicians, and would not obey one of them. They all prescribed the same repulsive treatment. Rest, early hours, country air, with gentle exercise—no parties, no excitement, no strong tea.

Mrs. Fausset disobeyed them all, and from only fancying herself ill, grew to be really ill, and from chronic lassitude developed an organic disease.

She lingered nearly two years, a confirmed invalid, suffering a good deal and giving other people a great deal of trouble. She died soon after Mildred's sixteenth birthday, and on her death-bed she confided freely in her daughter, who had attended upon her devotedly all through her illness, neglecting everything else in the world for her mother's sake.

"You are old enough to understand things, that must once have seemed very mysterious to you, now, Mildred," said Maud Fausset, lying half hidden in the shadow of muslin bed curtains, with her daughter's hand clasped in hers, perhaps forgetting how young that daughter was, in her own eagerness for sympathy. "You couldn't make out why I disliked that horrid girl so much, could you?"

"No, indeed, mother."

"I hated her because she was your father's daughter, Mildred. His natural daughter. The child of some woman who was not his wife. You are old enough now to know what that means. You were reading the 'Heart of Midlothian' to me last week. You know, Mildred?"

Yes, Mildred knew. She hung her head at the memory of that sad story, and at the thought that her father might have sinned like George Staunton.

"Yes, Mildred, she was the child of some woman he loved before he married me. He must have been desperately in love with the woman or he would never have brought her daughter into my house. It was the greatest insult he could offer to me."

"Was it, mother?"

"Was it? Why of course it was. How stupid you are, child," exclaimed the invalid, peevishly, and the washed, feverish hand grew hotter as she talked.

Mildred blushed crimson as she thought of this story of shame. Poor Fay; poor, unhappy Fay. And yet her strong, clear common sense told her that there were two sides to the question.

"It was not Fay's fault, mother," she said gently. "No one could blame Fay, or be angry with her. And if the—wicked woman was dead, and father had repented, and was sorry, was it very wrong for him to bring my sister home to us?"

"Don't call her your sister," exclaimed Mrs. Fausset, with a feeble scream of angry alarm, "she is not your sister—she is no relation—she is nothing to you. It was an insult to bring her across my threshold. You must be very stupid, or you must care very little for me, if you can't understand that. His conduct proved that he had cared for that low, common woman—Fay's mother—more than ever he cared for me—perhaps he thought her prettier than me," said the invalid in hysterical parenthesis, "and I have never known a happy hour since."

"Oh, mamma, dear, not in all the years when you used to wear such lovely gowns, and go to so many parties?" protested the voice of common sense.

"I only craved for excitement because I was miserable at heart. I don't think you can half understand a wife's feelings, Mildred, or you wouldn't say such foolish things. I wanted you to know this before my death. I want you to remember it always; and if you meet that odious girl avoid her as you would a pestilence. If your father should attempt to bring her here, or to Parchment-street, after I am gone—"

"He will not, mother. He will respect your

wishes too much—he will be too sorry," exclaimed Mildred, bending down to kiss the hot, dry hand, and moistening it with her tears.

The year of mourning that began soon after this conversation was a very quiet interval for father and daughter. They travelled a little, spent six months in Leipsic, where Mildred studied the piano under the most approved masters, a couple of months in Paris, where her father showed her all the lions in a tranquil, leisurely way that was very pleasant, and then they went down to the Hook, and lived there in happy idleness on the river, and in the gardens, all through a long and lovely summer.

Both were saddened at the sight of an empty chair—one sacred corner in all the prettiest rooms—where Maud Fausset had been wont to sit, a graceful languid figure, robed in white, or some pale delicate hue even more beautiful than white in contrast with the background of palms and flowers, Japanese screen or Indian curtain. How pretty she had looked sitting there with books, and scent bottles, and dainty satin-lined basket full of some light frivolous work, which progressed by stages of half a dozen stitches a day. Her fans, her Tennyson, her palms, and perfumes—all had savoured of her own fragile bright-coloured loveliness. She was gone, and father and daughter were alone together—deeply attached to each other, yet with a secret between them, a secret which made a darkening shadow across the lives of both.

Whenever John Fausset wore a look of troubled thought Mildred fancied he was brooding upon the past, thinking of that erring woman who had borne him a child, the child he had tried to fuse into his own family, and to whom her own childish heart had yearned as to a sister.

"It must have been an instinct that made me love her," she said to herself, and then she would wonder idly what the fair sinner who had been Fay's mother was like, and whether her father had really cared more for that frail woman than for his lawful wife.

"Poor pretty mamma, he seemed to doat upon her," thought Mildred. "I cannot imagine his ever having loved anyone as well. I cannot imagine his ever having cared for any other woman in the world."

The formless image of that unknown woman haunted the girl's imagination. She appeared sometimes with one aspect, sometimes another—darkly beautiful, of Oriental type, like Scott's Rebecca—or fair and lowly born like Effie Deans—poor fragile Effie, fated to fall at the first temptation. Poetry and fiction were full of suggestions about that unknown influence in her father's life; but every thought of the past ended in a sigh of pity for that fair wife whose happiness had been clouded over by that half-discovered mystery.

Never a word did she breathe to her father upon this forbidden subject, never a word to Bell, who was still at the head of affairs in both Mr. Fausset's houses, and who looked like a grim and stony repository of family secrets.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SUCH THINGS WERE."

MILDRED had been motherless for a year when that new love began to grow which was to be stronger and closer than the love of mother or father, and which was to take possession of her life hereafter and transplant her to a new soil.

How well she remembered that summer afternoon on which she and George Greswold met for the first time—she a girl of seventeen, fresh, simple-minded, untainted by that life of fashion and frivolity which she had seen only from the outside, looking on as a child at the follies of men and women—he her senior by thirteen years and serious beyond his age. Her father and his father had been friends at the University, and it was this old Oxford friendship which was the cause of George Greswold's appearance at the Hook on that particular afternoon. Mr. Fausset had met him at Henley Regatta, had been moved by the memory of the past on discovering that Greswold was the son of George Ransome, of Magdalen, and had brought his friend's son home to introduce to his daughter. It was not altogether without ulterior thought, perhaps, that he introduced George Greswold into his home. He had a theory that the young men of this latter day were for the most part a weak-kneed and degenerate race; and it had seemed to him that this tall, broad-shouldered young man with the marked features, dark eyes, and powerful brow, was a stronger type than the average bachelor.

"A pity that he is rather too old for Mildred," he said to himself, supposing that his daughter would hardly feel interested in a man who was more than five and twenty.

Mildred saw his face looking at her for the first time to-day in her desolation, as she sat idly beside the lake, and heard the rythmical beat of the paddle wheels in the distance. That grave, dark face impressed her at once, with a sense of power. She did not think the stranger handsome, or fascinating, or aristocratic, or elegant, but she thought of him a great deal, and she was silent and shy in his presence, come as often as he might.

He was in mourning for his mother, to whom he had been deeply attached, and who had died within the last three months, leaving him Enderby Manor and a large fortune. His home life had not been happy. There had been an antagonism between him and his father from his boyhood upwards, and he had shaken the dust of the paternal house off his feet, and had left England, to wander aimlessly, living on a small income allowed him by his mother and making a little money by literature. He was a second son, a person of no importance, except to the mother who doated upon him.

Happily for this younger son his mother was a woman of fortune, and on her death George Ransome became heir to Enderby Manor, the old house in which generations of Greswolds had been born and died since Dutch William was King of England. There had been an old house pulled down to make room for that red brick mansion, and the Greswolds had been lords of the soil since the wars of the Roses—red-rose to the heart's core, and loyal to a unfortunate king whether Plantaganet, Tudor, or Stuart.

By the conditions of his mother's will, George Ransome assumed her family name and crest, and became George Ransome Greswold in all legal documents henceforward; but he signed himself George Greswold, and was known to his friends by that name. He had not loved his father, or his father's race.

He came to the Hook often in that glorious summer weather. At the first he was grave and silent, and seemed oppressed by sad memories; but this seemed natural in one who had so lately lost a beloved parent. Gradually the ice melted,

and his manner brightened. He came without being bidden. He contrived to make himself, as it were, a member of the family, whose appearance surprised nobody. He bought a steam launch, which was always at Mr. Fausset's disposal, and Miss Fausset went everywhere with her father. She recalled those sunlit days now with every impression of the moment; the ever growing sense of happiness; the silent delight in knowing herself beloved; the deepening reverence for the man who loved her; the limitless faith in his power of heart and brain; the confiding love which felt a protection in the mere sound of his voice. Yes, those had been happy days—the rosy dawning of a great joy that was to last until the grave, Mildred Fausset had thought; and now, after thirteen years of wedded love, they had drifted apart. Sorrow which should have drawn them nearer together had served only to divide them.

"Oh, my lamb, if you could know in your heavenly home how much your loss has cost us," thought the mother, with the image of that beloved child before her eyes.

There had been a gloomy reserve in George Greswold's grief which had held his wife at a distance, and had wounded her sorrowful heart. He was selfish in his sorrow, forgetting that her loss was as great as his. He had bowed his head before inexorable fate, had sat down in dust and ashes, and brooded over his bereavement, solitary, despairing. If he did not curse God in his anguish, it was because early teaching still prevailed, and the habits of thought he had learned in childhood were not lightly to be flung off. Upon one side of his character he was a Pagan, seeing in this affliction the hand of Nemesis, the blind and cruel avenger.

They left Switzerland in the late Autumn, and wintered in Vienna, where Mr. Greswold gave himself up to study, and where neither he nor his wife took any part in the gaieties of the capital. Here they lived quietly until the Spring, and then even in the depths of his gloom, a yearning came upon George Greswold to see the home of his race, the manor which he had loved as if it were a living thing.

"Mildred, do you think you could bear to be in the old home again?" he asked his wife suddenly one morning at breakfast.

"I could bear anything better than the life we lead here," she answered, her eyes filling with sudden tears.

"We will go back then—yes, even if it is only to look upon our daughter's grave."

They went back to England and to Enderby Manor within a week after that conversation. They arrived at Romsey Station one bright May afternoon, and found the grey horses waiting to carry them to the old house. How sad and strange it seemed to be coming home without Lola. She had always been their companion in such journeys, and her eager face and glad young voice, on the alert to recognise the first familiar points of the landscape, hill top, or tree, or cottage that indicated home, had given an air of gaiety to everyday life.

The old horses took them back to the Manor, but not the old coachman. A great change in the household had come about after Lola's funeral. George Greswold had been merciless to those servants whose carelessness had brought about that great calamity, which made seven new graves in the churchyard before all was done. He dismissed his bailiff, Mrs. Wadman and her husband, an under dairymaid and cowman, and his housekeeper, all of whom he considered ac-

countable for the use of that foul water from the old well—accountable inasmuch as they had given him no notice of the evil, and had exercised no care or common sense in their management of the dairy. These he dismissed sternly, and that party feeling which rules among servants took this severity amiss, and several other members of the household gave warning.

"Let it be a clean sweep, then," said Mr. Greswold to Bell, who announced the falling away of his old servants. "Let there be none of the old faces here when we come back next year—except yours. There will be plenty of time for you to get new people."

"A clean sweep" suited Bell's temper admirably. To engage new servants who should owe their places to her, and bow themselves down before her, was a delight to the old Irishwoman.

Thus it was that all things had a strange aspect when Mildred Greswold re-entered her old home. Even the rooms had a different air. The new servants had arranged the furniture upon new lines, not knowing that old order which had been a part of daily life.

"Let us go and look at her rooms first," said Mildred softly, and husband and wife went silently to the rooms in the south wing—the octagon room with its dwarf bookcases and bright bindings, its proof engravings after Landseer—pictures chosen by Lola herself. Here nothing was changed. Bell's own hands had kept all things in order. No unfamiliar touch had disturbed the relics of the dead.

Mrs. Greswold stayed in that once happy scene for nearly an hour. It was hard to realise that she and her daughter were never to be together again, they who had been almost inseparable—who had sat side by side by yonder window or yonder hearth in all the changes of the seasons. There was the piano at which they had played and sang together. The music-stand still contained the prettily-bound volumes—sonatas by Hummel and Clementi—easy duets by Mozart, national melodies, Volkes-Lieder. In music the child had been in advance of her years. With the mother music was a passion, and she had imbued her daughter with her own tastes in all things. The child's nature had been a carrying on and completing of the mother's character, a development of all the mother's gifts.

She was gone, and the mother's life seemed desolate and empty—the future was a blank. Never in her life had she so much needed her husband's love—active, considerate, sympathetic, and yet never had he seemed so far apart from her. It was not that he was unkind or neglectful, it was only that his heart made no movement towards hers; he was not in sympathy with her. He had wrapped himself in his grief as in a mantle; he stood aloof from her, and seemed never to have understood that her sorrow was as great as his own.

He left her on the threshold of Lola's room. It might be that he could not endure the sight of those things which she looked at weeping in an ecstasy of grief. To her that agony of touch and memory, the aspect of things that belonged to the past seemed to bring her lost child nearer to her—it was as if she stretched her hands across the gulf and touched those vanished hands.

"Poor piano," she sighed; "poor piano, that she loved."

She touched the keys softly, playing the first few bars of *la ci darem la namo*. It was the first melody they had played together, mother and

child—arranged easily as a duet. Later they had sung it together, the girl's voice clear as a bird's, and seeming to need training no more than a bird's voice. These things had been, and were all over.

"What shall I do with my life?" cried the mother despairingly; "what shall I do with all the days to come—now she is gone."

She left those rooms at last, locking the doors behind her, and went out into the garden. The grand old cedars cast their broad shadows on the lawn. The decrepid old mulberry stretched out his gnarled and crooked limbs. The rustic chairs and tables were there, as in the days gone by, when that velvet turf under the cedars had been Mrs. Greswold's summer parlour. Would she sit there ever again, she wondered: could she endure to sit there without Lola?

There was a private way from the Manor gardens into the churchyard, a short cut to church by which mother and daughter had gone twice on every Sunday ever since Lola was old enough to know what Sunday meant. She went by this path in the evening stillness to visit Lola's grave.

She gathered a few rosebuds as she went.

"Buds for my bud," she murmured softly.

All was still and solemn in the old churchyard shadowed by sombre yews—a churchyard of irregular levels and moss-grown monuments enclosed by rusty iron railings, and humbler headstones of crumbling stone covered over with an orange-coloured lichen which was like vegetable rust.

The names on these were for the most part illegible, the lettering of a fashion that has passed away: but here and there a brand new stone perked itself up amongst these old memorials with an assertive statement about the dead.

Lola's grave was marked by a white marble slab, with a dove in alto relievo. The inscription was of the simplest—

"Laura, the only child of George and Mildred Greswold, aged twelve."

There were no words of promise or of consolation upon the stone.

The grave was under a large mountain ash, whose white blossoms and delicate leaves made a kind of temple above the marble slab. Mildred knelt down in the shadow of the foliage, and let her head droop over the cold stone. There was a skylark singing in the blue vault high above the old Norman tower—a carol of joy and young glad life, as it seemed to Mildred, sitting in the dust. What a mockery that joyousness of springtime and nature seemed.

She knew not how long she had knelt there in silent grief when the branches rustled suddenly, as if a strong arm had parted them, and a man flung himself down heavily upon a turf-covered mound—a neglected, nameless grave—beside Lola's monument. She did not stir from her kneeling attitude, or lift her head to look at the new-comer, knowing that the mourner was her husband. She had heard his footsteps approaching, heavy and slow in the stillness of the place.

The trunk of the tree hid her from that other mourner as she knelt there. He thought himself alone, and in the abandonment of that fancied solitude he groaned aloud, as Job may have groaned sitting among ashes.

"Judgment!" he cried, "judgment!" and then after an interval of silence he cried again "judgment!"

That one word so repeated seemed to freeze all the blood in her veins. What did it mean, that exceeding bitter cry,

"Judgment!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE FACE IN THE CHURCH.

TWO months had gone since that first visit to Lola's grave, when the husband and wife had knelt so near each other and yet so far apart in the infinite mystery of human consciousness; he with his secret thoughts and secret woes which she had never fathomed; he unaware of her neighbourhood; she chilled by a vague suspicion and sense of estrangement which had been growing upon her ever since her daughter's death.

It was summer again, the ripe, full-blown summer of mid-July. The awful anniversary of their bereavement had passed in silence and prayer. All things at Enderby looked as they had looked in the years that were gone, except the faces of the servants, which were for the most part strange. That change of the household made a great change in life to people so conservative as George Greswold and his wife; and the old home seemed so much the less like home because of that change. The Squire of Enderby felt that his popularity was lessened in the village for which he had done so much. His severe dealing with the offenders had pleased nobody, not even the sufferers from the epidemic whose losses he had avenged. He had shown himself implacable, and there were many who said he had been unjust.

"It was hard upon Wadman and his wife to be turned off after twenty years faithful service," said the villagers. "The Squire may go a long way before he'll get as good a bailiff as Muster Thomas."

For the first time since he had inherited the estate George Greswold had felt himself surrounded by an atmosphere of discontent, and even dislike. His tenants seemed afraid of him, and were reticent and moody when he talked to them, which he did much seldomer than of old, making a great effort over himself, in order to appear interested in their affairs.

Mildred's life during those summer weeks, while the roses were opening, and all the flowers succeeding each other in a procession of loveliness—had drifted along like a slow, dull stream that flows sluggishly through a desolate swamp. There was neither beauty nor colour in her existence; there was a sense of vacuity, an aching void. Nothing to hope for, nothing to look back upon, since to remember the joys of the past was to drink the cup of bitterest grief.

"If I could learn to forget, I might learn to hope," she told herself, but she had no expectation of ever learning either lesson.

She did not abandon herself slavishly to her sorrow. She tried to resume the life of duty which had once been so full of sweetness, so rich in its rewards for every service. She went about among the cottagers as of old, she visited the shabby gentilities on the fringe of the market town, the annuitants and struggling families, the poor widows and elderly spinsters, who had quite as much need of help as the cottagers, and whom it had always been her delight to encourage and sustain with friendliness and sympathy, as well as with delicate benefactions, gifts that never humiliated the recipient. She took up the thread of her work in the parish schools; she resumed her old interest in the church services and decorations, in the inevitable charity bazaar, or organ fund concert. She played her part in the parish so well, that people began to say—

"Mrs. Greswold is getting over her loss."

In him the shock had left a deeper mark. His whole aspect was changed. He looked ten years older than before the coming of sorrow; and though people loved her better, they pitied him more.

"She has more occupations and pursuits to interest her," said Mr. Rollinson, the curate. "She is devoted to music—and that employs her mind."

Yes, music was her passion, but in these days of mourning even music was allied to pain. Every melody she played—every song she sang—recalled the child whose appreciation of that divine art had been far beyond her years. They had sung and played together. Often singing alone in the summer dusk, in that corner of the long drawingroom where Lola's babyish chair still stood, she had started, fancying she heard that other voice mingling with her own—the sweet, clear tones, which had sounded seraphic even upon earth.

Oh, was she with the angels now, or was it all a fable, that fond vision of a fairer world and an angelic choir, singing before the great white throne? To have lost such a child was almost to believe in the world of seraphim and cherubim, of angels and purified spirits. Where else could she be?

(To be continued.)

GRANDFATHER'S TRUST.

GRANDFATHER stands by the cradle,
And looks on the baby face,
Such a tiny human atom,
Yet heir to his grand old race.

From his soft nest in the cradle,
With its curtains, white and blue,
A little fat arm is stretched,
And baby begins to "coo."

What knows the innocent baby,
Or knowing, what would he care?
That he's the last of princely line,
A grandfather's only heir.

Or that grandfather wonders dimly,
As he stands besides his cot
If he'll guard that name with honour,
That never knew shame or blot.

He is such a tiny atom
To hold in his dimpled hands,
The honour of a grand old race,
The broad heritage of lands.

"Ah! but then," the old man ponders,
"He bears title nobler still,
Baby has a holier name,
And a higher trust to fill."

"This very day we promised,
With his kindred all around,
Where the dust of generations
Lie silenced in the ground."

"That he'd bear the banner nobly,
Like a loyal knight and true,
And the darling seem'd to know it,
For he smiled, and answered 'coo.'"

"So I think I'll leave the matter,
With a brave and simple trust,
To the Captain he will follow
When I'm mouldering to dust."

"To-morrow—or some day—maybe,
When the baby has grown tall,
When 'grandfather' is buried,
And he's master of the Hall."

"Shall he confirm the covenant
We have made for him to-day,
To uphold his colours proudly
Where his Captain leads the way?"

"In that hour when he is master,
Will he prove himself 'true blue'?"
The old man's tears are dropping fast,
But the baby answers "coo."

HARAS.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, February 7th, 1888.

The favourable opening of last week's Markets, which, for a time, showed signs of improvement, has been short-lived; and, at the close, we have to report an almost general decline in prices, although, at the extreme close, a slight recovery from the lowest points took place. It can easily be understood that the disquieting telegrams which come to hand, together with more or less weakness from the Continental Bourses, are not calculated to inspire confidence in our Market; but at no time can it be said that anything approaching panic has shown itself, and even as we write there are not wanting signs of a general improvement, which, we believe, will be realised as soon as Prince Bismarck's speech in the Reichstag, on the second reading of the Army Bill, has become known. There has been no disposition, so far, to offer Stock to any extent, and prices have, in most instances, been put down more as a protection than anything else; and the moment confidence is restored we expect to see a sharp rebound. By no means should securities be parted with, and certainly none of the low priced Stocks which we have lately recommended. The settlement in Consols still shows a moderate account open for the fall, and Contangos did not exceed 1 1/2%. Stock being scarce. Money is only in moderate demand, the rate for short loans being quoted at 3/4 to 1 1/2%.

English Rails have been dull and lower, in sympathy with the Foreign Market. At any other time the announcement of a "treaty of peace," between the Southern Lines (which, though not officially declared, may, nevertheless, be taken as an accomplished fact) would have given a tremendous impetus to this market, and we should probably have seen Brighton A up 5 1/2%, and others in proportion. That a sharp advance in this Stock will take place before very long there can be very little doubt about; and we should not be surprised to see them stand at 125, and, eventually, even higher. With very few exceptions English Railways will go better. The only one which we consider much above its intrinsic value is North British, which had better be left alone (certainly not bought).

Foreigners have been the worst market, although the fall has been chiefly confined to Russian, which are down nearly 2 1/2% on the week. Some of the Central and South American Stocks gave way, but to no great extent. We should not advise a purchase for the moment in any of the high-priced Stocks, but those we have recommended from time to time must not be parted with, seeing that they hold their own, and are not, by any means, at fancy prices. Paraguay Land Warrants still remain at about £5, and will be double this price directly.

Americans still very dull, but the variations are not important, and, in the face of general depression, have been fairly maintained. We have no reason to alter our views, and are still assured from a very reliable source (usually well-informed and correct) that the long-talked-of boon will (bar foreign complication) not be much longer delayed. Speculation in America, though still very dull, is not without signs of a revival—a hopeful view of the near future is shared in by those who generally know what they are doing. Stock is known to be very scarce, and is in the hands of strong people, who have taken it off the market, and can afford to wait.

Mines, excepting diamonds, have been dull, and in some cases lower. Tintos down to 20 1/2% which we predicted. Cape Copper, @ 50. Panulcillo Copper we hear well spoken of. This Company has paid its way with copper at £40 per ton; and in view of an agreement now pending with the French Syndicate for the sale of its productions for the next three years, @ £60 per ton, it is not too much to say that the prospects for the future are very promising. The Shares are £4 fully paid, and can be bought at about 6 1/2%. Moodie's Gold, @ 2 3/4, are a good purchase; the latest reports from this Mine are very encouraging.

The Miscellaneous Market has been fairly steady, with the exception of a 3% fall in Guinness. Aerated Bread are steady at about 5, and will go better. Suez Canal 82 1/4-1/2. We shall endeavour next week to draw the attention of our readers to some Stocks in this Market which the public have overlooked, but which, at present prices, would prove a safe and profitable investment.

Since writing the above there is a further slight recovery in prices generally, on Prince Bismarck's pacific speech, which should have a very favourable effect on all the Stock Markets.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF IRISH SOCIETY.

Dublin, 2nd February, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I hold Americans, as annexed, which are now much below what I paid. Would you advise me to sell at a loss or hold? Please let me know in your next issue, and oblige.

SUBSCRIBER.

No. 1 Eries.—We certainly should not sell at present prices, and as a speculation they should go better as soon as the American Market improves.

No. 2.—Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore, these being Mortgage Bonds, and yielding a fair rate of interest, should be kept.

Dublin, 4th February, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I bought Viola's on your recommendation at 1 1/2%, and my Broker says they "are down" and a "bad Stock." Will you please say if this is the case? and oblige

ADVERTISER.

Your Broker has a perfect right to form his own opinion as to the value of these shares, but we have an equal right to differ, in fact, we recommend them more strongly than ever. Here is the latest report—"Ore smelted, 565 tons; Lead produced 234 tons. Net profits for the week £2,000." Possibly your Broker would be surprised to hear a dividend announced at the rate of 30% per annum. We are at a loss to know where they are "down" to, certainly not down in price. At £1 17s. 6d., plus 6d. per Share commission, they stand you in £1 18s. per Share Net, and you cannot get them at this price in the London Market. Perhaps your Broker is the unfortunate Seller. Pay for them and lock them away. You will not regret it.

Dublin, 4th February, 1888.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly answer the following, and oblige yours truly,

A. B. C.

1. Would you bear Trunks?—Certainly not.
2. What was the lowest point touched by Brighton A on 27th January last?—The lowest Tape price that we can trace was 115 1/4-1/2. They closed at 115 1/2-3/4 (ex. div.) We cannot give any advice, not knowing the conditions under which the account was opened. If, with a margin for cover, and to run off at middle price, you have no redress, we should never recommend this kind of speculation.
3. Where in America is the Viola Mine situated?—Not far from Salt Lake City. We think our answer to "Advertiser" may interest you.

ORDNANCE—Kindly inform me if Hochkiss have paid any dividend, and if not what they are expected to pay?—Dividend on Hochkiss not declared up to time of writing. We cannot anticipate what it will be.

[Queries on monetary matters requiring replies in current number should reach us not later than Monday.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEA.—We do not publish anonymous contributions.

A WELL-WISHER.—We beg to thank you for your valuable contributions, which we have inserted.

TROUBLE.—If you wish an answer to your query, you must send name and address, as a guarantee of good faith.

R. S.—You will understand that it would be highly invidious publicly to name any private teacher as *facile princeps* in the accomplishment you desire to acquire. At present, however, we really do not know, but we will inquire, and give you by letter a list of the best names procurable, from which you can make a selection.

THE SAFETY OF PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN DUBLIN.

IN commencing a series of short articles on this subject, we do not, as we stated last week, desire to write in an alarmist spirit, in view of the panics, but simply "with the object of causing those responsible for the protection of audiences in theatres and other places of entertainment, to take every precaution that exits are ample, and, at all times, in full and free working order." We have in Dublin amusement resorts which are as perfect in these respects as are to be found in any city of the kingdom; and, on the other hand, there are places to which the public flock nightly, which are not, by any means, as well provided with commodious outlets as the safety of the public imperatively demands. The question is one that receives but scant attention from the daily press of the city, which is possibly so immersed in politics as to have neither taste nor time for a consideration of this subject. Amusement-seekers will, however, recognise its importance, and if we can only sufficiently enlist their attention, there is no doubt whatever that lessees and managers of the places in question will have everything made right that is now wrong.

One of the oldest of our city buildings used for public entertainments is the Rotundo, and we believe that it will be universally admitted that nothing could surpass the facilities it affords for a rapid clearance of the house. The Round-room has so many entrances and exits that, like the other divisions of the building, it may be regarded as a model of security for audiences, and, as a matter of fact, accidents in connexion with it are unknown. Next week we shall call attention to some places of amusement in the city that are not all they should be in the matter of the safety of the public.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

SOME funny cases of mistaken identity occurred during the progress of the Morley-Ripon procession through the streets of Dublin. In not a few instances the wrong men were cheered vociferously, and some of them liked it, while others of them didn't. In the category of those who were pleased that they were the objects of popular acclaim, though accorded mistakenly, was a gentleman well known in the journalistic world of Dublin, in which he has been a bright particular star for fully a quarter of a century. Not a Judge on the Bench but knows him, and salutes him too, when he meets him; not a barrister or attorney within the confines of the Circular Road, but has a pleasant nod and "how d'ye do?" for him at all seasons and in all weathers. You couldn't help taking to him, he is so good-natured and jolly, as his outer anatomy will tell you at a glance—fat, rotund, and "responsible." Our friend was "doing" the procession, and he did it aristocratically, as became him, in a carriage, which he had all to himself. But the crowd spotted him, and raised cheer after cheer for him as he left, and when afterwards describing the ovation, he explained it in this way—"Begor, they took me for William O'Brien," between whose appearance and that of our corpulent friend there is a similarity such as exists between the thinnest fish you ever saw and a porpoise in the prime condition.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society," payable in advance.

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WEEK ENDING 11th FEBRUARY, 1888.

It is rumoured that Prince Albert Victor is, after all, to be married to Princess Victoria of Teck. The Queen put every obstacle in the way, and the Prince of Wales has been obstinate; but the young Prince, backed up by the ancient Duchess of Cambridge, has, it appears, overcome every stumbling block, and it is now a certainty that the Duke of Teck will have the honour of being father to one of England's future Queens.

We believe we are correct in saying that Prince Albert Victor will visit Ulster in the summer, as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, at Baronscourt, county Tyrone, where he will remain for a few days. During his Royal Highness's stay in the north he will, we understand, visit Belfast.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has resumed his official duties at the Castle, after a short season at the family seat, Mountstewart. During his stay there the noble Marquis enjoyed splendid sport with the County Down Stag-hounds—one of the finest packs in Ireland—and as a *souvenir* of his Excellency's visit, Mr. Slagg, a Belfast photographer, has taken some striking groups of the hunt.

Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry has also returned to town, in greatly improved health, we are glad to say, and is now frequently seen driving in our principal thoroughfares.

The expenses of the Queen and her suite during the approaching visit to the Continent, will, it is calculated, be about £220 a day. These expenses will be defrayed by the Sovereign.

Our artist has successfully produced a sketch of a distinguished lady, who is not less respected for her kindness of disposition than for the distinction which she deservedly enjoys in Irish and English society. Frances Maria Adelaide, Lady Ashbourne, daughter of the late Henry Colles, Esq., Barrister-at-law, was married in 1868 to Edward Gibson, Esq. (now Lord Ashbourne, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland), and has a family of four sons and four daughters. Our sketch represents her ladyship attired in a magnificent dinner gown of tabac satin duchesse, with tablier and bodice trimming of beaded embroidery, which was specially designed for their Excellencies' dinner party on the 3rd inst.

Major Kildare Burrowes, who has had an altercation with his brother-in-law, Lord Howard de Walden, is the son of a much respected Irish Baronet.

Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish leave Holker Hall on the 10th inst. for Devonshire House, London. His lordship was obliged to sojourn in the south of France last winter for the benefit of his health, but is so much improved he does not contemplate going abroad this year.

The Honourable Mrs. Ferrall's ball took place on Wednesday night, the 8th inst., at her residence, Merrion Square. There was a large and fashionable attendance, and dancing was kept up with much spirit.

The report is current that Lady Burdett Coutts and some other philanthropic ladies in London are projecting the establishment of rooms furnished with sewing machines, to which poor women may take their work and use the machines at a nominal cost.

Such a movement is worthy of the noble-hearted lady who heads it. It is a matter of regret that a similar movement is not on foot in our city, where so many poor seamstresses, etc. have to eke out an existence by working with the primitive needle and thread. Had they the cheap use of sewing machines they could do more work, and of course, earn more money, while the saving of health which the boon would afford would be a blessing to those whom the movement would benefit.

We are to have an Irish Exhibition on a grand scale at Olympia, Kensington, London, opening in May next, and the first list of patrons has just been issued. This contains over two hundred names of noblemen, members of parliament, prelates, and of men distinguished in literature, science, art, and commerce, and are specially representative of the various religious and political creeds of the United Kingdom.

According to a statement just issued by the Executive of the movement, it appears that the Irish Exhibition has been undertaken with the following objects:—(1.) To place before the English public a clear view of the predominant industries of Ireland. (2.) To awaken public interest in the efforts being made to revive her trade. (3.) To exhibit to the many thousands of persons in England who have never crossed the Irish Channel somewhat of her deeply-interesting historical and antiquarian treasures.

(4.) To illustrate the worth and significance of Irish art; and, finally, to help to moderate prejudices, which are frequently tending to fetter the judgment at the very root of misunderstandings between people and people. It is further stated that the movement is "entirely outside the area of politics, freed from all sectarian or class interest, and initiated and undertaken with a worthy purpose." Certainly, in the best interests of Ireland, the more of this kind of thing we have the better.

Students of Irish Ecclesiastical History have a rich treat in store for them, this being the delivery of a series of public lectures in the Divinity School of Trinity by Professor Stokes, a gentleman eminently qualified for so important a task. The subject of the lectures will be "Ireland and the Anglo-Norman Church." The first of the series was given on Tuesday afternoon last, when a deeply interesting discourse was given by the learned Professor on Anglo-Norman Organisation in Church and State, and the Origin of the Viceregal Office. The second was delivered to a large assembly of educated people on Thursday afternoon, the subject being St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin. The next is fixed for the 16th, when Archbishop Comyn and St. Patrick's Cathedral will be the topics. On the 21st, Bishop De Grey and Anglo-Norman Feuds; on the 23rd, Archbishop Henry and the Wars of Meath and Kildare; on the 28th, the Irish Convocation and Parliament, and the first attempts at Parliamentary Union; March 1st, Social Life in Ireland in the 13th and 14th Centuries, and the earliest University of Dublin; March 6th, the Primates of Armagh and the Celtic Church; and March 8th (close of the series), a Murdered Archbishop and the Geraldine Rebellion. Educated public interest in these lectures is certain to increase as they proceed.

Mrs. Hogan-Kennard gave a leap-year dance at her house in Chesterfield Gardens, London, on Tuesday evening. Gentlemen were not allowed to choose their partners; but had to wait until they were asked by the ladies. The affair was a huge success.

The gathering on Friday in the Pillar Room of the Rotunda, in aid of the distressed Irish Ladies' Fund, is bound to be a brilliant one, not alone from its meritorious object, but in consequence of the occasion being the third dance of the well-managed Cinderella Club for the same object. The committee of ladies having charge of the arrangements is an influential one, comprising the names of Lady Emly, Lady O'Hagan, the Hon. Mrs. O'Hagan, the Hon. Mrs. Trench, Mrs. Power Lalor, Lady Ardilaun, Lady Arthur Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Dormer, Mrs. Jellett, and Mrs. Guy O. Twiss; and everything that taste can suggest and ingenuity effect to render the dance a pronounced success is sure to be accomplished. Up to the present we understand the number of tickets taken is large.

The Castle festivities this season have been a signal success. To begin with the Drawingroom was a superb affair, in spite of the regrettable absence of Lady Londonderry. The bevy of fair debutantes was actually dazzling, among them Miss Louisa Conolly fully sustained the



LADY ASHBOURNE.

family reputation for personal charms. The dinners and dances have also been most successful. St. Patrick's Hall chastely decorated in white and gold, with the exquisite taste which characterises the Talbot family, was the scene of a conflict of beauty and fashion, such as has been rarely witnessed even in our most prosperous days. To crown all Liddell was in the best of tempers. Need it be said that with such advantages dancing was carried on with spirit up to a late hour, under the auspices of the ubiquitous Chamberlain.

The Dublin Popular Concerts in the Leinster Hall have been a great success in all respects. On Saturday last the Chevalier Emil Bach appeared, and in his pianoforte selections was received with enthusiastic applause. The other *artistes* comprised Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Cullen, Madame Thea Sanderini, Mr. Drummond Hamilton, and Herr Rudersdorff; Mr. W. H. Collisson conducted. The last of the pleasant series will be given on Saturday, 11th inst., when Miss Hanlon, Miss Agnes Janson, Mr. Charles Chille, Signor Papini, Signor Esposito, and Herr Rudersdorff will take part.



This popular Theatrical Manager takes his Annual Benefit at the Queen's Royal Theatre, on Monday evening next, 13th instant, when we trust that the occasion will be a bumper. Mr. Whitbread is fortunate in the possession of troops of friends who are certain to rally round him on his Benefit Night, and certainly no man in the profession better deserves a warm public recognition. The programme includes the Drama *Ireland As It Was*, in which the *beneficiaire* will appear, a comedieta, farce, and miscellaneous concert, concluding with *Handy Andy*. Mr. Whitbread is the author of several sterling dramas, among which are *The Foster Brothers*, *Shoulder to Shoulder*, and *The Race of Life*, the two latter of which were first produced in Dublin.

A lady asks us to remind hostesses that dancing and dinner dresses are not constructed with a view to protect their wearers against the weather, and that, accordingly, ladies who propose giving parties should see that their rooms are comfortably warmed in good time. We can warmly sympathise with our fair correspondent as it is so very difficult to feel gay and festive when shivering in ethereal garb in a chilly room.

In one of our city restaurants the other day a gentleman took his seat and gave his order. After a long time the waitress returned and was asked by the faint and hungry man, "Are you the girl who took my order?" "Yes, sir." "Bless me," said the gentleman, "how you have grown!" Restaurateurs take a hint.

The children invited by Mrs. Fred Kennedy, 62 Merrion Square, last Saturday spent a most enjoyable evening. Magic lanterns and other festivities were provided for them, which they thoroughly appreciated.

The democratic spirit of the age has entered into aristocratic circles with marvellous results. Scarcely a day passes which does not convey a lesson worth learning by those who have for long "sat at ease," and we are glad to perceive that amongst the nobility and gentry of these countries a better spirit is beginning to actuate, and that a more practical and useful future is slowly but surely dawning upon them. Not so long ago it would have been an unpardonable disgrace if a scion of a noble house were to engage in any kind of trade. Now things are different, the ambition amongst the best families being as to which will be the first in adopting a business or profession of a profitable and high-class character.

Thus we read of Lady Mackenzie, as "Madame de Courcy," making and purveying the most charming and popular of bonnets and hats, at a price much more reasonable than the ordinary shopkeeper. Then there is a Mrs. Kerr, sister to the Countess of Dunraven, employed at the same practical and lady-like business; Lady "Greeny" Gordon, sister-in-law to the Marquis of Huntly, who keeps a neat baby-linen shop as Madame Lierre; Mrs. Polkington, who is well-known in society, trades under the name of "Madame Lily," and "Madame Isabelle" is the wife of an officer in the 14th Hussars. A fashionable beauty of a few years ago is also making good profits out of dress-making; but most people think her charges too heavy. Verily England is becoming more than ever—and we pleasurably acknowledge the fact—a nation of shopkeepers.

Miss Lulu A. Tuxburg, of Michigan, is the first woman reported to have taken advantage of leap year privileges this year. At an evening party a few weeks since she led her bashful lover to a secluded nook, proposed, and was immediately accepted. This enterprising lady was married four days later.

Some time ago a man well-known in public life met a fair young Dublin lady here, who in age was thirty years his junior. The gentleman possessed a title, and the young lady yearned to participate in his honours. Accordingly they became engaged, and in the course of time were married. The honeymoon was passed in London and Paris, and a few days ago the pair returned to their future home. The dilapidated condition of the mansion, and the class of society in which she was expected to mix, so disgusted the gay Dublin girl that she packed up her bag and baggage, and is once more under the parental roof. 'Tis not all gold that glitters!

Should any of our readers be unfortunately troubled with rheumatism, we recommend to their notice the latest specific for that dire complaint. It is called "dimethylphenyloxyphragol." Whoever survives such a name will be able to laugh at such a trifle as rheumatism!

Perhaps some of our military readers will be able to inform us how it comes about that a certain senior lieutenant, until recently serving as a staff officer in the Dublin district, has been appointed Quarter-master of a regiment in which he never previously served a day? The reason why we ask this question is, because we think the transfer looks like a "job."

We have heard many complaints recently about the foggy and damp nature of the weather; but if ladies only knew that the secret of a good complexion lay in a damp and foggy atmosphere, we are sure that the fog and damp would be much more welcome. Ladies who live in foggy countries have the finest complexions, and those who have dry and harsh complexions live in a dry, sunny country. Dampness permeates the flesh and keeps the skin soft.

Ladies, tired of amateur photography and not caring to be infected by the whistling craze, are going in for the home manufacture of scent. As long as a craze begets some practical benefit, no person can reasonably object to the exercise of the variable moods and whims that sometimes afflict our fair sisters.

Lawn Tennis is to be promoted to the rank of a national pastime. *Vide* the deliberations of the National Lawn Tennis Association in London the other day. This will be pleasing intelligence to the members of the numerous Clubs in and around Dublin. By the way, we hope the Tritonville Club's Dance in the Antient Concert Rooms, on the 21st instant, will be a success.

The time-honoured festival of St. Valentine is indicated by the display of valentines in various shop windows in the city. It is becoming more apparent, nevertheless, that the practice of sending valentines is rapidly decaying—a circumstance, doubtless, to a great extent due to the now more fashionable courtesy of exchanging Christmas Cards. It is a pity that this good old custom of sending valentines is dying out, as the sentiment that the birds mated on this day is a beautiful one, and one worthy of perpetuation.

Ladies will be interested to know that for evening wear it is now literally "neck or nothing." We mean that either very low or very high bodices are worn. Either the throat must be left entirely unadorned, not even allowing the string of pearls which was once *de regle*, or else a great deal in the way of ribbon is worn, fastened with a coquettish little bow in front or at the side.

Here is something worth considering by scientific men. If recent Irish "bulls" have lost something of the incongruous wisdom characteristic of Sir Boyle Roche's best sayings, or of those attributed to him, they have not fortunately been deprived of the whole of their originality and piquancy, coming sometimes, too, as they do, from the least expected quarters. Who, for instance, would dream of Professor Mahaffy perpetrating a "bull." And yet the erudite Trinity Don has in a moment achieved an immortality of fame in this way, while at a single stroke he has knocked Sir Boyle Roche into a cocked hat. Lecturing at Oxford recently on Irish "bulls," he both delighted and enlightened his audience on the variety and originality of these Hibernian productions. Dr. Mahaffy was in ecstasy; and so the learned professor proceeded amid the cachinnations of his enraptured listeners without a stumble. But his time had come. Assuming a serious air, said he—"Now, gentlemen, Irish 'bulls' are pregnant—." The Rev. Dr. Mahaffy has not finished that lecture yet.

A few evenings since a little scene was enacted at the North Wall which seems to have escaped the notice of the "journalist about town." As the hour approached at which the steamers start on their cross-channel journey, an outside car drew up at the offices of the L. & N. W. R., its occupants being a young lady and gentleman. As the pair alighted they were eagerly scanned by a middle-aged, military-looking gentleman, who had been in waiting at the station during the evening. Evidently recognising them, he stepped forward, and accosted the young Adonis. A conversation ensued, which, as the minutes passed, grew more and more heated. After having delivered a few excited sentences, the elderly gentleman grasped the younger by the collar, swung a blackthorn stick which he carried in an alarming way, and exclaimed in stentorian accents, "Ha; so I have foiled you, sir. And you, Mr. —, would steal my daughter from under her father's roof. You shall pay for this, sir."

The mystery was solved. It was an elopement. The young lady, by this time, was in tears, and earnestly entreated her irate parent to control his feelings. "Fanny," he replied, "could you treat your father so cruelly! Will you go with Mr. —, or will you come home with me." During the progress of the altercation, a crowd of jarveys and quay porters was attracted, and displayed their want of good manners by broadly grinning, and chiming in with such remarks as "Go it, old 'un." "Two to one on the young man," &c., while several of them inquired of each other, "Is he runnin' off with the girl?" The conduct of the crowd had the effect of cooling down the pater, who acted on the advice of his runaway daughter, took a cab for the trio (for by this time he seemed to be more friendly disposed towards his would-be son-in-law), and drove off amid the shouts and cheers of the assembled Jehus and ship-labourers.

We have seen it stated that a lady who recently became celebrated in a great divorce case, has been the daily occupant of a seat in the reading room of the British Museum. Needless to say, that amongst a certain class of readers, the lady's presence attracts a greater amount of attention than anything else.

Natural flowers during the coming season will be in greater demand than ever. The old fashion of taking posies to the theatre is being revived in London. We hope to see the ladies of Ireland adopting a similar practice.

Ladies—"Mephisto" hats are now all the rage in London.

The wedding of Prince Oscar to Miss Ebba Munk will take place at Bournemouth about the middle of next month.

"Sleeping beauties" are now becoming all the rage. Recently we read of the Battersea girl who had been sleeping for some weeks, and just the other day news came all the way from Germany regarding a young and beautiful lady, who has been enjoying a quiet and peaceable slumber for the past fortnight. To disturb the monotonous routine of Dublin life, might not some enterprising beauty, desirous of notoriety follow the example of her foreign sisters.

A lady of this city was riding in a tram car. Among the passengers was a young would-be-swell. A young woman of his own class entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred, and said: "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." Oh, no depravity, miss," was his reply, "no depravity at all; I prefer to stand." You can imagine the effect upon the passengers.

In a recent interview Mr. George J. Bancroft attributed his longevity to the fact that he is the middle child in his father's family, equally distant from the youngest and the oldest; that he has always gone to bed at ten o'clock, unless it had been impossible; and that he has always spent four hours in each day in the open air, unless prevented by a storm. If Mr. Bancroft has been able to follow the above rules, all we can say is that he has been more fortunately placed than the majority of men in this world.

We are informed that one of the 'most lucrative callings in Paris just now is that of a "knot-maker," or "tyer of cravats." The individual who practises this art is usually the deftest of manipulators, and makes as much as £2 a night at it. The good "knot-maker" jumps into his cab about six o'clock in the evening, and is whirled around to his customers just like a fashionable physician. This is a century of curiosities!

There is every reason, we believe, that cousin Jonathan and his wives and daughters mean to cross the "herring pond" in great numbers this season. To impecunious princes, soi-disant dukes, roulette-playing counts, and horse-racing lords, this will be great news indeed. The railroad and stock-exchange kings of America love a lord, but they adore a prince. The hotel-keeper, another species of tourist vulture, and one who is as insatiable as that bird of evil omen, will also gloat over this intelligence.

London society, will, we believe, be in the happy possession of at least one accomplished lady whistler this coming season. The lady is not only young and beautiful, but is the daughter of an earl, and as she can sing very well, and is generally charming, it is all the more strange that she should have taken the trouble to qualify as a fashionable *sillieuse*. She can, it is stated, without any apparent effort, introduce trills and shakes, and mellow notes of the most flute-like tone.

It may not be generally known that a gentleman who resides in one of the principal squares of our city possesses no less than fifty cats. The cats are carefully attended to and as they are educated to a state of perfect obedience the neighbours are not much troubled with their nocturnal solos.

French ladies have always been recognized as the leaders of fashion and feminine gaiety; but English ladies do not for any length of time allow them to have the monopoly in anything. The French superstition that no marriage can be a happy one unless the bride has one hair of every member of her family sown into the lining of her wedding-gown, has at last taken root in England. A young lady who was married the other day at Kensington had a

general collection of hair—even including one from her favourite pet dog—made, and attached as much importance to it as to the fifty yards of material, exclusive of lace, which her French maid brought from Paris for the wedding dress.

Why do not some of our enterprising city resturateurs add to their establishments an afternoon tea-room for "ladies and gentlemen?" Ladies when out shopping and at some distance from their homes would find it convenient to have such a place to resort to. The idea is a good one, and worthy of consideration.

One of the greatest philanthropists, and one about whom society knows little or nothing is Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Bolton. Her income is about £10,000 a year, which she receives quarterly, and, it is said, that she is often penniless before the end of the quarter. She has no children, has no house or horses, does not keep a carriage, never goes to the theatre, never read but two novels in her life, and never possessed but one velvet dress. She spends her time and money in charity, and that without identifying herself with the objects of her generosity. We are sure under the circumstances that Mrs. Thompson thinks life worth having.

Hypochondriacal monomania is a fearful malady. An American millionaire who suffers therefrom has given orders for the construction of an aerial palace, in which, after it is erected, he proposes to dwell, his object being to avoid the microbes of disease which he expects will confine their operations to a lower level. In the case of a hurricane or an earthquake, we are afraid the millionaire's superstructure will meet with the usual fate of castles in the air.

Is there no enterprise in Dublin? We are compelled to put this question when we see how far behind other cities we are. In Paris young men and maidens who "fancy" fencing have a saloon provided for them by a noted professor of the art of "pinking." *Viveurs* of the first quality go there at certain hours of the morning either to develop their muscles with dumb-bells, to amuse themselves with the foils, or simply to smoke, lounge, or look on at the pupils. The fencing master's saloon is exceedingly popular, and the enterprising professor is making a golden harvest out of it.

We read lately of a youthful and fascinating actress from a Boulevard theatre, who was engaged to play in a romantic drama as a cavalier, and in order to amuse the deities of the gallery had patronized the fencing school and taken lessons from its owner. She appeared in her stage costume—doublet, hose, and all—every morning. Two of her devotees had a quarrel about her lately; and she being rather pestered by their squabbles told them playfully one day to settle their differences by a little practice. The rivals accordingly set to work, and after a few passes, the professor, who saw things were taking a serious turn, ordered the contest to be discontinued. This was done, but not before one of the men had been touched severely in the region of the liver. The wounded man tried for some moments to make light of his hurt, but the blood began to gush from it, and he fell fainting to the ground. The fascinating actress did not discontinue her lessons, despite this little drama.



LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

A TRUE STORY.

TRAVELLERS through the south of Ireland are often attracted by the lovely woodland scenery surrounding the little village of Ballykeen. The singular beauty of the place is enhanced by its nearness to the sea coast. Soft silvery sands, rugged rocks, verdant hills, and massive trees with their varied foliage thrown into bold relief against the golden sunlit sky, form a picture truly pleasing to the artist as he wanders through this sequestered spot.

Many have wondered why Arbor Hall, the once beautiful residence of one of the oldest county families, stands deserted in the midst of all this loveliness. The roses still bloom year after year on the lawn and pleasure grounds, but the grass-grown paths embedded in weeds tell a tale of long neglect. The house, a handsome, modern building, bears no sign of decay; jessamine twines through the trellis work round the closely shuttered windows, but withered stems and drooping branches give a desolate unkempt appearance to the whole. Inside dust and desolation reigns. Not an article of furniture has been removed, not a carpet lifted, nor a door locked since the day Colonel Arborton broke up his household, dismissed his servants, and went abroad, delivering the keys of the hall to his steward, with the words, "Let the place rot."

Once he had loved his beautiful home. Possessed of an unlimited income, of a sociable, generous disposition, nothing delighted him more than to fill his house with visitors, and in the Autumn Arbor Hall was a scene of gaiety—hunting, boating, shooting and fishing. Colonel Arborton loved to hear the gay laughter, and the merry voices of his guests as there assembled for these pastimes, for brightest and fairest and merriest amongst them was Ethel Arborton, the Colonel's only daughter, and his idol. Yet from this daughter's hand was to come the blow that shattered his life in its prime, caused him to forsake the home of his ancestors, and leave this noble patrimony in the hands of two antiquated maiden ladies, who reside in a small but comfortable cottage, on a remote corner of the estate, receiving its ample revenues, not to use but to accumulate, and doubtless some day to dispose of, in huge bequests, to their favorite public charities.

Ethel Arborton was seventeen at the time my story opens. Deprived of a mother's care and training in her early childhood, growing up without a rival in the affection of her father, and the homage of the poorer tenantry, can we wonder that she was self-willed and impatient of restraint. But few could discern these effects in the gentle winning girl, who was the sunshine of her father's life, and the welcome visitor in every village home.

Naturally fond of poetry and romance, the isolation of her childhood's days had formed in her a love of adventure, which was fostered by an education abroad, far more than could be desired in one so gifted, both by nature and circumstances. This led her, as my readers will

see, to take a fatal step, which could never be retraced.

One morning while rambling along the beach skirting the lawns of Arbor Hall, Ethel was attracted, by seeing the tide very far out, to round a projecting cliff, and enter a cave formed in the rock by the washing of the waves. Here she spent a delightful half hour searching for treasures of the deep, and heeded not the returning tide till the regular swish-swash of the waves, as they beat against the outlying cliffs, smote on her ear. Hastening out she was alarmed to find that though a good stretch of sand lay between her and the water (for the cave was in a bay) the waves were breaking high against the point round which alone she could reach the open strand. The girl felt nervous and frightened for a moment, but being naturally courageous, and prompt of action, she quickly decided to climb the side of the cliff, which at that spot was shelving and not very high. A grassy slope, studded with young ash trees, reached the edge. One of these drooped over considerably, almost touching the side of the rock. To reach this branch and swing herself on to the bank was Ethel's only chance of safety, so divesting herself of hat and gloves, which she left as trophies to the waves, the delicate white hands were soon grasping projecting angles and tufts of grass, till the friendly branch was reached. At this moment a gentleman was walking quickly down the slope towards the sea. He was evidently a stranger, for he had almost reached the very edge of the cliff without slackening his pace, when he started suddenly to see just at his feet a pair of wistful, frightened eyes, set in the sweetest face he had ever beheld. The delicate coloring of the skin, and the rich silky hair, proclaimed that the owner was no village maiden, and stepping forward immediately Maurice O'Brien, for such was the stranger's name, bent down, and throwing his strong arm round the now really frightened girl, lifted her safely to the bank.

Ethel Arborton felt terribly confused when she thought of her hatless condition and dishevelled hair; but, quickly recovering her self-possession, bowed in grateful acknowledgment of the timely assistance, and briefly explaining the cause of her rather mysterious appearance, she thanked the young man warmly.

Maurice, as he listened to the simple artless account Ethel gave of her morning's adventure, felt the highest admiration for this young lady, who could so resolutely help herself. Never having been thrown much into ladies' society, he knew very little personally about the fair sex. He was just starting in his profession after years of close study. His sisters, the only girls he had ever intimately known, were timid, nervous, and weak, apt to scream and lose all presence of mind under the least excitement. Ethel was a new experience. Beautiful and brave, yet sweet and womanly—Maurice O'Brien loved her, even before he had known her name, or that she was the daughter of the proud owner of Arborton Hall. Soon the two young people had exchanged names, and were chatting away with as much freedom as if they had known each other for years. Meanwhile, they were moving in the direction of the Hall, and having crossed a rustic bridge leading into the grounds, they came suddenly upon Colonel Arborton enjoying his morning stroll. An explanation followed, and the Colonel courteously invited Dr. O'Brien to luncheon. Miss Arborton hastened away to make some changes in her toilet, leaving the

two gentlemen together, and thus began an acquaintance which was to end most disastrously for, at least, one of the parties.

One lovely evening, about six weeks after this event, Ethel Arborton might be seen hastening to the beach, taking the most unfrequented paths, and walking with a light but rapid tread, as though anxious to escape observation. She gave one quick glance around to see that no one was in sight as she neared the boundary of the demesne, and then, springing down a rugged little path, she entered a hollow under the cliff, and was warmly greeted by a young man who was there awaiting her. "At last, my darling," and Maurice O'Brien folded tenderly in his arms the proud heiress of Arborton Hall. It was but the old, old story of a young girl's surrender to love's overruling power. When Colonel Arborton discovered the evident admiration with which Dr. O'Brien regarded his daughter—"the Fairy of the Cliff" as he playfully designated her—he coldly discouraged his visits. The proud old soldier had no notion of letting his beautiful gifted child be wooed and won by a "nobody." And, a disqualification never to be overlooked, in the Colonel's eyes, Maurice was a Catholic, while the Arbortons had ever been Protestants. Thus it was that the young people had met clandestinely, for they loved each other in spite of all conventional distinctions, and easily found opportunities to become more intimately acquainted.

"You are late, Ethel," said Maurice, as he drew her hand within his arm, and turned to walk under the shelter of the cliff.

"Yes," the girl answered, "and I must not stay long. Papa suspects us, I fear, and has commissioned Phoebe to watch me. If he discovered all, I tremble for the consequences," and Ethel crept closer to her lover.

"You will have nothing to fear, my darling, when once you are my wife. Do you think you can give up your beautiful luxurious home for the village residence of a country doctor?" said Maurice O'Brien, as he gazed earnestly into the sweet upturned face to read an answer in those truthful eyes. "Remember, Ethel, I am asking a great sacrifice," he continued, "for I have nothing to offer you but the strong true love of a warm heart. Can you be satisfied with this?"

Ethel Arborton was no coquette; she had never tried to hide her love, too young to have mingled much in society—she was perfectly natural and unsophisticated.

Maurice O'Brien reigned in her heart; and, true to nature's law, she hesitated not to link her fate with his. Softly stealing her hand into her lover's, she told him that no place could be home for her without his presence; that no loss was a sacrifice while she had him, and promised not only to give up all the luxury and pleasures of her present life, but to become one with him in creed, as she was already one with him in heart and hope and feeling.

Filled with emotion too deep for words, the young man clasped her in his arms, and, with loving, lingering kisses, sealed the compact that was, alas, to be attended with misfortunes the lovers never anticipated.

"I must leave you now, Maurice," said Ethel, as she gently unclasped the encircling arms; and, refusing to let him accompany her beyond the secluded spot they were conversing in, she hastened up the narrow path, crossed the lawn, and reached the shrubbery, as she thought, unseen. The dressing-bell rang just as she entered the Hall, and Ethel hurried to

her room, where she expected to find her maid awaiting her. The girl was not there, but five minutes afterwards appeared with a message from the Colonel. He wished to see Miss Arborton in the library before dinner.

A stormy interview took place between father and daughter. The Colonel knew all. Phoebe had dogged her mistress's footsteps that evening; and, safely concealed in one of the many nooks around their rendezvous, she had seen and heard enough to justify her in raising the Colonel's alarm for his daughter's safety. He denounced Dr. O'Brien as an adventurer and an impostor. Ethel boldly defended her lover, and was eventually dismissed to her room, where she soon found herself a close prisoner by her father's orders.

This indignity roused the proud spirit of the girl, and brought to a consummation the very evil which Colonel Arborton sought to avert.

Lonely, miserable, and disappointed, he rose from the table, after going through the mockery of dining alone, when Phoebe rushed excitedly into the room, exclaiming, "She is gone. She cannot be found."

"Who is gone? Explain yourself, girl," thundered the Colonel, yet dreading the reply he sought.

"Miss Arborton," answered the maid. "Her window is wide open, and all her things tossed about, but she is nowhere to be seen."

Search was quickly instituted through the house and grounds, but in vain. Ethel could not be found. Where was she? Speeding, with the fleetness of a fawn, through marshy fields, over rugged hillside paths, up through the gloomy darkness of the thickly planted wood, without fear or faltering, on in the direction of her lover's home.

Dr. O'Brien was drawing on his gloves in the hall of Belvue Lodge, and preparing to return homeward after a rather prolonged visit to a very nervous old lady, to whom he had been summoned immediately after leaving Ethel that morning, when a note was handed him by the servant, saying a boy from the village had just brought it. His face paled as he recognised the handwriting, for instinctively he felt that some misfortune was impending.

The servant, waiting to open the door, was astonished to see the usually calm and debonair young doctor pass his hand over his brow, and look wildly agitated as he perused the few pencilled lines. Then rushing out, without his usual cheery "Good night," he mounted his horse, and turning in the opposite direction to the village, quickly galloped out of sight. Miss Arborton's note informed him that she had left her home, never to return, and was now awaiting him in the house of the parish priest, whither she had fled, as the safest refuge in her unprotected condition.

Maurice O'Brien possessed a high sense of honour. He had done wrong to steal the affections of this delicate high-bred girl, and to induce her to forsake the faith, the home, and the position to which she was born to become the wife of a struggling young practitioner; but he truly loved her, and love deadened in both their minds all sense of inequality. To possess his treasure, at any cost, was his all-absorbing thought. He dreamed not of the chill winds of adversity. To his glowing, youthful imagination success and fortune would crown every effort when Ethel was by his side. Keenly alive to the delicacy of her present position, flattered by the confiding love that braved a father's

anger, and scorned the world's censure for his sake, he determined to shield the fair name of the innocent, trusting girl, by procuring the means for an immediate marriage, before he would even enter the house where she was.

Ethel's forethought in placing herself under the protection of a clergyman of his own Church, greatly facilitated this object. Maurice now rode rapidly to the residence of the nearest magistrate, procured special licence, and had returned to the village before the waiting girl had time to feel anxious about his continued absence. They were united without further delay, and Maurice took his bride home to the cosy, unpretending cottage which some time previously he had begun to prepare for his reception.

There we will leave them, and return to Colonel Arborton. Far and near he searched for his child, in his frantic excitement giving publicity to the story he fain would have hidden from all; but no trace could be found of the fugitive. So quickly and quietly had these events taken place that none suspected her whereabouts. Dr. O'Brien's housekeeper and Father Doyle's sister were the only two outsiders in the secret, and when the Doctor's trap was seen next morning driving along the road as usual, and Maurice paid his morning visits, listening to the story of Miss Arborton's escape, with an air of unconscious interest, none dreamed of associating him with the young lady's adventure. A fortnight passed before Colonel Arborton discovered the truth. One evening, returning from a ride, his ear caught the sound of quickly-running wheels in the distance. Soon a vehicle came in view, as it turned a bend in the road leading past Ballykeen to an adjacent village. It was the doctor's gig, and sitting by his side was a lady, in a tight-fitting Ulster and cap. The graceful outlines of the figure were easily recognised, and a sickening pain gathered round the Colonel's heart as he gazed after the fast-receding form of his once fondly-cherished daughter.

"Too late, too late," he murmured to himself, as he entered the Hall for the last time. Stung to madness by her ingratitude, heart-broken by her desertion, he resolved that a penny of his money should never go to build up the fortunes of the man she had chosen to wed. Next morning the scene I have alluded to in the opening of my story took place. And before mid-day Colonel Arborton was speeding by express train to Dublin, from whence, after he had seen his solicitor and given instructions for a fresh will, he started for London with the intention of sailing in a few weeks for Australia, there to end his days, a lonely and disappointed man.

Those days ended far sooner than he anticipated. Latent heart disease, accelerated by grief, developed itself ere long, and two days before the vessel reached her destination the Colonel was found calmly sleeping—the sleep that knows no waking—on the sofa in his cabin. The newspaper report brought the account of his death to the O'Brien's six weeks later, and Ethel grieved sadly for the ruin she had wrought. Hard enough was the struggle the young wife had to encounter. The county families one and all turned coldly from her. Any distance would be traversed for a medical practitioner before Dr. O'Brien would be called in, and for a time all things looked dark and hopeless for the young couple. But Maurice never lost heart, dearly he treasured the wife who had sacrificed so much for him, and bravely he sought to shield her from every blast till time brought

brighter days, and success dawned on his efforts. Saddened and subdued by the consequences of her thoughtless act, but rich in her husband's love, Ethel O'Brien has grown into a grave, sweet woman, and won her way step by step back into the hearts of those who loved her in her bright and sunny girlhood. Though her home is still the pretty seaside cottage many comforts have now found their way within, and the doctor's wife is welcomed by all the country and, except the two maiden aunts, who will never forgive the youthful folly that broke up the lovely home of Arborton.

DORA DESMOND.



A JOKE ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

A STORY is told of Wash Connor, Jay Gould's old partner in the stock-brokerage business, who is well-known in Chicago, which illustrates the proclivity of the Wall-street man to play pranks in solemn places. Connor, during a sojourn in London, presented a £50 Bank of England Note—which, like all bank notes, is simply a promise to pay—to the Bank for redemption in gold. The Bank's custom on these occasions is to require the person presenting the note to indorse. "Indorse it," said Connor, when the rule was read to him; "I don't know about that. I'm a little careful what I indorse. This is a note of hand."

The astonishment of the official could not easily be depicted in words.

"I don't believe I'll indorse it at all. I don't know you. Besides, it ain't necessary. Give me the gold and take your paper."

"But, sir, its our rule——"

"I don't care anything about your rule. Isn't the paper good?"

"Good! Good! Is a Bank of England note good? Are you mad, man?"

"Well, if it's good, I want the money on it."

"Who are you? You must be an American. Quit your funning, man, and indorse it."

The official gasped nearly purple in the face. Connor's countenance did not change a muscle.

"I'll not indorse it," he said. And as it's a genuine note, if you don't pay I'll protest it."

"Protest it! Protest the Bank of England! Good heavens!"

"Yes; protest it, and before night."

The clerk climbed down from his stool and ran into a back room. He returned immediately with two elderly officials, all three greatly excited. Connor calmly reduced the new comers to a panic by repeating his threat, and after enjoying the spectacle feigned a sudden understanding of the case and indorsed the note and got his gold.

TEACHING PARROTS.

ANY parrot learns better at twilight than at any other time. If you wish to teach some special words or sentence, have the bird in a quiet room, cover the cage completely with a cloth, and then the bird will be all attention. Birds acquire words from children more naturally only because children's voices are keyed higher and nearer to the "key" of the bird's own voice.

A MODERN JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, a wise and clever woman whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighbourhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke:—"Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought to me here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber." This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes put on the large fish. "Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river in sight of the two women." The servants obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled—disgusted, no doubt, by the wrapping in which it was swaddled. Without a moment's pause one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt she is the true mother," the mandarin's wife declared, and commanded that she should be rescued, and the child given to her; and the mandarin nodded his head and thought his wife the wisest woman in the flowery kingdom. Meantime the false mother crept away. She was found out in the imposture; and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.

RACING FOR A BRIDE.

A YOUNG woman living at Graveston, Tennessee, being unable to choose between two suitors, said she would marry the one who could get a marriage licence and return to her first. Then a race for a bride began. Both lovers reached Knoxville, a town several miles off, got the licences, and were close together while returning. By a mishap to the horse of one of them the other secured the prize by three minutes.

OLDEST AND YOUNGEST.

THE oldest member of the House of Commons is the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, M.P. for the Southern Division of the Borough of Wolverhampton, aged 86; the youngest, Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P. for the North-West Division of Norfolk, aged 24.

The oldest Judge in Ireland is the Hon. John Fitzhenry Townsend, LL.D., of the Court of Admiralty, aged 77; the youngest, the Right Hon. Hugh Holmes, of the Queen's Bench Division, aged 47.

The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Most Rev. Robert Bent Knox, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh, aged 80; the youngest the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne and Ross, aged 53.

THE ONE BUTTON.

ONE day, when the Emperor of Germany was closeted with a distinguished general, the sound of drums and fifes heralded the approach of a regiment of his Guards. The Emperor, then King, buttoned up his tunic hastily to the throat, and pulled out from under it his Order of military merit. The General expressed surprise that he should think it necessary to stand

see, ceremony with his own Guards. "My retiers," replied his Majesty, "have never seen with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend that they ever shall. For, let me tell you, it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the rotten point of an army."

WHY HAIR CURLS.

IT is not generally known that the reason hair curls when wound on a hot iron is that the moisture on the side next the iron being evaporated by the heat, the cells in that part approach each other more closely, and this shrinking of one side causes a bend or curve.



"PA," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me." "How do you know?" "She said if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."

PROFESSOR, sternly: "I cannot understand, Mr. Jones, how you can be so stupid."—Jones: "Perhaps, sir, it is because you have given me a piece of your mind."

PATERFAMILIAS—"Wonder what's the matter with my watch? I think it must need cleaning." Tommy—"Think it must be clean enough, pa, 'cos I saw baby washin' it in the bath-tub this morning."

TAYLOR: "Married or unmarried?"—Customer: "Married." Tailor (to cutter): "One pocket concealed in lining of vest."—Customer: "What's that!" Tailor (explaining): "To hide your change, you know, at night. I'm married myself."

A FRIEND of ours frequently uses the slang expression "broke me all up." My little girl had never heard it until the other evening. She looked very worried for quite a while, when, with rather a tearful expression, she inquired: "Mamma, can Mr. E— get himself mended aden?"

AT Cannes, in front of a small bootmaker's shop, the English tourist may find the following inscription in his own language:—"Repairs hung with stage coach." After long and anxious thought he may arrive at the cobbler's meaning, who only wishes to inform his numerous patrons that "repairs are executed with diligence."

SMALL child (whose favourite aunt is engaged): "Grandma, where is Auntie May?"—Grandma: "She is sitting in the library with Captain Herbert, my dear."—Small child (after a moment's thought): "Grandma, couldn't you go and sit in the library with Captain Herbert, and let Auntie come and play with me?"

"My dear children," said Parson B— in his address to the Sunday School, "since my last visit I notice many new faces among you, and it fills my heart with joy. Can you tell me, dear children, what it is that has caused this growing attendance? what it is that brings these

bright new faces to the Sabbath School? what it is that—" "I know," interrupted an excited little boy on the first row; "it's the school treat coming near."

ASSESSING HIS DAMAGES.—Judge: "What is your estimate of the value of the boots which were stolen from you?" Complainant: "They cost me new 30/-; I have had them soled twice, which makes 10/-; total, 40/-."

HIS EUROPEAN TOUR.—"You've been to England, eh?" "Yes; just got back." "What did you see?" "All that was worth seeing." "Windsor Castle?" "No." "Tower of London?" "No." "Westminster Abbey?" "No." "Did you see the Queen?" "No." "Gladstone?" "No." "What did you see, then?" "Why, I saw John L. Sullivan."

TOMMY CHOSE TO INTERPRET THE PASSAGE FOR HIMSELF.—Little Tommy had quarrelled with his sister, and would not kiss and be friends. His aunt said, "Oh, don't you remember what papa read at family prayers this morning—that we were to forgive seventy times seven?" "Yes," replied Tommy; "but I ticklerly noticed it was to your brother, not sister!"

TWICE SURPRISED.—Young Wife (at dinner-table, sobbing)—"I think you—you—are just as mean—as—you can be. I made that—that apple dumpling as a pleasant surprise for you, and—and now—you—want me to bring a hand-saw to cut it in two with." Young Husband—"Good heavens, Maria! Is that a dumpling? I took it for a cocoa nut." (With desperate firmness.) "I'll eat it now, Maria, if it kills me."

A YOUTH was courting a pretty girl, but her mother would not permit him to stay after ten o'clock. That young man presented the old lady with a patent clock of great beauty and ingenuity. The prospective mother-in-law was greatly pleased, and gave her old timepiece to a poor woman who lived in the neighbourhood. Now that young couple are happy, for this new clock is so constructed that it will lose three hours between eight and ten in the evening, and make it up all right before morning. The old lady watches the clock carefully, and cries:—"Ahem," as usual, when it gets to be ten. And yet, she says, she can't understand what makes her so sleepy before ten, and so bad the next morning.

LARGE AND SMALL MISTAKES.—As a Scottish minister and an English lawyer were riding together, said the minister to his friend, "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in your preaching?" "I do," says the lawyer. "An' what do you do wi' mistakes?" was the question. "Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go. And pray, sir, do you ever make mistakes in preaching?" "Ay, sir, I have done sae." "And what do you do with your mistakes?" "Oh, I dispense with them in the same manner as ye do yoursel'. I recollect the lairge, an' let go the sma' anes. No lairge since, as I was preachin', I meant to observe that the devil was the father o' a' liars, but made a mistake, an' said the father o' a' lawyers. But the mistake was so sma' that I let it go."

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THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

HUSBAND and wife lived together, side by side, in a sad communion that seemed to lack the spirit of unity. The outward semblance of confiding affection was there, but there was something wanting. He was very good to her—as kind, as attentive, and considerate as in their first year of marriage; and yet there was something wanting.

She remembered what he had been when he came as a stranger to the Hook, and it seemed to her as if the glass of Time had been turned backwards for fourteen years, and that he was again just as he had been in those early days, when she had watched him, curiously interested in his character as in a mystery. He was too grave for a man of his years—and with a shade of gloom upon him that hinted at a more than common grief. He had been subject to lapses of abstraction, as if his mind had slipped back to some unhappy past. It was only when he had fallen in love and was wholly devoted to her that the shadow passed away, and he began to feel the joyousness of life and the fervour of ardent hopes. Then the old character dropped off him like the serpent's slough, and he became as young as the youngest—boyish even in his frank felicity.

This memory of her first impressions about him was so strong with her that she could not help speaking of it one evening after dinner when she had been playing one of Beethoven's grandest adagios to him, and they were sitting in silence, she by the piano, he far away by an open window on a level with the shadowy lawn, where the great cedars rose black against the pale grey sky.

"George, do you remember my playing that adagio to you for the first time?"

"I remember you better than Beethoven, I could scarcely think of the music in those days for thinking so much of you."

"Ah, but the first time you heard me play that adagio was before you had begun to care for me—before you had cast your slough."

"What do you mean?"

"Before you had come out of your cloud of sad memories. When first you came to us you lived only in the past. I doubt if you were more than half-conscious of our existence."

She could only distinguish his profile faintly defined against the evening grey as he sat beside the window. Had she seen the expression of his face, its look of infinite pain, she would hardly have pursued the subject.

"I had but lately lost my mother," he said.

"Ah, but that was a grief which you did not hide from us. You did not shrink from our sympathy there. There was some other trouble, something that belonged to a remoter past, over which you brooded in secret. Yes, George, I know you had some secrets then—that divided us—and—and—" falteringly, with tears in her voice—"I think those old secrets are keeping us asunder now, when our grief should make us more than ever in unison."

She had left her place by the piano, and had gone to him as she spoke, and now she was on her knees beside him, clinging to him tearfully.

"George, trust me, love me," she pleaded.

"My beloved, do I not love you?" he protested passionately, clasping her in his arms, kissing away her tears, soothing her as if she had been a child. "My dearest and best, from the first hour I awakened to a new life in your love my truth has never wavered, my heart has never known change."

"And yet you are changed—since our darling went—terribly changed."

"Do you wonder that I grieve for her?"

"No, but you grieve apart—you hold yourself aloof from me."

"If I do it is because I do not want you to share my burden, Mildred. Your sorrow may be cured, perhaps—mine never can be. Time may be merciful to you—for me time can do nothing."

"Dearest, what hope can there be for me that you do not share—the Christian's hope of meeting our loved one hereafter. I have no other hope."

"I hardly know if I have that hope?" he answered slowly, with deepest despondency.

"And yet you are a Christian."

"If to endeavour to follow Christ, the Teacher and Friend of humanity, is to be a Christian—yes."

"And you believe in the world to come."

"I try so to believe, Mildred. I try. Faith in the Kingdom of Heaven does not come easily to a man whose life has been ruled by the inexorable Fates. Not a word, darling, let us not talk of these things. We know no more than Socrates knew in his dungeon—no more than Roger Bacon knew in his old age—unheard, buried, forgotten. Never doubt my love, dearest. That is changeless. You and Lola were the sunshine of my life. You shall be my sunshine henceforward. I have been selfish in my silent brooding over sorrow; but it is the habit of my mind to grieve in silence—to drain the cup of affliction to the dregs. Forgive me, dear wife, forgive me."

He clasped her in his arms, and again she felt assured of her husband's affection; but she knew all the same that there was some sorrow in his past life which he had kept hidden from her, which he meant her never to know.

Many a time in their happy married life she had tried to lead him to talk of his boyhood and youth. About his days at Eton and Oxford he was frank enough, but he was curiously reticent about his home life and about those years which he had spent travelling about the Continent after he had left his father's house for good.

"I was not happy at home, Mildred," he told her one day. "My father and I did not get on together, as the phrase goes. He was very fond of my elder brother. They had the same way of thinking about most things. Randolph's marriage pleased my father, and he looked to Randolph to strengthen the position of our family, which had been considerably reduced by his own extravagance. He would have liked my mother's estate to have gone to the elder son; but she had full disposing power, and she made me her heir. This set my father against me, and there came a time when, dearly as I loved my mother, I found that I could no longer live at home. I went out into the world, a lonely man, and I only came back to the old home after my father's death."

This was the fullest account of his family history that George Greswold had given his wife. From his reserve in speaking of his father she

divined that the balance of wrong had been upon the side of the parent rather than of the son. Had a man of her husband's temper been the sinner he would have frankly confessed his errors. Of his mother he spoke with undeviating love; and he seemed to have been on friendly terms with his brother.

On the morning after that tearful talk in the twilight, Mr. Greswold startled his wife from a pensive reverie as they sat at breakfast in the garden. They always breakfasted out of doors on fine summer mornings. They had made no change in old customs since their return, as some mourners might have done, hoping to blunt the keen edge of memory by an alteration in the details of life. Both knew too well how futile any such alteration of their surroundings would be. They remembered Lola no more vividly at Enderby than they had remembered her in Switzerland.

"My dearest, I have been thinking of you incessantly since last night, and of the loneliness of your life," George Greswold began seriously, as he sat in a low basket chair, sipping his coffee, with his favourite dog, *Kassandra*, at his feet—an Irish dog that had been famous for feather in days gone by, but who had insinuated herself into the family affections, and had got herself accepted as a household pet to the ruin of her sporting qualities. *Kassandra* went no more with the guns. Her place was the drawingroom or the lawn.

"I can never be lonely, George, while I have you. There is no other company I can ever care about henceforward."

"Let me always be the first, dear, but you should have female companionship of some sort. Our house is empty and voiceless—there should be some young voice—some young footstep—"

"Do you mean that I ought to hire a person to run up and down stairs, and laugh in the corridors, as *Lola* used? Oh, George, how can you?" exclaimed Mildred beginning to cry.

"No, no, dear. I had no such thought in my mind. I was thinking of *Randolph's* daughter. You seemed to like her when she and her sister were here two years ago."

"Yes, she was a nice, bright girl then, and my darling was pleased with her. How merry they were together playing battledoor and shuttlecock over there by the yew hedge. Don't ask me ever to see that girl again, George. It would make my heart ache."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Mildred. I was going to ask you to have her here on a good long visit. Now that *Rosalind* is married, *Pamela* has no home of her own. *Rosalind* and her husband like having her occasionally—for a month or six weeks at a time, but *Sir Henry Mountford's* house is not *Pamela's* home. She would soon begin to feel herself an incubus. The *Mountfords* are very fond of society, and just a little worldly. They would soon be tired of a girl whose presence was no direct advantage. I have been thinking that with us *Pamela* would never be in the way. You need not see too much of her in this big house. There would be plenty of room for her to carry on her own pursuits and amusements without boring you; and when you wanted her she would be at hand, a bright, companionable girl, who would grow fonder of you every day."

"I could not endure her fondness. I could not endure any girl's companionship. Her presence would only remind me of my loss."

"Dearest, I thought we were both agreed that as nothing can make us forget our darling, it

cannot matter to us how often we are reminded of her."

"Yes, by silent, unreasoning things, like *Kassandra*," touching the dog's tawny head with a caressing hand; "or the garden—the trees and flowers she loved—her books—her piano. Those things may remind us of our darling without hurting us, but to hear a girl's voice calling me—as she used to call me from the garden on summer mornings—to hear a girl's laughter—"

"Yes, it would be painful, love, at first. I can understand that, Mildred. But if you can benefit an orphan girl by having her here, I know your kind heart will not refuse. Let her come for a few weeks, and if her presence pains you she shall stay no longer. She shall not be invited again. I would not ask you to receive a stranger, but my brother's daughter is near me in blood."

"Let her come, George," said Mildred, impulsively; "I am very selfish—thinking only of my own feelings. Let her come. How this talk of ours reminds me of something that happened when I was a child."

"What was that, Mildred?"

"You have heard me speak of *Fay*, my playfellow."

"Yes."

"I remember the evening my father asked mamma to let her come to us. It seemed just now as if you were using his very words—and yet all things were different."

Mildred had told him very little about that childish sorrow of hers. She had shrunk from any allusion to the girl whose existence bore witness against her father. She, too, fond and frank as she was, had kept her own counsel, had borne the burden of a secret.

"Yes, I have heard you speak of the girl you called *Fay*, and of whom you must have been very fond, for the tears came into your eyes when you mentioned her. Did she live with you long?"

"Oh, no—a very short time. She was sent to school, to a finishing school, at *Brussels*."

"*Brussels*!" he repeated, with a look of surprise.

"Yes. Do you know anything about *Brussels* schools?"

"Nothing personally. I have heard of girls educated there. And what became of your playfellow after the *Brussels* school?"

"I never heard."

"And you never tried to find out?"

"Yes, I asked my mother; but there was a prejudice in her mind against poor *Fay*. I would rather not talk about her, George."

Her vivid blush, her evident confusion, perplexed her husband. There was some kind of mystery it seemed—some family trouble in the background, or Mildred, who was all candour, would have spoken more freely.

"Then may I really invite *Pamela*?" he asked, after a brief silence, during which he had responded to the endearments of *Kassandra*, too well fed to have any design upon the dainties on the breakfast table, and only asking to be loved.

"I will write to her myself, George. Where is she?"

"Not very far off. She is at *Cowes* with the *Mountfords*, on board *Sir Henry's* yacht, the *Gadfly*. You had better send your letter to the post-office marked *Gadfly*."

The invitation was despatched by the first post. Miss Greswold was asked to come to the Manor as soon as she liked, and to stay till the autumn.

The next day was Sunday, and Mr. and Mrs. Greswold went to church together by the path that led them within a stone's throw of *Lola's* grave.

For the first time since her daughter's death Mildred had put on a light gown. Till to-day she had worn only black. This morning she came into the vivid sunlight in a pale gray gown of some soft, thin lustreless silk, and a neat little gray straw bonnet with black ribbons, which set off the fairness of her skin and the sheen of her golden hair. The simple fashion of her gown became her tall, slim figure, which had lost none of the grace of girlhood. She was the prettiest and most distinguished-looking woman in *Enderby Church*, although there were more county families represented there upon that particular Sunday than are often to be seen in a village church.

The Manor House pew was on one side of the chancel, and commanded a full view of the nave. The first lesson was long, and while it was being read Mildred's eyes wandered idly along the faces in the nave, recognising countenances that had been familiar to her ever since her marriage, until that listlessly wandering gaze stopped suddenly, arrested by a face that was strange.

She saw this strange face between other faces—as it were in a cleft in the block of people. She saw it at the end of a vista, with the sunlight from the chancel window full upon it—a face that impressed her as no face of a stranger had ever done before.

It looked like the face of *Judas*, she thought; and then in the next moment was ashamed of her foolish fancy.

"It is only the colouring, and the effect of the light upon it," she told herself. "I am not so weak as to cherish the vulgar prejudice against that coloured hair."

"That coloured hair" was of the colour which a man's enemies call red and his friends auburn or chestnut. It was of that ruddy brown which *Titian* has immortalised in more than one *Venus*, and without which *Potiphar's* wife would be a nonentity.

The stranger wore a small pointed beard of this famous colouring. His eyes were of a reddish brown, large, and luminous, his eyebrows strongly arched; his nose was a small aquiline; his brow was wide and lofty, slightly bald in front. His mouth was the only obviously objectionable feature. The lips were finely moulded, from a Greek sculptor's standpoint, and would have done for a Greek *Bacchus*, but the expression was at once crafty and sensual. The auburn moustache served to accentuate rather than to conceal that repellant expression. Mildred looked at him presently as he stood up for the "Te Deum."

He was tall, for she saw his head well above the intervening rows. He looked about five and thirty. He had the air of being a gentleman.

"Whoever he is I hope I shall never see him again," thought Mildred.

CHAPTER X.

THERE IS ALWAYS THE SKELETON.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Greswold left the church, the stranger was taking his place in the *Hillersdon* waggonette, a capacious vehicle, drawn by a pair of fine up-standing black-brown horses, set off by servants in smart liveries of dark brown and gold.

Mildred gave a sigh of relief. If the stranger was a visitor at *Riverdale* there was not much

likelihood of his staying long in the neighbourhood, or being seen again for years to come. The guests at Riverdale were generally birds of passage; and the same faces seldom appeared there twice. Mr. and Mrs. Hillersdon, of Riverdale, were famous for their extensive circle, and famous for bringing new people into the county. Some of their neighbours said it was Mr. Hillersdon who brought the people there, and that Mrs. Hillersdon had nothing to do with the visiting list; others declared that husband and wife were both equally fickle and both equally frivolous.

Riverdale was one of the finest houses within ten miles of Romsey, and it was variously described by the local gentry. It was called a delightful house, or it was called a curious house, according to the temper of the speaker. Its worst enemy could not deny that it was a splendid house—spacious, architectural, luxurious, with all the appendages of wealth and dignity—nor could its worst enemy deny its merit as one of the most hospitable houses in the county.

Notwithstanding this splendour and lavish hospitality, the local magnates did not go to Riverdale, and the Hillersdons were not received in some of the best houses. Tom Hillersdon was a large landowner, a millionaire, and a man of good family; but Tom Hillersdon was considered to have stranded himself in middle life by a marriage which in the outer world was spoken of vaguely as “unfortunate,” but which the strait-laced among his neighbours considered fatal. No man who had so married could hold up his head among his friends any more, no man who had so married could hope to have his wife received in decent people's houses. In spite of which opinion prevailing among Tom Hillersdon's oldest friends Mrs. Hillersdon contrived to gather a good many people round her, and some of them the most distinguished in the land. She had Cabinet Ministers, men of letters, and famous painters among her guests. She had plenty of women friends—of a sort; attractive women, intellectual and enlightened women; sober matrons, bread and butter girls; women who doated on Mrs. Hillersdon, and, strange to say, had never heard her history.

And yet Hillersdon's wife had a history scarcely less famous than that of Cleopatra or Nell Gwynne. Louise Hillersdon was once Louise Lorraine, the young adventuress whose Irish gray eyes had set all London talking when the Great Exhibition of '62 was still a skeleton, and when South Kensington was in its infancy. Louise Lorraine's extravagance, and Louise Lorraine's devotees, from German princes and English dukes downwards, had been town-talk. Her box at the opera had been the cynosure of every eye; and Paris ran mad when she drove in the Bois, or exhibited her diamonds in the Rue Lepelletier; or supped in the small hours at the Cafe de Paris, with the topmost strawberries in the basket. Numerous and conflicting were the versions of her early history—the more sensational chronicles describing her as the Aphrodite of the gutter. Some people declared that she could neither read nor write, and could not stir without her amanuensis at her elbow; others affirmed that she spoke four languages, and read Greek every night with her feet on the fender, while her maid brushed her hair. The sober truth lay midway between these extremes. She was the daughter of a doctor in a line regiment; she was eminently beautiful, very ignorant, and very clever. She wrote an uneducated hand, never read anything better than a senti-

mental novel, sang prettily, and could accompany her songs on the guitar with a good deal of dash and fire. To this may be added that she was an adept in the art of dress, had as much tact and finesse as a leader of the old French noblesse, and more audacity than a Parisian cocotte in the golden age of Cocotterie. Such she was when Tom Hillersdon, Wiltshire squire, and millionaire, swooped like an eagle upon this fair dove, and bore her off to his eerie. There was howling and gnashing of teeth among those many admirers who were all thinking seriously about making the lovely Louise a *bona-fide* offer; and it was felt in a certain set that Tom Hillersdon had done a valiant and victorious deed; but his country friends were of one accord in the idea that Hillersdon had wrecked himself for ever.

The squire's wife came to Riverdale, and established herself there with as easy an air as if she had been a duchess. She gave herself no trouble about the county families. London was near enough for the fair Louise, and she filled her house—or Tom Hillersdon filled it—with relays of visitors from the great city. Scarcely had she been settled there a week when the local gentry were startled at seeing her sail into church with one of the most famous English statesmen in her train. Upon the Sunday after she was attended by a great painter, and a well-known savant; and, besides these, she had a pew full of smaller fry—a lady novelist, a fashionable actor, a celebrated Queen's counsel, and a county member.

“Where does she get those men?” asked Lady Marjorie Danefeld, the Conservative member's wife; “surely they can't all be—reminiscences.”

It had been supposed while the newly wedded couple were on their honeymoon, that the lady's arrival at Riverdale would inaugurate a reign of profanity—that Sunday would be given over to Bohemian society, café chantant songs, champagne, and cigarette smoking. Great was the surprise of the locality, therefore, when Mrs. Hillersdon appeared in the squire's pew on Sunday morning neatly dressed, demure, nay, with an aspect of more than usual sanctity—greater still the astonishment when she reappeared in the afternoon, and listened meekly to the catechising of the school children, and to the baptism of a refractory baby; greater even yet when it was found that these pious practices were continued, that she never missed a Saint's Day Service, that she had morning prayers for family and household, and that she held meetings of an evangelical character in her drawing-room—meetings at which curates from outlying parishes gathered like a flock of crows, and at which the excellence of the tea and coffee, pound cake and muffins, speedily became known to the outside world.

Happily for Tom Hillersdon these pious tendencies did not interfere with his amusements or the pleasantness of life. Riverdale was enlivened by a perennial supply of lively or interesting people. Notoriety of some kind was a passport to the Hillersdons' favour. It was an indication that a man was beginning to make his mark when he was asked to Riverdale. When he had made his mark he might think twice about going. Riverdale was the paradise of budding celebrities.

So to-day, seeing the auburn-haired stranger get into the Hillersdon waggonette, Mrs. Greswold opined that he was a man who had made some kind of reputation. He could not be an

actor with that beard. He was a painter perhaps. She thought he looked like a painter.

The waggonette was full of well-dressed women and well-bred men, all with an essentially metropolitan—or cosmopolitan—air. The eighteen-carat stamp of “county” was obviously deficient. Mrs. Hillersdon had her own carriage—a barouche—which she shared with an elderly lady, who looked as correct as if she had been a bishop's wife. She was on bowing terms with Mrs. Greswold. They had met at hunt balls and charity bazaars, and at various other functions from which the wife of a local landowner can hardly be excluded—even when she has a history.

Mildred thought no more of the auburn-haired stranger after the waggonette had disappeared in a cloud of summer dust. She strolled slowly home with her husband by a walk which they had been in the habit of taking on fine Sundays after morning service, but which they had never trodden together since Lola's death. It was a round which skirted the common, and took them past a good many of the cottages, and their tenants had been wont to loiter at their gates on fine Sundays, in the hope of getting a passing word with the squire and his wife. There had been something patriarchal, or clannish, in the feeling between landlord and tenant, labourer and master, which can only prevail in a parish where the chief landowner spends the greater part of his life at home.

To-day every one was just as respectful as of old. Curtseys were as low and tones as reverential; but George Greswold and his wife felt there was a difference, all the same. A gulf had been cleft between them and their people by last summer's calamity. It was not the kindred of the dead in whom this coolness was distinguishable. The bereaved seemed drawn nearer to their squire by an affliction which had touched him too. But in Enderby parish there was a bond of kindred which seemed to interlink the whole population. There were not above three family names in the village, and everybody was everybody else's cousin, when not a nearer relative. Thus, in dismissing his bailiff and dairy people, Mr. Greswold had given umbrage to almost all his cottagers. He was no longer regarded as a kind master. A man who could dismiss a servant after twenty years' faithful service was, in the estimation of Enderby parish, a ruthless tyrant—a master whose yoke galled every shoulder.

“Him seemed to be so fond of us all,” said Luke Thomas, the village wheelwright, brother of that John Thomas who had been Mr. Greswold's bailiff, and who was now dreeing his weird in Canada; “and yet offend he and him can turn and sack yer as if yer was a thief—sweep yer off his premises like a handful o' rubbish. Faithful service don't count with he.”

George Greswold felt the change from friendly gladness to cold civility. He could see the altered expression in all those familiar faces. The only sign of affection was from Mrs. Rainbow, standing at her cottage gate in decent black, with sunken cheeks worn pale by many tears. She burst out crying at sight of Mildred Greswold, and clasped her hand in a fervour of sympathy.

“Oh, to think of your sweet young lady, ma'am! That you should lose her, as I lost my Polly,” she sobbed, and the two women wept together, sisters in affliction.

“You don't think we are to blame, do you, Mrs. Rainbow?” Mildred said gently.

"No, no, indeed, ma'am. We all know it was God's will. We must kiss the rod."

"What fatalists these people are," said Greswold, as he and his wife walked homeward by the sweet-smelling common, where the heather showed purple here and there, and where the hare-bells were beginning to dance upon the wind. "Yes, it is God's will; but the name of that God is Nemesis."

Husband and wife were almost silent during luncheon. Both were depressed by that want of friendliness in those who had been to them as familiar friends. To have forfeited confidence and affection was hard when they had done so much to merit both. Mildred could but remember how she and her golden-haired daughter had gone about amongst those people, caring for all their needs, spiritual and temporal, never approaching them from the standpoint of superiority, but treating them verily as friends. She recalled long autumn afternoons in the village reading-room, when she and Lola had presided over a bevy of matrons and elderly spinners, she reading aloud to them while they worked, Lola threading needles to save elderly eyes, sewing on buttons, indefatigable in giving help of all kinds to those village sempstresses. She had fancied that those mothers' meetings, the story-books, and the talk had brought them all into a bond of affectionate sympathy; and yet one act of stern justice seemed to have loosened the bond, and cancelled all obligations.

Mr. Greswold lighted a cigar after lunch, and went for a ramble in those extensive copses which were one of the charms of Enderby Manor, miles and miles of woodland walks, dark and cool in the hottest day of summer—lonely foot-paths where the master of Enderby could think his own thoughts without risk of coming face to face with anyone in that leafy solitude. The Enderby copses were cherished rather for pleasure than for profit, and were allowed to grow a good deal higher and a good deal wilder and thicker than the young wood upon neighbouring estates.

Mildred went to the drawing-room and to her piano—after her husband, her chief companion and confidante now that Lola was gone. Music was her passion—the only art that moved her deeply, and to sit alone wandering from number to number of Beethoven and Mozart, Bach or Mendelssohn, was the very luxury of loneliness. Adhering in all things to the rule that Sunday was not as other days, she had her library of sacred music apart from other volumes, and it was sacred music only which she played on Sundays. Her repertoire was large, and she roamed at will among the classic masters of the last two hundred years, but for sacred music Bach and Mozart were her favourites.

She was playing a gloria by the latter composer, when she heard a carriage drive past the windows, and looked up just in time to catch a glimpse of a profile that startled her with a sudden sense of strangeness and familiarity. The carriage was a light T cart, driven by a groom in the Hillersdon livery.

A visitor from Hillersdon was a novelty, for, although George Greswold and Tom Hillersdon were friendly in the hunting field, Riverdale and the Manor were not on visiting terms. The visit was for her husband, Mildred concluded, and she went on playing.

The door was opened by the new footman, who announced "Mr. Castellani."

Mrs. Greswold rose from the piano to find herself face to face with the man whose count-

enance, seen in the distance, in the light of the east window, had reminded her of Judas. Seen as she saw him now, in the softer light of the afternoon, standing before her with a deprecating air in her own drawing-room, the stranger looked altogether different, and she thought he had a pleasing expression.

He was above the middle height, slim, well dressed in a subdued metropolitan style; and he had an air of distinction and elegance which would have marked him anywhere as a creature apart from the common herd. It was not an English manner. There was a supple grace in his movements which suggested a Southern origin. There was a pleading look in the full brown eyes which suggested an emotional temperament.

"An Italian," no doubt, thought Mildred, taking this Southern gracefulness in conjunction with the Southern name.

She wondered on what pretence this stranger had called, and what could be his motive for coming.

"Mrs. Greswold, I have to apologise humbly for presenting myself without having first sent you my credentials and waited for your permission to call," he said, in very perfect English, with only the slightest Milanese accent, and then he handed Mrs. Greswold an unsealed letter which he had taken from his breast pocket.

She glanced at it hastily, not a little embarrassed by the situation. The letter was from an intimate friend, an amateur litterateur, who wrote graceful sonnets and gave pleasant parties.

"I need not excuse myself my dear friend for making Mr. Castellani known to you in the flesh, as I have no doubt he is already familiar to you in the spirit. He is the anonymous author of 'Nepenthe,' the book that *almost everyone* has been reading, and *quite everyone* has been talking about this season. Only the few can *understand* it; but you are of these few, and I feel assured your *deepest* feelings have been stirred by that *wondrous* work. How delicious it must be with you among green lanes and English meadows. We go to a land of extinct volcanoes for my poor husband's gout. A vous de cœur,"

"DIANA TOMKISON."

"Pray sit down," said Mildred, as she finished her gushing friend's note, "my husband will be in presently. I hope in time to see you."

"Pardon me if, in all humility, I say it is *you* I was especially anxious to see, to know, if it were possible—delightful as it will be also to know Mr. Greswold. It is with your name that my past associations are interwoven."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"It is a long story, Mrs. Greswold. To explain the association I must refer to the remote past. My grandfather was in the silk trade, like your grandfather."

Mildred blushed, the assertion came upon her like an unpleasant surprise. It was a shock. That great house of silk merchants, from which her father's wealth had been derived, had hardly ever been mentioned in her presence. Lord Castleconnor's daughter had never grown out of the idea that all trade is odious, and *her* daughter had almost forgotten that her father had ever been in trade.

"Yes, when the house of Fausset was in its infancy the house of Felix and Sons, silk manufacturers and silk merchants, was one of the largest on the hill side of old Lyons. My great grandfather was one of the richest men in Lyons, and he was able to help the clever young Englishman, your grandfather, who came into his house

as corresponding clerk, to perfect himself in the French language, and to find out what the silk trade was worth. He had a small capital, and when he had learnt something about the trade, he established himself near St. Paul's Churchyard as a wholesale trader in a very small way. He had no looms of his own in those days; and it was the great house of Felix, and the credit given him by that house, which enabled him to hold his own, and to make a fortune. When your father began life the house of Felix was on the wane. Your grandfather had established a manufactory of his own at Lyons. Felix and Sons had grown old-fashioned. They had forgotten to march with the times. They had allowed themselves to go to sleep; and they were on the verge of bankruptcy when your father came to their rescue with a loan which enabled them to tide over their difficulties. They had had a lesson, and they profited by it. The house of Felix recovered its ascendancy, and the loan was repaid before your father retired from business."

"I am not surprised to hear that my father was generous. I should have been slow to believe that he could have been ungrateful," said Mildred softly.

"Your name is among my earliest recollections," pursued Castellani, "my mother was educated at a convent at Roehampton, and she was very fond of England and English people. The first journey I can distinctly remember was a journey to London, which occurred when I was nine years old. I remember my father and mother talking about Mr. Fausset. She had known him when she was a little girl, and he used to stay in her father's house when he came to Lyons on business. She would like to have seen him and his wife and daughter, for old time's sake; but she had been told that his wife was a lady of rank, and that he had broken off all associations with his trading career. She was too diffident to intrude herself upon her father's old ally. One day our carriage passed yours in the park. Yes, I saw you, a golden-haired child—yes, madam, saw you with these eyes—and a vision has stayed with me, a sunny remembrance of my own childhood. I can see that fair child's face in this room to-day."

(To be continued.)

MEMORY ECHOES.

DOWN the aisles of the past sounds a solemn slow chime
As memory strikes on the old bars of time,
The symphony swells, in a mournful refrain,
'Tis the voices of loved ones I'll ne'er see again.
They come, gently smiling, the lost and the dead,
Sweet hopes that have dawned then scattered and fled;
Dreams of passion dispelled—hands clasped and let go,
Never more to be clasped in this world of woe.
Thus may life, like a ship on the seas far and wide,
Without compass or rudder, go down 'neath the tide;
But the ship, though it drifted to seas far away,
To-night has found rest in a sweet moonlit bay—
For the echoes that ring through the dim lighted aisles,
Recall beloved faces and dear sunny smiles;
They are coming to bless me—and music sublime,
Vibrates, as they tread those old bars of time;
And hope looks beyond the long buried past,
To a brighter fulfilment in joys that will last.
Yet life rolls on—the days gliding by,
Tell of many a failure, and many a sigh,
For golden hours wasted, opportunities gone,
And duties neglected that could have been done.
Time idly squandered, few thoughts given
To the record it bears on its fleet wings to heaven,
Yearning for heart treasures, dear things of earth.
That fade as the joys to which they give birth.
O Father above, so tried and so true,
Strength, pardon and peace, for each day renew;
Let the life now thus drifting be steered by Thy hand,
Till it finds its fulfilment in Heavens bright land.

DORA DESMOND.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

14th February, 1888.

The recovery which was taking place the beginning of last week, owing to Prince Bismark's decidedly pacific speech, tending to clear the political atmosphere, was of short duration. Operators who had bought stock the previous week at the lower prices then current, were anxious to secure profits, and a natural reaction followed, since when the tendency has been very undecided, nor could it be wondered at, considering the adverse circumstances which seem fated to crop up and check every attempt on the part of speculators to raise the Market out of a state of dulness, which, while it lasts, will never draw the public for investment or speculation. The serious news from San Remo was the first damper, which was aggravated by a feeling that the Crown Prince's condition is more alarming than his medical advisers would lead the public to believe, and that they (the public), ought to be taken into their confidence, and know the real state of their royal patient. Then came the official announcement that the negotiations between the Brighton and South Eastern had been broken off, and for a time the Railway Market completely demoralized. Lastly the near approach of the fortnightly settlement checked business, and although there may be no actual cause for uneasiness, yet there is no doubt that large differences will have to be faced, and everyone will feel more comfortable when it is over.

The quotations for money remain unaltered at $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1%, and the Banks will probably change from $\frac{2}{2}$ to 3% for advances to the Stock Exchange, which is about the same as charged at the last settlement.

English Rails have fluctuated considerably for reasons above referred to. Brighton A, which we have already stated will go much better, have been done as low as 112½, and as high as 115½, closing steady at 115. Dover A fell from 101½ to 98½ on large Bear sales, which are likely to prove anything but remunerative to those engaged in such (what we should call) rash speculations. A rapid recovery to 101 will make it difficult for them to get in again. Chatham touched 20½, but close 21½, and should be worth buying. The variations in other lines are not serious, except North British, which for the moment looked good, but our advice would be to sell rather than purchase. Hull and Barnsley are steady at about 40, and if reports are true this Stock will be very scarce at the settlement, and may move up in a way peculiar to itself.

Foreigners have been much below present quotations and some heavy differences will be shown on the account. Egyptian Unified marked as low as 72½, and as high as 74½. Italians have fluctuated nearly 2%, but Peruvians have never been under 15½, and closed strong at 16½. This Stock has been in demand for several days, and remain firm on the decision of the "House" to withdraw opposition to the last Chilean Loan, in the hope that the Chilean Government will, in return, do something for the long-suffering Peruvian Bondholders. Those who can secure a profit on Paraguay Land Warrants might now take it, as we hear that they may have a chance of getting in again at a lower figure.

Americans closed fairly strong, and prices (except in one or two instances) have not varied more than 1%. Eries have been rather roughly handled, and were knocked down to 27½. Lake Shore touched 92½, but recovered to 94½. Ontario are for the moment very dull at about 17½, but will certainly see a much higher price. Milwaukee's and Reading's are a very steady market. Many of these Lines have a great future before them, and as population increases so also will their earnings, and there is no reason why the Shares of some of the best Lines should not be regarded as sound and profitable investments.

Mines are dull and neglected, but the tendency at the extreme close was more favourable. The news that the "Calumet" and "Hecla" Mines had come to terms with the French Syndicate gave an impetus to Cape Coppers, which were done at 53 (or nearly 10% higher than when we recommended them). Mysore Gold Mining Shares advanced to 3½. Buyers, and we hear are likely to go much better; some two years ago they were selling at £9, and the prospects of the Mine are now brighter than they have ever been before. This is really a valuable property, and a purchase at present price will yield a handsome return. Viola firm at about 1½.

The Miscellaneous Market has been firm generally. Guinness at 28½; Hotchkiss, 16½; Aerated Bread, about 5. The latter we believe are a safe purchase for investment, and we would draw the attention of our readers to some remarks on this Company in another place.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CONSTANT READER."—I am recommended to buy Hudson's Bay Shares, would you give me your opinion of them?—

We think very favourably of this Company, and the Shares are now at almost the lowest price touched for some months past. The Sales of Furs this year are expected to be very large, and higher prices are likely to be obtained. We also hear that a large sum has been received from the Canadian Government by way of damages sustained by this Company during the North West Rebellion, and with a revival of trade in Manitoba its business is sure to improve. At present price, viz. 21½, there is a good margin for a substantial rise of at least £5 or £6 per Share.

"INVESTOR."—Please inform me if Mexican Bonds should be bought as an investment?—

Mexican Rails at 33¼-34 we should consider a decidedly good purchase. Presuming that the New Loan is a success, the whole of the Debt would be consolidated, and the present Three Per Cents would be called in at 40, thus leaving a good margin for profit to a purchaser at market price (viz. 34), besides yielding 6% interest. We think this stock one of the cheapest in the Foreign Market.

ANER.—Arrived too late; will answer in next issue.

[Queries on monetary matters requiring replies in current number should reach us not later than Monday.]

THE AERATED BREAD COMPANY, LTD.

This Company was formed in 1863, but has only lately been brought prominently before the public by the opening of refreshment-rooms in most of the London thoroughfares, and the accommodation and comfort which these establishments afford have caused them to be patronised—as they deserve to be. Dividends equal to 42½% have been earned and paid for the last two or three years, their reserve fund amounting to something like £70,000, and is invested in Consols and other sound securities. The Company is therefore in a thoroughly sound condition, and we strongly advise investors to take an interest in the concern, for we know of nothing safer in the Miscellaneous Market or more likely to come to the front as a favourite investment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J.G. (Cork).—We are much obliged by your good opinion of IRISH SOCIETY, and promise that we shall spare no exertions to make it still more popular than it has proved to be.

We have received several unauthenticated communications from correspondents which we have not used, and we desire now to state in the most explicit manner possible that, while we invite contributions on society topics, we must continue to decline noticing any that are not accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for our own protection and guidance.

In response to a request made by a number of our readers to devote more of our space to society news, and in consequence of our desire to give as many of these items as possible, we have determined to discontinue the weekly sketch, as a page within IRISH SOCIETY proper, after this week; but we shall from time to time present our readers with a portrait or portraits of ladies

and gentlemen distinguished for philanthropy and other qualities that evoke respectful admiration from the entire community. This will accompany our journal as a supplement.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

LOVE when forced must soon become mortal hatred.

UNLESS the habit leads to happiness, the best habit is to contract none.

ALL the rarest hues of human life take radiance and are rainbowed out in tears.

BEGIN early in the course of education, while the mind is pliant and age is flexible.

ONE seldom speaks of the virtue which one has; but much oftener of that which fails us.

Do not anticipate trouble and worry about what may never happen. Keep in the sunlight.

THE scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute, and every man disagreeable.

WHEN weariness comes, take a breathing-spell. Of one thing be sure—to-day's work well done will prepare you for to-morrow.

GREATNESS is the aggregation of minuteness; nor can its sublimity be felt truthfully by any mind unaccustomed to the affectionate watching of what is least.

THE woman must not belong to herself; she is bound to alien destinies. But she performs her part best who can take freely, of her own choice, the alien to her heart, can bear and foster it with sincerity and love.

THOSE who have no ear for music must be very careful how they speak about the mysterious world of thrilling vibrations which are idle noises to them. And so the true saint can be entirely appreciated only by saintly natures.

POLITENESS, like honesty, is always the best policy; but like that, also, it must be real and spontaneous. That which is practised from motives of policy is only a spurious imitation, and will utterly fail to realize the hopes placed upon it.

EVERY breach of faith, every broken promise, every mean advantage taken, however small and trifling each may appear, helps to build up the dishonesty which at some time, and by some one, wrecks the happiness of multitudes, and drags down the sinning one to degradation and ruin. The honour of the country, and the integrity of the nation are in the hands of every citizen; each is responsible for his share in making or in marring them.

AMONG the many causes of poor and inefficient work is the habit of hurry, which takes possession of some busy people. Having, or imagining they have, more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated, and nervous; and, under this pressure, they proceed with the work in hand without requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts of it, sometimes important parts, and producing at last an imperfect and inferior performance which can be neither permanent nor satisfactory. There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual work to the most complex and difficult mental labor, that does not suffer from this cause.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society," payable in advance.

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WEEK ENDING 18th FEBRUARY, 1888.

In the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, who left Dublin for London to attend the opening of Parliament, Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry has given some dinner parties, the invitations to which were limited. Among the Viceregal guests were the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Sarah Churchill, the Marquis and Marchioness Conyngham, the Earl and Countess Kilmorey, Lord Lurgan, and others. Her Excellency, we are glad to know, continues to improve in health, and is now a frequent visitor in the city.

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster returned from Italy last week and have taken up their residence at Carton, Maynooth.

Lady Aberdeen has contributed several fancy articles to the Decorative Art Exhibition, painted by herself, with "Woodstock" and "Vandyke" paint, a new Irish manufacture.

Lord Howard de Walden has not yet "put in an appearance" as prosecutor of his brother-in-law, Major Kildare Borrowes.

The Earl of Dufferin, whose retirement from the Viceroyalty of India is announced, is the son of Helen, Lady Dufferin, whose exquisite Irish ballad, "I'm sitting on the style, Mary," is so well known. The Countess of Dufferin was Miss Hamilton, of Killyleagh, Co. Down, a descendant of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and her husband has always gracefully acknowledged how much of the popularity he enjoys is owing to her benevolent disposition and unflinching tact.

For Mrs. Browne's ball Mr. Alfred Manning's establishment turned out some lovely dresses, among which may be named those worn by Miss Armytage Moore, Miss D'Arcy, the

Misses Blount, and the Misses Burke. Lady Ardilaun's magnificent toilette, worn at a recent dinner party at the Viceregal Lodge, was, like that of Lady Ashbourne, on the same occasion, made in Mr Manning's. Lady Ardilaun's dress was of tabac satin duchesse, with long pointed bodice, and little winged sleeves. Crevette satin, embroidered in the richest manner with iridescent beads, formed the front of the skirt, while around the shoulders was placed a beautiful trimming of the same ornamental work.

The peaceful hamlet of Naul was awakened from its usual tranquillity on Friday evening last by the sweet strains beloved of Terpsichore. In the spacious mansion of West Currah, two of the most ardent sportsmen of the neighbourhood, ever foremost in Diana's chase, entertained a brilliant and fashionable company. The dual welcome of our gallant hosts, Mr. James Ennis and Dr. Adrien, was aptly expressed in artistic characters of crimson and gold in the entrance hall, bidding a hearty "Caed mille failthe to the bachelors' ball." Amid such a sparkling and numerous throng as were then assembled, a few only of those conspicuous for charm of feature and tastefulness of dress can here be mentioned:—The Misses Ennis, Miss Adrien, Miss Butler, Miss Baker, Miss Reynolds, the Misses Tench, Miss Segrave, the Misses Gargan (a charming bevy), Miss Ball, Miss Rooney. With such a galaxy of beauty, we should imagine that bachelors and their parties will soon be a minus quantity in the vicinity of Naul.

The annual dinner of the Old Boys of Rathmines School will take place in the Shelbourne Hotel on Tuesday evening next.

Mrs. Geoffrey Browning had an enjoyable musical reunion on Saturday afternoon, at her house, Upper Mount Street.

Madame Florac's third vocal recital takes place on Tuesday, 21st inst., at her residence, 4 Wellington Park, Adelaide Road, with the following programme:—Songs by Rubinstein, Chopin, Cowen, Kucken, Le Mysoti, with flute obbligato out of the Opera, "Les Perles de Bresil," concert vortaciones, and a song composed for, and dedicated to, Madame Florac.

Mr. C. E. Stoer, the popular and indefatigable secretary of the Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club, was entertained at dinner in the Wicklow Hotel, on Saturday evening, by the members of the Club. The occasion was availed of for the purpose of presenting, on the occasion of his retirement from the position of secretary, an illuminated address to Mr. Stoer, who replied to the kind wishes of his colleagues in suitable terms.

Dublin society has during the week been doing fairly well in the matter of private dance parties, at which the cream of our local fashion attended. Where they were all brilliant, it would be invidious to place any of them in the front rank; but special mention should be made of the assemblies brought together by Mrs. Browne, at Merrion Square; by Mrs. Brougham Leech, at Rutland Square; by Mrs. Burton, at Northumberland Road; by Miss Shaw, at Burlington Road; and by Mrs. Considine, who belongs to Limerick. At the latter party a mili-

tary band supplied the dance music, and at Mrs. Burton's some recitations were given by Miss Romola Tynte.

Organ manufacture in Dublin maintains to a large extent its ancient high reputation, there being scarcely any considerable ecclesiastical structure in Ireland without a specimen of city manufacture in this respect, while Messrs. Telford of Stephen's green, have sent several of these instruments from their city manufactory to other countries. The latest Dublin-built organ has just been erected in St. Francis Xavier's church, Upper Gardiner Street, by Mr. John White, of York Street, the instrument being of a very high class, and possessing all the latest improvements in the art. It was opened by a grand recital on Sunday afternoon last, Mr. John Glynn, the well-known organist of the church, presiding at the keyboard, and while its tones were universally admired, the vocal part of the recital by the full choir, was listened to by the crowded congregation in the church with evident pleasure.

Mr. W. H. Collisson, who has so successfully conducted many popular concerts in Dublin, intends shortly to give performances in Limerick, at which, amongst other items, the Prison Scene from "Maritana" will be given in character.

The last Popular Concert of the season came off in the Leinster Hall on Saturday Evening in presence of a numerous and critical audience. The programme was an attractive one, and among the *artistes* were the admirable violinist, Signor Papini, and Signor Esposito, whose reputation as a pianist is deservedly high in the city, these instrumentalists performing in a grand duo, which was loudly applauded. The latter performer played a catching and brilliant piano-forte solo, and Herr Rudersdorff delighted his auditors, as he invariably does, by his rendering of violoncello solos. The vocalists were Miss Agnes Janson, Miss Charlotte Hanlon, and Mr. Charles Chilly, who sang with sweetness and finish the trio "Ti Prego." Mr. W. H. Collisson conducted with his usual ability.

"The Mysterious Minstrels" have appeared at Cannes. Three English gentlemen there in disguise have excited great interest. They wear slouched hats, gray cloaks, and dominoes over their eyes. Their singing is delightful.

Mr. Whitbread, Manager of the Queen's Theatre, took his annual benefit at that house on Monday evening last, the building being filled from pit to roof-tree. The drama of *Ireland as it Was* and an excellent variety programme made up the evening's entertainment. The pantomime season has now concluded. During the evening Mr. Whitbread was presented with the following articles:—A splendid diamond ring, given by Mr. James Dillon; a very handsome drawingroom clock, by Mr. Jones, and a magnificent gold watch and chain, by his numerous friends and admirers.

Ladies will be interested to know that in Paris at present, plush is the favourite wear for morning house dresses, as well as for walking dresses worn under a coat. It is so soft that it lends itself better than any other material to a costume for ease or work.



THE PAST AND PRESENT EARLS OF MEATH.

(From Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.)

We give this week medallion portraits of the late and present Earl of Meath—two noblemen singularly respected in their native country, and beloved in an especial manner by circles of wide extent. Of him who is no more, it may be truly said, that he lived only to do good; and at his family seat of Kilruddery, in the beautiful county of Wicklow, his memory will long be green and fragrant. His son, the present Earl, is a worthy inheritor of the traditions of a noble house. Reginald Brabazon, twelfth Earl, is a Deputy-Lieutenant of county Wicklow, and Hon. Colonel of the 5th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Some time since his lordship held the post of Second Secretary in the Diplomatic service, and he is the son of William, eleventh Earl, and Harriet (Countess of Meath), daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. His lordship was born on the 31st of July, 1841, and succeeded his father on the 26th May, 1887. He married, 7th January, 1868, Lady Mary Jane, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Lauderdale, and has a family of four sons and two daughters; the eldest son, Reginald Le Normand, Lord Ardee, having been born on the 24th November, 1869. The Earldom of Meath dates from 1627. His lordship also bears the title of Baron Ardee (Ireland), 1616, and Baron Chaworth (United Kingdom), 1831. The name of Lord Brabazon is a familiar one in Dublin, especially among the industrious poor, for whom he has long laboured in encouraging them in the practices of thrift, taste, and tidiness in their humble dwellings. In this good work he has been ably seconded by his amiable Countess, who seems to be never wearied in her task of practical benevolence among the deserving poor, whom she has taught to beautify their homes in many ways, not the least pleasant of which is the adornment of their windows with fragrant flowers. Window-garden-

ing tends to refine the female mind, and her ladyship has extended the practice extensively in the more neglected parts of the southern side of Dublin. The latest acts of thoughtful kindness to the poor on the part of his lordship will be found in his presentation of a properly-equipped playground and gymnasium to the children of the labouring classes in the district of which New Row is the centre, and another and larger one in the densely-populated region of Pimlico.

It appears not to be generally known that William Vincent Wallace, the composer of the charming opera, "Maritana," was an Irishman. He was born in Waterford, in 1815. His father was a military bandmaster, and Vincent proved himself so apt a pupil of his parent, that at the age of fifteen he could play on every instrument of the orchestra, and had written several compositions for military bands. He visited the United States twice. He died in France on the 12th October, 1865.

The Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition was opened on Monday by her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, in presence of a fashionable assemblage, including their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The pictures are unusually good this year, and large attendances of the art-loving public may be expected.

In the early days of April next country society will augment Dublin society to a considerable extent, a great Dog Show being announced for that period in connection with the Spring Exhibition of Cattle at Ball's Bridge. Nothing assembles fashionables in this community more surely than a display of high-class canines, and as the Royal Dublin Society have inaugurated the

coming show, at which a great number of gold medals and over £250 in money prizes will be awarded, its success may be regarded as assured.

The Khedive of Egypt, who has ordered a ballet from Ambrosetti, of Paris, requires that no dancer shall be under fifteen or over thirty years of age; that they must all be beautiful; the form must be as nearly perfect as possible; the foot small and slender; the calf of the leg to measure fifteen inches in circumference; the arm and neck plump and shapely; and the dress must be cut with the greatest economy as regards quantity of material. The Khedive must be possessed of a rare critical taste when he is in a position to specify so minutely the essential requirements for an exquisite ballet. The princely governor of Egypt is evidently keeping up with the progress of the age when, instead of ordering a couple of nauch or dancing girls to amuse his friends after dinner, he issues so elaborate an order for the finest dancers that France can produce.

The majority of gentlemen are more or less dissatisfied with the existing similarity of the evening dress worn by them, and by that which adorns the waiters at dinner and evening parties. We have heard and read many suggestions for the removal of this grievance, and are sincerely gratified to learn that in London this season an effort will be made in distinguished quarters to embellish the dress of gentlemen so that a distinction may readily be made between guests and serving men. Coloured scarves, or folders, will be worn between the waistcoat and shirt, and knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes will be attempted.

Mr. Richard Adams, in the course of his professional duties, has formed an extraordinary

opinion of the Rev. Henry Peter Higginson White Melville. The eminent barrister the other day declared that it would be impossible to kill the Rev. Lothario with an ordinary pistol. We do not know whether the Rev. Peter is impervious to bullets or not; but we, long ago, unhesitatingly came to the conclusion that he is proof against public opinion—it may blow as it listeth, but Peter heedeth it not.

It is now regarded as probable that after all we shall have a visit in Dublin from Colonel Cody's "Wild West Show," though nothing definite on the subject can as yet be stated. Captain M'Cune, one of the Colonel's agents, is certainly in Dublin, feeling his way on the subject of a brief sojourn of the "Combination" in this city before the return of the troupe to America, about the middle of May next. Ball's Bridge would be, of course, the location aimed at, and there should be but little difficulty about securing it for such a purpose. The Royal Dublin Society are at all times ready to turn an honest penny by utilizing their splendid grounds for the purposes of public entertainments on a large scale, and here is the very thing necessary to add to their exchequer. They will themselves require the buildings for four days, at the beginning of April, for their Spring Cattle Show, but the holding of this event would not in any way interfere with "Buffalo Bill's" arrangements, which would be carried out in the extensive tract of ground used for the jumping and trotting items of the Horse Show Programme. That national gathering does not come off until the latter end of August, and between now and then the "Wild West Show," which Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales went specially to see, might have a lengthened season.

But there are many who think that an enormous exhibition of this kind would never pay in Dublin—that, in fact, there are not people enough here to make it "run" for a couple of weeks. This, we venture to think, is a mistake. We know what the Horse Show can gather to Ball's Bridge in the way of a multitude, and it is a moral certainty that, with facilities for travel granted in a generous way by our railway companies, crowds would flock to the city from all parts of Ireland to see Colonel Cody's Exhibition, and they would continue to come too. We want something in Dublin to stir society; and it might be on the cards that many evening parties would be given in the squares, at which "Red Shirt" and the other fascinating Indians would be favoured guests. Let them come by all means. Our native hospitality is boundless.

We have heard numerous stories about the doings and sayings in the old Theatre Royal in Hawkins-street. We will be pardoned for adding to the list the following gem of Dublin "jackeenery" which we have not yet observed in print:—One night when Barry Sullivan was performing in the famous scene with Desdemona in which he calls out three times—"The Handkerchief!" "The Handkerchief!!" "The Handkerchief!!!" A party in the gallery addressed him, saying:—"Ah, thin, Mister Sullivan, can't you use the cuff o' your coat, an' not keep us here all night?"

We acknowledge with deepest gratitude the receipt of a beautiful bouquet of Nature's first harbingers of the coming time of sweet-scented flowers. These fresh little primroses speak most

eloquently of those choice and exquisite dainties that have now entered upon the spring of life, and which will, in the course of a few months burst forth upon us in all the glory of ineffable beauty. We sincerely reciprocate the good wishes of our correspondent, who hopes that, as the primrose is the forerunner in the flower world, of numbered varieties and species, her welcome little bouquet may prove an augury of the prosperity yet in store for IRISH SOCIETY.

At this point we may inform our lady readers who are not particularly *au fait* with the demon vagaries of the fashionable world, that there is a tendency towards greater simplicity in bonnets; the trimming is *apropos* to the season, being composed of black velvet, adorned with spring's loveliest flowers, such as the snowdrop, daffodil, and the violet.

We omitted to state in our last issue that the dinner dress worn by Lady Ashbourne, and described in our sketch, was specially designed and made at Manning's well-known rooms, 102 and 103 Grafton-street.

A charming young lady, who has been for the past eighteen months one of the reigning belles of Dublin, has asked us to draw the attention of our readers to a "set of fellows" whom she met at a dance a few evenings ago. They didn't much care to dance—some of them couldn't—nor did they evince the slightest desire to conversationally amuse the ladies, but, as a matter of fact, about half-a-dozen of them stood "afar off" in a corner of the room and moped among themselves. "Never" said our fair correspondent, "did I see anything so rude." Really we were not a little surprised on reading the dainty, scented, pink note which contained this complaint; we rather thought that our city young men were of a more gallant disposition, and that they were always only too happy to befriend and support those young ladies who are constantly, as Artemus Ward puts it, "syin' to put their heds agin the weskits which kiver honest, manly harts."

Next to a time-tried friend is a good and faithful servant; but the old class of domestics, who considered themselves humble appendages of the families in whose service they were, and who spent their lives among them, are fast dying out, if they are not already extinct, and have been replaced by a class who seem to believe in monthly situations only. Take an ordinary instance—a thing happening in Dublin every day. A lady residing in the southern suburbs was in want of a young general servant a few days ago, and advertised the vacancy. One of the applicants pleased her—a girl of some eighteen years; but on inquiry it was found that within a period of eighteen months she had been in no less than twelve similar situations to that which she was applying for. Of course she was not engaged. What an amount of information relating to the domestic affairs of those twelve families that young woman must be possessed of, to be retailed in the next household into which she may find entrance. If mistresses would only set their faces sternly against this class of wandering "helps"—and they are frequently no helps at all—some check might be given to a system which is a positive nuisance in the household.

Mrs. H. Lyndon appeared at the close of last week at the Antient Concert Rooms, in a series of dramatic recitals, in which she was very ably assisted by Professor Aery-Jacob. The audience was a large and critical one, and the lady, who may be regarded as a *debutante*, was cordially and deservedly applauded throughout. The reading of her own poem, "The Angel's Hand," was marked by fervid feeling and poetic taste, and evoked warm applause. Mrs. Lyndon was extremely successful in all her selections; and, remembering this, we are at a loss to understand the reason for the unjust and ungenerous attack made on her readings and her appearance on the occasion by the *Evening Mail*, in an article marked by excessively bad taste, as well as by utter want of critical judgment or discrimination. We sympathise with Mrs. Lyndon, who will, doubtless, feel consoled by the reflection that the criticism in question will not do her much harm in the good opinion of those who know what scholarly reading really is, and we hope to have many opportunities of welcoming her again on the Dublin boards.

We have just heard a really good story which deserves to be recorded. The incident occurred in a city National School on the occasion of an examination for a prize offered to her pupils by the teacher. The prescribed subject, which was to be treated in the form of an essay, was "Laziness," and this was discoursed on in various interesting fashions; but the prize was very properly awarded to a girl who handed in a paper—blank. That young damsel evidently knew what laziness meant.

We regret to hear that Admiral William Gore-Jones, C.B., is dangerously ill at his residence, Ashburn Place, South Kensington. Owing to failing health, he retired in September last. The gallant Admiral is an Irishman by birth, and a grand-nephew of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Love-making in the open air is a highly risky matter under all circumstances. Even to court under cover of a foreign tongue is dangerous enough. Our office boy has just had an adventure in Stephen's Green which we have had related by him, and we must say we blush for his want of good manners. A handsome young man and a beautiful maiden came and sat on a seat on a corner of which the boy was sitting. The manner in which they acted proclaimed them to be lovers. Soon they changed from the vulgar tongue to that of the Gaul, of which our office boy has a smattering. "*Je vous aime*" was often repeated, so were many similar amorous assurances. Having heard enough, the imp on the corner of the seat blandly inquired, "*Savez-vous l'heur monsieur?*" The young gentleman started round, and the loving lady blushed. Recovering his senses, the person addressed by our spoiler of hopes, politely gave the information required in English, and to further remind him of his ability to speak French our impudent employé uttered "*je vous remercie*" and retired. Moral—Stone walls have ears; so have office boys.

Our lady readers will be delighted with the following recipe:—A quarter of a teaspoonful of beef extract, the yoke of an egg beaten up, a cup of boiling water, a little salt added, and served with a slice of hot toast, makes a palatable and nutritious luncheon and an excellent repast for invalids.

There is just now in Dublin a young gentleman who is much to be pitied, and who has applied to us for relief in the form of advice, which we have given him to the best of our humble ability. The individual in question may be recognised by the peculiarity of the situation, but if he should the fault will not be ours. He is consumed with the torture of the composition of his first essay, which an unkind fate has decreed him to deliver on an early date to a literary society in the city. We have seen many sad-eyed youths in our time—have witnessed a genius “run in,” another “married,” a third “jilted” by the only girl he ever loved; but for hopeless, settled despair, we give the cake to this literary unfortunate, who assures us he has been wrestling with that first essay for the past three weeks, and all in vain. He has gorged himself with books on the subject, read Emerson, Ruskin, Carlyle, and others on his selected theme; but he confesses himself “blowed” if, notwithstanding, even the ghost of an idea will come to him when he settles down to write.

This is a terrible but not unusual predicament, and the advice we tendered him we hereby present to every young genius among our readers who may be similarly afflicted:—(1.) Rise early in the morning. (2.) Bathe in cold water, walk four miles, and partake of a light breakfast of Indian meal porridge. (3.) Think about your subject all day, and let your ordinary work “slide;” and (4.) Lock yourself up in your room every night, plunder libraries, and read on till the clock strikes one—then begin to write. These instructions, if faithfully carried out, will, we are confident, enable any young man to write an essay that will alarm his friends.

It was an extraordinary decision of the Rathlin Guardians in refusing to allow their workhouse inmates to be entertained by a band of amateur minstrels, because “it was an insult to civilization and christianity for young men to paint themselves the colour of slaves!” Verily the Rathlin Guardians are an intelligent body.

Served him right! On Saturday evening last two young ladies were walking down Grafton Street, when they were accosted by a “gentleman,” dressed *a la mode*, with tall hat, patent leather boots, and “killing” overcoat, with no end of astrachan on it, while the depth of the “stand-up” which encircled his neck compelled him to carry his head very erect. Evidently not knowing the “lady killer,” the persons addressed took no notice of him but passed on. Being still pursued and addressed by the young man, the ladies feeling, no doubt, insulted, and seeing no other way to rid themselves of their tormentor, made use of their umbrellas in such a manner as would do credit to a drilled cavalryman. The result was that the “toff” made himself scarce very quickly down an adjoining courtway in a considerably wrecked condition, his “tile” more resembling a closed concertina than an article of masculine adornment.

As we say, it did serve him right. The punishment meted out to him was no more than he deserved. In these days, when chivalry and gentlemanliness seem in a great degree to have

departed from amongst us, it is well nigh impossible for any respectable female to pass along some of our streets—and especially that in which the above occurrence took place—without being insulted by parties of the half man and half boy *genus*, who, cigar in mouth, and cane in hand, strut around, thinking themselves admired by all.

At last! The Great Eastern is to finally find a home on the Atlantic seaboard, and in American rivers. The Leviathan, whose dimensions are familiar to us all in Dublin, has, it is stated on good authority, been secured by Phineas T. Barnum, to be turned to the uses of the greatest showman in the world, and it is now known that one of his agents has arrived at Queenstown on his way to the Clyde to take charge of her.

It has been thought by some of our present day cynically-inclined philosophers that the college education of women tends to obliterate all those feelings of love and devotion of which the feminine heart is capable; but fortunately the tendency is all the other way. Read what one powerful pen has written upon the subject: “With the progress of education and learning comes a longing for a companion, and for one whose face does not assume a blank appearance when anything more subtle than baby clothes forms the subject of conversation.” The higher education of our young ladies will therefore do more towards suppressing the gushing nonsense of the average young man of to-day than anything else we know of!

Dear, dirty, degenerating Dublin, every week shows additional signs of sinking into a lower position among cities. On looking around we see houses which were once the residences of the highest in the city turned into common tenements—the first step in their march towards decay—and establishments in which valuable business was done now “to let” without a sign of a tenant appearing, or else converted into bird shops, penny shows, &c. What is the cause of this?

There was a time when competition amongst the traders for the occupancy of such establishments as those in Grafton street and Dame street was very keen. How many are vacant, while others have become occupied by traders whose business might better be carried on in back streets. Are our regiments of business people being forced to retreat by the heavy attack of the big battalion of depression, or what other influence makes them give up the fight and retire from the commercial field? This is a query well worthy of consideration. When places such as Stephen’s green, Grafton street, Dame street, Gardiner street, &c., begin to fall away it is a sure sign that the hand of decay is resting heavily on our capital. Let us hope that our city will make a rally and return to what it was in its palmy days.

The smart little jackets so universal last spring have appeared this spring with added ornamentation. We have before us sketches of sixteen different styles modelled on military types and following with scrupulous exactitude the braiding peculiar to the original.

Here are a couple of items which should interest fair demoiselles:—The five young ladies who attended Annie, daughter of Sir R. Harley, on the occasion of her recent marriage with Lieut.-Colonel Bennett, wore cream faille, with sapphire blue gilets, and hats of sapphire velvet with cream feathers; these dresses were regarded as very *distingue*. The six bridesmaids of Miss Ida Mason, who was married at St. George’s, Hanover Square, to Captain Peyton, wore pure white costumes, consisting of cloth skirts pinked out at the edges in deep scallops over a kilting of the same, white corded silk. Directoire coats faced with moire and silver braid, also broad moire sashes at the back, and felt hats trimmed with ostrich feathers and moire ribbon. They each wore the bridegroom’s gift, a pearl brooch, the design being two hearts with a true lover’s knot.

The energetic and enterprising Secretary and Librarian of the Rathgar Choir is already making preparations for the performance of Mozart’s 12th Mass, and some smaller compositions of other great composers. We hope that the able Conductor (Dr. Smith) will succeed in gathering around him as large and competent a chorus as that which, under his baton, so brilliantly rendered Gounod’s “Mors et Vita.”

Practical joking was some time ago more extensively practised in Dublin than it is at present. But the fashion has not yet died out, as many know to their cost. Some days ago a house of one of our fashionable families was renovated, and the hall-door came in for its share of attention from the decorator, who gave it an appearance of which any mansion-door might be jealous. On the day after that on which the painter’s work was completed, some wickedly-disposed person or persons (it is suspected they were students) attached a piece of beef to the brass knocker with a string, and directed the attention of a hungry cur to it. The day was wet, consequently the paws of the quadruped were in a very muddy condition. Soon he was joined by several canine friends in his ineffectual efforts to reach the tempting morsel. The result was, that before the butler discovered the joke, the door was in a wretched condition from the scraping it had received from the animals’ paws. The damage was remedied as far as it was possible to remedy it. On the following morning, however, imagine the dismay of the owner of the house when he discovered that during the night a cat had been suspended from the knocker, and, in its endeavours to free itself from its uncomfortable position, had scratched the door in such a way as to completely destroy the panels. Evidently there are some amongst us who have not a love of the beautiful.

Disciples of Nimrod have been singularly fortunate since Christmas. Their old enemy, King Frost, has been conspicuous by his absence, and, wonderful to relate, his place has not been taken by Jupiter Pluvius. The Wards, Meaths, and Kildares have had rare sport, now that all heart-burnings have been assuaged by a display of tact, patience, and mutual forbearance on both sides. Among many successful “trysts,” the last meet of the Kildares at Castletown deserves especially to be chronicled. There were plenty of foxes, good lying scent, and the more than average number of empty saddles.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"**D**EAR Nellie, I often feel very lonely and dull up here; but I would not mind it so much if I had some nice 'boy' to write me long, loving letters. But I am not one of the lucky ones like you and Marie; for I have 'no one to love me, none to caress; no one to pity me, and no one to bless' me, although I am a whole twenty-one."

This was part of the contents of a letter I received one morning from my dearest friend and companion, who was a public school teacher in a small village some distance from town. The schoolhouse was situated a good distance from the village where she was residing, in order to be within the reach of the children belonging to the number of farms scattered round.

My friend, Lily Ransome, had been appointed to the charge of the school some months before I received the letter; and, having always lived in town previously, she found the quiet country life very dull and monotonous, so that her letters were frequently charged with discontented little passages, as on this occasion.

I had often promised myself the pleasure of giving her a surprise by going up unexpectedly to spend a few days with her. So I made up my mind to procrastinate no longer, but to go up and cheer the poor exile at once.

Next afternoon found me alighting from the car on which I had performed the second part of my journey; the first part having been by train.

As I strolled along towards the farm, where Lil was staying, admiring the brilliant green of the fields and meadows, and the delicate pink and red of some of the bushes' spring foliage, I was disturbed from my reverie by the patter of a horse's feet on the velvety turf; and turning I beheld no less a personage than Lil herself, on her way home from school.

She gave a little scream of delight as she recognised me, and drawing rein, sprang lightly to the ground, and rushed at me in her old impetuous manner.

Before we reached home, she had told me all about her loneliness and longing for home, finishing up by adding, "but I shall be all right now you have arrived."

Next day being Saturday there was no school. So Lil borrowed a horse and habit for me, and away we scampered. We chatted and laughed as gaily as two school girls, and enjoyed our ride immensely. After riding some distance along grassy lanes and country roads, we came upon a large gloomy cottage, standing back from the road, with a deserted appearance. I drew up my horse and halted before the gate, gazed at the house curiously. Lil did likewise, and said, "I suppose you are wondering what place this is. It is called The Haunted House. Nobody will live in it, because of the ghost which inhabits it."

"I have often wished you were here to help me investigate the place some evening," she continued, "for I have never seen a ghost, or a house supposed to be haunted by one before. You know, Nellie, I always wished to see one, just to see how it would act. I don't think I

should faint or scream, or run away like the people in ghost stories always do. Would you?"

Of course I scornfully denounced such a course of conduct; and, possessing strong nerves, and equally strong curiosity, I agreed to go some evening and try to solve the mystery.

On the following Monday evening, I procured some refreshments in the way of sandwiches, and a bottle of milk, to serve for supper, a candle and a box of matches, and then proceeded on horseback to meet Lil on her way from school.

We alighted at the gate; and as we pushed it open the rusty hinges creaked ominously, as if warning us to desist from our purpose. We looked at each other with a reassuring smile, although our hearts were beginning to palpitate rather faster than usual. Having led our steeds round to the back of the house, we tied them to the fence. The old place appeared dreary enough even in the light of the setting sun. So what would it look like by the weird light of the moon, which would rise as soon as dusk set in?

I think we both rather regretted our curiosity, which had led us into such an escapade; but neither would give in. So we pushed open the back door, and entered the passage; each trying to appear cool and unconcerned. But it was a very poor counterfeit, for our voices lowered instinctively, and while we remained in the house nothing on earth could have induced us to speak above a whisper.

We entered the first room we came to; and, as we did so, a cold, chilly breath of air rushed in our faces. But, as it was yet daylight, we could see the room was empty, and that several panes of glass being out of the window the draught came through.

"We had better look through all the rooms before it gets darker," Lil whispered in an awestruck tone. "Very well," I replied in the same manner.

Thereupon we proceeded on tiptoe from room to room, of which there were six; and, peering in just long enough to observe that all were empty, we returned to the one nearest the back door, so that we could make a speedy exit if necessary.

"I wonder which room his ghostship is partial to," said Lil, with a ghastly attempt to appear cheerful.

"I can't say," I whispered back, as if the words were forced from me, "but I wish we could kindle a fire," I said with a shudder, for the penetrating coldness of the deserted house seemed to chill me to the marrow. We sat down to our sandwiches, but made a very poor repast, for it required a great deal of force to swallow anything. So we sat still and waited. As it got darker I lighted the candle, and dropping some of the melted grease on the only shelf set the candle in it.

"Nellie, I cannot endure it much longer," whispered Lil after a few minutes. "Well," I returned, "just let us wait until the moon rises; and then we'll go, ghost or no ghost."

I had hardly spoken when we heard heavy footsteps coming up to the front door, which, like the back one, was unlocked. We looked at each other in alarm, and at first were afraid to move; but I thought perhaps whoever it was would notice the light of our candle beneath the door, so I walked quietly over and placed my shawl along the aperture. As we listened the footsteps came nearer; and we heard the door kicked open, and the voices of two men as they stumbled in with what was apparently some heavy weight.

"It's a good job this place has the name o' bein' haunted, Jim," I heard one voice say.

"Yes," was the response; "nobody'll think o' lookin' 'ere for 'im."

"You're quite sure you did the job with that one blow, Bill?" the second villain asked anxiously. Villains we were sure they were by their conversation.

"Sure," I should say so. "Didn't you see how he went off 'is 'orse like a nine pin?" Bill replied brutally. "Which room, mate?" he continued, "for I want to get rid o' this load, so let's be smart."

"This'll do then," Jim replied, pausing at the door of the room next to the one we occupied. They entered, and we heard a dull thud; and then as they returned, Jim remarked, "He's safe enough there; and if ever he is found no one will know how he got there."

"I don't think he'll ever bully a man again," Bill replied. "Come along, let's go before the moon rises."

Then the door banged; and the heavy footsteps and rough voices passed away. I looked at Lil, for she, like myself, had been listening in horror to this villainous dialogue.

"Who are they?" I whispered tremulously. "Oh, let us go now, Nellie," exclaimed Lil, in terror. "See, the moon has risen."

"Not yet," I replied, "till we see what they put in that room."

I took up the candle; and, as we were about to enter the next room, a loud groan issued from it, causing us to start. But we were determined to see what was meant by the 'he' and 'him' of the two rascals.

We entered the room in trepidation. Sitting on the floor was a young man, looking round in a dazed manner. I went to him, and asked, "Can we help you, sir, in any way?" At first he murmured 'water.' So Lil put the bottle of milk to his lips, and he drank thirstily. We had forgotten all about the ghost in our anxiety to relieve the suffering stranger. He seemed confused, and wandering in his mind. He was apparently trying to collect his thoughts; for he murmured words to himself, and gazed about him in a bewildered manner.

Suddenly there was a creaking; and then a loud crash, which caused Lil and me to tremble again, and look with fright into each others' blanched faces, as it brought to our minds what had attracted us to that place.

"Oh!" I replied, in answer to Lil's stare of inquiry. "It is the back door which we left unlatched. The wind is getting up," I added, as there sounded a shrill whistling through the hall.

Our trembling having subsided a little, we turned our attention once more to the gentleman.

"Do you think you can walk, sir?" Lil asked him kindly.

"I don't know; I'll try. Where am I?" he replied, looking up at her.

"Well," I said, "let us help you at once, as it is getting late."

I set the candle on the floor in the hall, to light us out of the house; and, returning, we assisted him to his feet. Having risen, he steadied himself for a moment against the wall, as he was rather dizzy.

Then he said: "I think I can go now, with your kind assistance."

We helped him outside, and as soon as he felt the fresh breeze blowing in his face, he revived considerably, and walked more easily

until we reached the horses. I placed my horse at his service, and assisted him to mount.

"You are very kind," he murmured as I took the bridle to lead the animal outside the gate. That accomplished, Lil and I mounted on the other horse, and rode slowly home, leading the gentleman's horse, without speaking. By the short cut we took, the distance to the farm was only a couple of miles. So we reached it in about half an hour.

Our visitor was almost fainting as one of the men came out, and in response to our hurried explanation, assisted him to dismount. He was taken indoors, and put comfortably to bed by our kind landlady. The moonlight was so tempting that, after partaking of tea, we strolled into the garden to talk over our adventure.

"Nothing on earth would tempt me to visit that horrid house again, haunted or not," Lil was just saying when I drew her attention to a lurid glare in the sky, remarking, "There's a fire somewhere, Lil."

Just then one of the farm hands passed, and, gazing in the direction to which I pointed, exclaimed, "Why shure that's the Haunted House afire. There's no other house over that way so close." Lil and I looked at each other in amazement, for we both remembered the lighted candle left up against the wooden partition, and we knew it was that which had caused the conflagration. Next day there was nothing but a few charred pieces of wood lying around to show where the haunted house had stood.

But to return to the stranger. He had so far recovered next morning as to inform us how he came by the ill usage which he had experienced. Indeed, it should be called an attempt on his life, for his enemies had seemed satisfied to believe him dead.

His name, he told us, was Walter Eveson, and he was the owner and landlord of several small farms in the village beyond the one where we were staying; and every quarter he rode over to collect his rents. On the previous quarter-day two farm labourers, who had saved a little money, had requested him to let them have a certain small farm. The farmer who had formerly held it had died some time before. But his wife had remained on the premises to manage the place, and these men wanted Mr. Eveson to turn her away and let them take it. But he refused, and gave them a stern reproof for expressing such a heartless desire. They had vowed vengeance, and had availed themselves of the first opportunity, which happened to be the following quarter-day, when they attacked him as he was returning home, and knocked him down off his horse by a violent blow on the back of the head, carrying him to the Haunted House. The first thing he knew afterwards was our assisting him, for which he gratefully thanked us. He was well enough in a day or two to be able to leave the house and walk about in the garden, although the wound on his head was still painful. He did not seem in any hurry to depart; nor did Lil seem at all pleased when his return to his own home was mentioned. Our kind landlady had sent word to Mr. Eveson's aged mother that her son had "met with a slight accident, but was safe and well cared for." So there was no need to be anxious on her account.

My week's holiday was up, and I was to return to my home next morning. Lil and I were having our final chat in bed the night before, when she suddenly asked, "How do you like Walter, Nell?"

"I like him very much," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I just wanted to know," she answered evasively.

Very soon we were fast asleep. Next morning we were up early, and, after a hasty breakfast, I started for the next farm, where the mail car stopped to pick up passengers and change horses. At the gate we found Mr. Eveson waiting to escort us. When he shook hands with me at the final parting, he said, "I have to thank you for your kindness to me, for I owe you more than life." "Don't mention it. You are very welcome to any little service I may have rendered you," I replied lightly.

The coach being ready to start, after one more hasty embrace, during which I found time to whisper, "Good luck to you, dear!" in Lil's ear, I sprang in, the door was banged, and I was off.

Many months have passed since then, but I have received no more discontented epistles from my friend.

As I began this story with an extract from a letter of her's, I may as well conclude in the same manner, as it will tell better than I can the result of our escapade.

"Dear Nell,—I feel so happy and contented now, that I shall never wish to return to town life. Indeed, I expect to have to live here; for dear Walter has asked me to share his country home. I think I have every reason, don't you, to think myself one of the lucky ones. and bless the evening we went to solve the mystery of the Haunted House?"



THE HABIT OF READING.

"I HAVE no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is not the books we finish at a sitting that do us most good. Those we run through in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

TRUE STORY OF GENERAL GORDON'S DEATH.

GENERAL GRAHAM has recently received a despatch from Major Chermide, an officer serving in the Soudan, from which it appeared that three sergeants of the Egyptians had a short time since been released from the Soudanese camp, and one of them falling in with an English outpost informed the officer in charge of the real facts connected with the death of General Gordon. From the man's narrative it appeared that on the evening of his death General Gordon was very tired, being worn out by watching, and was unable as he usually did to visit all the outposts and wickets of his camp. Hence it was not within his knowledge that a particular gate was left open that night. He retired into an inner fort for the purpose of taking rest, having three

sergeants of the Egyptian army with him—the three men who had recently been released from the Soudanese camp. While Gordon was asleep a Sheik with a number of men obtained admittance through the open gate, and advanced to the place where Gordon was resting. Alarmed by the noise Gordon came forth, and was then called upon by the Sheik to surrender. He, of course, refused; and one of the sergeants with him was about to fire upon the Sheik when Gordon prevented him. Again Gordon was called upon to surrender, but he again refused, saying he would die at his post. He asked, however, that the lives of the men with him might be spared. The Sheik then drew his sword, and the brave Gordon was decapitated.

JENNY LIND'S VOICE.

TWICE during her life she lost control of her voice—the first time while her career was only budding, the second shortly after the birth of her son, while living in Dresden, in 1853. On both occasions the voice returned to her as it had departed, and both times its presence was accidentally discovered. It is well known that she became a singer at the remarkably early age of ten years. She had spent but one year in a music school in Stockholm, when her debut was effected in the Court Theatre. For two years she continued to give promise of a great lyric career, when the upper notes of her voice became hard, and she was forced into retirement. For four years all thought of a public life was abandoned, when one evening she was called upon to fill an unimportant role in one of Meyerbeer's operas by reason of the illness of the young woman to whom it had been entrusted. To this accident the fame of Jenny Lind is due, for that night she discovered that the sweetness and purity of her voice had returned, and the next night she was invited to sing Agatha in Von Weber's "Freischütz."

EATEN BY WOLVES.

AN Hungarian County Court Judge, returning home from Grosswardein in a sleigh recently was beset by a ravenous pack of wolves which terrified his horses, and caused him to be thrown out of the sleigh. The coachman, without heeding his master, drove madly on, and the magistrate was completely devoured. Nothing but a few bones and pieces of cloth were found on the road when search was subsequently made for him. Another horrible case is reported—namely, that of a peasant who, pursued by wolves, flung his boy, aged 13, out of the sleigh to these animals, and thereby saved himself. On reaching his village this wretched man surrendered himself to the police.

ANCIENT PERUVIAN MANUFACTURES.

PERUVIAN woven tissues, often dyed in brilliant hues, are unsurpassed by the textile productions of any other ancient American people. Their jewellery of gold and silver is remarkable. Statuettes in the precious metals are even more wonderful; they represent monkeys, birds with their feathers, fish with their scales, &c., modelled in relief or intaglio. Human figures were also cast in the precious metals, the artists even attempting groups. Beads were made of gold, silver, glass, and earthenware. Wood was used to furnish objects in daily use, and an example may be seen in the beautifully ornamented combs that are sometimes found placed beside the dead in the huacas.

GLAD LIVES.

FEW things are so conducive to a cheerful spirit as that habit of mind which takes delight in the common and ordinary things of life. The songs of birds and the fragrance of flowers, the bright sky and the fresh grass, the mirth of children, the interests of home, the society of friends, the little gift where a costly one is impossible, the thousand little acts of kindness and courtesy, of charity and benevolence, that cost so little and mean so much—such things may fill up the life with gladness and the heart with cheerfulness. But, when they are pushed aside as not worth attention, and every nerve is strained to the utmost after costly and far-off illusions, it is no wonder that the starved capacity for happiness should dwindle away, and that a gloomy discontent should drive the smile from the lips and the cheer from the heart.

THE BEGINNINGS OF INSANITY.

THE beginnings of insanity are more often overlooked or neglected than properly treated. This is the greatest cause that exists for the constant increase in the number of lunatics in every civilized nation. The fact that the patient seldom or never recognizes the danger to his mental health which is approaching is one powerful for this neglect. Whenever there is persistent sleeplessness, a change in the sentiments towards those who should be nearest and dearest, and the development of ideas of an extraordinary and fanciful kind in a mind previously reasonable and well balanced, it is time that all sources of worry or any kind of mental strain should be removed as far as possible; that change of scene should be had; and that every function of the body should be carefully examined into by a competent physician.

THE STREETS OF POMPEII.

THE city is of an irregular oval form, about two miles in circumference, and was walled except on the side nearest the sea. It had at least eight gates, probably more, of which the best preserved and probably the most antient is the Nola. The streets are narrow, from twelve to fourteen feet wide, including the trottoirs. Some are even less, and the widest only about thirty feet. Rows of high stepping-stones cross the street from side to side between the trottoirs for the convenience of pedestrians in rainy weather. These stepping-stones must have greatly impeded the passage of vehicles. The walls, as before mentioned, are low, and there is little left but the lower stories. There is reason to suppose upper floors were slightly built, perhaps of wood, containing small rooms for the use of slaves. The walls facing on the streets are blank, in most instances, the windows of the houses opening on the open square in the centre. In some cases small shops filled the fronts of houses without communicating with any other part of them, unless perhaps a room at the back, and signs still remain showing the particular business carried on in them.

BLUNDERS.

THE subject of schoolboys' blunders has recently been agitated in various directions, and the collected result is exceedingly amusing. One youthful historian states, in examination, that "a constitutional monarch is one who has a good constitution."

Another seems a trifle vague about the feudal system, and writes that "it was a law that every one should get up at 8 a.m. to put out his fires." Perhaps a philologist might think that the boy was of French descent, from his referring the word fued to *feu*—fire.

Passing on to Bible history, we find versions of the Beatitudes which differ from those generally received: "Blessed are ye when men shall say unto you *Racca*," and "Blessed are the poor in spite of it."

A certain passage in Xenophon tells us that "on one occasion all the soldiers escaped unhurt, but one man on the left wing was said to be shot." A translator, by transposing the words, made the statement "that one was said to be shot on the left wing," whereupon a clever boy aptly remarked "He must have been a goose."

One pupil, who was asked to explain the meaning of the phrase the "last infirmity of noble minds," at once replied, "the disease you die of."

Another boy must have been suffering from pangs of hunger, for he wrote in answer to the question "What makes the tower of Pisa lean?" "Because there was a sore famine in the land."



"No, ma'am," said a grocer to an applicant for credit, "I wouldn't even trust my own feelings."

BROWN—"Did you ever realise anything in the German lotteries?" Jones—"Yes, sir. I tried five times, and realized that I was an idiot."

YOUNG HUSBAND (to his wife petulantly):—"Well, suppose I don't kiss you every morning on taking leave, what does that signify?" Young Wife (sorrowfully):—"Well, I suppose it signifies that our honeymoon is over."

"I DON'T miss my church so much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and she tells me who are going to church and whether they have got on anything new."

ST. PETER (to applicant)—"What was your business when on earth?" Applicant—"Editor of a newspaper." St. Peter—"Big circulation, of course?" Applicant—"No, small; smallest in the country." St. Peter—"Pick out your harp."

SOMEWHAT AMBIGUOUS.—Visiting friend—"You have got a pretty house." Lady (who has just moved in)—"Yes, but we are all in confusion, and it does take such a long time to get things settled." Visiting friend—"Yes, a long time." Lady—"Yes, but I hope we'll be all settled before you call again."

SIMPLY A MATTER OF HABIT.—"How does it feel to have a moustache on your lip, Henry?" she asked, when she perceived that her lover was cultivating that masculine adornment. "I can't say," he answered, as she struggled from his embrace and drew her breath, "I think it is something to which one could in time become reconciled."

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a tram-car. "Have you ever tried hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a fat-looking woman with a market-basket at her feet, who was sitting at her elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he hain't got it too bad."

A CHILD, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva.—"Who is that?" said she.—"My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too?"—"Because she had none, my child."—"That was because she was wise, wasn't it mamma?" was the artless reply.

IMPARTING INFORMATION.—Teacher—"Yes, children, the hairs of our head are all numbered." Smart Boy (pulling out a hair and presenting it)—"Well what is the number of this hair?" Teacher—"Number one, Johnny, and (pulling out several more) these are numbers two, three, four, five, and six. Anything else you want to know?" Smart Boy—"N-no, sir."

THE jolliest fellow you ever met
Is a dismal man at home;
The wittiest girl in society's set
Will with headaches her wit atone.
The man whose grace a court would adorn
Is tied to a desk from night to morn;
And the man who would lend a pound to a friend
Never has a pound to lend.

A SETTLER.—Landlord (to tenant)—"Good morning, sir; fine day, sir. Just called round to see if it would be convenient to settle your quarter's rent." "Do you know, landlord, that none of the doors in this house will shut?" "New house, sir; new house, you know; takes time to settle." "Ah, then, there's a pair of us. I'm a new tenant; it takes time for me to settle, too. Good morning. Call again."

FAIR CUSTOMER—"I thought you had servants waiting for places." Employment Agent—"Plenty of them, madam, but we do not keep them here in the reception-room; they are in the waiting-room up stairs." F. C.—"Oh! Well, I keep a boarding-house, and I want a dish-washer." E. A.—"Yes, ma'am. George, go up stairs and tell the girls there is a place vacant for a lady renovator of hotel china."

THE MOST PRECIOUS—"Why don't you get insured for the benefit of your wife? You love her, I presume?" "Love her. Yes, sir; I love her better than my life. And that's just the reason I don't insure my life. I don't value it a straw in comparison with my dear wife. So I've taken out a policy on her life." "Payable to yourself?" "Certainly. A man insures what he values most. And if she should die wouldn't I be the loser?"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. F., after vainly endeavouring to pour hot water out of an empty tea-kettle, "how did I forget it I wonder? I'm getting a perfect simpleton. I wish I did have a little common sense." "But, my dear," interrupted Fogg, "suppose you had. Do you think you'd know what to do with it?" "Do with it?" echoed Mrs. F. "Many things. I might want to be married again, you know, and perhaps it would save me from making a fool of myself a second time."

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THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Vixen*," "*Ishmael*," "*Like and Unlike*," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

"YOU should have seen my daughter," faltered Mildred sadly.

"You have a daughter?" said the stranger eagerly.

"I had a daughter. She is gone. I only put off my black gown yesterday—but my heart and mind will wear mourning for her till I go to my grave."

"Ah, madam, how deeply I sympathise with such a grief," murmured Castellani.

He had a voice of peculiar depth and beauty—one of those rare voices whose every tone is music. The pathos and compassion in those few common-place words moved Mildred to sudden tears. She commanded herself with an effort.

"I am much interested in your reminiscences," she said cheerfully. "My father was very dear to me. My mother came of an old Irish family, and the Irish, as you know, are apt to be over proud of high birth. I had never heard my father's commercial life spoken about until to-day. I only knew him as an idle man, without business cares of any kind, able to take life pleasantly. He used to spend two or three months of every year under this roof. It was a terrible blow to me when we lost him, six years ago, and I think my husband mourned him almost as deeply as I did. But tell me about your book. Are you really the author of '*Nepenthe*,' that nameless author who has been so much discussed?"

"And who has been identified with so many distinguished people—Mr. Gladstone—Cardinal Newman."

"Mr. Froude—Mr. Browning—I have heard all kinds of speculations. And is it really you?"

"Yes, it is I. To you I may plead guilty, since, unfortunately, the authorship of '*Nepenthe*' is now le secret de Polichinelle."

"It is a—strange book," said Mildred. "My husband and I were both interested in it—and impressed by it. But your book saddened us both. You seem to believe in nothing."

"Seems,' madam, nay I know not 'seems'; but perhaps I am not so bad as you think me. I am of Hamlet's temper, inquiring rather than disbelieving. To live is to doubt. And I own that I have seen enough of this life to discover that the richest gift fate can give to man is the gift of forgetfulness."

"I cannot think that. I would not forget, even if I could. It would be treason to forget the beloved ones we have lost."

"Ah, Mrs. Greswold, most men have worse memories than the memory of the dead. The wounds we want healed are deeper than those made by death. His scars we can afford to look upon. There are wounds that have gone deeper, and that leave an uglier mark."

There was a pause. Mr. Castellani made no sign of departure. He evidently intended to wait for the squire's return. Through the open window of a second drawing-room, divided from the first by an archway, they could see the servants setting out the tea-table on the lawn. A Turkey carpet was spread under the cedar, and there were basket chairs of various shapes, and two or three small wicker tables of different colours, and a milking stool or two, and all the indications of outdoor life. The one thing missing was that aerial figure clad in white which had been wont to flit about among the dancing shadows of branch and blossom—a creature as evanescent as they, it seemed to that mourning mother who remembered her to-day.

"Are you staying long at Riverdale?" asked Mildred presently, by way of conversation.

"If Mrs. Hillersdon would be good enough to have me I would stay another fortnight. The place is perfect, the surrounding scenery enchanting, and my hostess simply delightful."

"You like her?" asked Mildred, interested.

No woman can help being curious about a woman with such a history as Mrs. Hillersdon's. All the elements of romance and mystery seem, from the feminine standpoint, to concentrate in such a career. How many hearts has such a woman broken; how many lives has she ruined,

how often has she been on the brink of madness or suicide? she, the placid matron, with her fat carriage horses, and powdered footmen, and big prayer book, and demure behaviour, and altogether bourgeoisie surroundings.

"Like her, yes; she is such a clever woman."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, she is a marvel. The very cleverest woman I know."

He laid a stress on the superlative. His praise might mean anything—might be a hidden sneer. He might praise as the devil prays—backwards. Mildred had an uncomfortable feeling that he was not in earnest.

"Have you known her long?" she asked.

"Not very long. Only this season. I am told that she is fickle, or that other people are fickle, and that she seldom knows anyone more than a season. But I do not mean to be fickle, I mean to be a house friend at Riverdale all my life if she will let me. She is a very clever woman—and thoroughly artistic."

Mildred had not quite grasped the modern significance of the last word.

"Does Mrs. Hillersdon paint?" she asked.

"No, she does not paint."

"She plays—or sings, I suppose?"

"No. I am told she once sang Spanish ballads with a guitar accompaniment; but the people who remember her singing tell me that her arms were the chief feature in the performance. Her arms are lovely to this day. No, she neither paints, nor plays, nor sings; but she is supremely artistic. She dresses—well, as few women of five and forty know how to dress—dresses so as to make one think five and forty the most perfect age for a woman; and she has a marvellous appreciation of art, of painting, of poetry, of acting, of music. She is almost the only woman to whom I have ever played Beethoven who has seemed to me thoroughly *simpatica*."

"Ah," exclaimed Mildred, surprised, "You yourself play, then."

"It is hardly a merit in me," answered Castellani modestly; "my father was one of the finest musicians of his time in Italy."

"Indeed!"

"You are naturally surprised. His genius was poorly appreciated. His name was hardly known out of Milan and Brussels. Strange to say, those stolid Flemings appreciated him. His work was over the heads of the vulgar public. He saw such men as Verdi and Gounod triumphant, while he remained obscure."

"But surely you admire Verdi and Gounod?"
 "In their places, yes; both are admirable; but my father's place was in a higher rank of composers. But let me not plague you about him. He is dead—and forgotten. He died crownless. I heard you playing Mozart's Gloria as I came in. You like Mozart?"

"I adore him."

"Yes, I know there are still people who like his music. Chopin did; asked for it on his death-bed," said Castellani, with a wry face; as if he were talking of a vulgar propensity for saur kraut or a morbid hankering for assafoetida.

"How I wish you would play something while we are waiting for my husband," said Mildred, seeing her visitor's gaze wandering to the open piano.

"If you will go into the garden and take your tea, I will play with delight while you take it. I doubt if I could play to you in cold blood. I know you are critical."

"And you think I am not *simpatica*," retorted Mildred, laughing at him. She was quite at her ease with him already, all thought of that Judas face in the church being forgotten. His half deferential, half caressing manner—his easy confidences about himself and his own taste, had made her more familiar with his individuality in the space of an hour than she would have been with the average Englishman in a month. She did not know whether she liked or disliked him; but he amused her, and it was a new sensation for her to feel amused.

She sauntered softly out to the lawn, and he began to play.

Heavens, what a touch! Was it really *her* piano which answered with tones so exquisite—which gave forth such thrilling melody? He played an improvised arrangement of Schubert's Ave Maria and she stood entranced till the last dying *arpeggio* melted into silence. No one could doubt that he came of a race gifted in music.

"Pray don't leave the piano," she said softly, from her place by the open window.

"I will play till you call me away," he answered, as he began Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor.

That weird and impassioned composition reached its close just as George Greswold approached from a little gate on the other side of the lawn. Mildred went to meet him, and Castellani left the piano and came out of the window to be presented to his host.

Nothing could be more strongly marked than the contrast between the two men as they stood facing each other in the golden light of afternoon. Greswold, tall, broad-shouldered, rugged looking in his rough brown heather suit and deerstalking cap, carrying a thick stick, with an iron fork at the end of it, for the annihilation of chance weeds in his peregrinations. His fine and massive features had a worn look, his cheeks were hollow, his dark hair and beard were grizzled here and there, his dark complexion had lost the hue of youth. He looked ten years older than his actual age.

Before him stood the Italian, graceful, gracious in every line and every movement; his features delicately chiselled, his eyes dark, full, and bright; his complexion of that milky pallor which is so often seen with hair tending towards red, his brown beard of silkiest texture, his hands delicately modelled and of ivory whiteness, his dress imbued with all the grace which a fashionable tailor can give to the clothes of a man who cultivates the beautiful even in the barren field of nineteenth century costume. It

was impossible that so marked a contrast could escape Mildred's observation altogether; yet she perceived it dimly. The picture came back to her memory afterwards in more vivid colours.

She made the necessary introduction, and then proceeded to pour out the tea, leaving the two men to talk to each other.

"Your name has an Italian sound," Greswold said presently.

"It's a Milanese name. My father was a native of Milan. My mother was French, but she was educated in England, and all her proclivities were English. It was at her desire my father sent me to Rugby, and afterwards to Cambridge. Her fatal illness called me back to Italy immediately after I had got my degree, and it was some years before I again visited England."

"Were you in Italy all that time?" asked Greswold, looking down absently, and with an unwonted trouble in his face.

Mildred sat at the tea table, the visitor waiting upon her, insisting upon charging himself with her husband's cup as well as his own, an attention and reversal of etiquette of which Mr. Greswold seemed unconscious. Cassandra had returned with her master from a long walk, and was lying at his feet in elderly exhaustion. She saluted the stranger with a suppressed growl when he approached with the tea cups.

"Yes, I wasted four or five years in the South—in Florence, in Venice, or along the Riviera, wandering about like Satan, not having made up my mind what to do in the world."

Greswold was silent, bending down to play with Cassandra, who wagged her tail with a gentle largo movement, in grateful contentment.

"You must have heard my father's name when you were at Milan," said Castellani. "His music was fashionable *there*."

Mildred looked up with a surprised expression. She had never heard her husband talk of Milan, and yet this stranger mentioned his residence there as if it were an established fact.

"How did you know I was ever at Milan?" asked Greswold, looking up sharply.

"For the simplest of reasons. I had the honour of meeting you on more than one occasion at large assemblies, where my insignificant personality would hardly impress itself upon your memory. And I met you a year later at Lady Lochinvar's palace at Nice, soon after your first marriage."

Mildred looked up at her husband. He was pale as ashes, his lips whitening as she gazed at him. She felt her own cheeks paling; felt a sudden coldness creeping over her, as if she were going to faint. She watched her husband dumbly, expecting him to tell this man that he was mistaken, that he was confounding him, George Greswold, with some one else; but Greswold sat silent, and presently, as if to hide his confusion, bent again over the dog, who got up suddenly and licked his face in a gush of affection—as if she knew—as if she knew!

He had been married before, and he had told his wife not one word of that first marriage. There had been no hint of the fact that he was a widower when he asked John Fausset for his daughter's hand.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNING OF DOUBT.

ENDERBY Church clock struck six. They heard every chime, slow and clear in the summer air, as they sat in the broad shadow of the cedar, silent all three.

It seemed as if the striking of the clock were the breaking of a spell.

"So late!" exclaimed Castellani, in a cheery voice; "and I promised Mrs. Hillersdon to be back in time to drive to Romsey for the evening service. The old Abbey Church of Romsey, she tells me, is a thing to dream about. There is no eight o'clock dinner at Riverdale on Sundays. Everyone goes to church somewhere, and we sup at half-past nine, and after supper there is sometimes extempore prayer—and sometimes there are charades or dumb crambo. C'est selon. When the Prince was there they had dumb crambo. Good-bye. I am almost ashamed to ask if I may ever come again, after having burdened you for such an unconscionable time."

He had the easiest air possible, and seemed totally unconscious of any embarrassment caused by his allusions to the past; and yet, in both faces, as he looked from one to the other, he must have seen the strongest indications of trouble.

Mrs. Greswold murmured something to the effect that she would be glad to see him at any time, a speech obviously conventional and unmeaning. Mr. Greswold rose hastily and accompanied him to the halldoor, where the cart still waited for him, the groom fixed as a statue of despondency.

Mr. Castellani was inclined to be loquacious to the last. Greswold was brief almost to incivility. He stood watching the light cart roll away, and then went slowly back to the garden and to his seat under the cedar.

He seated himself there in silence, looking earnestly at his wife, whose drooping head and fixed attitude told of deepest thought. So they sat for some minutes in dead silence, Cassandra licking her master's pendent hand, as he leaned forward with his elbow on his knee, infinitely sorry for him.

Mildred was the first to break that silence.

"George, why did you not tell me," she began in a low faltering voice, "that I was not your first wife? What reason could there be for concealment between you and me? I so trusted you, I so loved you. Nothing you could have told would have changed me."

"Dearest, there was one reason, and a powerful one," answered George Greswold firmly, meeting the appealing look of her eyes with a clear and steady gaze. "My first marriage is a sad remembrance to me, full of trouble. I did not care to tell you that miserable story, to call a dreaded ghost out of the grave of the past. My first marriage was the one great sorrow of my life, but it was only an episode in my life. It left me as lonely as it found me. There are very few who know anything about it. I am sorry that young man should have come here to trouble us with his unnecessary reminiscences. For my own part, I cannot remember having ever seen his face before."

"I am sorry you should have kept such a secret from me," said Mildred. "It would have been so much wiser to have been candid. Do you think I should not have respected your sad remembrances? You had only to say to me 'Such things were, but let us not talk of them!' It would have been more manly—it would have been kinder to me."

"Say that I was a coward, if you like—that I am still a coward, where those memories are concerned," said Greswold.

The look of agony in his face melted her in a moment. She threw herself on her knees be-

side his chair, she and the dog fawning on him together.

"Forgive me, forgive me, dearest," she pleaded. "I will never speak to you of this again. Women are so jealous—of the past most of all."

"Is that all," he said. "God knows you have little need. Let us say no more, Mildred. The past is past. Neither you nor I can alter it. Memory is inexorable. God himself cannot change it."

"I will contrive that Mr. Castellani shall not come here again, George, if you object to see him."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself. I would not have such a worm suppose that he could be obnoxious to me."

"Tell me what you think of him," she asked, in a lighter tone, anxious to bring back the easy mood of every-day life. "He seems very clever, and he is rather handsome."

"What do I think of the trumpet ash on the verandah yonder? A beautiful parasite, which will hold on anywhere in the sunshine. Mr. Castellani is of the same family, I take it—studies his own interests first, and chooses his friends afterwards. He will do admirably for Riverdale."

"He plays divinely. His touch transformed my piano."

"He looks the kind of man who would play the piano," said Greswold, with ineffable contempt, looking down at his own sunburnt hands, hardened by exposure to all weathers, broadened by handling gun and punt-pole, and by half-a-dozen other forms of out-door exercise. "However, I have no objection to him, if he serves to amuse you and Pamela."

He spoke with a kind of weary indifference, as of a man who cared for very little in life; and then he rose slowly, took up his stick, and strolled off to the shrubbery.

Pamela appeared on the following afternoon with boxes, bags, music books, racquets, and parasols, in a proportion which gave promise of a long visit. She had asked as a tremendous favour to be allowed to bring Box—otherwise Fitz-Box—her fox terrier, son of Sir Henry Mountford's Box, great grandson of Brockenhurst Joe, by that distinguished animal's daughter, Lyndhurst Jessie, and, on the father's side, a lineal descendant of Mr. Murchison's Cracknel.

"I hope you won't mind very much," she wrote: "but it would be death to him if I were to leave him behind. To begin with, his brother, Fitz-Cox, who has a villainous temper, would inevitably kill him; and, besides that, he would pine to death at not sleeping in my room at night, which he has done ever since he was a puppy. It you will let me bring him, I will answer for his good manners, and that he shall not be a trouble to anyone."

The descendant of Brockenhurst Joe rushed out into the garden, and made a lightning circuit of lawn and shrubberies, while his young mistress was kissing her Aunt Mildred, as she called her uncle's wife, in the fulness of her affection.

"It is so very good of you to have me, and I am so delighted to come!" she said.

Mildred would have much preferred that she were anywhere else, yet could not help feeling kindly to her. She was a frank, bright-looking girl, with brown eyes, and almost flaxen hair, a piquant contrast, for the hair was genuine, and carried out in the eyebrows, which were only just a shade darker. Her complexion was fair

to transparency, and she had just enough soft rosy bloom to light up the delicate skin. Her nose was slightly retroussé, her mouth was a little wider than she herself approved, but her teeth were perfection. She had a charming figure of the plump order, but its plumpness was a distress to her.

"Don't you think I get horribly stout?" she asked Mildred, when she was sitting at tea in the garden presently.

"You may be a little stouter than you were at sixteen, perhaps, but not at all too stout."

"Oh, but I am. I know it; I feel it. Don't endeavour to spare my feelings, Aunt. It is useless. I know I am fat. Rosalind says I ought to marry; but I tell her its absurd. How can anybody ever care for me, now I am fat? They would only want my money if they asked me to marry them," concluded Pamela, clinging to the plural.

"My dear Pamela, do you want me to tell you that you are charming, and all that you ought to be?" asked Mildred, laughing.

"Oh, no, no, I don't want you to spare my feelings. Everybody spares one's feelings. One grows up in ignorance of the horrors in one's appearance because people will spare one's feelings. And then one sees oneself in a strange glass—or a boy in the street says something, and one knows the worst. I think I know the worst about myself. That is one comfort. How lovely it is here," said Pamela, with a sudden change of mood, glancing at Mildred with a little pathetic look, as she remembered the childish figure that was missing, must be forever missing, from that home picture.

"I am so glad to be with you," she murmured softly, nestling up to Mildred's side, as they sat together on a rustic bench; "let me be useful to you, let me be a companion to you, if you can."

"You shall be both, dear."

"How good to say that. And you won't mind Box?"

"Not the least. If he will be amiable to Cassandra."

"He will. He has been brought up among other dogs. We are a very doggy family at the Hall. Would you think he was worth a hundred and fifty guineas?" asked Pamela with ill-concealed pride, as the scion of illustrious progenitors came up and put his long lean head in her hand, and conversed with her in a series of expressive snorts, as it were a conversational code.

"I hardly know what constitutes perfection in a fox terrier."

"No more do I; but I know he is perfect. He is said to be the image of Cracknel, only better. I tremble when I think that my possession of him hangs by a thread. He might be stolen at any moment."

"You must be careful."

"Yes, I cannot be too careful. Here comes Uncle George," said Pamela, rising and running to meet Mr. Greswold. "Oh, Uncle George, how altered you are!"

She was always saying the wrong thing, after the manner of impulsive girls; and she was quick-witted enough to discover her mistake the instant after.

Happily the dogs furnished a ready diversion. She introduced Box, and expatiated upon his grand qualities. She admired and made friends with Cassandra, and then settled down almost as lightly as a butterfly, in spite of her plumpness, on a Japanese stool, to take her teacup from Mildred's hands.

She was perfectly at her ease by this time; and told her uncle and aunt all about her sister Rosalind, and Rosalind's husband, Sir Henry Mountford, whom she summed up lightly as a nice old thing, and no end of fun. It was easy to divine from her discourse that Rainham Hall was not an especially intellectual atmosphere, not a school of advanced thought, or of any other kind of thought. Pamela's talk was of tennis, yachting, fishing and shooting, and of the people who shared in those sports. She seemed to belong to a world in which nobody ever sat down except to eat, or stayed indoors except under stress of weather.

"I hear you have all manner of clever people in your neighbourhood," she said by and by, having told all she had to tell about Rainham.

"Have we?" asked Greswold, smiling at her intensity.

"Yes, at Riverdale. They do say the author of 'Nepenthe' is staying there—and that he is not a Roman Cardinal—or an English statesman—but almost a young man—an Italian by birth—and very handsome. I would give worlds to see him."

"It is not unlikely you may be gratified without giving anything," answered her uncle. "Mr. Castellani was here yesterday afternoon, and threatened to repeat his visit."

"Castellani! Yes, that is the name I heard. What a pretty name! And what is he like? Do tell me all about him, Aunt Mildred."

She turned to the woman as the more likely to give her a graphic description. The average man is an undescribing animal.

Mildred made an effort at self-command before she spoke. Castellani counted for but little in her recent trouble. His revelation had been an accident, and its effect entirely dissociated from him. Yet the very thought of the man troubled her, and the dread of seeing him again was like a physical pain.

"I do not know what to say about his appearance," she answered presently, slowly fanning herself with a great scarlet Japanese fan, pale and cool looking in her plain white gown with its black ribbons. The very picture of domestic peace, one would suppose, judging by externals only. "I suppose there are people who would think him handsome."

"Don't you, Aunt?"

"No. I don't like the colour of his eyes or his hair. They are of that reddish brown which the Venetian painters are so fond of, but which always gives me an idea of falsehood and treachery. Mr. Castellani is a very clever man, but he is not a man whom I could ever trust."

"How nice," cried Pamela, her face radiant with enthusiasm; "a creature with red-brown hair, and eyes with a depth of falsehood in them. That is just the kind of man who might be the author of 'Nepenthe.' If you had told me he was stout and rosy-cheeked, with pepper-and-salt whiskers, and a fine benevolent head, I would never have opened his book again."

"You seem to admire this 'Nepenthe' prodigiously," said her uncle, looking at her with a calmly critical air. "Is it because the book is the fashion, or from your own unassisted appreciation of it? I did not think you were a bookish person."

"I'm not," cried Pamela. "I am a mass of ignorance. I don't know anything about science. I don't know the name of a single butterfly. I don't know one toad-stool from another. But when I love a book it is a passion with me. My Keats has tumbled to pieces. My Shelley is

disgracefully dirty. I have read 'Nepenthe' six times, and I am waiting for the cheap edition, to keep it under my pillow. It has made me an agnostic."

"Do you know the dictionary meaning for that word?"

"I don't think I do, but I know I am an agnostic. 'Nepenthe' has unsettled all my old beliefs. If I had read it four years ago I should have refused to be confirmed. I am dying to know the author."

"You like unbelievers, then!"

"I adore men who dare to doubt, who are not afraid to stand apart from their fellow men."

"On a bad eminence?"

"Yes, on a bad eminence. What a sweet expression. I can never understand Goethe's 'Gretchen.'"

"Why not?"

"How could she have cared for 'Faust,' when she had the privilege of knowing Mephistopheles?"

Pamela Ransome had established herself in her pretty bedroom and dressingroom, and had supervised her maid while she unpacked all her belongings before dinner time. She came down to the drawingroom at a quarter to eight, as thoroughly at her ease as if she had lived half her life at Enderby Manor. She was the kind of visitor who gives no trouble, and who drops into the right place instinctively. Mildred Greswold felt cheered by her presence, in spite of that bitter and ever recurrent pang of memory which brought back that other image of the sweet girl-child who should have grown to womanhood under that roof, and who was lying a little way off, under the ripening berries of the mountain-ash, and in the deep shadow of a century-old yew.

They were very quiet in the drawing-room after dinner, Greswold reading in a nook apart, by the light of his own particular lamp; his wife bending over an embroidery frame in her corner near the piano, where she had her own special dwarf book-case, and her work basket, and the *bonheur du jour*, at which she sometimes wrote letters, her own little table scattered with old-family miniatures by Angelica Kaufmann, Cosway, and Ross—and antique watches in enamelled cases, and boxes of porcelain and gold and silver, every one of which had its associations and its history. Every woman who lives much at home has some such corner, where the very atmosphere is full of home-thoughts. She asked her niece to play, and to go on playing as long as she liked; and Pamela, pleased with the touch of the fine concert grand, rang the changes upon Chopin, Schumann, Raff, and Brahms, choosing those compositions which least jarred upon the atmosphere of studious repose.

Mildred's needle moved slowly, as she sat in her low chair, with her hands in the lamp light and her face in shadow, moved very slowly, and then stopped altogether, and the white hands lay idle in her lap, and the embroidery frame, with its half-finished group of azalias, slid from her knee to the ground. She was thinking—thinking of that one subject which had possessed her thoughts since yesterday afternoon; which had kept her awake through the brief darkness of the summer night, and in the slow hours betwixt dawn and the entrance of the maid with the early cup of tea which marked the beginning of the daily routine. In all those hours her thoughts had revolved round that one theme with an intolerable recurrence.

It was of her husband's first marriage she thought, and of his motive for silence about that marriage—that he who in the whole course of their wedded lives had been the very spirit of single-minded candour should yet have suppressed this all-important event in his past history was a fact in itself so startling and mysterious that it might well be the focus of a wife's troubled thoughts. He could not so have acted without some all-sufficient reason; and what manner of reason could that have been which had influenced him to conduct so entirely at variance with his own character.

"I know that he is truthful, high-minded, the soul of honour," she told herself, "and yet there is a tacit falsehood in such a course as he has taken which seems hardly compatible with honour."

What was there in the history of that marriage which had sealed his lips, which made it horrible to him to speak about it, even when fair dealing with the girl who was to be his wife should have constrained frankness?

Had he been cursed with a wicked wife—some beautiful creature who had caught his heart in her toils as a cat catches a bird, and had won him only to betray and to dishonour him? Had she blighted his life, branded him with the shame of a forsaken husband?

And then a hideous dread floated across her mind. What if that first wife were still living—divorced from him. Had she, Mildred Fausset, severely trained in the strictest principles of the Anglican Church—taught her creed by an ascetic who deemed divorce unchristian and an abomination, and who had always refused to marry those who had been divorced—had she, in whose life and mind religion and duty were as one feeling and one principle, had she been trapped into a union with a man whose wife yet lived, and, in the sight of God was yet one with him—a wife who might crawl penitent to his feet some day, and claim him as her own again by the right of tears and prayers and a soul cleansed from sin? Such a sinner must have some hold, some claim, even to the last, upon the man who once was her husband, who once swore to cherish her and cleave to her—of whom it had once been said, "And they two shall be one flesh."

No, again and again no. She could not believe George Greswold capable of such deep dishonour as to have concealed the existence of a divorced wife. No, the reason for that mysterious silence must be another reason than this.

She had sinned against him, it might be, and had died in her sin, under circumstances too sad to be told without infinite pain; and he, who had never in her experience shown himself wanting in moral courage, had, in this one crisis of his life acted as the coward acts. He had kept silence where conscience should have constrained him to speak.

And then the wife's vivid fancy conjured up the image of that other wife. Jealous love for the husband depicted that wife of past years as a being to be loved and remembered until death; beautiful, fascinating, gifted with all the qualities that charm mankind, the superior of the second wife. That poor, jealous heart ached with a sick longing to know the worst. "He can never care for me as he once cared for her," Mildred told herself. "She was his first love."

His first; the first revelation of what love means to the passionate heart of youth. What

a world there is in that. Mildred remembered how a new life began for her with the awakening of her love for George Greswold. What a strange, sweet enchantment, what an intoxicating gladness which changed and glorified the whole face of nature. The river, and the reedy islets, and the pollard willows, and the autumn sunset—things so simple and familiar had all taken new colours in that magical dawn of her first love.

She—that unknown woman—had been George Greswold's first love. Mildred envied her that brief life, whose sole distinction was to have been loved by him.

"Why do I imagine a mystery about her," she argued, after long brooding. "The only secret was that he had loved her as he could never love me, and he feared to tell me as much lest I should refuse the remnant of a heart. It was out of kindness to me that he kept silence. It would have pained me too much to know how she had been loved."

She knew that her husband was a man of exceeding sensitiveness; she knew him capable of almost woman-like delicacy, intense fear of wounding other people's feelings. Was it altogether unnatural that such a man should have held back the history of his first marriage, with its passionate love, its heartbroken ending, from the enthusiastic girl who had given him all her heart, and to whom he could give so little in return?

"He may have seen how I adored him, and may have married me half out of pity," she said to herself finally, with unspeakable bitterness.

Yet if this were so could they have been so happy together, so completely united—save in that one secret of the past, that one dark regret which had revealed itself from time to time in an agonising dream. He had walked that dark labyrinth of sleep alone with his sorrow; there she could not follow him.

She remembered the awful sound of those broken sentences—spoken to shadows in a land of shadow. She remembered how acutely she had felt his remoteness as he sat up in bed, pale as death, his eyes open and fixed, his lips muttering. He and the dead were face to face in the halls of the past. She had no part in his life, or in his memory.

(To be continued.)

ONLY A BABY.

It was only a baby who died to-day,
Only a baby has passed away,
Leaving its hearth and home for aye.

"Only," they whispered, but did they know
Aught of the silent, killing woe
That surged through the mother's heart? Ah, no

Only a baby, whose small white hands
Will never be raised to her who stands
Bowed by her Master's stern commands.

Only a baby, whose little feet
Will never on earth make music sweet;
They have wandered away to a golden street.

Only a baby, whose trusting head
Will thenceforth rest on a narrow bed,
Far down in the home of the silent dead.

Who hath sought a calm and beautiful rest,
Leaving its tender and cosy nest
For a place less warm than a mother's breast.

Only a baby, tiny and fair,
With the golden glint on its yellow hair,
Sleeping so calmly and peacefully there.

Only a baby, but she who hath pressed
The wee, cold form to her aching breast,
Knoweth the meaning of these words best.



HER GRACE THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

(From a recent photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

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popular soprano, about whom, with reference to her want of hurry to enter the bonds of matrimony, there has been so much gossip. Miss Kellogg could afford to wait until the right man appeared upon the scene; and, no doubt her heart's desire will be accomplished on the day of her marriage with the fortunate Carl Strackosch.

A marriage is arranged between Marcus Beresford Armstrong, Captain, Sligo Artillery Militia, Chaffpool, County Sligo, and Rosalie, eldest daughter of Maurice C. Mande, Esq., Loneghan, Enniskillen, County Fermanagh.

On Tuesday night last the dance under the auspices of the Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club took place in the Ancient Concert Rooms. It is needless to say that it proved in every way a thorough success. The floor was in capital condition and dancing was kept up with much spirit until a late hour. The ladies seemed to enjoy themselves very much, and it is seldom we have seen gathered together such a galaxy of youth and beauty. Mervyn Browne's band supplied the music, and Mr. Harrison, of Henry Street, in his usual complete and excellent style, catered for the company. We believe that it is the intention of this club to organise picnic parties for the coming season, and if they prove as successful as the enjoyable reunion of Tuesday night, the Committee and members of the Club will have much cause for congratulation.

In the absence of any newer event, the private balls given during the past week by Mrs. Molloy, at her residence Lower Leeson-street, and by Mrs. Hudson, of Pembroke-road, continue to excite admiring gossip among city belles. At Mrs. Hudson's festivity a great attraction was the performance by her four young and lovely daughters of an instrumental waltz, arranged for piano, harmonium, and two harps. This was an unmistakable success, and a musical treat such as one only too rarely hears at private reunions now-a-days. The dance music was supplied by the clever Gasparro Brothers, who have become an indispensable institution at high-class festivities in the city and neighbourhood.

Most of the costumes were very pretty, and many of them bewitching. The hostess wore a toilet of beetroot satin, enriched with velvet and lace. Mrs. Pratt, *nee* Miss Pallas, who was quite recently married, wore a pretty gown of light grey net and watered ribbons; Mrs. Mason was in mouse-coloured velvet; Miss Mulchinock in white lace and snowdrops; the Misses Walker Lee, who were the dual belles of the ball, were attired in costumes of pale pink net; Miss Cook wore a gown of gold-striped black net, with stars of gold about the bodice, and all the other costumes showed great richness and variety.

The recent theatrical balls in London were by no means successful. An almost depressing atmosphere of dullness prevailed at both of them. Several distinguished actresses wore rich raiment and brilliant jewels, and a sprinkling of nobility attended to pay their *devoirs*. Many of the leading stars, however, were absent. There is a popular delusion that these entertainments have a strong Bohemian flavour. Such is not the case. Guests are on their very best behaviour,

and outsiders, who are admitted, complain of the want of ease and freedom.

Madame Florac gave the third of her charming vocal recitals at her residence, 4 Wellington Park, Adelaide Road, on Tuesday afternoon, when a large and fashionable as well as critical audience attended, and expressed their admiration of the lady's brilliant abilities by the most cordial applause. Herr Florac played some beautiful flute selections. The reunions at Madame Florac's are simply delightful.

Mrs. Ellis Cameron is a lady whom cultivated audiences always listen to with real pleasure when she gives dramatic recitals. On Monday evening she appeared in the fencing room of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards at the Royal Barracks in a series of dramatic recitals, under the patronage of their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar (who were present), Colonel Pope and the officers of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, and Colonel Kidston and the officers of the Second Battalion Royal Highlanders (the Black Watch). The band of the latter regiment attended and played a nice selection at intervals. Mrs. Cameron was in splendid elocutionary form, and read the Hon. Mrs. Norton's poem, "Mona Waters," beautifully. The scene between *Modus* and *Helen*, from Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback*, was most amusingly rendered, while the death of *Desdemona* from *Othello* was given with pathos and power. One of Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures kept the large audience in pleasant merriment, and selections from the "Trial Scene" in the *Merchant of Venice* brought a highly intellectual and enjoyable entertainment to a close.

Mrs. Lyndon gave recitals at the Coffee Palace on Saturday evening, assisted by Professor Burke, and the various selections were listened to with evident pleasure by an attentive and appreciative audience, who applauded the lady and Mr. Burke heartily. We have already written favourably of Mrs. Lyndon's elocutionary abilities, and there can be no doubt that with more practice and experience she will take a leading rank among our public readers.

A grand Complimentary Concert will be given to Mr. Collisson in the New Leinster Hall, on Saturday evening, 25th inst., when a programme of rare excellence will be presented. The *artistes* who are announced to appear on the occasion are all eminent in their respective lines, and a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment may be looked forward to. During the season of the Dublin Popular Concerts Mr. Collisson won golden opinions from the frequenters of the Leinster Hall, and it may be taken for granted that his friends will muster in force at his benefit on Saturday evening.

The Decorative Art Exhibition at Lincoln-place has been chiefly interesting from the fact that its choicest exhibits are Irish work, and executed in this country. Among these are the specimens of painting on china—an art in which our artists excel the Chinese themselves—as may be seen by contrasting any such art-work of the Celestials or Japanese with the cups, plates, and plaques (marked 21) painted by Mrs. T. C. Irwin, and which for truth to nature, in form and colour, and in grace and beauty of design, challenge a

comparison with any similar art-work produced in England or France. It is pleasing to find such excellence achieved by a native artist to whose elaborate china painting, as also to her miniature copies of some famous paintings, such as the "Taking down from the Cross," and "The Beethoven Scene," &c., we wish to direct public attention. Those copyings are finished with a brush, whose softness and delicacy, as inspection will show, the photograph alone can excel.

We should imagine that there would be quite a rush for copies of the new song, "The Tipperary Rifle," which, as every Irishman knows, is the native blackthorn. The words are catching, and the music of a sufficiently lively character to make it popular. Mr. R. J. Hughes is the writer of the song. It is published by Messrs. Cramer, Wood, & Co., and is certain to enliven and delight many a social party in Ireland and elsewhere.

Within the past few weeks we have noticed in these columns several new professions, which this age of progress has rendered necessary. This week we have heard of a new industry—that of "artistic caller," which has been created at Boston. A lady finding herself unable to cope with her daily tale of visits, fell back upon a deputy, who went the rounds, leaving cards and making the usual inquiries. The example thus set has been rapidly adopted, and most great ladies now employ an artist to do their formal visiting for them. The artistic caller must be a young lady of elegant mien, good address, and social tact. Her duties are as follows:—In the morning she repairs to her employer's house, sorts the pile of visiting cards left the day before, studies the visitors' book, and makes out her list of visits to be returned and cards to be left. Then the carriage or the modest cab comes round, and the artistic caller starts upon her polite mission. There is so much cold formality about all this that we hope no such go-between will ever find a place in the ranks of Irish society.

A lady in London has founded a profession which devotes itself entirely to keeping nails in order—fingers and toes. It is now a mark of the highest *ton* to have professionally cut nails. They are shaped by artists so as to look more beautiful than any picture. But the mark of true genius is found not in the shaping of the nails, but in the clever removal of that growth from out the quick upon them which it is so difficult to keep back. The expert who cuts nails gets for a pair of hands only five or six shillings; but he who can remove the extension of the cuticle without injuring the delicate skin or producing a crop of "back friends," makes his three half-crowns or half-guinea for each operation. The business, needless to say, is a flourishing one. The subjects are of both sexes, and the nail surgeons are able to live in excellent style.

We have heard of a lady in America who saves the congregation where she worships £2,000 a year. She is of high social culture and position, and makes it a rule to dress for church in so plain and inexpensive a manner as to throw the whole social influence of the congregation against extravagance in dress. Such an example ought to be followed in other places.

A new actress has made her *debut* in London. According to an eminent theatrical critic she has not yet learned to bear herself gracefully on the stage, or to modulate her voice, which, however, is of good quality. Miss Sefton is of imposing stature, and has a tolerable stage face, which may one day acquire mobility.

In announcing the retirement of Mr. Raynham from the stage management of the Gaiety Theatre, we mentioned a rumour that his place was to be supplied by the appointment of Mr. Power. We regret that this latter statement appears to have given offence to the gentleman referred to, and we have no hesitation in stating, at his request, that it was both unauthorised and premature, if not entirely devoid of foundation.

A new figure in dancing has now become general in Paris. It is called "La Chasse aux ballons." Madame Carnot, the wife of the president, was the first to adopt this novel and amusing figure. Les Chasseurs ran after little balloons of the kind given away by certain shop-keepers to the children of customers. These inflated things were on the occasion of the ball let loose by the danseuses. Nor were they at all easy to catch. The Chasseur who caught one had a right to spin round in a waltz with the young lady who cast aloft the balloon. The figure is said to be a great success.

Not a little disappointment has resulted to skaters in the neighbourhood of Dublin from the erratic action of the weather during the past week. On Monday hope beat high when fifteen degrees of frost were recorded as the result of the temperature of the preceding night, giving the ponds in Stephen's Green, the Zoo, and other places a tolerably thick crust of ice, but as the day advanced the sun's rays thawed this considerably, and when night again set in the succeeding frost repeated the hardening process, only to be thawed again with the rising of the morning sun. And so it has been throughout the week, stiff, bitter, biting cold, frost and thaws, sleet, snow and rain, with sharp north winds, and an entire absence of the exhilarating sport, and nothing whatever in the nature of a seasonable carnival on the ice. Skates were extensively furbished up, but there was unhappily no occasion for them; and it was really touching to witness, as might have been done on any afternoon of the week, scores of young ladies and gentlemen rambling pensively along the margins of the ponds and gently testing the provokingly delicate frozen surface, on which it would have been most dangerous to venture. Later on, however, things may be different, and from present appearances ice may be thick and strong enough for skates before the month of March is with us.

But if this should turn out so, how will it be with the poor, whose sufferings, in many instances, must be terrible in the present inclement weather? They are badly prepared for a worse change, and can have no pleasure in the anticipation of a temperature which brings an ice carnival in its train. Now, humane people who have means and the desire to practise the greatest of all christian virtues, charity, can if they please assist in the alleviation of much misery among the deserving poor by contributing to coal funds, and so impart to the

shivering ones a little warmth in this bitterly cold season.

We may be pardoned for referring to the gratifying success which has attended IRISH SOCIETY continuously since the publication of our first number on the 14th ult. Popular appreciation of our efforts to amuse and instruct has manifested itself most unmistakably in a steady increase in our circulation, which has now reached a figure placing its position and prospects beyond all manner of doubt. On Saturday last the demand on the part of newsvendors and the trade for copies of IRISH SOCIETY was very much larger than we had made arrangements for, although the numbers issued were considerably in excess of those of the previous week, and we were accordingly obliged to put the pages again to press in order to supply the extra demand. The trade should, therefore, in future forward their orders early, which will prevent disappointment.

In this inclement weather one naturally sees an extensive display of furs on ladies in our principal thoroughfares, and the sight is a pleasant one, causing almost a feeling of warmth by looking at the cosy wraps. These tasteful adjuncts of a lady's outside covering for wintry weather are not at all so expensive now as they were some years ago, which may be caused by competition in trade, or it may arise from the circumstance that in a general way the goods on the market may not be of so good a class as formerly. However this may be, we have in Dublin a manufacturing firm who, in the matter of furs of every known description can challenge for high excellence the productions of any similar house in the United Kingdom. Messrs. Barnardo, of Grafton Street, have a reputation in this line which few other firms can equal; and it is creditable to Dublin that the high-class goods of the firm—all of them made up here from the choicest skins—are in great request among the fashionable ladies of London and other parts of England; but lest this intelligence might seem to imply that Messrs. Barnardo's prices are high, we think it only right to state that they are quite as moderate as those charged elsewhere.

A *cause celebre* in the nature of a breach of promise case, in which the plaintiff is a gentleman of good position in the South of Ireland, and the defendant the daughter of an influential and wealthy landed proprietor in the same part of the country, will, it is said by people likely to know, be heard at the coming Cork Assizes, and rumour has it that a formidable bar has been engaged on both sides. It is stated that the whole circumstances are of a most romantic character, and that the reading of the love-letters in the case will throw any previous correspondence of a similar character entirely in the shade. Quoting rumour again, it is alleged that the young lady, who is, of course, young, beautiful, and wealthy—else where would be the romance?—made the acquaintance of the plaintiff in the hunting field, and that a warm attachment sprang up between them, culminating in a matrimonial arrangement. But by-and-bye the memory of another Leander, to whom the lady had been previously engaged, flitted tenderly across her recollection, and with the relighting of the old-time flame matters became decidedly awkward for the last of the Mohicans,

who has been deprived of his intended wife, the lady preferring her first love. Damages, report says, are laid at £10,000, and society in the South is naturally looking forward to a crop of racy and interesting items in connection with the case.

Military-admiring Dublin will learn with regret that the 16th (Queen's) Lancers, who have made so many friends in the city, have received marching orders. They will move at an early date for Aldershot. The change will no less be regretted by "Tommy Atkins" and the girl he leaves behind him than by the many persons who have enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of this fine regiment.

The place of the 16th will be filled, it is rumoured, by the 1st 11th Hussars, whose crimson trousers and gaudy trappings will be sure to attract the attention of the soldier-struck portion of the community who delight in attending field-days and military parades. The 11th have made themselves welcome wherever they have been stationed, and there is no reason to think that their marked hospitality will be withheld from the friends they are sure to make in this city.

Bad news has arrived for the officers of the Galway Artillery Militia. The regiment, which formed the 5th Brigade of the North Irish Division of Royal Artillery, was notified to assemble on the 26th of next month, for fifty-six days' preliminary drill, and again on the 21st of May, for twenty-seven days' training, has been by order of the War Office—disbanded! The reason why is not known, but it will probably be elicited by a question in Parliament. The corps is an exceptionally good one, so far as drill and efficiency were concerned, and is regarded with much esteem in the City of the Tribes, while its officers are a genial set of gentlemen, who are most popular in the West with all classes. Lieut.-Colonel O'Hara is the commandant, and among the officers are Major Newman, who is also Adjutant; Major Lambert, Captains Hall, Bunbury, Lawless, and Lieutenant M. O'Sullivan. The training season usually brought with it some nice little parties which for the present season will have to be abandoned, and the consequent disappointment in Galway Society will be general.

It is undeniable that, for so far, the Dublin season has been a disappointing one to those accustomed to a regular succession of brilliant entertainments at this time of year. The Castle and the Viceregal Lodge have not been so profuse in their hospitalities as was generally looked for, and to this circumstance may be attributed a good deal of the prevalent dullness in city society. But it should be remembered that the Viceroy has political duties to discharge, and that it was necessary he should be in his place in the House of Lords on the opening of Parliament, and it must also be borne in mind that the amiable Marchioness has for a long time past been in most delicate health, which precluded her from taking part in any ceremonies or entertainments. We are glad, however, to know that her Excellency has become sufficiently strong to warrant the hope that she will be able to preside at the approaching Drawing-Room, her absence on the last occasion creating universal regret.

A warm-hearted lady in London has set an example which we hope will be followed by those ladies in Dublin who are the recognised leaders of society. The lady of whom we speak entertained a numerous party at her house the other evening, and her large-heartedness suggested an idea, which was at once put into practical shape. On the occasion of the "At Home" referred to she arranged for a coffee-stall to be stationed outside her house, and to supply hot tea and coffee gratis to all the coachmen, etc., whether powdered flunkies or cab-drivers who brought guests to the house. The bill for the evening's entertainment was under thirty shillings.

Mrs. Godley, wife of Mr. Godley, B.L., who was severely burned by her dress taking fire during a ball at Mrs. Molloy's, Leeson Street, is, we are glad to learn, rapidly recovering from the injuries she sustained on the occasion.

School-girls are often curious creatures, and some of them exhibit rare faculties for fun. There is in Dublin an estimable gentleman engaged extensively in mercantile matters, and as he himself is our authority for the story we are about to relate, its truthfulness may be accepted as undoubted. The youthful maiden, who has seen eight summers, was promised a penny by her father as soon as she had been removed to another class than that in which she was at school, the parental idea being, of course, promotion in the way of transfer to a higher grade. Some days subsequently she claimed her reward, and received the penny, when she naively informed her sire that she had been transferred to the class in which she had been some months before! The cuteness of the rising generation wins our admiration.

Of minor shows the most popular in a city like ours are the shopwindows dedicated to photographs of all the professional beauties and celebrities of the day; they have always their attendant crowds peeping over each other's shoulders, and treading on each other's corns in their anxiety to see all that is to be seen. In Grafton Street are to be seen the likenesses of celebrities in one walk of life, and in Sackville Street those who are particular stars in the political world can be scrutinised and criticised to the onlooker's heart's content. In Chancellor's window the display of beauty and power in juxtaposition relieves the monotony of an otherwise highly prosaic and matter-of-fact side of the greatest thoroughfare in Europe. And now that the quondam rovers, the impassioned red-coated Lotharios and others of a like ilk have been, through the vigilance of the police, banished to some less promiscuous situation, a stroll down Sackville Street, to culminate at Chancellor's artistic window, is a real treat.

If there be a savour too much of loyalty and beauty about Chancellor's, the politically-minded observer should stroll the length of Lawrence's, in Lower Sackville Street, where a display of the leading members of Mr. Parnell's party can be seen depicted with striking clearness, and with wonderful exactitude of expression and profile. There are also exhibited in the same repository, side by side, and on perfectly equal terms, Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. John Morley, all looking out with impassive faces on the crowd of onlookers. Besides other good

politicians and bad politicians, artists, novelists, and sculptors, ladies of the corps de ballet, poets, etc. We have often thought it a good thing that these inanimate objects of curiosity do not hear the many disparaging or commendatory comments that are freely at times indulged in by the gazers. There are women we know who delight in picking professional beauties to pieces.

A few doors up from Lawrence's will be found Mr. Moore's establishment, in the window of which are displayed hand-painted cards of exquisite design, that to the more artistically-minded may be of greater interest. We often stop and have a look at these beautiful evidences of the taste and genius of many of our Dublin ladies, whose work does them infinite credit. But we shall return to this subject at another time, as space does not permit of our doing justice either to the artists or the enterprising shop-keepers in this issue.

Before we leave this subject, however, let us congratulate the *habitués* of Sackville-street on the rapidity with which the intersecting streets have been paved and all those intolerable nuisances of chains and other obstructions removed.

Our observation leads us to make the following remarks, which we hope may benefit more than those immediately concerned. We have noticed a great difference in the way young ladies, who are constantly to be met with on the streets, at receptions, and in places of public resort, finish off their toilets. We shall be excused, we presume, for exercising a critical taste in this direction, for who has not at some period of existence felt inclined to exclaim with the Scotch poet:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

Girls, we believe, above and beyond all others, like to know what others think of them, especially how they appear to the masculine mind and vision; and in the hope that we may be successful in arresting the attention of not one or two, but of all our lady readers, we venture to lay bare our thoughts upon the subject of ladies' toilets.

The appearance of a well and carefully dressed young lady is at all times welcome to the eye of a gentleman, and some girls have a knack of adding just a few deft touches, which complete the picture, so to speak, working it up to a pitch of perfection. There are others, however, who leave themselves with the raw edge, as it were, though equally desirous of looking well. Now there are two young ladies known to us, one of whom is large-featured and tightlaced. She is always caressing her waist with her two hands, and *pirouettes* before every glass, because, as she says, she has taken such trouble with her tiny waist that she likes to see it as often as possible. She has not, we think, the art of neatly finishing off. The loose hair at the back of her neck hangs rough and untidy, while her sister's curls round in the most natural and taking little rings. When the elder puts on her gown, she generally fastens it an inch or so to the one side, out of pure carelessness; but the younger girl's hangs true and straight as a die, and, besides, she takes a much shorter time to dress than her sister.

But perhaps the greatest difference is to be observed when they are dressed to go and make calls. The younger of the two has a way of putting on her hat, which, in our opinion, could scarcely be improved upon. She puts down her hair at the sides, making it lie close to her pretty little head, and pulls out the rings of her fringe in a manner that can only be described by the word "cunning." And when she wears a veil, which is only on windy days, she manages, by two little pleats in the middle of the top part, to make it a most ornamental little article, which is neither unduly loose, nor yet presses too tightly upon her daintily-waved fringe. Now, the other sister, although she takes just as much pains to appear neat, never succeeds in the same degree. Even if her nose were not red from tight lacing, she would never look as trim and smart as the younger girl, who reminds one of Belinda, in Pope's poem, with the multitudinous little fairies arranging her curls, and the hundred-and-one details of a pretty woman's toilet. But enough at present; perhaps in some future issue we may speak more plainly on this, to ladies, most important subject.

In "recruiting" circles in Dublin a good story is going the rounds, but it is being unfairly added to as it travels, and if not promptly returned to its original dimensions, the chief actors in the comedy may not be able to recognise it. It happened in this way. In a public-house, not a hundred miles from Smithfield, a number of young men stood at the darkest end of the counter, drinking. Among them were two steady-looking youths, countrymen who had been doing business in the Hay Market. A recruiting officer entered the shop, and, discovering the group, sauntered up, and began to ingratiate himself in the usual way. By-and-bye, when the liquor commenced to operate, business was entered on, and the man of war succeeded in hooking one of the likely countrymen. The Queen's shilling was promptly accepted, and as promptly "melted," when the soldier motioned to his recruit to follow. This he did after a fashion, revealing to the astonished gaze of Kite a club foot. That interesting youth was allowed to remain where he was, the recruiting officer hurriedly departing.

Automatic weighing machines are amongst the latest novelties in the self-working mechanism line. At each of the principal railway-stations is to be seen one of these triumphs of invention. While waiting at Westland-row Station for their train, the other evening, a number of man-of-war's men—about a score, all told—were assembled around the machine. There stationed, they proceeded to have their respective weights recorded by the automaton, when one of their number, seeing the principle of the working of the scales, exclaimed, "Avast there mates, and we'll cheat the lubbers!" Fastening a penny to a string by a hole, he dropped the coin into the slit. Each man stepped on the table and ascertained his weight, and as the last man stepped off the machine, he who worked the dodge drew the penny from the mysterious depths of the automaton, and heartily laughing at the success of their contrivance and uttering many phrases to landmen unintelligible the sons of Neptune left the scene. The weights of twenty having been told for the price of one.



DOCTOR KISTRAN.

EVERYBODY stood in awe of Dr. Kistran; that is, everybody in the neighbourhood of his own home. He lived at Mrs. Zane's, on the top floor. Mrs. Zane would have made the doctor leave long ago if he had not paid such a good price for his use of the two rooms and the roof. For he used the roof as a sort of garden, and had made it look really attractive with pot flowers and trailing vines.

Of course, no one thought his use of the roof queer. It was his occupation. He had his back room full of shelves fixed at random on the walls, and those which did not contain books were full of human skulls. And that was the chief reason people talked. What did he do with them? Even if he were an anatomist or surgeon he would not want so many. But he said himself he was not.

Another strange thing was that the doctor was continually adding to his stock of skulls. Regularly once a week a heavy-jawed, blank-faced man called at Mrs. Zane's with a square iron box for Dr. Kistran. The good woman would take it in and give him an empty one in exchange. This went on for some time, when a startling thought entered Mrs. Zane's mind. She counted the skulls in the doctor's apartment. The day succeeding the blank-faced man's visit she counted them again. There was one more. That settled it; Mrs. Zane washed her hands of the skulls and the iron box, and the blank-faced man was thereafter obliged to carry his burden up to the doctor's rooms himself. Of course the circumstance reached the neighbours, and the tongues were again set going.

But Eunice Zane, that was Mrs. Zane's daughter, was an exception to all this. She did not stand in awe of Dr. Kistran. She did not talk about him, either. She was a tall, dark-haired girl of nineteen, and rather pretty, though delicate-looking. It was Eunice who took the doctor's evening meal to him. Mary, the housemaid, carried up his food at other times, but it had gradually grown to be Eunice's habit to bring him his late dinner.

On this particular evening Eunice brought up the tray. She knocked at the doctor's door, but he did not answer—he never did. She opened the door and saw him at the table writing—his invariable occupation at night. He did not look up when she entered. Eunice placed the tray upon the table, and sat down.

There was a peculiar attraction in Kistran, which only girls of Eunice's half morbid temperament would be sensible to. He was a handsome man, and did not look over thirty. In fact, he was not many years older. Eunice watched him as he wrote, noticed the stern expression of his face, and wondered what made him so strange in his ways. And so she wandered into a reverie that ended by laying her head upon her arm, which rested on the table, and falling asleep.

When Eunice awoke, she looked around guiltily, ashamed of her childish weakness. The doctor had stopped writing, and was looking at her. She blushed.

"Do you feel quite well this evening?" he asked with a smile.

"Quite well," she answered with embarrassment

She arose to leave.

"Do not go yet," he said; "I have something here which may interest you."

He took a long box from a corner, and drew from it a curious stringed instrument like a harp. He touched it lightly, and played a low, sweet air that thrilled Eunice as she listened.

"Do not stop!" she exclaimed eagerly, when he had finished.

"Come, then," he said; "let us go where you can feel the music as well as hear."

He conducted her up the steps leading to the roof, and they stood in the improvised garden of this eccentric man.

It was truly a pleasant place. The plants and flowers were arranged with exquisite taste, and the perfume was heavy. It was dusk, and Eunice could dimly discern the housetops, rendered plainer, here and there, by street lights; resembling patches of moonlight on a dark river.

They sat down on rustic chairs, and the doctor played a soft air on the instrument. He ceased, and she begged him to continue.

"How superb!" he said, not heeding her request, and pointing upward to the sky, radiant with glittering stars.

She assented with a nod, still looking at him.

"How beautiful they are," he continued, "and how everything earthly is attracted by them. Children in their very cradles are pleased to look at the stars. Plants shoot upward toward them. The sweetest bird that sings, the nightingale, is happiest when they shine. They are inspiration itself."

Her gaze instinctively followed his, and they remained silent. Eunice moved a step and her foot became entangled in one of the creeping plants. She would have fallen, but Kistran caught her in his arms.

She clung to him involuntarily. He held her for an instant, and she remained passive in his embrace. Then he bent down his head and tenderly kissed her.

"My dear love!" he whispered.

She released herself and looked at him. She was astonished—pleased.

"Could you not tell that I loved you, dear Eunice?"

She was about to answer when a strange feeling of dizziness came over her. She staggered, and he was obliged to support her in his arms.

"You are ill!" he exclaimed.

She was unconscious. He carried her down to his room and bathed her temples, and poured a few drops of water down her throat. When she revived she gazed at him for a moment in a dazed fashion. Then her recollection returned, and she smiled.

"Eunice!" called a voice from below.

It was the housemaid. She arose with a feeling of dizziness and languor she could not understand, and, with a farewell nod to him, left the room. When she had gone, he sank upon his knees.

"Oh, God," he exclaimed, "I am nearing the Great Truth! Do not let me go astray. Grant that I may learn this secret, and I die contented!"

Ever since that to her eventful night, Eunice felt strangely fascinated by the doctor's garden on the roof, and spent much of her time there. It was not for the pleasure of seeing the doctor, for he remained in his room in the daytime, and she did not care to seem to obtrude herself upon him.

Her eyes were becoming strangely affected, she found. Dark coloured spots seemed to

float continually before them. She became almost unable to measure distance with her eye, and often stumbled in her walk. She once mentioned her trouble to Kistran, but he comforted her with the remark that the affliction would soon leave her. He was at all times tender and loving, and her only happiness now was in him.

"Eunice," said the doctor, one day, "I am going to leave you for some time."

He watched her closely as he spoke.

"Leave me?"

"For a time, dearest."

She put her arms around him and clung to him convulsively. She did not like to openly oppose his absence, but she glanced appealingly into his face. He understood her look and said,—

"Dear Eunice, our separation will not be a long one. And then, when I return, you shall be all my own."

She felt a mist come over her eyes, and covered them with her hand.

"Do those poor eyes still pain you?" he inquired.

She nodded assent.

"I think I must try my skill upon them. I will give you a tonic, and I am sure you will soon recover their full use."

Had she been more attentive, she would have noticed the strange, wild gleam in his eyes as he spoke, and the nervousness and apprehension expressed in his face.

He gently led her below and gave her a small vial containing a dark liquid.

"Take a spoonful every morning," he said. "I shall be absent a week, and when I return you will be well."

When the doctor had gone, Eunice sat out upon the roof every sunny day, watching the flowers, and lavishing her tender care upon them for his sake. She took the medicine every morning, as he directed, and found almost immediate relief from the pain. But she often felt a strange weakness, and saw things she knew could have no existence, and wondered what it could mean. She seemed to be able to summon before her anything upon which she fixed her thoughts. She combated this impression at first, but gradually grew too weak to resist it.

One day, after taking her usual dose from the little vial, she seated herself beside the railing that ran around the roof. Her strange visions haunted her, and she made a determined effort to banish them and fixed her eyes upon the sky—and thought of him.

How she loved him! How she longed for his return! She wondered if she would live long with him on earth, and if she would enjoy his presence after death.

She suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"My love!"

He was looking at her! He was before her! She felt an impulse to rush into his arms, but something held her back. He seemed pained at her reserve, and beckoned her to him.

She walked to the edge of the railing and looked about. There he was looking down at her! She stretched forth her arms. He was approaching, beckoning. She cried out to him. She felt an utter exhaustion come over her. She was falling—why did he not assist her?—falling, falling—

"It is the finding of this jury that deceased

met her death by falling from the roof of her residence."

Dr. Kistrian was in his room, reading the report of the inquest which had been held upon the remains of Eunice Zane.

"So," he said, with a laugh, "I am right. The drug is irresistible. What a grand discovery! I can now control the world!"

The rumbling of an approaching storm reached his ears, shaking the roof overhead, and sending a tremor like the shudder of a dying spirit through his frame.

"What power is given to man," resumed Kistrian, "if he but knew it. I have consumed years in patient toil, and my labour was not a waste. Can I not rule the minds of men, mould them to my wishes, by my discovery?"

The gathering gloom was illumined by the first flash of the storm, followed by a roll of thunder.

"Oh, God," exclaimed the man once more, "I thank thee! My soul, my heart, my being, give thee thanks."

He sank upon his knees and raised his eyes to heaven, and they gleamed with a thousand fires which rivalled the electric blaze which now made all without as light as day. The thunder crashing above him inspired him, harmonising, as it did, with his own wild mood.

He raised his voice again, but it was drowned in the roar of the storm. Then he laughed in his mad, dreadful exultation.

And then, with the rush of a thousand whirlwinds, Heaven's vengeance reached him. The thunder crashed over him; the blazing lightning-bolt flew down the bar of steel, forever extinguishing the wild light in his staring orbs, and Dr. Kistrian lay a scorched and blackened mass upon the floor.



SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

It is impossible to lay down a law of etiquette and say it is rigidly obeyed to the exclusion of all others. Most of our customs are, however, derived from the French, and they are usually observed by the best bred people. In the case of "Mrs. John," as a signature there can be but one opinion. It is not sanctioned in any social circle. The Christian name of the writer should always be used, or, if preferred, one or more initials. To a servant any communication should be written in the third person, or it should begin, "Mary: I wish you would, etc.," and the name should be signed "Jane Smith." In writing a reference for a servant it is better to write it in the third person. Mrs. John Smith is not a signature at all; it is a title, and titles cannot be signed.

HIS INFLUENCE.

WHEN Dalmonico, the negro lion tamer, was asked what influence the human eyes had on wild beasts, he replied:—

"I should say about the same influence that the eye of one man had upon another."

He proceeded to illustrate this by a story told of Van Amburgh, the great lion tamer. The latter, on one occasion, was asked how he got his wonderful power over animals. He answered—

"By showing them that I am not one bit afraid of them, and by keeping my eye fixed on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of the eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting opposite, Van Amburgh said, "You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him."

Sitting down Van Amburgh fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself, gradually got up and came across. When he got close enough he drew back his arm and struck the tamer a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark—

"You stare at me like that again, won't you?"

BABY'S RIGHT TO TRUTH.

ONE point of grave importance is a baby's right to truth. It is not necessary to tell a child that a sweet thing is "nasty" or a harmless action naughty to insure obedience. Why should a mother going out for hours tell her child she will be back soon, or in order to bring him to obedience threaten things which she never means to perform—things which she could not do? Why should she tell falsehoods so common to the nursery of the "blackman to carry the baby off," the "big bear" to eat him, or even the more harmless "all gone" and "no more" when there is more? Children are not easily deceived. They find out the lie and learn to lie themselves, and then are whipped for doing it. Oh, of all the baby's rights the most sacred one is truth.

HE BAFLED DETECTION.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK gives an amusing instance of the way in which writing is puzzling to savages. "In South America on one occasion, a native was sent by a missionary to a friend with a note and four loaves of bread. The native ate one on the way, and was amazed to find that the note discovered his theft. On the next occasion that he was sent with four loaves, he sat on the note while eating one of them."

A CANDID "FRIEND."

AN elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a sedate old Quaker by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles up to his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained to the Friend that his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and the spectacles did not seem to do him any good. "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee were to wear the spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thy eyes would soon get well again."

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION, in its true sense, must have two distinct aims—to inform and develope the mind and to inspire and influence the heart. The success of each of these depends largely upon the success of the other; and upon their united and harmonious action will depend the strength and excellence of the character and the purity and value of the life. All knowledge is like good seed—it cannot be too highly prized or too widely disseminated; but to realize its possibilities it must be placed in fruitful soil prepared to receive and to vitalize it.

A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

A HUNTER came across two large deer in the woods near Thorp, Wis. Their horns were locked together, in which condition they had evidently been for several days. One of them was dead and frozen stiff when found, but the other was alive and evidently in a starving condition, having dragged the dead deer a distance of about forty rods and ripped the ground and brush up generally in his efforts to get loose. The hunter despatched the live deer and to get their heads apart had to break the horns of each.

AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

A FUNERAL in Egypt is indeed a strange sight, and the first one the visitor sees astonishes very much. At the head of the procession march a corporate body of the blind and a certain number of men, who proceed at a quick step, singing a most jubilant air, while swinging themselves from right to left. Behind them comes the funeral car, or rather a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl, in which the body is deposited. At the extremity of the bier, on a perch, is placed the turban or the tarbouche. They follow with such high spirits the movement of the head of the cortege that the corpse, rocked in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it. The women bring up the rear, some on asses, some on foot. The first row was formed of weepers or rather screamers, who send forth towards heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hand a handkerchief, with which they are not solicitous of wiping their eyes perfectly dry, but which they pull by the two ends behind their head with a gesture that would be desperate if it were not droll. On arrival at the cemetery they take the corpse from the bier to cast, such as it is, into the grave.

NERVOUS CHILDREN.

NEVER do anything to frighten a child before it goes to bed. Whatever punishment it may have incurred do not select the evening for its execution. To leave it in its lonely crib in the dread silence and darkness of a long night is a cruelty that may carry its poisonous fruit with it to the end of life. How much misery has been caused to delicate, nervous organizations by thoughtless aggravation of the inherent dread of darkness and solitude no one can say; none but the brightest and cheerfulest fancies should have a place in the minds of the young, and if dreams do visit their pillows, they will at least, it may be assumed, partake of the same character. Then the longest nights will be deprived of their terrors.

THE USE OF CRYING.

A FRENCH physician contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which Nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy in a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel one hundred per cent. better afterwards. In accordance with this the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. What is natural is nearly always useful.

MARRIAGE-MAKING IN IRELAND.

It is one of the contradictions of the Celtic race that, amongst a people eminently poetical, marriage is almost entirely a matter of business. A father having a marriageable son, looks about among his neighbours for a girl whose portion will about match what he is prepared to give his boy. Then, the girl being found, there is a consultation with her father, and a meeting takes place at the house of either, at which the bargaining being satisfactorily concluded, the match is made. The girl's father begins by offering a smaller sum than he means to give, which offer is treated with scorn; then he advances bit by bit, throwing in now five pounds, now a cow, till he has reached the limit of his intentions. Then hands are clasped into each other with tremendous emphasis, the girl and boy, who have been waiting while their fate hangs in the balance, are called in and informed of the happy result, and the evening winds up with festivities to commemorate the match-making.

AN ANCIENT WEAPON.

A NOVEL weapon of defence has been found in the ruined pueblos of Arizona. In the doorways of several Los Muertos rooms the Heminway expedition has found many huge defensive stones. These stones are ponderous masses of volcanic rock, rather handsome in shape but destructive in design. The upper end tapers to a sort of handle. The stone was suspended in the doorway by a buckskin thong, which was fastened to the ring or handle. The method of using it was extremely simple. By holding it back and then letting it fly a file of men could be hewn down.

BALLROOM INNOVATIONS.

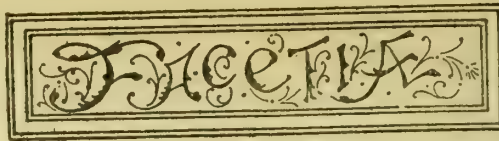
THE French are striving to the utmost to banish "wallflowers" from the ballroom. They have just introduced an innovation which will, at all events, keep the males animated. It consists of one of those captive balloons, which are sold or given away at all the large shops; the gentleman who succeeds in catching the ball claiming for his partner the lady who let it loose.

YOUTH THAT BIDS DEFIANCE TO OLD AGE.

THERE are some people who turn grey but who do not turn hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sorely wounded in many places but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return upon others. Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old.

HOW DIAMONDS ARE SMUGGLED.

It is a common occurrence for a Chinaman from Cuba, who has his wealth in the form of diamonds, when about to pass Custom-house inspectors in San Francisco, to place his diamonds in his mouth, and if he finds the search is too rigid he can easily swallow them—and as soon as he gets ashore an emetic will shortly bring the diamonds to light. As he is naturally a close buyer and brings the stones into this country without payment of duty, he has little if any difficulty in disposing of them at a price in advance of what he paid.



A BEAR is a furry creature, but the man who sells his skin is a furrier.

A FAT man being asked if he were going to the Alps this summer, replied, "No; the *climb* it doesn't agree with me."

WHEN a washerwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said—"She is one tame mutton as is small."

AN old judge told a young lawyer that he would do well to pick some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and stick them into the tail of his judgment.

"LOOK here, waiter," shouted a disgusted customer in a hotel, "here is a moustache comb in this pigeon-pie." "Never mind," said the napkin flirter, calmly; "just throw it under the table—it's an old one."

AN Irishman, at the imminent risk of his life, stopped a runaway horse. The owner came up after a while, and quietly remarked—"Thank you, sir." "An' faith, an' how are ye goin' to divide that between two of us?" replied Pat.

CLERGYMAN (examining a Sunday-school class)—"Now, can any of you tell me what are 'sins of omission?'" Small Scholar—"Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed and haven't."

THE boy, who, when asked to what trade he would wish to be brought up, replied, "I will be a trustee, because ever since papa has been a trustee we have had pudding every day," was a wise child in his generation.

PUTTING IT GENTLY.—An old bachelor found a hair in his soup. With a friendly smile he turned to the cook saying: "Thanks, Josephine, for the delicate souvenir. Next time, though, if you don't mind, I should prefer to receive it in a locket."

ORGANIST—"As your party marches down the aisle I will play some impressive march." Prospective bridegroom—"That's good, but be particular about the key." Organist—"Oh, certainly! I invariably play wedding-marches in B-flat. Two flats seem so appropriate."

DAUGHTER—"There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco when we became engaged." Mother—"What is that astonishing thing?" Daughter—"The rapidity with which he took it up again as soon as we were married."

"AND you really love me, George?" she asked. "Love you," repeated George, fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye in the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large piece

out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home!"

A WOMAN was brought before a police magistrate and asked her age. She replied: "35." The magistrate—"I have heard you have given that same age in this court for the last five years." The Woman—"No doubt, your honour. I'm not one of those people who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

A CLERGYMAN says:—"I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty head, and, pointing to the bridegroom replied, 'I think he is the one to be congratulated.'"

AN editor thus retorts upon a critic—"We are sorry you don't like our paper. We publish it simply to please you. We should ask you to come and edit it, only, if we did, some iniquitous idiot might write and tell you how much better he could do it himself, and that would annoy a nervous person like you."

A WAITER'S COMPLIMENT.—At a restaurant. Irrate Customer—"Waiter, look here, this isn't a beefsteak, it's a paving-stone, I call it." Waiter hurries up, and courteously remarks—"Oh! we thought we might safely offer it to Monsieur." "How so?" "Because Monsieur has such a splendid set of teeth."

It is related of the mother—a good old unsophisticated soul—of one of our famous low comedians, that she would never go a second time to see her son act. Having seen him once she returned home hurt and indignant. "What?" she said; "you don't see how these people make fun of you? The minute you appear they all begin to laugh at you."

"You say you want to marry my daughter. Have you spoken to her?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and have gained her consent." "Well, if she has said 'Yes,' that settles it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't have the slightest influence." Then the young man went home and wondered if he was not too young to marry such a girl.

A QUEER BILL.—A gentleman travelling in England, not long ago, hired a saddle-horse for a ride in the neighbourhood of the town where he was staying. When he returned and asked the stable-keeper for his bill, it was given him in this shape:—

Anosaafada	2s.
Afortheos	1s.
Anagitinimomeagin	4s.

7s.

He paid the 7s., and then spent his leisure moments for several days in trying to get a translation. Finally, another stableman saw it, and read the riddle at once, thus:—

An 'oss a 'alf a day	...	2s.
'Ay for the 'oss	...	1s.
An a-gittin' 'im 'ome again	...	4s.

7s.

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THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XII.

"SHE CANNOT BE UNWORTHY."

MR. Castellani did not wait long before he availed himself of Mrs. Greswold's permission to repeat his visit. He appeared on Friday afternoon, at the orthodox hour of half-past three, when Mildred and her niece were sitting in the drawing-room, exhausted by a long morning at Salisbury, where they had explored the cathedral, and lunched in the Close with a clever friend of George Greswold's, who had made his mark on modern literature.

"I adore Salisbury Close," said Pamela, as she looked through the old-fashioned window to the old-fashioned garden, "it reminds me of Honoria." She did not deem it necessary to explain what Honoria she meant, presuming a universal acquaintance with Coventry Patmore's gentle heroine.

The morning had been sultry, the homeward drive long, and both ladies were resting in comfortable silence, each with a book, when Mr. Castellani was announced.

Mildred received him rather stiffly, trying her uttermost to seem thoroughly at ease. She introduced him to her niece, Miss Ransome.

"The daughter of the late Mr. Gilbert Ransome, and the sister of Lady Mountford?" Castellani inquired presently, when Pamela had run out on the lawn to speak to Box.

"Yes. You seem to know everybody's belongings."

"Why not? It is the duty of every man of the world, more especially a foreigner. I know Mr. Ransome's place in the Sussex Weald—a very fine property, and I know that the two

ladies are co-heiresses, but that the Sussex estate is to descend to the eldest son of the elder daughter, or failing male issue there, to the son of the younger. Lady Mountford has a baby son, I believe."

"Your information is altogether correct."

"Why should it be otherwise? Mr. Hillersdon and his wife discussed the family history to-day at luncheon, apropos to Miss Ransome's appearance in Romsey Church at the Saint's Day service yesterday."

His frankness apologised for his impertinence, and he was a foreigner, which seems always to excuse a great deal.

Pamela came back again, after rescuing Box from a rough-and-tumble game with Kassandra. She looked rosy and breathless and very pretty, in her pale-blue gown and her girlish sash flying in the wind, and flaxen hair fluffed into a feather pile on the top of her head, and honest brown eyes. She resumed her seat in the deep old window behind the end of the piano, and made believe to go on with some work, which she took in a tangled heap from a very untidy basket. Already Pamela had set the sign of her presence upon the drawing-rooms at Enderby, a trail of various litter which was a part of her individuality. Screened by the piano, she was able to observe Castellani, as he stood leaning over the large central ottoman, with his knee on the cushioned seat, talking to Mrs. Greswold.

He was the author of "Nepenthe." It was in that character he interested her. She looked at him with the thought of his book full in her mind. It was one of those half mad, wholly artificial compositions, which delight girls and young men, and which are just clever enough, and have just enough originality to get talked about and written about by the cultured few. It was a love story, ending tragically—a story of ruined lives and broken hearts, told in the autobiographical form; with a careful disregard of all conventional ornament, which gave an air of reality where all was inherently false. Pamela thought it must be Castellani's own story. She fancied she could see the traces of those heart-breaking experiences, those crushing disappointments, in his countenance, in his bearing even, and in the tones of his voice, which gave an impression of mental fatigue, as of a man worn out by a fatal passion.

The story of "Nepenthe" was as old as the hills—or at least as old as the Boulevard des

Capucines and the Palais Royal. It was the story of a virtuous young man's love for an un-virtuous woman—the story of Demetrius and Lamia—the story of a man's demoralisation under the influence of incarnate falsehood, of the gradual lapse from good to evil, the gradual extinction of every belief and every scruple, the final destruction of a soul.

The wicked syren was taken, her victim was left: but left to expiate that miserable infatuation by an after-life of musing; left without a joy in the present or a hope in the future.

"He looks like it," thought Pamela, remembering that final chapter.

Mrs. Greswold was putting a few slow stitches into the azalea leaves on her embroidery frame, and listening to Mr. Castellani with an air of polite indifference.

"Do you know that Riverdale is quite the most delightful house I have ever stayed in?" he said; "and I have stayed in a great many. And do you know that Mrs. Hillersdon is heart-broken at your never having called upon her?"

"I am very sorry so small a matter should touch Mrs. Hillersdon's heart."

"She feels it intensely. She told me so yesterday. Perfect candour is one of the charms of her character. She is as emotional and as transparent as a child. Why have you not called on her?"

"You forget that Riverdale is seven miles from this house?"

"Does not your charity extend so far? Are people who live seven miles off beyond the pale? I think you must visit a little further afield than seven miles. There must be some other reason."

"There is another reason, which I had rather not talk about."

"I understand. You consider Mrs. Hillersdon a person not to be visited. Long ago, when you were a child in the nursery, Mrs. Hillersdon was an undisciplined, inexperienced girl, and the world used her hardly. Is that old history never to be forgotten? Men, who know it all, have agreed to forget it; why should women, who only know a fragment, so obstinately remember?"

"I know nothing and remember nothing about Mrs. Hillersdon. My friends are, for the most part, those of my husband's choice, and I pay no visits without his approval. He does not wish me to visit at Riverdale. You have forced me to give a plain answer, Mr. Castellani."

"Why not? Plain truth is always best. I am sorry Mr. Greswold has interdicted my charming friend. You can have no idea how excellent a woman she is, or how admirable a wife. Tom Hillersdon might have searched the county, from border to border, and not have found as good a woman—looked at as the woman best calculated to make him happy. And what delightful people she has brought about him. One of the most interesting men I ever met arrived yesterday, and is to preach the hospital sermon at Romsey next Sunday. He is an old friend of yours."

"A clergyman, and an old friend of mine, at Riverdale."

"A man of ascetic life and extraordinary culture. I never heard any man talk of Dante better than he talked to me last night in a moonlight stroll on the terrace, while the other men were in the smoking-room."

"Surely, you do not mean Mr. Cancellor, the Vicar of St. Elizabeth's, Parchment-street."

"That is the man. Clement Cancellor, Vicar of St. Elizabeth's. He looks like a mediæval monk, just stepped out of one of Perrugini's altar pieces."

"He is the noblest, most unselfish of men; he has given his life to doing good among rich and poor. It is so long since I have seen him. We have asked him to Enderby very often, but he has always been too busy to come. And to think that he should be coming to this neighbourhood and I know nothing about it; and to think that he should go to Riverdale rather than come here."

"He had hardly any option. It was Mrs. Hillersdon who asked him to preach on Hospital Sunday. She extorted a promise from him three months ago in London. The Vicar of Romsey was enchanted. 'You are the cleverest woman I know,' he said. 'No one else could have got me such a great gun.'"

"A great gun—Mr. Cancellor a great gun. I can only think of him as I knew him when I was twelve years old, a tall, thin young man in a very shabby coat—he was curate at St. Elizabeth's then—very gaunt and hollow-cheeked, but with such a sweet smile. He used to come twice a week to teach me the history of the Bible and the Church. He made me love both."

"He is gaunt and hollow-cheeked still, very tall and bony and sallow, and he still wears a shabby coat. You will not find much difference in him, I fancy—only so many more years of hard work and self-sacrifice, ascetic living and nightly study. A man to know Dante as he does must have given years of his life to that one poet—and I am told that in literature Cancellor is an all-round man. His monograph on Pascal is said to be the best of a brilliant series of such studies."

"I hope he will come to see his old pupil before he leaves the neighbourhood."

"He means to do so. He was talking of it yesterday evening—asking Mrs. Hillersdon if she was intimate with you—so awkward for poor Mrs. Hillersdon."

"I shall be very glad to see him again," said Mildred gently.

"May I drive him over to tea to-morrow afternoon?"

"He will be welcome here at any time."

"Or with anyone? If Mrs. Hillersdon were to bring him, would you still refuse to receive her?"

"I have never refused to receive her. We have met and talked to each other on public

occasions. If Mr. Cancellor likes her she cannot be unworthy."

"May she come with him to-morrow?" persisted Castellani.

"If she likes," faltered Mildred, wondering that any woman could so force an entrance to another woman's house.

She did not know that it was by such entrances Mrs. Hillersdon had made her way in society, until half the best houses in London had been opened to her.

"If you are not in a hurry to leave us, I know my niece would much like to hear you play," she said, feeling that the talk about Riverdale had been dull work for Pamela.

Miss Ransome murmured assent.

"If you will play something of Beethoven's," she entreated.

"Do you object to Mozart?" he asked, forgetting his depreciation of the valet-musician's son a few days before. I feel more in the humour for that prince of dramatists. I will give you the supper in 'Don Giovanni.' You shall see Leporello trembling. You shall hear the tramp of ghostly feet."

And then, improvising upon a familiar theme, he gave his own version of that wonderful scene, and that music so played conjured up a picture as vivid as ever playhouse furnished to an enthralled audience.

Pamela listened in silent rapture. What a God-gifted creature this was, who had so deeply moved her by his pen, who moved her even more intensely by that magical touch upon the piano.

When he had played those last crashing chords which consigned the profligate to his doom, he waited for a minute or so, and then, softly, as if almost unawares, in mere absent-minded idleness, his hands wandered into the staccato accompaniment of the serenade, and with the finest tenor Mildred had heard since she heard Sims Reeves, he sang those delicate and dainty phrases with which the seducer wooes his last divinity.

He rose from the piano at the close of that lovely air, smiling at his hearers.

"I had no idea that you were a singer as well as a pianist," said Mildred.

"You forget that music is my native tongue. My father taught me to play before he taught me to read, and I knew harmony before I knew my alphabet. I was brought up in the house of a man who lived only for music—to whom all stringed instruments were as his mother tongue. It was by a caprice that he taught me to play the piano—which he rarely touched himself."

"He must have been a great genius," said Pamela, with girlish fervour.

"Alas! no, he just missed greatness, and he just missed genius. He was a highly gifted man—various—capricious—volatile—and he married a woman with just enough money to ruin him. Had he been obliged to earn his bread, he might have been great. Who can say? Hunger is the slave-driver with his whip of steel who peoples the Valhalla of nations. If Homer had not been a beggar, as well as blind, we might have had no 'Tale of Troy.' Good-bye, Mrs. Greswold. Good-bye," shaking hands with Pamela. "I may bring my hostess to-morrow."

"I—I—suppose so," Mildred answered feebly, wondering what her husband would think of such an invasion.

Yet, if Clement Cancellor, who to Mildred's mind seemed ever the ideal Priest of Christ, if he could tolerate and consort with her, could

she, Mildred Greswold, persist in the Pharisee's part, and hold herself aloof from this neighbour, to whose good works and kindly disposition many voices had testified?

CHAPTER XIII.

SHALL SHE BE LESS THAN ANOTHER?

IT was in all good faith that Clement Cancellor had gone to Riverdale. He had not gone there for the fleshpots of Egypt. He was a man of severely ascetic habits, who ate and drank as temperately as a disciple of that old faith of the East which is gaining a curious influence upon our new life of the West. For him the gratification of the senses, soft raiment, artistic furniture, thoroughbred horses and luxurious carriages, palm-houses and orchid-houses, offered no temptation. He stayed in Mrs. Hillersdon's house because he was her friend, her friend upon the broadest and soundest basis on which friendship could be built. He knew all that was to be known about her. He knew her frailties of the past, her virtues in the present, her exalted hope in the future. From her own lips he had heard the story of Louise Lorraine's life. She had extenuated nothing. She had not withheld from him either the magnitude of her sins or their number—nay, it may be said that she had in somewise exaggerated the blackness of those devils whom he, Clement Cancellor, had cast out from her, enhancing by just so much the magnitude of the work he had wrought. She had held back nothing; but over every revelation she had contrived to spread that gloss which a clever woman knows how to give to the tale of her own wrongdoing. In every incident of that evil career she had contrived to show herself more sinned against than sinning; the fragile victim of over-mastering wickedness in others; the martyr of man's treachery and man's passion; the sport of fate and circumstance. Had Mr. Cancellor known the world he lived in half as well as he knew the world beyond he would hardly have believed so readily in the lady who had been Louise Lorraine; but he was too single-minded to doubt a repentant sinner whose conversion from the ways of evil had been made manifest by so many good works and such unflagging zeal in the exercises of the Anglican Church.

Parchment-street, Grosvenor-square, is one of the fashionable streets of London, and St. Elizabeth's, Parchment-street, had gradually developed, in Clement Cancellor's incumbency, into one of the most popular temples at the West End of London. He, whose life-desire had been to carry the lamp of the faith into dark places, to be the friend and teacher of the friendless and the untaught, found himself, almost in spite of himself, a fashionable preacher, and the delight of the highly-cultured, the wealthy, and the aristocratic. In his parish of St. Elizabeth's there was plenty of work for him to do—plenty of that work which he had chosen as the mission that had been given to him to fulfil. Behind those patrician streets where only the best appointed carriages drew up, where only the best-dressed footmen ever pulled the bells or rattled long peals upon high-art knockers, there were some of the worst slums in London, and it was in those slums that half of Mr. Cancellor's life was spent. In narrow alleys between Oxford and Wigmore-streets, in the intricate purlieus of Marylebone-lane the Anglican priest had ample scope for his labour, a field offering free play to the husbandman.

And in the labyrinth hidden in the heart of West-end London Mr. Cancellor's chief coadjutor for the last twenty years had been Louise Hillersdon. Thoroughness had been the supreme quality of Mrs. Hillersdon's mind. Nothing stopped her. It was this temper which had given her distinction in the days when princes were her cupbearers and diamonds her daily tribute. There had been other women as beautiful, other women as fascinating; but there was not one who, with beauty and fascination, combined the reckless audacity and the indomitable resolution of Louise Lorraine. When Louise Lorraine took possession of a man's wits and a man's fortune that man was doomed. He was as completely gone as the lemon in the iron squeezer. A twist of the machine, and there is nothing left but broken rind and crushed pulp. A season of infatuation, and there was nothing left of Mrs. Lorraine's admirer but shattered health and an overdrawn banking account. Estates, houses, friends, position, good name, all had vanished from the man whom Louise Lorraine ground in her mortar. She spoke of him next season with half contemptuous pity. "Did I know Sir John Barrymore? Yes; he used to come to my parties sometimes. A nice fellow enough, but such a terrible fool."

When Louise Lorraine married Tom Hillersdon, and took it into her head to break away altogether from her past career to pose before the world as a beautiful Magdalen, she was clever enough to know that to achieve any place in society, she must have a very powerful influence to help her. She was clever enough to discover that the one influence which a woman in her position could count upon was the influence of the Church. She was beautiful enough and refined enough to win friends among the clergy by the charm of her personality. She was rich enough to secure such friends, and bind them to herself by the splendour of her gifts, by her substantial aid in those good works which are to the priest as the very breath of his life. One man she would win by an organ; another lived only to complete a steeple; the third had been yearning for a decade for that golden hour when the cracked tinabulation which now summoned his flock should be exchanged for the music of a fine peal of bells. Such men as these were only too easily won, and the drawing-rooms of the great house in Park lane were rarely without the grace of some priestly figure in long frock coat and Roman collar.

Clement Cancellor was of a sterner stuff, and not to be bought by bell or reredos, rood-screen or pulpit. Him Louise Hillersdon won by larger measures: to him she offered all that was spiritual and aspiring in her nature, and this woman of strange memories was not without spiritual aspirations and real striving after godliness. Clement Cancellor was no pious simpleton, to be won by studied hypocrisies and crocodile tears. He knew truth from falsehood, had never in his life been duped by the jingle of false coin. He knew that Mrs. Hillersdon's repentance had the true ring, albeit she was in some things still of the earth, earthy. She had worked for him and with him in that wilderness of London as not one other woman in his congregation had ever worked. To the loss of her own sex she had been as a redeeming angel. Wretched women had blessed her with their expiring breath, had died full of hopes that might never have been kindled had not Louise Lorraine sat beside their beds. Few other women

had ever so influenced the erring of her sex. She who had waded deep in the slough of sin knew how to talk to these sinners.

Mr. Cancellor never forgot her as he had seen her by the bed of death and in the haunts of iniquity. She could never be to him as the herd of women. To the mind of the preacher she had a higher value than one in twenty of those women of his flock whose unstained lives had never needed the cleansing of self sacrifice and difficult works.

Thus it was that the vicar of St. Elizabeth's had never shrunk from acknowledging Mrs. Hillersdon as his personal friend, had never feared to sit at her board, or to be seen with her in public; and in the work of Louise Lorraine's rehabilitation Mr. Cancellor was a tower of strength. And now this latest mark of friendship, this visit to her country home, and this appearance in the noble old Abbey Church at her solicitation, filled her cup of pride. These starched country people who had shunned her hospitalities were to see that one of the most distinguished preachers in the High Church party had given her his friendship and his esteem.

It had been something for her to have had the Prince at Riverdale: it was still more to her to have Clement Cancellor.

Pamela was in a flutter of excitement all Saturday morning, in the expectation of Castellani's reappearance in the afternoon. She had heard Mr. Cancellor preach, and was delighted at the idea of seeing him in the pleasant intimacy of afternoon tea. Had there been no such person as Castellani, her spirits would have been on tip-toe at the idea of conversing with the fashionable preacher—of telling him in hushed and reverent tones of all those deep emotions his eloquence had inspired in her. But the author of "Nepenthe" possessed just that combination of gifts and qualities which commands the admiration of such a girl as Pamela. That exquisite touch on the piano, that perfect tenor voice, that semi-exotic elegance of dress and figure, all had made their mark upon the sensitive plate of a girl's ardent fancy. "If I had pictured to myself the man who wrote 'Nepenthe,' I should have imagined just such a face, just such a style," thought Pamela, quite forgetting that when first she had read the book she had made a very vivid picture of the author altogether the opposite of Cæsar Castellani—a dark man, lean as a whipping post, grave as philosophy itself, with sombre black eyes, and ebon hair, and a complexion of antique marble. And now she was ready to accept the Italian, sleek, supple, essentially modern in every grace and attribute, in place of that sage of antique mould.

She went dancing about with the dogs all the morning, inciting the grave Kassandra to unwonted exertions, running in and out of the drawing-room, making an atmosphere of life and gaiety in the grave old house. Mildred's heart ached as she watched that flying figure in the white gown, youth, health, joyousness, personified.

"Oh, if my darling were but here, life might be full of happiness again," she thought. "I should cease to weary myself with wondering about that hidden past."

Do what she would her thoughts still dwelt upon the image of that wife who had possessed George Greswold's heart before her. She knew that he must have loved that other woman whom he had sworn before God's altar to

cherish. He was not the kind of man to marry for any motive but a disinterested love. That he had loved passionately, and that he had been wronged deeply, was Mildred's reading of the mystery. There had been a look of agony in his countenance when he spoke of the past that told of a sorrow too deep for words.

"He has never loved me as he once loved her," thought Mildred, who, out of the wealth of her own love, had developed the capacity for that self-torture called jealousy.

It seemed to her that her husband had taken pains to avoid the old opportunities of confidential talk since that revelation of last Sunday. He had been more than usually engaged by the business details of his estate; and she fancied that he made the most of all those duties which he used once to perform with the utmost despatch, grudging every hour that was spent away from the home circle. He now complained of the new steward's ignorance, which threw so much extra work upon himself.

"After jogging on for years in the same groove with a man who knew every inch of the estate and every tenant, I find it hard work teaching a new man," he told his wife.

This sounded reasonable enough, yet she could but think that since Sunday he had taken pains to avoid being alone with her. If he asked her to drive or walk with him, he secured Pamela's company before the excursion was planned.

"We must show you the country," he said.

Mildred told him of the threatened incursion from Riverdale as they sat lunching with Pamela.

"I hope you don't mind my receiving Mrs. Hillersdon," she said.

"No, my dear, I think it would take a much worse woman than Mrs. Hillersdon to do you any harm, or Pamela either, I hope. Whatever her early history may have been, she has made Tom Hillersdon an excellent wife, and she has been a very good friend to the poor. I should not have cared for you to cultivate Mrs. Hillersdon, or the society she brings around her at Riverdale—"

"Sir Henry says they have people from the music halls," interjected Pamela, in an awestricken voice.

"But if Mrs. Hillersdon likes to come here with her clerical star—"

"Don't call him a star, George. He is highly gifted, and people have chosen to make him the fashion, but he is the most single-hearted and simple-minded man I ever met. No popularity could spoil him. I feel that if he holds out the hand of friendship to Mrs. Hillersdon she must be a good woman."

"Let her come, Mildred, only don't let her coming open the door to intimacy. I would not have my wife the friend of any woman with a history."

"And yet there are histories in most lives, George, and there is sometimes a mystery."

She could not refrain from this little touch of bitterness, yet she was sorry the instant she had spoken, deeply sorry when she saw the look of pain in the darkly thoughtful face opposite to her. Why should she wilfully wound him, purposelessly, needlessly, she who so fondly loved him, whose keenest pain was to think that he had loved any woman upon earth before he loved her.

"You will be at home to help me to receive my old friend, George," she said, as they rose from the table.

"Yes, I will be at home to welcome Cancellor, and to guard you from his protégé's influence, if I can."

They were all three in the drawing-room when the Riverdale party arrived. Mildred and Mrs. Hillersdon met in some wise as old acquaintances, having been thrown together on numerous occasions at hunt balls, charity bazaars, and other public assemblies. Pamela was the only stranger.

Although the romance and the scandal of Louise Lorraine's career was called ancient history, she was still a beautiful woman. The delicate features, the pure tones of the alabaster skin, and the large Irish gray eyes, had been kindly dealt with by time. On the verge of fifty, Mrs. Hillersdon might have owned only to forty, had she cared so far to palter with truth. Her charm was, however, now more in a fascinating personality than in the remains of a once dazzling loveliness. There was mind in the keen, bright face, with its sharply cut lines, and those traces of intellectual wear which give a new grace, instead of the old one of soft and youthful roundness and faultless colouring. The bloom was gone from the peach, the brilliancy of youth had faded from those speaking eyes, but there was all the old sweetness of expression which had made Louise Lorraine's smile irresistible as the song of the lurlei in the days that were gone. Her dress was perfect, as it had always been from the days when she threw away her last cotton stocking, darned by her own fair hands, and took to dressing like a princess of the blood royal, and with, perhaps, even less concern for cost. She dressed in perfect harmony with her age and position. Her gown was of softest black silk, draped with some semi-diaphanous fabric and clouded with Chantilly lace. Her bonnet was of the same lace and gauze, and her long, thin hand was fitted to perfection in a black glove which met a cloud of lace just below the elbow.

At a period when almost every woman who wore black, glittered with beads and bangles from head to foot, Mrs. Hillersdon's costume was unembellished by a single ornament. The Parisian milliner had known how to obey her orders to the letter when she stipulated—*surtout point de jais*—and the effect was at once distinguished and refined.

Clement Cancellor greeted his old pupil with warm friendliness, and meekly accepted her reproaches for all those invitations which he had refused in the past ten years.

"You told me so often that it was impossible, and yet you can go to my neighbour," she said.

"My dear Mildred, I went to Riverdale because I was wanted at Romsey."

"And do you think you were not wanted at Romsey before to-day—do you think we should not have been proud to have you preach in our church here. People would have flocked from far and wide to hear you—yes, even to Enderby church—and you might have aided some good work, as you are going to do to-morrow. How clever of Mrs. Hillersdon to know how to tempt you down here."

"You may be sure it is not the first time I have tried, Mrs. Greswold," said the lady, with her fascinating smile. "Your influence would have gone further than mine, had you taken as much trouble as I have done."

Mr. Rollinson, the curate of Enderby, was announced at this moment. The Vicar was a rich man, with another parish in his cure, and his own comfortable Vicarage and his brother's

family mansion being adjacent to the other church, Enderby saw him but seldom, and Mr. Rollinson was a person of much more weight in the parish than the average clerical subaltern. Mildred liked him for his plain-sailing Christianity and unfailing kindness to the poor, and she had asked him to tea this afternoon, knowing that he would like to meet Clement Cancellor.

Castellani looked curiously unlike those three other men, with their grave countenances and unstudied dress; George Greswold, roughly clad in shooting-jacket and knickerbockers; the two priests in well-worn black. The Italian made a spot of brightness in that sombre assembly, the sunlight touching his hair and moustache with glints of gold, his brown velvet coat and light gray trousers suggestive of the studio rather than of rustic lanes, a gardenia in his scarf-pin, a valuable old intaglia for his scarf-pin, and withal a half insolent look of amusement at those two priests and the sombre-visaged master of the house. He slipped with serpentine grace to the other side of the piano, where he contrived his first tête-à-tête with Pamela, comfortably sheltered by the great Henri-deux vase of gloxinias on the instrument.

Pamela was shy at first, and would hardly speak; then, taking courage, told him how she had wondered and wept over "Nepenthe," and they talked as if they were two kindred souls that had been kept too long apart by adverse fate, and thrilled with the new delight of union.

Round the table the conversation was of a graver cast. After a general discussion of the threatening clouds upon the political and ecclesiastical horizon the talk had drifted to a question which at this time was very much in the minds of men. The Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill had been thrown out by the Upper House during the last session, and everyone had been talking of that debate in which three princes of the blood royal had been attentive auditors. They had recorded their vote on the side of liberty of conscience, but in vain. Time-honoured prejudices had prevailed against modern enlightenment.

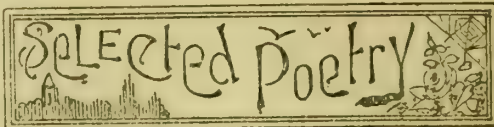
Clement Cancellor was a man who would have suffered martyrdom for his faith; he was generous, he was merciful, gentle, self-sacrificing, pure in spirit, but he was not liberal minded. The old shackles hung heavily upon him. He could not forgive Wycliffe, and he could not love Latimer. He was an ecclesiastic after the antique pattern. To him the marriage of a priest was a base paltering with the lusts of the flesh; and to him a layman's marriage with a dead wife's sister was unholy and abominable. He had been moved to indignation by the words that had been spoken and the pamphlets that had been written of late upon this question, and now, carried away by George Greswold's denunciation of that prejudiced majority by which the Bill had been rejected, Mr. Cancellor gave his indignation full vent, and forgot that he was speaking in a lady's drawing-room, and before feminine hearers.

He spoke of such marriages as unholy and immoral, he spoke of such households as accursed. Mildred listened to him, and watched him wonderingly, scared at this revelation of an unknown side of his character. To her he had ever been the gentlest of teachers; she saw him now pallid with wrath—she heard him breathing words of fire.

George Greswold took up the glove, not because he had ever felt any particular interest

in this abstract question of canonical law, but because he hated narrow-minded opinions, and clerical prejudices.

(To be continued.)



HUSBAND AND WIFE.

SHE came to the room where her husband
Seemed taking a peaceful rest,
With his old hands clasped together
In slumber on his breast.
And she knelt down by the bedside,
And laid her poor old head
Close down by his on the pillow,
And whispered to the dead:—

"It's only a little while, Daniel,
Since you died, but, dear, to me
It seems like years since you told me
It had grown too dark to see.
And asked me to come and kiss you,
And hold you by the hand,
As you started on your journey
To find a better land.

"Have you found it? Tell me, Daniel,
Speak to your poor old wife.
Why should we two be parted
In the last days of our life?
Oh, if they'd take me, too, dear,
I want to lie by your side,
For there's nothing left to live for
Since my good man has died.

"You do not answer me, Daniel,
It can't be that you know
That your old wife's talking to you,
Dying has changed you so.
There seems such a distance between us;
Oh, Daniel, it breaks my heart
To think you've left me behind you,
And we are so far apart.

"I've brought the old Bible, Daniel,
You gave me when we were wed;
Never a day since our marriage
But there's been a chapter read.
In times of peace and gladness,
And times of tears and pain,
We've read it together, Daniel,
As we never will read it again.

"You've no need of it now, dear heart,
But where else shall I find
The comfort and strength that's needed
By the old heart left behind.
Do you remember, Daniel,
When our first little baby died,
How you read it after the funeral,
And I sat at your feet and cried?

"I remember the chapter, Daniel,
It was where the Saviour said,
'Blessed are they who sorrow
For they shall be comforted.'
Oh, my arms and my heart seemed empty,
I missed the baby so,
Have you found the little one, Daniel?
Tell me, I want to know.

"Oh, go to the dear Lord, Daniel,
And ask him to let me come;
Tell Him your old wife's lonely,
And longs to follow you home.
I want to be with you, Daniel,
I want to hold fast to your hand,
Tell the dear Lord about it,
And he will understand."

LAST year one hundred and twenty bull fights were given in the city of Mexico. Seventeen bull-fighters were wounded, and one professional and two amateur fighters killed.

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REV. JOHN HEWITT JELLETT, D.D.,
LATE PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

(From a recent photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.)

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of great originality and value on several branches of mathematics, and in addition to these, in the sphere of theology and biblical exposition, his "Essay on some of the moral difficulties of the Old Testament," and on "The Efficacy of Prayer," published in 1878, were largely read by the cultivated classes. As a preacher Dr. Jellett was distinguished by his clearness and cogency of reasoning, as well as by the beauty and expressiveness of his language, and it is not too much to say that his pulpit oratory of a dozen years ago, when he was in the full vigour of his manhood, will be long remembered. As an erudite Irishman, and an accomplished gentleman, his countrymen of all denominations and parties were proud of him, and the deep regret for his death is universal and sincere.

There are in Ireland many admirers of the late Lady Brassey to whom the following intelligence will be pleasing. We see it in print that just before her death Lady Brassey made a special request to her daughter, the Hon. Mabelle Brassey, that when she has married—as she is to be shortly to Mr. C. A. Egerton—she would obtain the whole of her trousseau from the Donegal Industrial Fund, and so benefit the distressed Irish workers. It would be well if ladies who are still in the "land of the living" would follow the advice of the lamented Lady Brassey.

The Bray Church Association have been fortunate in securing Mr. James Edgar, hon. treasurer of the Association of Elocutionists, as teacher of their elocution class, just formed. We are glad to find a number of ladies have joined. The first lesson was given by Mr. Edgar on the 23rd February.

Miss Julia Gaylord has deserted opera for drama, and Madame Nilsson is announced to give two "farewell" concerts in London this season. The air is, therefore, full of "Farewells." No doubt, Madame Nilsson fully intends these concerts to be farewells; but singers have, before now, altered their minds on such points, and it is to be hoped that the "Swedish Nightingale" will emulate their example.

Miss Du Bedat's first concert is announced to take place on Saturday evening, in the Leinster Hall. Miss Du Bedat, who has recently gained very much in public favour, will be supported by Mrs. José Kelly, Mrs. Scott-Ffennell, Miss Jeanie Rosse, Mr. Henry Beaumont, Mr. W. S. North, Mr. D'Alton, Mr. J. F. Jones, and Mr. Charles Kelly. Concert *habitués* will be delighted to hear that Mdle. Adelina Dinelli has been specially engaged for this occasion; and Herr Rudersdorff, Miss Martin, and Dr. Power O'Donoghue complete the list of performers whose services have been secured. The recital of a portion of Wallace's tuneful "Maritana" will be a specific feature of the concert.

On Monday afternoon and evening the music-loving public of Dublin will have an opportunity of hearing the celebrated, and, we might say, world-renowned Blue Hungarian Band. The performances of this band at the great Manchester Exhibition were the theme of conversation in Cottonopolis for months after its visit there, and during the stay of the band at the Exhibition no other attraction "drew" anything like it. The first visit to Ireland is due to the

enterprise of Mr. Motherell, and we heartily wish him every success. The prices of admission have been kept very moderate, so that this rare musical attraction is placed within the reach of all. The afternoon programme of Monday opens at 3 o'clock, and the evening at 8.

Miss Kelly and Miss Whyte gave an agreeable musical entertainment on the 29th, at their residence, Merrion-square.

A young gentleman who appeared in the Town Hall, Rathmines, on the night of Mrs. Ellis Cameron's recitals, has altogether taken our fancy. Dublin can boast of some of the finest elocutionists to be found in any city in Britain, and it is with no small amount of gratification and pleasure that we thus publicly announce an addition of no mean order or ability to the list of names already so well known to the people of Dublin. Although Mr. Williams has long been renowned in private assemblies he has not yet been publicly recognised in a manner such as his great forensic power demands. Tragedy or comedy, sentiment or humour, seem each to be the particular *forte* of this rising elocutionist, as the piece he has set himself to recite may be replete with one or the other. If he is more happy in one department than another, it is in the rendering of those pieces where the finer feelings of human nature are brought prominently forward. When we heard him the other evening he gave "The Building of St. Sophia," and Mark Twain's "Membranous Croup," and, though these pieces are in no way similar in construction, he was equally happy in both. We, however, remember him at a private assembly a short time ago, giving the "Curfew Bell" to a highly critical audience. This piece is so familiar that it requires special ability to make it a marked item in a programme, and yet, we are glad to say, it could not have been rendered more touchingly or with greater pathos. We foresee, with pleasure, that before long the name of Mr. Williams will be a magnet at all dramatic assemblies.

The musical afternoon to have taken place at Mrs. Maguire's, 9 Adelaide Street, Kingstown, on the 7th inst., is, we learn, unavoidably postponed.

On Monday night a dance took place at the residence of Madame Byrne; it proved a complete success. The dancing was kept up until an advanced hour. The dance music was supplied by Gasparro Brothers, and Messrs. Thompson, of Westmoreland Street catered for the company. It is Madame Byrne's intention to give one every six weeks. A special feature of the evening was the dancing of an Irish jig by Mr. Wallace Moore and Miss Clive Annie Armstrong.

Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" and Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Te Deum" will be given at the Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar, on the 13th March, when a crowded auditory is certain to be present. It is so long since the people of Dublin have heard the magnificent "Twelfth Mass" of the great *maestro* that it will be listened to on the coming occasion with all the keen enjoyment which true musicians derive from works of the first order artistically rendered. Sullivan's *Te Deum* possesses a special interest of its own, quite apart from its undoubted merits

as a composition, inasmuch as it was written for the Crystal Palace Festival in 1872 to celebrate the recovery of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales from his dangerous illness. All the talent available will be engaged on the forthcoming occasion.

Two highly-esteemed clergymen of Dublin have, we regret to record, passed away during the week—the Rev. William Fortescue, S.J., in his 71st year, and the Rev. Hickman R. Halahan, who was for fifty years Rector of St. Nicholas Without and St. Luke's, both of them deeply and deservedly regretted by citizens of all denominations.

A correspondent sends the following:—The remarks in last week's number of IRISH SOCIETY, about the paucity of official entertainments during the Castle season are only too justly called forth. Contrast the Castle gaieties *now* with what they were in the time of Lord Spencer, who did the hospitalities of the position with honour to himself and great satisfaction to society, and, behold! what a falling off. In *his* day girls have been at nineteen Castle dances between the first Drawing Room and Patrick's Ball. Now! Well now, it is not worth while going to the expense of getting Court dress to attend the Drawing Rooms. With regard to St. Patrick's Ball, too, a very unsatisfactory change was made during the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Marlborough, and has since been continued. Previous to that time it had been the privilege of all who had *ever* been presented at a Levee or Drawing Room to go every year, or any year, to St. Patrick's Ball. It was thus rendered truly a national festival; but the privilege was withdrawn at the time mentioned, when it was decreed that only such as attended the Levees and Drawing Rooms of that year could go to it. Now, that certainly was a grievance, and may very justly be complained of. It would be a gracious act of Lord Londonderry to honour this national festival by restoring to "presented" members of society the right they formerly enjoyed of going to St. Patrick's Ball.

Ladies, what do you think of this? The youngest editor in the State of Nebraska is a Miss Agnes M'Clennan. This enterprising young lady is but 15 years of age.

We are pleased to see that the pink satin shoes mentioned in our first number as being carried by bridesmaids in New York, are coming into fashion in England. As yet they are only made in one colour, namely, pink. We hope some of our prospective Benedicts will take the lead and introduce this striking novelty into Ireland.

An extremely useful hand-book has just been published by the Official Guide (Limited), Bachelor's Walk, the title being "Annals of 1887," this being really one of the most serviceable references to the political and social events of the year which it would be possible to possess. Its compiler is Mr. T. E. FitzPatrick, who has expended a vast amount of care on the indexing of the leading events of twelve months that have been memorable in many ways. To those who know the trouble attendant on hunting up and searching through newspaper files for the dates of occurrences in which they are interested, the "Annals" will be very welcome; and as

brother-pressmen we cordially thank Mr. Fitz-Patrick for saving ourselves and others in future a world of worry, and enabling us to spot the date of any important event at a glance. The "Annals" may be had at Gill's, Eason's, and other places.

It is generally regarded as a foregone conclusion that the vacancy in the Provostship of Trinity will be filled by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Salmon, whose claims can scarcely be disputed or denied. Indeed, we are informed that the post is as good as handed over. The general impression in College circles is that no better selection could have been made; and certainly the new Provost will bring to the position all the qualities necessary to maintain the high reputation of the great teaching institution over which he will be called on to preside.

Can anyone throw a little light on what is being done, if anything, by Irish manufacturers to ensure representation of their goods in the Glasgow Exhibition, which opens about the 1st of May next. We confess we can hear nothing on this subject, although we have made anxious inquiry in at least a dozen different quarters in Dublin in which it was likely that intending exhibitors might be found. It is only a few months since we had in the Mansion House a deputation of gentlemen representing the Executive of the great Clyde enterprise, their object being to induce manufacturers and others in this part of the country to secure space in the building, and, as a result of the gathering, profuse promises of co-operation were given which it would appear, for so far at least, have come to next to nothing. We have, in fact, only met a few individuals who are sending goods to Glasgow, and we should say that, so far as this city and district are concerned, Ireland will be but feebly represented on the forthcoming occasion. We remember the enthusiasm with which the Manchester project was taken up here, and we all know the splendid effect produced by the Irish section at Old Trafford. It was, in fact, the chief attraction of the building, and visitors spent more time there than anywhere else. But there is a dampness somehow in this quarter over the Glasgow show, and we are forced to the conclusion that our manufacturers are sick of exhibitions, and will have little more to do with them.

There is at present being shown by one of our Dublin printsellers a collection of Japanese engravings, one of which beats anything in its peculiar line yet exhibited. Filial piety is an admirable virtue, and one which ought everywhere to be cultivated. But the nations of the West will never equal in this respect the subjects of the Mikado. One of the engravings to which we refer shows a little boy dutifully exposing his tiny body to the attacks of mosquitoes, so that his parents may be spared their bites. That cuts all European records.

A strenuous advocate of vegetarianism has just passed away in the person of Mrs. Anna Kingsford. The deceased lady had been for a considerable time a remarkable figure in certain sections of London Society. She was always delicate, and warded off tubercular consumption by her addiction, she averred, to vegetarianism. The late Mrs. Dr. Kingsford conducted, we believe, in a highly successful manner, a department devoted exclusively to ladies, in that popular journal, the *Ladies' Pictorial*.

Dublin jarveys have always been noted for their ready wit and pleasantry, and if in recent years the institution of tramways has done much to sour the tempers of these valuable and necessary public servants, it should be remembered that it is not so much their fault as it is that of their changed circumstances. The other day, we, accompanied by a friend, got on a car at the Four Courts, and being in a hurry, asked the jarvey to wake up his horse and make him go. To our astonishment the weather-beaten old driver turned round, and in a most serious mood addressed us in the following extraordinary manner—"Sure I can't sir. If the mare falls on the frost and kills us all, I'll be up for manslaughter, but you'll be let off!!"

On looking over that, to ladies, at all events, most interesting part of the morning paper, devoted to births, marriages, and deaths, we noticed that a Miss Partridge had been a few days previously married to a Mr. Wood. Where, was our instant thought, could a partridge more naturally seek shelter than in the bosom of a wood.

An Irish novel is now becoming a *rara avis*, and for that reason we hail with pleasure the announcement made by a new and enterprising publisher, Mr. C. W. Olley, Royal Avenue, Belfast, that he intends to publish shortly a novel, entitled, "The Golden Halcombes," from the pen of Mr. John Shaw, who is familiarly known as an attractive writer in various magazines. The interest of the plot of the tale, no less than the variety of the scenes and the peculiarity of many of the characters and situations will, we feel confident, insure for the volume a wide circulation.

A prominent member of the Society of Friends, Mr. James Cadbury, of "cocoa" fame, has just died at the advanced age of 85 years. The most prominent characteristic of this gentleman was his love of advertising, and he, like a good many other enterprising men, reaped in life the benefits that accrued from judiciously keeping himself always before the public in the various advertising sheets.

We hear that a society is in course of formation for the insurance of hats and umbrellas, in order that if a new chapeau springs from its peg to the cranium of a seedy-looking fellow by accident, or if an umbrella attaches itself, in a violent fit of devotion, to the arm of a stranger, who "has no earthly knowledge whatever" that a mistake has been committed, the owner can rely upon a new article in its place. The prospectus, we believe, will state that "among the smaller ills for which civilization has failed to supply a remedy is the vexation caused by the loss of a hat or umbrella."

Having business in the north side of the city on Saturday evening last, I took the Phoenix Park car at Nelson's Pillar. The conductors on this line, with one exception, are remarkable for civility and attention to the comfort of passengers. The conductor having given plenty of time to the travellers to get ready the necessary passport, came to the point where we were sitting. We paid our money and got our ticket. The gentleman next us, wishing to get down at Dorset Street, offered the conductor one sovereign in payment of a penny fare. The annoyed look on the face of the latter was painfully evident, and he did a very proper thing. He

held tightly to the sovereign until all the fares had been taken, and until the car had arrived at the corner of Blessington Street, when he told the gentleman (?) to wait until he returned with the change. Thus, by the thoughtless, silly action of a particularly impertinent young man, the other passengers were delayed and the hard-worked conductor had to trudge in the sleet and snow until he procured the needed change. We should advise those in the habit of using these useful public conveyances to invest in a four-and-sixpenny book of tickets, and thereby save much time and annoyance.

A particularly good-looking lady, styled "the Prize Crowned Beauty, Alexandrine Markus," has created some stir in Berlin, where she has been on view at the "Wintergarten." She is described as a bewitching brunette, with large, deep blue eyes. It is her intention shortly to appear in London, after which, we suppose, she will visit our city.

We have been reading queer things in Zadkiel's "Voice of the Stars" for the present month of March, in which we are promised a bad time. During the first nine days, the sage remarks, we are likely to have heavy atmospheric storms in the British Isles, the inhabitants of Northern Europe getting a liberal share of them, while there are to be earthquake shocks in the South of Europe, France, and Italy. "All persons who were born when either the sun or moon held the first degree of either Leo or Scorpio will be in danger of trouble, the king of Italy being one of the sufferers from this baneful square of the malefic planets." A crop of accidents on railways about the middle of the month is promised; but we hardly think that "Zadkiel" will have any appreciable effect in deterring the travelling public from doing their usual railway journeys. We buy our insurance ticket and take our chance.

We have in Dublin a considerable community who make annual trips to Paris, some of whom in their visits to Fontainebleau may have chanced upon an ancient worthy who went by the name of "Nazareth," and was surnamed "The Man of the Woods." A friend in Paris writes us a long account of the death of this celebrity, and as it may interest a good many of my readers, we will give an extract from it. "When the Empire was in its zenith (he says) this strange character, retiring, hermit-like, from the busy haunts of men, made for himself a habitation in the thickest part of the renowned forest. He dwelt among the branches of four trees, which he had linked together with clamps of iron, and the primitive dwelling which he had thus constructed in mid air was only to be reached by a ladder reserved jealously for his sole use and benefit. So for nearly thirty years did old 'Nazareth' lead a tranquil and contemplative existence, varied only by the visits of strangers curious to gaze upon an individual who had become a veritable institution. Habited in the simplest and most primitive attire, his long white locks streaming in the wind, the 'Man of the Woods' looked like another Robinson Crusoe. A short time ago his health broke down, and he was removed to a village where he has just ended his days, tended affectionately by a woodcutter who had shared with him his humble home." A somewhat similar recluse haunted Kilclooney wood, in County Cork, some years ago.

The Carnival of 1888 is over, and in point of its public celebration, has been one of the poorest known for some time in Italy.

At Florence, the Chef d'Ouvre of carnival entertainments was a Ball given by the Prefect Signor Gaddo. The magnificent apartments of the Palazzo Ricardi, hung with Median Tapestry, the profusion of plants, flowers, and lights, added to the splendid toilettes of the guests, rendered it a brilliant success. Natalia, Queen of Servia, was amongst the invited, and her imposing and fascinating beauty charmed all present.

At Genoa, a splendid Ball took place at the "Circolo Artistico," and at it were present the elite of the aristocracy, and all the notabilities in art, finance, &c., &c. The Officers of the English Fleet received invitations, and on their entering the ball-room, "God Save the Queen," was played by the band, and received with prolonged applause.

A splendid entertainment was given at Milan by Duke Guido Visconti di Modrone, and is estimated to have cost not less than 20,000 francs (£800). The Duchess Guido Visconti di Modrone wore a magnificent blue faille, an upper skirt of green velvet spangled with diamonds, and a silver tiarra.

Amongst other toilettes worthy of mention were those of the Princess Amalia Guilia Trivulzio Belgioso, Princess Agnese Pio Falco di Savoia, the Countess Visconti Pallavicino, and Princess Gouzaga. After supper, the Cotillon was danced under the direction of Count Oldofredi, the dancers discarding European dress for the "Asabese" costume—the ladies wearing brown jerseys and short skirts adorned with ribbon and feathers. Dancing commenced at 11.30 o'clock, and continued till 8 a.m. next morning.

At Turin, many entertainments—both public and private—have taken place. The Duchess of Geneva gave a ball on the 1st of February. This year the Duke and Duchess of Geneva, Princess Letitia (daughter of Prince Jerome Napoleon and Princess Clothilde), and the Duke d'Aosta, Ex-King of Spain, and his handsome son, the Duke of Puglia, have honoured many of the carnival festivities with their presence. The Duke of Puglia is the eldest of the Duke d'Aosta's three sons. He is aged nineteen; is tall and fair; and his good figure is seen to advantage in the black and gold uniform of the Italian Artillery, which he now wears.

A very splendid Mask Ball—"Veglioue dele Oca"—was held in the Theatre Reggio on the 10th. Prizes were awarded to the most elegant costume. A silver goblet and velvet banner were won by the wearer of the most artistic. To the costume representing "Summer," was awarded a basket of flowers and blue velvet banner. To the most elegant domino, a mirror and banner of white silk, and a domino of plush trimmed with crimson feathers. Added to all other attractions, a lottery was held, from which some fortunate persons drew splendid prizes.

The three last days of Carnival were fine and spring-like up to the evening of Shrove Tuesday, when heavy rain set in, making the old ceremony

of burning the Carnival quite impossible. During the night the rain changed to snow, and on Ash-Wednesday morning the city was covered with a white garment.

It certainly seems extraordinary that the officers of the Dublin garrison, who have so many fine bands at their disposal, do not establish a system of regular military concerts, which would be certain to become popular, and to pay. In most English stations, where a considerable number of troops are quartered, entertainments of this kind are frequent, and it goes without saying that the people flock to and enjoy them. Surely an effort in this direction might at least be made.

While on military gossip, we may mention that very general regret is felt and expressed in Kilkenny at the order just received from the War Office directing Major W. M. Laurence to hand over the adjutancy of the Kilkenny Militia prior to rejoining his regiment, the 18th Royal Irish, now stationed at Plymouth. The Major has seen active service in Zululand and Afghanistan, and is the recipient of medals for both campaigns. His popularity in Kilkenny is unbounded, and he will certainly carry with him to England the warm wishes of a great number of attached friends. The gallant Major is well known and esteemed in fashionable circles in Dublin.

We are glad to hear that a new volume of the poetry of Mr. T. C. Irwin is in contemplation, and that a subscription list is now being filled up. Mr. Irwin's poetry, which ranges through a great variety of subjects, possesses, we need not say, a degree of finish, calculated to secure it a place among the classical literature of Great Britain. The projected volume will be published at 5/-; and the names of subscribers are now being enrolled at the author's residence Stephen's Green. Considering the long period that Mr. Irwin has devoted his genius to the illustration of Irish and English literature, and that no small part of his poetical writings are likely to live as long as the English language. We trust that a volume which will assuredly be creditable to this country will meet with a deserved success.

Steps are being taken to make a very formidable addition to the more solid magazines. An international magazine is in contemplation, to which the most distinguished writers of all countries in philosophy, criticism, art, etc., are to contribute in their own languages. The magazine will not be attached to any party, but its tendencies will be distinctly liberal in the philosophical sense. The chief promoter of this enterprise is an eminent art critic, who is also known as a writer outside his own special department. The new magazine will be styled *The World's Review*.

Hairdressers' shows are becoming the rage in some parts of the country. There has been one lately. Four-and-twenty pretty girls ranged in a row, let down their long hair and allowed as many barbers to operate upon it. The prize was given to a competitor who exhibited his talents by raising an allegorical head-dress upon the brow of an extremely pretty girl, whom he adorned with ivy wreaths and spangled tulle, after the style and manner of a wood-nymph.

The profession of the "barber's model" is another of the industries into which competitive women are drifting in these days. Young women with abundant tresses are paid for going once a week or oftener to have their hair combed out by learners in the art of the hairdresser. They will earn their salary, for the amateur hand lugs and jerks away at beauty's tresses, regardless of pain to the "model."

Miss Croker's report, read at the annual meeting of the Irish Association for the Training and Employment of Women, which took place in the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society on Saturday, was of a highly satisfactory character. I am glad to see that the public are beginning to recognise the useful work of this association. Miss Croker gave detailed particulars of the work done by the pupils, and the amount of money realised in connection with the following classes:—Scrivenery and engrossing, plan-tracing, illuminating, wood engraving, wood carving, printing, and book-keeping. I heartily recommend this deserving association to any of my readers who may have it in their power to help forward the good work. The ladies who devote so much of their time in doing all that is possible in making women more self-dependent, self-reliant and useful, ought to be practically encouraged. Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry having graciously distributed the certificates, Lady Ferguson, in a sympathetic and encouraging speech, moved that the council of 1887 be re-elected, and that the names of Miss Corballis, Miss Green, Miss La Touch, and Mrs. Power-Lalor be elected to the four vacant places. This was unanimously agreed to, and the usual votes of thanks having been passed the proceedings terminated. Specimens of different kinds of work done by pupils attending the classes were exhibited, and were regarded with much interest by all who inspected them.

At Easter, when ladies will blossom forth in the garb of Spring time, we will see a community in yellow, as materials ranging to all the more delicate tints of yellow are, we believe, in great demand. A combination of brown and yellow, or citron and coffee, cigar and butter, are favourite colours. When Summer comes, pink, in all probability, will prevail. During the present winter season black *moire* is used almost universally by well-dressed matrons.

We will be pardoned for reproducing in this column one of the literary curiosities of an ancient tombstone; but, as the moral sought to be conveyed to those who read the inscription would otherwise be lost to many of the married ladies who read IRISH SOCIETY, we cheerfully accord space to it. A gentleman, named Condit, had been bereaved of his better half, and in memory of her love and devotion, erected a tombstone to mark the spot of her last resting place. Upon the stone he had inscribed the following tribute to her many excellent qualities:—"Here rests that angel of a woman!" The inscription then proceeds to inform the world that "you" (the wife) "were always satisfied, always contented with what you had. I did not have to rob my employers to keep you in extravagance!" It would be well if all our married lady readers would emulate such a record as the above.



A MEMORY.

AS I sit in my study, with my armchair drawn to the fire, and the red light of the coals flickering on the crimson velvet curtains and sombre oak furniture, tender, half-forgotten memories rise; and the air seems filled with a sweet sad music, the music of a voice which never more shall gladden these gray walls with its tender melodies, for they are all hushed away now, and the young, fair figure knows another and a happier home. Sitting thus, and gazing into the fire, I seem to read the history of my life as clearly as ever I read a tale in a book. My story is a very simple one. It seems strangely so to me, as if I had floated down the stream of life apart, unknown, and unloved, save for two dear ones—my mother and my wife. Till I was twenty-one my life flowed on peacefully from day to day, with little change, variation, or sorrow. My mother was my only true friend then; and I see little change in her now, save that the sweet face was younger looking and her hair darker than it is now; except that, there is no alteration. The happy smile she wears as she dozes in the armchair opposite mine, is just as calm, as bright, and as peaceful looking as it always was, and the beautiful life grows more a record of unselfish love and kind deeds, as the eternal home grows nearer; that home we so often talk of by the wintry fireside, for we know that there will always be a vacant chair beside our hearth, and the sweet presence which made glad our hearts for three short years will ever be wanting in this our earthly home. When I was eighteen I left school, and entered into business. My mother and I lived near a large town; but I was away nearly all day on week days, taking the train to my office early every morning, and returning late in the afternoon. On the Sabbath we went to the little church, my mother leaning on my arm. Not that she needed support, but I knew that in her motherly way she was proud of her son. Our house was white outside, with a large rambling garden in front, full of lilac trees and laburnums and sweet-scented roses. We always had plenty of flowers, for my mother loved to work among them; and we spent many pleasant hours there in the early mornings with the busy swallows twittering round us.

I was very happy in those days. I do not think I ever dreamt of change till something happened which was to give a new colouring and ambition to my whole life. Our neighbours next door were moving. I did not see anything very remarkable in that. As I leant lazily upon our garden wall one bright morning, watching the removal of the things, and the general bustle and excitement attendant upon the packing up and carting away of furniture, it was something interesting in my quiet life to wonder who would now come to live in the little brown house beside ours. I had not long to wait. One day, not many weeks afterwards, my mother told me one evening, on my return from business, that the house was occupied again, this time by two ladies. Next morning, when I was busy as usual among my flowers, I caught glimpses of a girlish figure moving through the trees in the neighbouring garden, singing blithely

some gay old ballads. I remember thinking vaguely how pretty golden curls looked with the sunlight falling on them, and admiring the fair face beneath the broad-brimmed straw hat. Her name was Dorothy. I thought it a wonderfully pretty one then, when I heard her aunt speak to her as the two paced the broad garden walk in the summer evenings.

I do not know how we first became acquainted; but somehow, after a while, it seemed quite natural to see the little sunny figure flitting into our house too, winning my mother's love as she had won mine, by her loving ways. And a new feeling gradually grew up into my life, a feeling so strange that I was long in naming it. My mother's love was no longer sufficient for me; and a half pain stirred at my heart sometimes as I watched the little white figure, and noticed what varied glories the sunset gave her golden hair, and what a world of beauty lay in the deep-fringed azure eyes; and all these things grew daily nearer and dearer to my heart till they were very part of myself, and I could no more cast them away from me than I would willingly throw away my life. Oh, my sweet Dolly, my precious little flower, I know you now, but in the land of dreams. My little birdie, you have spread your wings and flown. But the sound of your songs is in my ears, a sweet endless music which shall echo clear and sweet to the very borders of that other land. We had known each other fully two years, when I came home from business one evening rather earlier than usual. I came quickly up the garden path, and softly opened the dining-room door. Dorothy was sitting before the fire with some flimsy lace-work upon her knee. But the white hands lay idly before her, and her blue eyes were bent with a strange wistfulness upon the glowing coals. I do not know how it came to me; but some strange impulse spoke to my heart, and I knew then, for the first time, as truly, as fully as I know now, that Dorothy was all the world to me, never to be forgotten or replaced, and that, from henceforth, my mother must hold the second place in my affections. Oh! rise up and give your testimony, my sweet Dora. Was I faithful to vows I made then, or was I hard upon you sometimes, my darling, when you were but a child? If so, I meant it not; and your love was very sweet, so sweet that life must ever sound a minor chord for me. But, thank God, there is a sweet reunion beyond the grave, where we shall know no more sorrow, nor feel the pang of parting. My darling, I will strive to be a good and faithful servant, to wait with a patient hope warm in my heart; and, by God's grace, I shall meet you there. I stood but a moment in the doorway, for Dorothy started suddenly, and turning her head, saw me. And then I came forward with a new joy at my heart, and a sweet emotion half awakened; and there with a rosy firelight making a golden halo round my darling's head, I told her the story of my love, noting the while the look of quick surprise, as I poured forth my eager words. But Dora only cried and said I was "silly," she "never could like silly people."

By-and-by, however, she dried her tears and one small hand lay in my warm, loving clasp. Alas! that hand was not mine for long; and my tears gather now as I gaze upon the withered rosebuds you gave me that night, with a simple childlike grace. And you were all the world to me then, as you are now and ever shall be, till we meet to part no more, in God's appointed time. My mother came in soon afterwards, and

I rose to meet her with Dorothy's hand in mine, saying earnestly: "Mother, Dolly and I are very dear to one another. I need not ask you to love her for my sake, as you do so already I know."

"God bless you both, my son," she answered, "and may you ever be happy in your choice, my children." Thus began the romance of my life. My mother took it very quietly. But I saw a shadow upon her face—a shadow which, with all her care, she could not hide from my loving eyes. She watched me sometimes with an anxious gaze I could not be unconscious of. It was very hard for her to give up the first right to my love, for she knew she could only claim a second place in my heart now. But all sadness passed away as time went on, and the great event drew near—the day when Dorothy and I were to be married. It was to have been in the winter. But Dora's aunt grew ill suddenly, and passed away, leaving her niece to my mother's care till I could claim her.

The wedding was put off for three months. and then we were married very quietly one bright September morning. My darling was clad in a Spanish simple robe of white, with a wreath of natural flowers in her hair. It seems but a dream to me now, as I look back upon it all. I remember how sweet Dora looked as we stood together before the altar; the fresh morning air stirring the curls which lay in golden glory beneath her veil, and the trembling clasp of the small hand that lay in mine. And I promised to cherish my darling until death did us part, Ah! until death! Did no dark foreboding stir the tranquil depths of my heart as I stood there in the sweet early morning, radiant with hope and youth and the bright fulfilment of all my dearest wishes? Ah, no! For I was conscious only of a new joy which shut out all other things.

Directly after the wedding we drove away, and my mother and I were parted for the first time in my remembrance. Little did I dream then how I should miss the tender love which had been mine all my life—a love which never varied or grew cold; always deep and true. I am afraid I deemed it but a little thing then, my mother, beside that other love which was so newly mine. I was truly intensely happy in the first days of my married life, though my mother was not with us, for she still lived on at our old home where she had come with her husband long years before, with hope as warm in her heart at it was in my Dora's when we first came to live in our little cottage. I think our dreams were never fully realized in this world. At least, I know, I have found it so. We were very happy in those first days—as happy, I think, as it is ever given to any two people in this world to be; but, as time passed on, a nameless something grew up between us. I am afraid I was a little impatient at times, though I tried hard to make our home a happy one. But it was not as happy as it ought to have been, I knew; and it cost me many an anxious sinking at the heart to find I was powerless to remedy this. It was not that we disagreed. But there was something wanting in our love; and our happiness came far short of what it should have been. I read this in Dorothy's listless manner. I think we were too young, both of us, and that at this lay the root of the evil. We expected too much of each other, and made too little allowance, for we had not learned to school ourselves.

On Saturday I went, as usual, to see my

mother, after we had been married some months. I do not know how it came about; but I revealed unconsciously the sorrow which lay at my heart; and my mother guessed all.

"My poor boy," she said, her kind eyes full of tears, "but you must be patient, for Dolly is but a child yet, and a very tender flower my son." Thus it happened that my mother resolved to leave the home which had been hers for so many years, and come to live with us.

New light and sunshine came with her, for she seemed to soothe away all pain in our home. With her quiet loving spirit she knew well how to comfort. She would gather up Dora's work which lay scattered on the floor, so that I might not be vexed when I came home; for, much to my discomfort, nothing had ever seemed to be in its right place in our house. This jarred upon me, for my mother had always been excessively neat. I knew now that I had prized too lightly the loving heart which was drawing by a gentle unseen power my darling and me together again.

My mother had been with us more than a year when a new fear crept into my heart, and oppressed me night and day like some dread nightmare, till it grew into a certainty.

The fair flower I had gathered but two years before was fading slowly but surely. It was a painless disease, I was thankful for that; but my darling grew frailer day by day, and I knew, hard as I tried to put the truth from me, that soon we must bid her a long farewell.

"Gerald," she said to me one evening, as I knelt beside her chair, one fragile little hand in mine

"Yes, my darling," I answered.

"We have been very happy, have we not?" she said. And I know you have loved me, though I did not make you as happy as I might at first; but I have tried so hard lately, and prayed God to guide me aright, Gerald. Our home has been a very happy one since mamma came, has it not?"

"So happy; oh! so happy, my darling."

"I am glad; but do you know God has called me home, and I must leave you, my poor boy. You must not fret for me, your silly little Dolly. God will give you His love, instead, when mine is gone; and it is so much better, ah, so infinitely better."

"Oh, Dora! it seems hard that you should be called away so soon. May God, in His mercy, spare you a little longer, for I cannot do without you, my darling."

"It is God's will, Gerald," she answered, "He will wipe away all tears from your eyes; remember that is His will."

"Even so be it then," I said; "I am not worthy such a treasure as your love, and His will is always best."

"I am so glad," she murmured, with a faint bright smile, "Ah! so glad." These last days were very peaceful ones, and Dora passed away tranquilly as a little child might, with folded hands and placid brow.

It was a calm spring morning when I stole with hushed footsteps and bowed head into the peaceful chamber of death. Why was it a memory of the quiet church came to me, as I knelt there with one small hand clasped in mine? I do not know. Perhaps the soft spring breeze gently stirring the glory of golden curls which lay upon the pillow. Ah! then I knew that all light and shade had ceased to play for me in those deep fringed azure eyes, and the small hand would stir no more in loving response to

my passionate clasps, for my little Dolly had passed into the fulness of light beyond the valley. But I have my mother still, and we wait patiently with hopeful hearts, it may not be for long, for the snow of years has descended upon my head, and I am no longer young.

There are some sorrows which time has no power to heal. Mine is one of these. I shall ever be a widower in heart till I hear the heavenly summons. Till then, I am content to wait, bearing my burden patiently, as every brave man should; my heart echoing the strain—"Thy will be done."



AN ANCIENT CHAIR.

WHAT is probably the most venerable piece of furniture in existence has just been deposited in the British Museum. It is the throne of Queen Hatasitu, who reigned in the Nile valley some 1,600 years before Christ, and twenty-nine before Moses. This now dilapidated object seems to be of lignum vitæ, the carvings of the legs being inlaid with gold and those of the back with silver.

VANITY OF A CANARY.

THE habit of the canary to noisily join in any conversation that may be going on in the family circle is a reason why many refrain from keeping this cheerful bird as a pet. A naturalist has discovered a way of remedying this difficulty. He says:—

"We put in our canary cage every day a little mirror as large as the palm of our hand, taking care that neither sun nor light shall dazzle him, and he will look at himself for hours together with as much happiness as any young gentleman you ever saw. When we want him to stop singing we have only to give him the mirror."

LITTLE TIFFS.

WHAT trivial matters cause ill-feeling in families? The mutton being roasted too little, or the beef too much; an opinion about the temperature of the house, or the style of curtains that ought to be bought for the front windows; the definition of a word, or its pronunciation, are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and goodwill are of so much importance in the home. Many a man and woman must look back with regret on the hasty word or cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split a household in two, and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath!

DEPRESSING.

In some households the wind is always "in the east," and no one quite knows the reason. The causes, patiently traced, usually centre in some one member. He may not have what is usually meant by a "bad temper," and may go on day after day, giving others little cause for active complaint against him. And yet his personal atmosphere is so depressing that the constitutionally sober are made melancholy by his presence, and the light-hearted find themselves deep in the blues. "I don't see why everybody complains of my manner," once said a most

estimable gentleman. "I'm sure I don't easily lose my temper, and I never say disagreeable things." "Ah, but you always look as if you were thinking them, and that's worse!" answered a candid friend. Repressed criticism is, indeed, sometimes harder to bear than a frankly uttered complaint.

STRONG HOT BOILED MILK.

THERE is no better or healthier drink than hot or warm boiled milk. Even in the best hotels it is sometimes difficult to get boiled milk. In many houses where they pride themselves on their good coffee, only cream is used in the mixture. Coffee with cream is delicious, and the lovely colour it takes on as the thick substance drops down into it is a joy for ever; but it is, alas! indigestible. We believe that many of the people who have decided that they cannot take coffee would find themselves nourished and strengthened, without injury, by equal parts of well made strong coffee and hot boiled milk.

HUNTING FOR WATER WITH A BABOON.

IF, when upon a long hunt or journey, the Kaffir be unable for a long time to find water, he sometimes avails himself of the instinct of one of those animals which he frequently keeps in a domesticated state—the baboon, or chacma. The baboon takes the lead of the party, being attached to a long rope, and allowed to run about as it likes. When it comes to a root of babiana, it is held back until the precious vegetable can be taken entire out of the ground, but in order to stimulate the animal to further exertions it is allowed to eat a root now and then. The search for water is conducted in a similar manner. The wretched baboon is intentionally kept without drink until it is half mad with thirst and is then led by a cord as before mentioned. By what signs the animal is guided no one can even conjecture, but if water is in the neighbourhood the baboon is sure to find it.

LIFE IN SIBERIA.

LIFE in the Siberian mines is not altogether such an unmitigated curse as popular imagination pictures it. From some of the greatest evils which men elsewhere have to suffer, the convicts in Eastern Siberia are happily delivered. There is, indeed, marriage and giving in marriage, but there is no courtship, nor need any man complain that he is "mated to a savage" or a shrew. When a prisoner wishes to get married all he has to do is to send in an application to the overseer, who straightway allows him a wife. Three days' probation is then allowed, and if any incompatibility of temper seems likely to arise the man receives twenty-five lashes and another wife, and so on until he is contented. The lashes seem, perhaps, an unnecessary severity; but, after all, would not many a man gladly pay the price?

COLD MORNINGS IN BED.

WE all know what it is to get out of bed on a freezing morning in a room without a fire, and how the very vital principle within us protests against the ordeal. Probably most of us have lain on certain mornings for an hour at a time unable to brace ourselves to the resolve. We think how late we shall be, how the duties of the day will suffer; we say "I *must* get up, this

is ignominious," etc.; but still the warm couch feels too delicious, the cold outside too cruel, and resolution faints away and postpones itself again and again just as it seemed on the verge of bursting the resistance and passing over into the decisive act. Now, how do we *ever* get up under such circumstances? If I may generalise from my own experience, we more often than not get up without any struggle or decision at all. We suddenly find that we *have* got up. A fortunate lapse of consciousness occurs; we forget both the warmth and the cold; we fall into some reverie connected with the day's life, in the course of which the idea flashes across us, "Hollo! I must lie here no longer"—an idea which at that lucky instant awakens no contradictory or paralysing suggestions, and consequently produces immediately its appropriate motor effects. It was our acute consciousness of both the warmth and the cold during the period of struggle, which paralysed our activity then and kept our idea of rising in the condition of *wish* and not of *will*. The moment these inhibitory ideas ceased, the original idea exerted its effects.

WHEN TO PROPOSE.

Is dinner-time a good occasion to choose for the purpose of popping the question? It would be interesting to have the views of married couples on this point, which has been raised at this moment by an occurrence reported from America. The story is of a certain Yankee, who, after making a fortune in California, came to New York, and there foregathered with a relative. This relative was married, and invited him to his house to contemplate his happiness. There, one day, the Californian was introduced to a certain charming young woman, with whom he fell in love at first sight. The result was that the very same evening at dinner, he remarked, "with a meaning smile," that he had always said he would not get married till he could "keep a wife right;" he could do that now; so—"with a glance at the pretty young woman"—"what do you say?" The damsel was naturally too confused to answer. "Will you marry me?" said her new friend, bluntly. The hostess telegraphed to her to say "yes," but she asked to be excused—"give me a little time to consider; it is so sudden." But the bold man pressed the question; she "murmured her consent;" and all was over. That was a memorable meal for both the parties, and suggests all sorts of reflections. It must be observed that the gentleman was rich. Had he been a detrimental, probably the hostess would not have "telegraphed" as she did—possibly the lady would not have accepted. But perhaps it would occur only to a wealthy gold-finder to propose at dinner-time and in public. And yet there may be worse opportunities than dinner-time for the expression of the tender passion. Much can be said under cover of a brisk and noisy conversation; and when is the male tongue likely to be more fluent than when the wine is circulating?

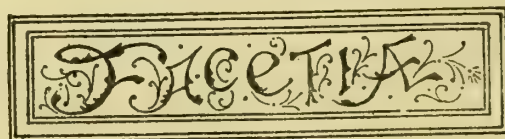
MATRIMONY.

EVERY woman who takes upon herself the "holy estate of matrimony" has to learn soon or late—happy if she learn it soon—that no two human beings can be tied together for life without finding difficulties, not only in the world outside, but in each other. These have to be solved, and generally by the wife. She must have a

strong heart, a sweet temper, an unlimited patience, and above all, a power to see the right and do it, not merely for the love of man, but for the love of God, which alone can tide an ill-assorted couple over the rocks and quicksands of early married life into a calm sea and a prosperous voyage.

HAPPINESS AFTER MARRIAGE.

WITHOUT perfect confidence marriage happiness cannot be permanent. There can be no true union where, either through pride or fear, or the consciousness of mistakes or errors, one conceals from, or attempts to conceal from, or attempts to deceive the other, or holds back from any motive that which each has a mutual right to know. Want of confidence on the part of the husband, after the novelty of married life and having a home of his own has worn off, is frequently practised from the foolish fear that by confiding truly in his wife she may exact it as a right; and his pride takes alarm, lest, trusting to his other, and often far better half, he may risk the loss of some of his boasted independence. The wife is sometimes tempted to concealment, and sometimes to deceit and falsehood, through fear of her husband's anger or dread of his ridicule. The only perfect remedy for all this is perfect confidence, and above all, avoiding all confidants of either sex.



LIFE is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it a "lie," and half of it an "if."

"I HATE to hear people talking behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable was chasing him and crying "Stop thief."

HEIRESS—"I am afraid that it is not for me that you come so often, but for my money." Ardent Wooer—"You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you?"

BARBER, who has just finished the shave—"All right, sir; there you are, sir; how do you feel now, sir?" Customer—"First rate; there's nothing like getting out of a bad scrape."

LADY, to shopman—"I want to look at something that would be a suitable birthday gift for my husband." Shopman—"Yes, madam—something cheap, I s'pose."

"It must take a long time to get to heaven," remarked a little boy as he watched a funeral procession go past. "Why, Willie?" asked his mamma. "Because the carriages go so slow."

HARRY TURN recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that "one good turn deserves another."

A CLERGYMAN on a sultry afternoon paused in his sermon and said: "I saw an advertisement for 500 sleepers on a railroad; I think I could supply fifty, and recommend them as good and sound."

"SIR," said an irate little gentleman of about four feet eleven inches to a six feet man, "I would have you know, sir, that I been well brought up." "Possibly," was the answer; "but you have not been brought up far."

JONES asked his wife—"Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said because he was hard to get off her hands.

PASSENGER in second-class—"I think I've got into the wrong carriage." Ticket Inspector (sternly)—"The difference must be paid." Passenger (triumphantly)—"Oh, just so? Then I'll trouble you for three shillings. I've a first-class ticket."

MISS PRUDE, aged forty, going to bed—"Somebody's under my bed! My goodness! Can it be Fido? Fido! Fido! (She holds out her hand under the bed, and the wise burglar licks it) Oh, all right; It is Fido." Retires reassured, and sleeps through the burglary.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told three or four. Her mother asked her when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why mamma," cried Mary, "I did not want him to think you were so poor that you had'n't but one child."

"My dear friend, I must ask you to lend me at once 5/-; I have left my purse at home, and haven't a farthing in my pocket!" "I can't lend you 5/- just now, but can put you in the way of getting the money at once." "You are extremely kind." "Here's twopence; drive home on the tram and fetch your purse."

A GENTLEMAN at an auction settled himself in a comfortable chair, and soothed by the Auctioneer's lullaby, he soon dropped asleep. When his nap was over, he left the place. The next day he was astounded on receiving a bill for nearly fifty pounds' worth of carpets and other things. The auctioneer had taken his somnolent nods for bids.

AN Irish priest, finding his tithe somewhat slack in payment, addressed his parishioners as follows during a sermon: "Ye don't love me, or ye'd pay the dues ye're owing me. Ye don't love one another, or more of ye'd get married, an' I'd be paid for marryin' ye. An' God doesn't love ye, or H'd take ye to Himself, an' thin I'd get paid for buryin' ye."

At a public meeting a learned but very diffident gentleman was called upon to make a speech. Contrary to his own expectations and those of his friends, he made a remarkably brilliant speech, and at the close of the meeting they crowded around him with words of praise and compliment. Among the number was an Irish servant, a warm-hearted honest fellow, proud and fond of his master. Rushing forward with a glowing face, Pat cried out, "Ah, sor, ye did yerself proudly, sor! Shure an' I've always said, sor, that ye war'n't such a fool as ye look, sor! Indade an' ye're not."

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THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Vixen*," "*Ishmael*,"
"*Like and Unlike*," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XIII—continued.

"WHY should the sister of his wife be different to a man from all other women. You may call her different—you may set her apart—you may say she must be to him as his own sister—her beauty must not touch him, the charms that fascinate other men must have no influence over him. You may lay this down as a law—civil—canonical—what you will—but the common law of nature will override your clerical code, will burst your shackles of prejudice and tradition. Shall Rachel be withheld from him who was true and loyal to Leah? She has dwelt in his house as his friend, the favourite and play-mate of his children. He has respected her as he would have respected any other of his wife's girl-friends; but he has seen that she was fair; and if God takes the wife, and he, remembering the sweetness of that old friendship, and his children's love, turns to her as the one woman who can give him back his lost happiness, rekindle the sacred fire of the domestic hearth—is he to be told that this one woman can never be his, because she was the sister of his first chosen. She has come out of the same stock whose loyalty he has proved, she would bring to his hearth all the old sweet associations—"

"And she would *not* bring him a second mother-in-law. What a stupendous superiority she would have *there*," interjected the jovial Rollinson, who had been wallowing in hot-buttered cakes and strong tea, until his usually roseate visage had become startlingly rubicund.

He was in all things the opposite of the Vicar of St. Elizabeth's. He wrote poetry, made puns, played billiards, dined out at all the houses in the neighbourhood that were worth dining at, and was only waiting to marry until Tom Hillersdon should be able to give him a living.

Mr. Cancellor reproved the ribald jester with a scathing look, before he took up the argument against his host.

"If this Bill were to pass, no virtuous woman could live in the house of a married sister," he said.

"That is as much as to say that no honest woman can live in the house of any married man," retorted Greswold hotly. "Do you think if a man is weak enough to fall in love with another woman under his wife's roof he is less likely to succumb to her fascinations because your canonical law stares him in the face telling him, 'Thou can'st never wed her.' The married man who is false to his wife is not influenced by the chances of the future. He is either a bold, bad man whose only thought is to win the woman whom he loves at any cost of honour or conscience, or he is a weak fool who drifts hopelessly to destruction, and in whom the resolution of to-day yields to the temptation of to-morrow. Neither type is influenced one jot by the consideration whether he can or cannot marry the woman he loves under the unlikely circumstance of his wife's untimely death. The man who does so calculate is the one man in so many thousands of men who, as statistics may show, will poison his wife to clear the way for his new fancy. I don't think we ought to legislate for poisoners. In plain words, if a married man is weak enough or wicked enough to be seduced from his allegiance by the charms of any woman that dwells beneath his roof, he will not be the less likely to fall because the law of the land has made that woman anathema maranatha, or because he has been warned from the pulpit that she is to be to him as his own flesh and blood, no dearer and no less dear than the sister whose rosy lips cleaved to his when he was in his cradle, beside whom he grew from infancy to manhood, and whom he has loved all his life, hardly knowing whether she is as lovely as Hebe or as ugly as Tisiphone."

"You are a disciple of the New Learning, Mr. Greswold," Cancellor said bitterly; "the learning which breaks down all barriers and annihilates the Creator of all things—the learning which has degraded God from infinite power to

infinitesimal insignificance, and which explains the genius of Plato and Shakespeare, Luther and Newton, as the ultimate outcome of an unconscious primeval mist."

"I am no Darwinian," replied Greswold coldly, "but I would rather belong to his school of speculative inquiry than to the Calvinism which slew Servetus, or the Roman Catholicism which kindled the death-pile of the Oxford martyrs."

Mildred was not more anxious than Mrs. Hillersdon to end a discussion which threatened angry feeling. They looked at each other in an agony, and then with a sudden inspiration, Mildred exclaimed,

"If we could only persuade Mr. Castellani to play to us. We are growing so terribly serious," and then she went to Clement Cancellor, who was standing by the open window, and took her place beside him while Mrs. Hillersdon talked with Pamela and Castellani at the piano. "You know what a privilege it is to *me* always, to hear you talk," she murmured in her sweet, subdued voice. "You know how I have followed your teaching in all things. And be assured my husband is no materialist. We both cling to the old faith, the old hopes, the old promises. You must not misjudge him because of a single difference of opinion."

"Forgive me, my dear Mildred," replied Cancellor, touched by her submission. "I did wrong to be angry. I know that to many good Christians this question of marriage with a sister-in-law is a stumbling block. I have taken the subject too deeply to heart, perhaps—I to whom marriage altogether seems outside the Christian priest's horizon. Perhaps I may exaggerate the peril of a wider liberty; but I who look upon Henry VIII as the arch-enemy of the one vital Church—of which he might have been the wise and enlightened reformer—I who trace to his unhallowed union with his brother's widow all the after evils of his career—must needs lift up my voice against a threatened danger."

A crash of mighty chords began Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and sounded like a touch of irony. Do what the preacher might to assimilate earth to Heaven, here there would still be marrying and giving in marriage.

After the march Mildred went over to the piano and asked Castellani to sing.

He bowed a silent assent, and played the brief symphony to a ballad of Heine's, set by

Jensen. The exquisite tenor voice, the perfect taste of the singer, held everyone spellbound. They listened in silence, and entreated him to sing again, and then again, till he had sung four of these jewel-like ballads, and they felt that it was impertinence to ask for more.

Mildred had stolen round to her own sheltered corner, half hidden by a group of tall palms. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, her head bent. She could not see the singer. She only heard the low pathetic voice, slightly veiled. It touched her like no other voice that she had ever heard since in her girlhood she burst into a passion of sobs at the opening phrase of Sims Reeves' "Come into the garden, Maude," just those seven notes, touching some hyper-sensitive chord in her own organization and moving her almost to hysteria. And now in this voice of the man, who of all other men she instinctively disliked, the same tones touched the same chord, and loosened the flood-gates of her tears. She sat with streaming eyes, grateful for the sheltering foliage which screened her from observation.

She dried her tears and recovered herself with difficulty when the singer rose from the piano and Mrs. Hillersdon began to take leave. Rollinson, the curate, button-holed Castellani on the instant.

"You sing as if you had just come from the seraphic choir," he said. "You must sing for us next Friday week."

"Who are 'us'?" asked Castellani.

"Our concert in aid of the fund for putting a Burne-Jones window over the altar."

"A concert in Enderby village? Is it to be given at the lock-up or in the pound?"

"It is to be given in this room. Mrs. Greswold has been good enough to allow us the use of her drawing-room and her piano. Miss Ransome promises to preside at the buffet for tea and coffee."

"It will be glorious fun," exclaimed Pamela. "I shall feel like a barmaid. I have always envied barmaids."

"Daudet says there is one effulgent spot in every man's life—one supreme moment when he stands on the mountain top of fortune and of bliss, and from which all the rest of his existence is a gradual descent. I wonder whether that afternoon will be your effulgent spot, Miss Ransome?" said Mrs. Hillersdon laughingly.

"It will—it must. To superintend two great urns of tea and coffee—almost as nice as those delicious beer engines one sees at Salisbury Station—to charge people a shilling for a small cup of tea, and sixpence for a penny sponge cake. What splendid fun!"

"Will you help us, Mr. Castleton?" asked the curate, who was not good at names.

"Mrs. Greswold has only to command me. I am in all things her slave."

"Then she will command you—she does command you," cried the curate.

"If you will be so very kind—" began Mildred.

"I am only too proud to obey you," answered Castellani, with more earnestness than the occasion required, drawing a little nearer to Mildred as he spoke; "only too glad of an excuse to return to this house."

Mildred looked at him with a half-frightened expression, and then glanced at Pamela. Did he mean mischief of some kind? Was this the beginning of an insidious pursuit of that frank, open-hearted girl, who was an heiress of quite sufficient mark to tempt the casual adventurer?

"Of all men I have ever seen he is the last to whom I would entrust a girl's fate," thought Mildred, determined to be very much on her guard against the blandishments of César Castellani.

She took the very worst means to ward off danger. She made the direful mistake of warning the girl against the possible pursuer.

"He is a man I could never trust," she said.

"No more could I," replied Pamela; "but, oh, how exquisitely he sings!" and excited at the mere memory of that singing, she ran to the piano and began to pick the melody of Heine's "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten," and sang the words softly in her girlish voice; and then slipped away from the piano with a nervous little laugh.

"Upon my word, aunt Mildred, I am *traurig* myself at the very thought of that exquisite song," she said. "What a gift it is to be able to sing like that. How I wish I were César Castellani;"

"What, when we have both agreed that he is not a good man?"

"Who cares about being *good*?" exclaimed Pamela, beside herself; "three-fourths of the people of this world are good. But to be able to write a book that can unsettle everyone's religion; to be able to make everybody miserable when one sings! Those are gifts that place a man on a level with the Greek gods. If I were Mr. Castellani I should feel like Mercury or Apollo."

"Pamela, you frighten me when you rave like that. Remember that, for all we know to the contrary, this man may be a mere adventurer, and in every way dangerous."

"Why should we think him an adventurer? He told me all about himself. He told me that his grandfather was under obligations to your grandfather. He told me about his father, the composer, who wrote operas which are known all over Italy, and who died young, like Mozart and Mendelssohn. Genius is hereditary with him; he was suckled upon art. I have no doubt he is bad, irretrievably bad," said Pamela, with unction; "but don't try to persuade me that he is a vulgar adventurer who would try to borrow five-pound notes, or a fortune-hunter who would try to marry one for one's money," concluded the girl, falling back upon her favourite form of speech.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFTING THE CURTAIN.

THE charity concert afforded César Castellani just the necessary excuse for going to Enderby Manor House as often as he liked, and for staying there as long as he liked. He was now on a familiar footing. He drove, or rode over from Riverdale nearly every day in the three weeks that intervened between Mr. Cancellor's sermon and the afternoon concert. He made himself the curate's right hand in all the details of the entertainment. He chose the music, he wrote the programme, he sent it to his favourite printer to be printed in antique type upon ribbed paper, a perfect gem in the way of a programme. He scoured the country round in quest of amateur talent, and was much more successful than the curate had been in the same kind of quest.

"I'm astonished at your persuading Lady Millborough to show in the daylight," said Mr. Rollinson, laughing. "You must have exercised

the tongue of the serpent to overcome her objection to the glare of the afternoon sun."

"*Estote prudentes sicuti serpentes*," said Castellani. "There's a fine old ecclesiastic's motto for you. I know Lady Millborough rather dreads the effect of sunlight upon her *Nacre Bernhardt*. She told me that she was never equal to singing in the afternoon: the glare of the sun always gave her a headache. But I assured her, in the first place, that there should be no sun-glare—that as an artist I abhorred a crude, white light—and that it should be my business to see that our concert-room was lighted upon purely artistic principles. We would have the dim religious light which painters and poets love; and in the second place, I assured her that she had as fine a contralto as Madame Albani, on whose knees I had often sat as a child, and who gave me the emerald pin I was wearing."

"My hat, what a man you are!" exclaimed Rollinson. "But do you mean to say we are to give our concert in the dark?"

"We will not have the afternoon sunshine blinding half our audience. We will have the auditorium in a cool twilight, and we will have lamplight on our platform—just that mellow and flattering light in which elderly women look young and young women angelic."

"We'll leave everything to you," cried the curate. "I think we ought to leave him free scope; ought we not, Mrs. Greswold?"

Mildred assented. Pamela was enthusiastic. This concert was to be one of the events of her life. Castellani had discovered that she possessed a charming mezzo soprano. She was to sing a duet with him. Oh! what rapture, a duet of his own composition, all about roses and love and death.

"'Twere sweet to die as the roses die,

If I had but lived for thee;

Yes a life as long as the nightingale's song

Were enough for my heart and me."

The words and the voices were interwoven in a melodious web; tenor and soprano entwined together—always beginning again like the phrases in an anthem.

The preparation of this one duet alone obliged Mr. Castellani to be nearly every day at Enderby. A musician generally has inexhaustible patience in teaching his own music. Castellani hammered at every bar and every note with Pamela. He did not hesitate at unpleasant truths. She had received the most expensive instruction from a well-known singing master, and according to Castellani everything she had been taught was wrong. "If you had been left alone to sing as the birds sing you would be ever so much better off," he said; "the man has murdered a very fine organ. If I had had the teaching of you, you would have sung as well as Trebelli by this time."

Pamela thrilled at the thought. Oh! to sing like some great singer—to be able to soar skyward on the wings of music—to sing as *he* sang. She had known him a fortnight by this time, and was deeply in love with him. In moments of confidence by the piano he called her Pamela, treating her almost as if she was a child; yet with a touch of gallantry always—an air that said—"You are beautiful, dear child, and you know it—but I have lived my life." Before Mrs. Greswold he was more formal and called her Miss Ransome.

All barriers were down now between Riverdale and the Manor. Mrs. Hillersdon was going to make an extra large house-party on purpose to patronise the concert. It was to be on the 7th

of September. The partridge shooting would be in full swing, and the shooters assembled. Mrs. Greswold had been to tea at Riverdale. There seemed to be no help for it, and George Greswold was apparently indifferent.

"My dearest, your purity of mind will be in no danger from Mrs. Hillersdon—even were she still Louise Lorraine she could not harm you—and you know I am not given to consider *qu'on dira't'oc* in such a case. Let her come here by all means, so long as she is not obnoxious to you."

"She is far from that. I think she has the most delightful manners of any woman I ever met."

"So, no doubt, had Circe; yet she changed men into swine."

"Mr. Cancellor would not believe in her if she were not a good woman."

"I should set a higher value on Mr. Cancellor's opinion if he were more a man of the world, and less of a bigot. See what nonsense he talked about the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill."

"Nonsense! Oh, George, if you knew how it distressed me to hear you take the other side—the unchristian side."

"I can find no word of Christ's against such marriages, and the Church of old was always ready with a dispensation for any such union, if it was made worth the Church's while to be indulgent. You are Cancellor's pupil, Mildred, and I cannot wonder if he has made you something of a bigot."

"He is the noblest and most unselfish of men."

"I admit his unselfishness—the purity of his intentions—the tenderness of his heart—but I deny his nobility. Ecclesiastical narrow-mindedness spoils a character that might have been perfect had it been less bound and hampered by tradition. Cancellor is a couple of centuries behind the time. His church is the Church of Laud."

"I thought you admired and loved him, George," said Mildred regretfully.

"I admire his good qualities; I love him for his thoroughness; but our creeds are wide apart. I cannot even pretend to think as he thinks."

This confession increased Mildred's sadness. She would have had her husband think as she thought, believe, as she believed, in all spiritual things. The beloved child they had lost was waiting for them in Heaven; and she would fain that they should both tread the same path to that better world where there would be no more tears, no more death—where day and night would be alike in the light of the great Throne. She shuddered at the thought of any difference of creed on her husband's part, shuddered at that beginning of divergence which might end in infidelity. She had been educated by Clement Cancellor, and she thought as he thought. It seemed to her that she was surrounded by an atmosphere of doubt. In the books she read, among the more cultivated people whom she met, she found the same tendency to speculative infidelity, pessimism, Darwinism, sociology, Pantheism, anything but Christian belief. The nearest approach to religious feeling seemed to be found in the theosophists, with their last fashionable Oriental improvements upon the teaching of Christ.

Clement Cancellor had trained her in the belief that there was one Church, one Creed, one Sovereign Rule of life, outside of which determinate boundary line lay the dominion of Satan.

And now, seeing her husband's variance with her pastor upon this minor point of the marriage law, she began to ask herself whether those two might not stand as widely apart upon graver questions—whether George Greswold might not be one of those half-hearted Christians who attend their parish church and keep Sunday sacred because it is well to set a good example to their neighbours and dependents, while their own faith is a vanishing quantity, a memory of youthful beliefs, the fading reflection of a sun that had sunk below the horizon.

She had discovered her husband capable of a suppression of truth that was almost as bad as falsehood, and now, having begun to doubt his conscientiousness, it was not unnatural that she should begin to doubt his religious feeling.

"Had he been as deeply religious as I thought him he would not have so deceived me," she told herself, still brooding upon that mystery of his first marriage.

Castellani's presence in the house was a continual source of irritation to her. It tortured her to think that he knew more of her husband's past life than was known to herself. She longed to question him, yet refrained, feeling that there would be unspeakable meanness, treachery against her husband even, in obtaining any information on that past life except from his own lips. He had chosen to keep silence, he who could so easily have explained all things; and it was her duty to submit.

She tried to be interested in the concert, which involved a good deal of work for herself, as she was to play all the accompaniments, the piano part in a concertante duet by de Beriot with an amateur violin player, and a polacca by a modern classic by way of overture. There were rehearsals nearly every day, with much talk and tea-drinking. Enderby seemed given over to bustle and gaiety—that grave old house which to her mind ought to have been silent as a sepulchre, now that Lola's voice could sound there never more.

"People must think I am forgetting her," she said to herself with a sigh, when half a dozen carriages had driven away from the door after two hours of bustle and confusion, much discussion as to the choice of songs, and the arrangement of the programme, which everybody wanted different.

"I cannot possibly sing 'The Three Fishers' after Mr. Scobell's 'Wanderer,'" protested Lady Millborough. "It would never do to have two dismal songs in succession."

Yet when it was proposed that her Ladyship's song should succeed Mr. Rollinson's admirable rendering of George Grossmith's "He was such a Careful Man," she distinctly refused to sing immediately after a comic song.

"I am not going to take the taste of Mr. Rollinson's vulgarity out of people's mouths," she told Mildred in an audible aside.

To these God-gifted vocalists the accompanist was as an inferior being, a person with a mere mechanical gift of playing anything set before her with taste and style. They treated her as if she had been a machine.

"If you wouldn't mind going over this duet just once more I think we should feel more comfortable in it," said one of the two Miss Tadcasters, who were to take the roof off, metaphorically, in the "Giorno d'Orrore."

Mildred toiled with unwavering good nature, and suppressed her shudders at many a false note, and cast oil on the waters when the singers were inclined to quarrel. She was glad of the

drudgery that kept her fingers and her mind occupied: she was glad of any distraction that changed the current of her thoughts.

It was the day before the concert. César Castellani had established himself as *l'ami de la maison*, a person who had the right to come in and out as he liked, whose coming and going made no difference to the master of the house. Had George Greswold's mind been less abstracted from the business of every day life he might have seen danger to Pamela Ransome's peace of mind in the frequent presence of the Italian, and he might have considered it his duty, as the young lady's kinsman, to have restricted Mr. Castellani's privileges. But the blow which had crushed George Greswold's heart a little more than a year ago had left him in some wise a broken man. He had lost all interest in the common joys and occupations of every-day life. His days were spent for the most part in long walks or rides in the loneliest places he could find; his only evening amusement was found in books, and those books of a kind which engrossed his attention and took him out of himself. His wife's companionship was always precious to him; but their intercourse had lost all the old gaiety and much of the old familiarity. There was an indefinable something which held them asunder even when they were sitting in the same room, or pacing side by side, just as of old, upon the lawn in front of the drawing-room, or idling in their summer parlour in the shade of the cedars.

Again and again in the last three weeks some question about the past had trembled upon Mildred's lips as she sat at work by the piano where Castellani played in dreamy idleness, wandering from one master to another, or extemporising after his own capricious fancies. Again and again she had struggled against the temptation and had conquered. No, she would not stoop to a meanness. She would not be disloyal to her husband by so much as one idle question.

To-day Castellani was in high spirits, proud of to-morrow's anticipated success, in which his own exertions would count for much. He sat at the piano in leisure hour after tea. All the performers had gone, after the final adjustment of every detail. Mildred sat idle with her head resting against the cushion of a high-backed arm-chair, exhausted by the afternoon's labours. Pamela stood by the piano watching and listening delightedly as Castellani improvised.

"I will give you my musical transcript of St. Partridge Day," he said, smiling down at the notes as he played a lively melody with little rippling runs in the treble, and crisp staccato chords in the bass. "This is morning and all the shooters are on tip-toe with delight—a misty morning," gliding into a dreamy legato movement as he spoke. "You can scarcely see the hills yonder, and the sun is not yet up. See there he leaps above that eastern ridge, and all is brightness," changing to brilliant arpeggios up and down the piano. "Hark there is chattering. How shrill he peals in the morning air. The dogs are leaving the kennel—and now the gates are open, dogs and men are in the road. You can hear the steady tramp of the clumsy shooting boots—your dreadful English boots—and the merry music of the dogs. Pointers, setters, spaniels, smooth beasts, and curly beasts, shaking the dew from the hedgerows as they scramble along the banks, flying over the ditches—creatures of lightning swiftness; yes, even those fat heavy spaniels which seem made to sprawl and snap at flies in the sunshine."

He talked in brief snatches, playing all the time—playing with easy brilliancy, the unerring grace of one to whom music is a native tongue—as natural a mode of thought-expression as speech itself.

"I hope I don't bore you very much," he said presently, looking up at Mildred as she sat white and silent, the fair face and pale gold hair defined against the dark sea-green brocade of of the chair cushion.

He looked up at her in wondering admiration, as at a beautiful picture. How lovely she was, with a loveliness that grew upon him, and took possession of his fancy and his senses with a strengthening hold day by day. It was a melancholy loveliness, the beauty of a woman whose life had come to a dead stop, in whose breast hope and love were dead—or dormant.

"Not dead," he told himself, "only sleeping. Whose shall be the magic touch to awaken the sleeper? Who shall be the Orpheus to bring back so sweet an Eurydice from the realms of Death?"

Such thoughts were in his mind as he sat looking at her, waiting for her answer, playing all the while telling her how fair she was in the tenderest variations of an old German air whose every note breathed passionate love.

"How sweet," murmured Pamela; "what an exquisite melody," taking some of the sweetness to herself. "How could such sweetness weary anyone, with the ghost of an ear. You are not bored by it, are you aunt?"

"Bored; no, it is delightful," answered Mildred, rousing herself from a reverie. "My thoughts went back to my childhood while you were playing. I never knew but one other person who had that gift of improvisation, and she used to play to me when I was a child. She was almost a child herself, and of course she did not come within a long distance of you as a pianist; but she would sit and play to me for an hour in the twilight, inventing new melodies, or playing recollections of old melodies as she went along, describing in music. The old fairy tales are for ever associated with music in my mind, because of those old memories. I believe she was highly gifted in music."

"Music of a high order is not an uncommon gift among women of sensitive temperament," said Castellani, musingly. "I take it to be only another name for sympathy. The want of musical feeling is want of sympathy. Shakespeare knew that when he declared the non-musical man to be by nature a villain. I could no more imagine you without the gift of music than I could imagine the stars without the quality of light. Mr. Greswold's first wife was musical—as no doubt you know—indeed, highly gifted as a musician."

"You heard her play and sing," faltered Mildred, avoiding a direct reply.

The sudden mention of her dead rival's name had quickened the beating of her heart. She had longed to question him and had refrained; and now without any act of hers he had spoken, and she was going to hear something about that woman whose existence was a mystery to her, of whose Christian name even she was ignorant.

"Yes, I heard her several times at parties at Nice. She was much admired for her musical talents. She was not a grand singer, but she had been well taught, and she had exquisite taste, and new exactly the kind of music that suited her best. She was one of the attractions at the Palais Montano, where one heard only the best music."

"I think you said the other day that you did not meet her often," said Mildred. "My husband could hardly have forgotten you had you met frequently."

"I can scarcely say that we met frequently, and our meetings were such as Mr. Greswold would not be very likely to remember. I am not a very remarkable man now; and I was a very insignificant person fifteen years ago. I was only asked to people's houses because I could sing a little, and because my father had a reputation in the south as a composer. I was never introduced to your husband, but I was presented to his wife—as a precocious youth with some pretensions to a tenor voice—and I found her very charming—after her own particular style."

"Was she a beautiful woman?" asked Mildred. "I—I—have never talked about her to my husband—she died so young—and—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," interrupted Castellani, as she hesitated. "Of course you would not speak of her. There are things that cannot be spoken about. There is always the skeleton in every life—not more in Mr. Greswold's past than in that of other people, perhaps, could we know all histories. I was wrong to speak of her—her name escaped me unawares."

"Pray don't apologise," said Mildred, kindling with indignant feeling at something in his tone, which hinted at wrong-doing on her husband's part. "There can be no reason why you should keep silence—to me; though any mention of an old sorrow might wound him. I know my husband too well not to know that he must have behaved honourably in every relation of life—before I knew him as well as afterwards. I only asked a very simple question—was my predecessor as beautiful as she was gifted?"

"No. She was charming, piquant, elegant, spirituelle, but she was not handsome. I think she was conscious of that want of perfect beauty, and that it made her sensitive and even bitter. I have heard her say hard things of women who were handsomer than herself. She had a scathing tongue and a capricious temper, and she was not a favourite with her own sex, though she was very much admired by clever men. I know that as a lad I thought her one of the brightest women I had ever met."

"It was sad that she should die so young," said Mildred.

She would not for worlds that this man should know the extent of her ignorance about the woman who had borne her husband's name. She spoke vaguely, hoping that he would take it for granted she knew all.

"Yes," assented Castellani, with a sigh, "her death was infinitely sad."

He spoke as of an event of more than common sadness—a calamity that had been in some wise more tragic than even untimely death must needs be.

Mildred kept silence, though her heart ached with shapeless forebodings, though it would have been an unspeakable relief to have known the worst rather than to feel the oppression of this mystery.

Castellani rose to take his leave. He was paler than he had been before the conversation began; and he had a troubled air. Pamela looked at him with sympathetic distress. "I am afraid you are dreadfully tired," she said, as they shook hands.

"I am never tired—in this house," he answered; and Pamela appropriated the compliment by her vivid blush.

Mildred Greswold shook hands with him mechanically and in silence. She was hardly conscious of his leaving the room. She rose and went into the garden, while Pamela sat down to the piano and began singing her part in the everlasting duet. She never sang anything else nowadays, it was a perpetual carol of admiration for the author of "Nepenthe."

"'Twere sweet to die as the roses die,
If I had but lived for thee;
'Twere sweet to fade as the twilight fades
Over the Western sea."

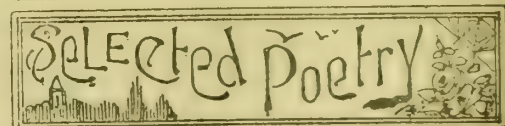
she warbled, while Mildred paced slowly to and fro in front of the cedars, brooding over every word Castellani had spoken about her husband's first wife.

"Her death was infinitely sad."

Why infinitely? The significance of the word troubled her. It conjured up all manner of possibilities. Why infinitely sad? All death is sad. The death of the young especially so. But to say even of untimely death that it was infinitely sad would seem to lift it out of the region of humanity's common doom. That qualifying word hinted at a tragical fate rather than a young life cut short by any ordinary malady. There had been something in Castellani's manner which accentuated the meaning of his words. That troubled look, that deep sigh, that hurried departure, all hinted at a mystery—at a painful story which he knew and did not wish to reveal.

He had in a manner apologised for speaking of George Greswold's first wife. There must have been a reason for that. He was not a man to say meaningless things out of *gaucherie*; not a man to stumble and equivocate from either shyness or stupidity. He had implied that Mr. Greswold was not likely to talk about his first marriage—that he would naturally avoid any allusion to his first wife.

(To be continued.)



"WEARY."

WEARY of seeing my native land
Crushed 'neath the yoke of Poverty's hand;
Weary of seeing her sons in distress,
And the daughters of Erin in bitterness.

Weary of hearing such tales of woe,
Of cruel starvation—humanity's foe;
Weary, Oh God! of a sight so dread,
As famishing children crying for bread.

Weary of seeing green Erin in tears,
Longing for brighter and happier years;
Weary of hearing of murders and strife,
And all the lusts of this sinful life.

Weary for touch of a vanished hand,
The hand of Peace o'er that beautiful land,
Whose sons are warm-hearted, her daughters so fair,
She lacks nothing but Peace and Prosperity there.

ANNE WILSON.

SPRING.

Buds are opening, birds are singing,
Echoes thro' the forests ringing;
Birds their little nests are making,
Man is in his garden raking,
All is joy and all is gladness,
For there is not room for sadness.

Leaves are coming, flowers are growing,
On the field the bright sun glowing.
Thank God for the coming Spring,
Thank Him for making every thing;
Spring! Oh Spring! Oh lovely Spring!
News of gladness always bring.

VIOLET ANNE DOUGLAS WILSON.



LADY SARAH CHURCHILL.

(From a new photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

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Men of all shades of politics in Dublin will be glad to know that the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor (Thomas Sexton, Esq., M.P.) has completely recovered from an illness of a dangerous character, and that he has now entered on an active discharge of the duties of his office.

We understand that the eldest daughter of one of our highest judicial functionaries will shortly be led to the hymeneal altar by a dashing son of Mars at present doing duty in the Dublin Garrison. The lady is at once young and beautiful, and the intended bridegroom is described as a particularly handsome man, and as a member of an old Irish family.

Alderman Sir Henry Cochrane, who is well known to our readers, and whose usefulness and energy as a public man requires no eulogium from us, was last week entertained at dinner by the City and County Conservative Club. About fifty members and their friends sat down to an excellent repast, provided by the club caterer, "Christy." Sir Henry, who has always afforded practical proof of his interest in the "City and County," sat on the right of the chairman, Mr. James Dobson, and, on rising to respond to his health, was received with loud cheers. In an eloquent and powerful speech, he returned thanks, and the rest of the evening was agreeably passed with songs and recitations, Messrs. Edwin Hamilton, J. F. Jones, Holden, &c., contributing to the *repertoire*. The evening was brought to a close about twelve o'clock by the singing of the National Anthem. By-the-bye, when is this club to give its next "smoker?"

A most agreeable and entertaining innovation in the art of dinner-giving has already gained much popularity. A gentleman who had been impressed with the monotony of the stereotyped mode of each gentleman taking his seat beside a lady and remaining there all through the dinner hit upon a plan at a recent dinner party which, when put in execution, was adopted with keen appreciation and unexpected success. After the soup had been served, and just prior to serving the next course, the host gave his signal and rose from his seat, as did every other gentleman at the table, all the ladies remaining seated. Each gentleman then moved to the next gentleman's seat to his right. When this was first done the ladies, not being let in to the secret, were very much surprised at the unusual conduct of the gentlemen, and could not at once comprehend the meaning of it; but when they gathered its full intent, and the charm there was in it, it was decidedly gratifying to note the merriment and interest with which they received the innovation. Prior to the commencement of the other courses the same changes were made, and so on, till at the close of the dinner, each gentleman had visited, for a short space, every lady at the table, and had at last returned to her whom he had escorted into dinner. We hope soon to see this admirable plan universally adopted.

Young ladies will be interested to hear something about the newest fashions in bridal dresses. They are made with high bodices, long trains, and richly trimmed with flowers. Ivory-white satin is mostly chosen, but for tall, slim figures the rich-looking moire Pekin is often preferred. At a marriage in one of the highest aristocratic circles in Vienna, as reported in the *Season*, the

bride wore a dress made of the richest satin, with a very long rounded train. The front breadth of this magnificent bridal robe was covered with pleated flounces, edged with pretty silver grelots, while the finest tulle, embroidered in silver in a wonderfully beautiful pattern, in renaissance style, went round the bottom of the flounces. The same sort of embroidery trimmed the high-pointed bodice, in addition to lovely bouquets which, in their turn, matched the bridal wreath and the long trails of flowers, orange blossoms and tea roses—the newest combination—used for adorning the train.

The dance given last week by the Master of the Rolls and Mrs. Porter at their residence, Merriem Square, was considered one of the brightest and prettiest of the season. Music, refreshments, and all the arrangements were first rate, and those present thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Adams, of Mountjoy Square, has issued invitations for an afternoon dance on the 10th instant.

Mrs. Orr-Wilson gives a ball on the 19th inst. at her beautiful residence, Dunarda, Blackrock, which is anticipated with great pleasure by a large circle of friends.

The annual afternoon dances under the management of the Dublin University Rowing Club, were held at the club premises, Ringsend, on Wednesday and Thursday last. It is not too much to say that the present dances were amongst the most successful ever given at Ringsend, and their popularity seems to be increasing, partly on account of the excellent evening's enjoyment which is always provided, and also on account of the difficulty in obtaining tickets, which necessarily renders them very select. The members of the dance committee may be highly complimented on the excellent arrangements which they had made. The whole place was gaily decorated with flags, &c., and it is little wonder that on a beautiful floor, and to the excellent music rendered by the Gasparro Brothers, that dancing was kept up with much enthusiasm till an advanced hour each evening.

Most agreeable private parties have just been given by the Misses Hickey, of Pembroke Road; by the Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club, at the Ancient Concert Rooms; by Mrs. Samuel Mason, at her residence, Harcourt Street; by Mrs. Lindsay, at Hilton Lodge, Blackrock; and by Mrs. Reid, at Temple Street.

At the Palace, Stephen's Green, a few evenings ago, there was a large gathering of local musical celebrities, the clergy being numerous present. During the evening Sir Richard McCausland's daughter sang very nicely, playing her own accompaniment—an accomplishment not usually met with in modern society.

Miss Du Bedat's benefit concert in the Leinster Hall on Saturday evening was a great success from an artistic point of view, but the hall was not so well filled as we should desire to have seen it, and as the merits of the entertainment eminently entitled it to be. Quite an array of talent gathered round the *beneficiaire* on the occasion, every one of them an *artiste*, as will be gathered from the fact that among them were Mrs. Jose Kelly, Miss Jeanie Rosse, Mrs.

Scott-Fennell, Miss Martin, Mdle. Adelina Dinelli; Messrs. Henry Beaumont, W. S. North, Melfort C. D'Alton, J. F. Jones, Charles Kelly, Herr Rudersdorff, Dr. Power O'Donoghue, and Mr. W. H. Collisson, with a chorus of a hundred voices of both sexes.

The entertainment was divided into two parts, the first being a recital of Wallace's "Maritana," which went magnificently, the tuneful music being admirably rendered by Mr. Beaumont, as *Don Cesar*, by Mr. J. F. Jones, as *Don Jose*, by Miss Jeanie Rosse, as *Lazarillo*, and by Miss Du Bedat, as *Maritana*. The recital included the chorus, "Sing, Pretty Maiden;" the song "Tis the Harp in the Air," given with great delicacy and finish; the "Angelus" chorus; "Alas! those Chimes," most artistically sung; the famous "Turn on, Old Time," evoking the usual plaudits; "Let me like a Soldier fall;" "In Happy Moments;" "There is a flower that bloometh;" "Sainted Mother;" and the spirited *finale*, "With rapture glowing." All these items were given with splendid precision, and as the *artistes* were all in the very best of form, the recital passed off most successfully. The second part consisted of songs and violin selections, Mdle. Adelina Dinelli, an accomplished performer, delighting her audience by the beauty of her instrumentation. Herr Rudersdorff played a violoncello solo in the fascinating style with which Dublin audiences are familiar, and altogether Miss Du Bedat's concert was one of the most agreeable reunions of the present city season.

Last week, by kind permission of Colonel E. Eyre-Williams, commanding, a dramatic performance was given in the recreation-room, Beggar's Bush Barracks. The performance consisted of a farce by H. C. Merivale, entitled "A Husband in Clover;" and "Urgent Private Affairs," a farce by Mr. J. Stirling Coyne. In the first, the part of Lydia was taken by Mrs. Colles-Moore, while Colonel Eyre-Williams impersonated Horace, which he did very effectively, drawing much appreciative laughter from an enthusiastic audience. Colonel Williams is to be congratulated on his histrionic powers. Mrs. Moore sustained a difficult *role* admirably. "Urgent Private Affairs" was a very laughable farce, and the several characters were impersonated with skill and a display of knowledge. In the interval the band of the King's Regiment rendered a cornet solo, which they did in the manner for which that band is distinguished.

A great many ladies and gentlemen attended the high class Concert given by the Nubian Minstrels at the Hall, Killiney, on Friday evening last. The first part included some capital songs rendered by Messrs. Sam Reit, A. A. Chippendale, and W. Johnstone. The comic element was sustained by Mr. W. Wallace and Master Michael Naylor. In the second part, considerable amusement was afforded to the audience by Mr. Chippendale's prima donna sketch entitled "She takes the chalk." Mr. J. Kennedy acted as pianist. Great praise is due to Murrough O'Brien, the Hall, Killiney, for having provided the entertainment.

In the Antient Concert Rooms on Wednesday evening, Professor Acry-Jacob, assisted by a number of clever amateurs, ladies and gentlemen, gave an extremely interesting and diversified entertainment, which was warmly applauded

throughout by a numerous and appreciative auditory, among whom were many of a critical bent of mind. Mrs. Aery-Jacob, whose public appearances are always warmly welcomed in Dublin, sang in her usual pleasant and sympathetic style the sweet song, "Dawning," and

The Broken Pitcher," to both of which she did ample justice, and was obliged to respond to an undeniable *encore*. Mrs. Lyndon made an excellent impression by her recitation of "The Story of a Faithful Soul," and "The Faithful Lovers," in the course of which she was heartily and deservedly applauded. Close observers of this lady's style have no hesitation in expressing their belief that she will by-and-bye come to the front as one of our best elocutionists, and in this opinion we quite concur. Mr. Aery-Jacob is at all times listened to with pleasure, and this was particularly the case on Wednesday evening, when he recited in telling fashion, "Big Will, a Hero," and "Lorraine Lorree," and was loudly applauded. Miss Mary Hennessy recited feelingly "Faithful unto death," and Miss Ada Smith was well received in "Not One to Spare." Dramatic sketches were given, in which Mrs. Aery-Jacob, Miss Annie North, Miss Lily Stuart, and Mr. Aery-Jacob appeared with great success; and all through, the entertainment was a most enjoyable one. Dr. Power O'Donoghue conducted the musical portion of the programme.

A great many in Dublin will be glad to know that Gounod's great oratorio, "The Redemption," will be performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Tuesday next, the 13th inst., this being the last oratorio service of the season. The organ accompaniments will be augmented on the occasion by trumpets, cymbals, and drums, the trumpets being placed in the triforium. The soloists will be Mrs. Burrowes, Miss Cook, Mrs. Bapty, Master Arthur Thompson, Mr. Walter Bapty, Mr. Charles W. Kelly, and Mr. Thomas F. Marchant. Mr. C. G. Marchant, Mus. B., will conduct.

The Blue Hungarian Band have come and gone, leaving behind them a most favourable impression. Their instrumental concerts in the Leinster Hall were delightful entertainments in the truest musical sense of the term, and we only express a universal wish that it may be only a short time until we in Dublin hear them again. Time flies swiftly while listening to the strains of the accomplished string band, which is undeniably the best of its kind that has ever visited this city. Every man of them is a thorough musician, and with conditions such as these, it goes without saying that their programmes were brilliantly executed, some of their items evoking positive enthusiasm among their numerous audiences.

On Monday evening next the "Old Soldiers' Company" will inaugurate their sixth season by amateur dramatic performances in the Salthill Hotel, in aid of that admirable charity, the Orthopædic Hospital. The programme will consist of Robertson's comedy in three acts, "The Ladies' Battle," preceded by a comedietta in one act entitled, "Withered Leaves." On Friday, 16th inst., there will be another performance in aid of the same institution, when Sydney Grundy's original comedy in three acts, "The Silver Shield," will be performed, with new scenery and dresses specially designed.

The band and troops of the R. I. Constabulary are to have their annual St. Patrick's Night Ball on Friday, the 16th inst. It is anticipated that it will be as great a success as these reunions have always hitherto proved. The hosts have the advantage of unrivalled music, an excellent floor, and a first-class caterer.

With this week's number of IRISH SOCIETY we give a portrait of Lady Sara Isabel Augusta Churchill, youngest daughter of the late John Winston Churchill, K.G., seventh Duke of Marlborough (formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), and Lady Frances Anne, daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry. Lady Sara is a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.

On the 7th of April next, an interesting gathering will be held in Dublin, the occasion being the annual meeting of the Association of Irish Journalists. It is little more than a year since the Association was formed, and during that time it has gone on increasing in vigour and importance, with the result that at the present moment almost every pressman in Ireland is enrolled in its ranks. Its first President, who is still in office, is Mr. James Anderson Scott, Editor of the *Irish Times*, whose long and varied journalistic experience eminently qualified him for so important a position; and it is but the barest justice to the respected President of the Association to say that, from the first moment of its inception up to the present time, he has worked earnestly and zealously for its welfare and success. In this task he has been ably seconded by a Council of the most representative character, composed of pressmen belonging to Dublin and provincial journals; and it is scarcely necessary for us to add, that in the working of this most useful and necessary Association politics have no place whatever.

We regret to say that one of our correspondents, in whom we have hitherto placed implicit trust, has made us the medium by which a very worthy lady has been pained. Last week we stated that a dance was given by Madame Byrne at her residence, and that an Irish jig was danced by Mr. Wallace Moore and Miss Clive Annie Armstrong. Madame Byrne writes to us that such is not correct, and we hasten thus publicly to apologise for the misrepresentation contained in the paragraph. We have communicated with our correspondent anent the matter.

We may take this opportunity of again impressing upon our numerous contributors the necessity of keeping to the strict lines of truth in every item with which they may favour us. We shall strictly observe the incognito of our correspondents, but in any case where we find that any of them have made us the medium of propagating personal items that are not strictly according to fact, we shall not hesitate to proceed in a summary manner, not solely for our own protection but on behalf of our *clientele* who place confidence in us.

Travellers to Kingstown, who avail themselves of the use of the third-class carriages of the Kingstown Railway, have no reason to be overjoyed at the quality of the accommodation afforded them. The majority of the carriages are little better than cattle vans. Reeking with the fumes of tobacco, and an atmosphere offensive both to the nostrils and the lungs, such

compartments must be at least dangerous to the health of those whose fate puts them in the way of spending any lengthened time in them. The Kingstown Railway Company—and, indeed, not the Kingstown Company alone—might take pattern from the lines on the other side of the Channel, where the third-class carriages are equal in comfort to those of the second-class in Ireland.

Summer is now approaching, and it is not too much for the public to expect the decent accommodation for which they pay. The company must realise large sums of money from the crowds of people—mostly third-class passengers—who in the fine weather go to Kingstown to enjoy a sniff of the briny on the piers. Surely, it is not too much to ask the carriage superintendents to see that the carriages are properly cleansed and ventilated.

A strange *furor* was raised in an old mansion in the West of Ireland a few days ago. Nothing less originated it than the elopement of a young and pretty girl of some sixteen summers with a footman or butler, or a male domestic of some kind in the parental employ. The old fool could, we understand, be the young fool's father; but what of that? Stranger things have happened without disturbing our social equilibrium. The flunkey and the young lady were overtaken after a short flight, the former ducked in a horse-pond first and well thrashed afterwards by a pair of furious brothers, and the latter placed in safe keeping, not, however, before she saw the ardour of her whilom lover cooled by his sudden and forcible immersion. We very much regret this silly escapade, if only for the sake of the young lady's family; and at the same time warmly admire the prompt action of the brothers, whose fortunate descent upon the deceitful and unfaithful servitor saved their thoughtless sister a life of misery, perhaps of torture, for the fellow is, we believe, little better than a good-looking, plausible sot.

We hear that a marble medallion of the late Provost Jellett will shortly be erected in Trinity College. It will be subscribed for by a few intimate friends of the great mathematician, and will be quite irrespective of any more elaborate monumental memorials to his memory, or the proposed endowment of a Jellett Scholarship.

A couple of weeks ago we referred to a contemplated action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff would be a gentleman resident in a southern Irish county, and who is well and favourably known in many parts of Munster and in Dublin too. At the time it was thought that the disappointed one, who lost both beauty and fortune at one fell stroke, would have allowed the matter to rest where it was, the lady having given her heart and hand to another gentleman, who is described as handsome, courteous, and popular; but it appears that this is not the course he will pursue. Quite the other way; and it is now said that the case is properly in the hands of the plaintiff's attorney, who is reported as having in readiness a pile of the lady's letters when the first love spell was strong upon her, these to be, of course, submitted to an unfeeling jury and a hungry public. Some spicy *Juliet* "spooning," in an epistolary way, may, it is said, be looked for, the lady being a gushing writer.

The tallest, and probably the heaviest young lady in the world, Miss Wykes, of Leicester, has just died, at the early age of sixteen. She was seven feet four inches in height, and was amiable and accomplished, particularly in music.

The latest successful scheme across the water is a "School of Marriage." Only teachers who have been successful and happy mothers are employed, and girls are taught not to plunge into matrimony, but to fit themselves for married life by learning its duties. The pupils are also aided in their selection of husbands. Of course, during Lent marriages are almost *nil* in Ireland; but if, after Easter, a little more activity in the matrimonial line, as compared with that which prevailed before Lent, does not set in, we should strongly advise the institution of some such school in Dublin, so that the innumerable shy young men with whom we are surrounded may be provided with that very useful and practical acquisition—a wife.

While we are on this subject we may state our conviction that the great increase during late years in the number of clubs in our city has done more than anything else to retard the majority of capable young men from entering—(We, of course, think it the bounden duty of every young man who can afford the luxury to procure himself a wife)—the bonds of matrimony. These clubs, as many an anxious parent can testify, have too great an influence over our young men; but, as the summer comes on, we hope to see a greater activity in social life and less in clubland.

The begging nuisance is one very prevalent in our city. We presume there is a law against soliciting alms in the street; if there is it is more regarded in the breach than in the observance. We have received a long complaint from a stranger who has often visited Dublin, anent the begging nuisance at the various landing stages of the cross-channel steamers and at the railway stations. He thinks it simply disgraceful that in a large city such as Dublin a stranger, or even a resident of respectable appearance, cannot take a walk abroad without being pestered beyond endurance with almost the same tale of misery from each succeeding mendicant encountered. Were it not that we are only too well aware of the existence of our correspondent's grievance, we should not have given attention to his disparaging remarks about what every right-thinking citizen considers a grievance, the removal of which we strongly impress upon the proper authorities. It is anticipated that we shall have many visitors to our shores this year; and, as first impressions are always the most enduring, we should very much like to see this nuisance in the vicinity of our railway stations and landing-stages abated.

Not long ago, when the Gipsies had their camp pitched within a short distance of the city, two young ladies who were endowed with the usual quantity of feminine curiosity, paid the wandering fortune tellers a visit. On arrival at the camp they were met by a mummified old lady who told them that for one shilling each she would show them their future husbands' faces in a pale of water. Delighted and expectant they tendered their shillings, but on looking into the pail they were disappointed to see only their own faces. On stating this fact

to the woman, she, with great coolness, said, "Well, ladies, when you get married the faces will be your husbands', won't they?"

There are some curious individuals in this world. Were it not so I am afraid this terrestrial sphere would be a dull and lonely one. An eminent art critic assumes that every one has seen the Jumbo on the Queen's-head side of a shilling, as well as the "one" on the other side; but it may be new to many that an 1862 or 1861 penny is a whole picture gallery. Let anyone take a penny of that date—not too severely worn—and lay it down before him with the Queen's head uppermost. Let him put his thumb over the profile and bust of her Majesty, and if he looks cunningly at the back of the head he will notice that the "twist," where the royal chignon should be, furnishes the counterfeit presentment of a jolly nose, and that all the other accessories of a profile are there. It is the custom of the bibulous initiated to declare that the profile is an admirable likeness of Sir Wilfred Lawson or some other conspicuous temperance man.

By turning the penny half round, so that the profile looks downward, and placing the thumb over the head, neck, and half of the bust, a new profile is brought out on the lower line of the base of the effigy. The brief nose, the wide expanse of upper lip, the small, nervous-looking mouth, and the square chin are accepted as a correct likeness of Mr. Bradlaugh. If you fail to find these curiosities, I can't help it. They are there, I assure you, and once you do find them, they become almost as prominent as the Queen's profile itself.

Lady Arthur Hill has made her *debut* as a composer, the Queen having accepted the dedication of her ladyship's new song, entitled "Our Volunteers." Lady Arthur composed this charming piece with the idea of providing a distinctive air for Volunteer bands.

We have been informed by a lady who has just tried it, that if the condensed breath collected on the cool window-panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell of singed hair will show the presence of organic matter; and if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days, it will be found, on examination by a microscope, that it is alive with animalcules. The inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter causes untold complaints which might be avoided by the circulation of fresh air.

Longfellow, in his "Psalm of Life," poetises pleasantly anent leaving "footprints on the sands of time;" but this is not exactly the season for "the sands," though a week ago it was for the snow. Coming into town from the suburbs on any day during the snowfall, a good many footprints, or, to put it more correctly, heelprints, must have been observed in the roadway. These heelprints were, many of them, novel, and in an idle hour we inquired about them, with this result. They were made, we were told, by the patent indiarubber ice creeper, in which a roaring trade has recently been done; and so on a particularly slushy morning in the height of the snow season we called at our shoemaker's, and he put some little iron arrangements on our worn

heels. They did so well all day that we scarcely knew they were there. At night frost set in, and then, on our way home, we knew we had them—or, rather, they "had" us. They were termed "protectors," and the way in which they protected themselves against the ice, and insisted upon having the heel where the head should be, triumphantly vindicated the appropriateness of their title. An ice-creeper is a less ambitious affair. You fix it on your heel, and then you have a chance of standing on slippery places; but snow and frost we trust, have left us, and these inventions will probably not be required for some time to come.

Madame Limouzni, who figured largely in an ex-Cabinet Minister's bankruptcy case a short time ago, is at present engaged in privately printing and selling scandalous "revelations" concerning Ministers and ex-Ministers. It is expected that this woman will be the cause of serious trouble ere long; but as she has to answer a charge of illegally detaining the jewelery of a young girl who was in her service, we hope her power for evil will be, for some time at least, suspended.

Madame Marie Roze, with whom the music-loving portion of the community are well acquainted, was presented on Friday last by Lord and Lady Lathom, with a diamond tiara, a testimonial which had been liberally subscribed for by all classes of her admirers. An illuminated address which contained the portraits of Lord and Lady Lathom, was afterwards read and presented to the popular and kind-hearted prima donna. It was only last week that Marie Roze, hearing that a dying man in Liverpool had expressed a wish to hear her sing once more, went off to his bedside and sang "Home, Sweet Home" to the great delight and comfort of the sufferer.

We may always depend on something fresh and interesting coming from one or other of the many states of America. This week we notice it recorded that Miss Kittie C. Wilkins, who is called the "Cattle Queen of Idaho," owns between seven and eight hundred horses, and says they are much easier to take care of than cattle. Miss Wilkins is young, a fine horsewoman, and a good shot, and thinks life in Idaho quite too beautiful.

There is a *speciality* this season in London of large picturesque hats, copied from old pictures, in a wide, coarse straw, which is becoming to most faces. Shaded ostrich feathers and ruches of narrow black lace are used to trim them.

Black lace bonnets, with a mixture of gold and jet trimming, are also very fashionable. A novelty has been introduced in indoor and walking shoes—crimson and tan Russia leather. Tea shoes are worn with small studs of steel or bronze. Evening slippers are very much ornamented with gold, silver, or bronze spangles.

Could not our young gentlemen of Dublin learn a little more courtesy? At a restaurant not far from Sackville-street, we noticed a nice-looking young man seated at a table, taking his luncheon with his hat on. At the same table there were two ladies and a gentleman, who at once removed his hat on taking his seat. The young man seemed unconscious of his rudeness.



THE ABDUCTION,

OR, THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWINX CUP AND LIP.

ON a dismal evening in August, 187-, a boat might have been seen crossing a river near the city of Brisbane, Queensland. 'Twas a miserable night—a cold westerly wind was blowing, which seemed to penetrate to one's very marrow. Heavy drifting clouds almost entirely obscured the moon, which although at its full, could only occasionally be seen, as it were, struggling to be free to shed its light below. Only a few stars were visible at fitful intervals. The beacon lights on the river banks were the only cheerful sights in view. Four men were seated in the boat, two pulling, another steering, and the other most anxiously looking toward the receding river bank. "Are you sure the old 'un was fast, Bill?" questioned the latter. "Yes," replied the steersman, "the dose I gave him was enough to keep him quiet for twenty-four hours' and, besides, if he were to wake he is gagged and bound; so he is quite harmless."

This seemed to reassure the questioner somewhat, and he remarked, "The old man had much better let us have the boat peaceable like, and agreed not to peach. He would have been all the better off for it. However, perhaps it's as well as it is. Steady there you two; don't make such a row with those oars. And, Bill, mind and steer for that clump of dark bush."

Onward glided the boat; not a sound being heard save the ripple of the water against the advancing gunwale. In a short time she reached the clump of bushes on the opposite bank mentioned by the apparent head of the party. These were situated at the bottom of a sloping bank, and, from their horseshoe formation riverward, formed a capital spot to screen a party landing and to hide a boat.

Directly the boat touched the shore the occupants jumped out, one of the party taking with him what looked like two poles lashed together. "Now," said the leader, in a low hurried tone, "before we go any farther we'll just go over our little plan, so that you will all know exactly what to do, and make no mistake. To begin at the start. You must know that our employer, Sir Gustavus Belton, is madly in love with the only daughter and heiress of the old swell, Admiral Marston. Her name is Gwendoline, I think; but she don't care a fig for him, neither does the old man. Sir Gustavus means to have her, however, and thinks that if he could get her to his place just for one night, she would be forced for shame sake to marry him. Old Marston, whose wife is dead, lives in a big one-storey house, about a mile from here; and Sir Gustavus has discovered that the young lady sleeps in a room quite apart from the other sleeping rooms, and he has arranged with her lady's maid (an old flame of his) to drug her evening draught, which'll keep her quiet for about twelve hours. The girl will meet us at the entrance gate, and take us round by a by-path to the bedroom window, which opens to the ground. Those poles which you have there Bill, open out and make a stretcher. We'll put

the lady on it, and you, Harris and Darcy will take it on your shoulders and get as quickly and quietly as possible to the boat again. Sir Gustavus has a carriage waiting on the other side, and if we get the lady into it all right we shall have almost done the job, I think. It is now half-past eleven. We are to meet Mary, the lady's maid at twelve. So we'll get forward; but mind, don't make the least row, or we shall be 'spotted.'"

Just as eight bells rang out from a barque lying at Bulimba, four figures might have been seen stealthily creeping towards the residence of Admiral Marsdon. As they arrived at the gate a female figure cautiously stepped out from the shadow of an adjacent tree and gave a low cooe, which was answered by the foremost man of the party. "All's well, Jackson," whispered the girl. "Miss Gwenny is as fast asleep as if she wasn't going to wake any more. Follow me." The men followed the girl past the lodge with bated breath; but all at once the loud snapping of a twig broke the stillness. "Under the shadow of that tree, quick!" whispered the girl, "someone is stirring in the lodge." A window of the cottage was thrown open and a gray head thrust out. "Who's there, who's there, I say, a disturbin' a body at this time of night?" But no answer came; and so, muttering to himself, "It must ha' bin the cat," he drew his head in and shut the window. Breathing more freely, the party proceeded stealthily along a side path until the house came in view. "This is the window," said the girl; "wait until I see if all is right." She quietly opened the window, which reached to the ground, and went inside, but returned almost directly, saying, in a whisper, "All's right." The stretcher was fixed up; and Jackson, the leader, lighting a dark lantern, went inside.

The sight which met his view would have deterred any ordinary-minded man from committing the outrage about to be perpetrated. But nothing could influence this brutal-hearted man; and, merely remarking "She's a beauty," he motioned to his confederates to enter. The lady appeared a very picture of loveliness, as stretched forth in her bed, she lay in an apparent sound, healthy sleep; but really under the influence of an opiate. Her complexion was dazzlingly white; and her closed eyelids were heavily fringed with soft, black eyelashes. Her ruby red lips, like two rosebuds, were slightly apart, exposing to view a pearly set of the most even teeth. Her glossy black hair lay almost in disorder upon the snowy bedclothes; and an exquisitely moulded arm was stretched out upon the quilted silk coverlet of the bed. The confederates appeared rather taken back at the sight; but Jackson whispered huskily, "Come, no sentiment, let's to work."

Under his direction the stretcher was placed on the floor; and the mattress of the bed, with its occupant, placed on it. Some wrappers were tied round it to prevent its falling; and a shawl was thrown over the lady's face. Then Jackson motioned to Harris and Darcy to lift the stretcher, slipped some gold in Mary's hand, and directed the men to follow him. As silently as possible, the men with their burden followed Jackson; their progress being slow as the load was heavy; and constant watchfulness had to be exercised to keep it clear of the bushes which here and there overhung the by-path which they traversed. At length, after several false alarms, the party got clear of the grounds; and now the pace was quickened; and in a few

minutes they arrived at the river side. But suddenly Jack exclaimed: "Do you hear that noise! We're betrayed! They're after us! That girl's betrayed us; hear that shouting; quick, quick! lift the stretcher into the boat. Now in yourselves. Let go the painter. Push off there. And now the oars." In the twinkling of an eye the boat was a dozen yards from the shore.

But now we will return to the house, and the room lately occupied by the young lady. When the party of men with their lovely burden silently vanished into the night, Mary, the lady's maid, re-entered the room, and, throwing herself into an easy chair, sobbed violently, "Oh! what have I done? I have sold my kind mistress, and shall never forgive myself. I'd give anything to undo the work of the last hour." And, starting up, she exclaimed, "Perhaps it's not too late to save her now." She rushed outside. But the noise she made had disturbed someone; for a window was suddenly raised, and a voice called out: "Who is that? Is that you, Gwenny? What are you doing out at this time of the night? Poor Mary stood transfixed, and for a moment speechless. Then she said frantically: "Oh, sir, it's not Miss Gwenny. 'Tis I, Mary. They have taken Miss Gwenny away. Four men of Sir Gustavus Belton's have been here and stolen her; and they are now on their way with her to the river. Make haste; you may yet save her."

At this news the person's head was rapidly withdrawn; and soon lights appeared at every window and sounds of commotion could be heard. In less than two minutes the whole house was aroused; and old Admiral Marston, with four men servants, armed with stout cudgels, rushed round to Miss Gwenny's room, where Mary was standing wringing her hands and crying hysterically. "And now," said the Admiral, "quick! tell us about these men and their visit, and what you know about it." Then Mary, as coherently as she was able to, gave a brief account of the visit, and of her share in it, and added, "Follow me, sir; we may not be too late to rescue her." And she bounded off, followed by the old Admiral and his men. They soon got clear of the grounds, and, following their guide, made rapidly for the river, and, in a very short time reached the bank, but just too late—for the boat, loaded with its fair freight, pulled off as they arrived.

"Stop! you villians," called out the Admiral, frantically. "Come back here. Bring back my darling daughter. I'll not hurt a hair of your heads if you only return here with her safely."

"You'll have to come t'other side if you want your daughter, Mister Admiral. A fine husband is waiting for her there," shouted Jackson jeeringly.

"I'll fire into you, you rascals," called the Admiral, if you don't stop."

"Fire away, and you'll very likely hit your daughter," said Jackson, as the boat was propelled rapidly towards the other side.

"Thomas," cried the Admiral to one of his men, "are there any boats here?" "No," said the man, "but there is one half a mile further up." "Quick, then," shouted the Admiral, "and we'll cross the river there; 'tis our only resource," and off the party rushed down the road. In a few minutes they reached the boat; and, as quick as thought, the men leaped in, and pushing her off, two of the servants took oars and pushed out into the river.

"Now, men, pull together and for your lives," said the Admiral, who seized the rudder lines. Rapidly the boat cut through the water, and as they got into the middle of the stream the old Admiral shouted, "Give way, men. Pull hard, my good fellows. I see the boat with my daughter has just arrived at the opposite bank, and they are now lifting something to shore. I can just discern them by the uncertain light. Pull away, we shall be there in about two minutes." As the Admiral said, Jackson's boat had arrived at the river bank, and the party rapidly disembarked and carefully landed the stretcher with its fair occupant. "Go into the hut, Bill, and see how the old ferryman is getting on; and you other fellows, up with the gal and follow me." And thus ordering, Jackson started up the ferry path leading to the road, followed by the men with the stretcher. The road was quickly reached; and a man suddenly confronted the party and hoarsely whispered, "Is that you, Jackson? Is all right?" "We've got the girl all right, but the old man got the scent somehow, and is after us. I can hear his party landing now. Quick! sir, where's the carriage?" At this moment a large waggonette approached from the shade of some adjacent trees, and the stretcher was lifted up with its lovely occupant and placed across the seats. But now the shawl which was placed over the young lady's face was thrown back; and, looking wildly round, she called out, "Where am I? What place is this? Mary! Mary! Help! Help!" Sir Gustavus (for the stranger was no other) leaped into the carriage and shouted to the coachman—"Drive on. Take the nearest way for home, and don't spare the horses, but drive like fury." And away dashed the carriage, followed by Jackson and his men, whose horses had been tethered by the roadside. The Admiral, at this point, arrived on the spot with his men. "Just too late again!" roared the poor old man, "but we must follow, but how?"

Just then the clattering of horses' feet was heard; and three horsemen rode rapidly up. "Help!" called out the Admiral. "Why, what's the matter?" called out a cheery voice "Is that you, Percy. This is a godsend," exclaimed the Admiral; and he quickly informed the newcomers of his daughter's abduction, the news of which seemed to perfectly paralyse for a moment the one of the party addressed as Percy. "Is it possible? My Gwenny in the hands of a villain, and I sitting here? Come along George and Tom (addressing his companions), we'll follow the scoundrel. We have good horses, and should come up to him before he reaches his place; and, my dear Admiral, follow us as quick as you can. Get a conveyance from the gentleman who lives just over there. We shall want it for the lady. Keep a good heart; and now for my darling Gwenny." His companions gave ready consent, and away the three men galloped.

As before narrated, the carriage containing the lady dashed away at lightning speed, midst the screams of the now thoroughly awakened girl. "Help! Father, help!" was her repeated cry, as she tried to release herself from the fastenings of the mattress, which she would have succeeded in doing, had it not been for Sir Gustavus, who held her down and attempted to soothe her. In the meantime the carriage continued to fly over the ground with many a jump and jolt, on account of the roughness of the track. The driver flogging the horses most unmercifully; and it had proceeded some five or

six miles when all at once the horses made a tremendous swerve off the road, being frightened at an old man kangaroo which stood in the centre of the track; and before the driver could recover command of them the carriage was overturned. In an instant all was confusion. The horses were kicking and struggling to free themselves from the vehicle. The coachman lay several yards off, moaning, where he had been thrown, and Sir Gustavus lay on the ground in rear of the carriage, apparently insensible. Jackson and his men immediately dismounted, released the horses, and went to attend Sir Gustavus. "He's dead, I think," said Jackson, as he surveyed the gentleman, and placed his hand on his heart. He then tore aside the carriage awning, and, with the help of one of his men, lifted out the stretcher with the young lady on it. She was in an apparent swoon. Some water was obtained and dashed in her face; but at this instant the galloping of horses was heard, and Jackson exclaimed, "All is lost, men, get to your horses and away." And, springing up, they rapidly mounted, and vanished just as three horsemen galloped up. "What have we here?" said the foremost one, as he jumped from his horse and advanced to the spot where Miss Gwendoline was lying. "By Jove!" exclaimed he, "here's Miss Gwenny. The rascals must have met with an accident;" and, addressing the lady, he continued, "Gwenny, darling, don't you know me?" Taking one of her hands in his he gently chafed it; and soon she opened her eyes, and seeing him, she cried, "Is it, you, Percy. Where have I been? Oh! what horrors I have passed through." And then she remembered her situation, and a lovely blush spread over her face, and she covered it with her hands. "Don't worry now, my darling. Your father will soon be here, and we will then get you home."

While Percy had been busy with the lady, his friends had been examining Sir Gustavus and the coachman. The former they found to be quite dead, with neck broken; and the latter seemed more frightened than hurt, and took advantage of being left alone for a minute to clear away into the bush. In a short time Admiral Marston arrived with a comfortable carriage he had succeeded in borrowing, and overjoyed was he to find his daughter uninjured, though trembling and nervous. Gently, and with loving hands, was she placed in the carriage, still on the stretcher, and rapidly conveyed to her home. As they passed the ferryman's hut to get to the boat, the ferryman was discovered bound, but he was soon released, and received a substantial present as a solace for his troubles. It was daybreak when the party arrived at the Admiral's, and on descending from the carriage (which the Admiral had despatched a messenger for), he went down on his knees and offered up a fervent thanksgiving for the preservation of his daughter.

Police were despatched to the scene of the accident, and the body of Sir Gustavus removed. At an inquiry held the same day, death was certified to have been caused by dislocation of the neck through a fall; and the corpse was interred in the family vault. As Jackson and his confederates were never heard of afterwards, it is to be presumed that they escaped to a southern colony; and Mary is supposed to have fled with them, as she was never seen again.

About six months after the affair took place, the following notice might have been seen under

the heading of "Marriages," in the Brisbane papers:

"Guelphington—Marston.—In St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, on the 20th August, 187—, Percy Guelphington, eldest son of Henry Guelphington, Esq., Hantsford, England, to Gwendoline, only child of Admiral Marston."



THE DOG DECIDED IT.

AN English Solomon presided at a trial to determine the ownership of a dog. He couldn't make out from the evidence which claimant was the real owner, so he made one stand on each side, while an officer held the dog in the middle of the room. Then he told them both to whistle and the officer to release the dog at the same moment. When this was done the dog bolted through the open door. "Call the next case," was all the comment the judge made, although the litigants stormed.

POPULATION OF IRELAND.

THE Registrar General for Ireland has issued statistics showing that the estimated population of Ireland last year was 4,837,352, of which, during the quarter ended December 31st, 9,628 persons, comprising 4,670 males, and 4,958 females, emigrated, being 550 more than in the corresponding quarter of 1886, and 42 over the average number for the fourth quarter of the preceding ten years. There is, it is stated, an increase of pauperism.

LIVING ON HONOUR.

It sometimes happens in oriental countries that daughters are sacrificed by their parents to position and title, "for their benefit," of course. The parents of a girl who was thus bestowed in marriage went to pay her a visit, expecting, naturally, to be entertained with a hospitality corresponding to the husbands rank. Unfortunately there was nothing in the larder. To express her dissatisfaction at the treatment she had received, the daughter placed an empty pan upon the hearth, and made show of preparing a meal. The curiosity of the mother being excited, she peeped into the vessel, but saw nothing.

"What are you doing, silly girl?" she exclaimed.

"I am frying the honour you got for me," was the reply. "There is nothing else."

PIGMIES IN AFRICA.

HERODOTUS speaks of pigmies as a race of little men and women living in Africa. Since that day travellers have brought back from that country reports that such people have been seen or heard of in the interior. Of late it has been the custom to discredit Herodotus and all writers who repeat or corroborate his stories. As it happens, however, a German explorer, Dr. Wolff, proves that the early writers were correct.

He has found in a country along a south branch of the Congo, whole villages of tiny men and women of a height not more than four feet seven inches. They are known as Batua. Their villages consisting of huts, are found in clearings in the forests, which cover the greater part of the country.

Among their neighbours the Batua are regarded as little, benevolent beings, whose mission it is to provide the tribes among whom they live with game and palm wine. In exchange maize and bananas are given to the pigmies. These happy relations between the little people and their neighbours will remind the reader of the way in which the fairies and brownies used to be looked upon by our ancestors.

The Batua excel in the art of climbing palm trees to collect the sap, and in setting traps for game. Their agility is almost incredible. In hunting they leap through the high grass like grasshoppers, and face the elephant, antelope, and buffaloes with the greatest boldness, shooting their arrows with rare precision, and following up quickly with strokes of the lance.

A DOMESTIC HINT.

SOMETIMES the lamp wick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity, take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

SEEING THE GUILLOTINE.

M. SANSON lived in the Rue du Marais du Temple, in an isolated house, of which the jealousies were always closed. He received many visitors, principally Englishmen who generally asked to see the guillotine. M. Sanson always complied with their request, no doubt for some consideration, and conducted them to the adjoining street to the house of the scaffold manufacturer. There was a shed at this place, where the guillotine was permanently erected. The strangers grouped themselves around it and it was made to work. Trusses of hay were guillotined.

One day an English family, consisting of the father, the mother, and three pretty daughters, fair and with rosy cheeks, presented themselves at Sanson's residence. It was in order to see the guillotine. Sanson took them to the carpenter's and set the instrument at work. The knife fell and rose again several times at the request of the young ladies. One of them, however, the youngest, was not satisfied with this. She made the executioner explain to her in the minutest details what is called the toilet of the condemned. Still she was not satisfied. At length she turned hesitatingly toward the executioner. "Monsieur Sanson," she said. "Madelmoiselle," said the executioner. "What is done when the man is on the scaffold? How is he tied down?" The executioner explained the dreadful matter to her and said, "We call that 'putting him in the oven.'" "Well, Monsieur Sanson," said the young lady, "I want you to put me in the oven."

The executioner started. He made an exclamation of surprise. The young lady insisted. "I fancy," she said, "that I should like to be able to say I have been tied down on it." Sanson spoke to the father and mother. They replied, "As she has taken a fancy to have it done do it." The executioner had to give in. He made the young miss sit down, tied her legs with a piece of string and her arms behind her

back with a rope, fastened her to the swinging plank, and strapped her on with the leather strap. Here he wanted to stop. "No, no, that is not yet all," she said. Sanson then swung the plank down, placed the head of the young lady in the dreadful neck-piece, and closed it upon her neck. Then she declared she was satisfied. When he afterwards told the story Sanson said, "I quite thought she was going to say at last, 'That is not all. Make the knife fall.'"



"HAVE you any travelling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young stationer. "No, ma'am; we have them with feet and legs, but they are not yet old enough to travel."

A SCOTCH lady once asked a widowed acquaintance as to the character of her late husband. "What kind of a man was he?" "Well," was the suggestive reply, "he was just an expense."

A JOKER says an expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulder in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if anyone is making faces at you.

"CUSTOMER (getting measured): 'How much are those trousers going to cost me?'"—Tailor: "Forty-two shillings, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?"—Customer: "None. I won't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlour on Sunday evening; but she never thought anything about it until Monday morning, when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying, "Darling Katie! Darling!" He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.

FAIR HOSTESS: "Now, Mr. Borem, you must spend one more evening with us before we go into our new house."—Mr. Borem (graciously): "Most certainly, with pleasure. When do you move?"—Fair Hostess (doubtfully): "Pa is uncertain just when that will be, but not for a year or two at least."

OBSERVING LITTLE GIRL: "Mamma, who is that young man on the other side of the tram?"—Mamma: "I don't know, dear, why?"—Observing Little Girl: "He looks so queer. He has three eyebrows."—Mamma: "How do you make that out?"—Observing Little Girl: "He has one over each eye, and one over his mouth."

"You put your foot in it nicely to-night," said Mrs. Quickspeech.—"How was that?" asked her husband.—"When you told Mrs. Fourthly that you were sure her husband would never go the way he sent other people."—"Well, and what of it?"—"Why, her husband is a preacher."—"Great Heaven! I thought he was a sheriff!"

It is related of John Wesley that a young minister asked him which of two available young ladies he ought to marry. One of them was remarkably amiable, but not professing piety; the other was well known for piety, and a—bad temper—"By all means," said Wesley, "marry the girl that has the amiable disposition, for the grace of God may abide where you cannot."

At a dance party the other evening, Nelly, after a delightful waltz, being of course very warm, her partner devoted himself to cooling her off. Turning round and facing him, she asked:—"Why am I like a certain animal in a menagerie?"—"He didn't know," he said.—"Why, I'm a Nelly-fanned," she said. He immediately asked for the position of keeper, and their engagement has since been announced.

A GERMAN has invented a safe that on its lock being tampered with throws open its door, seizes and drags and locks in the burglar, and handcuffs and holds him in readiness to be conducted to the Police-court in the morning. This is almost equal to the patent American servant-girl bed, which, at a certain hour in the morning, pitches her out, dresses her, carries her down stairs, and shows her how to start the fire.

A PHILOSOPHER was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends. "Counted it!" said the other, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

YOUNG wife—"Where are you going to, this year, mother, to spend the holidays?" Mother—"I have not yet made up my mind." Tommy—"I know where you're going to, though—I heard papa tell uncle last night." "Where, Tommy dear?" "Papa said he wished you would go to the North Pole and stay there; but uncle said a warmer place would be better for you." (Mother faints, and papa and uncle look uncomfortable.)

HE was about to pop the question to the girl of his choice, and was trying to decide how he should do it. First he thought of the knightly proposal, in the style of the Middle Ages—"By my halidame, fair maid, say thou wilt be mine, and the holy friar shall unite us ere another sun gilds the turrets of Windsor Castle!" Then he considered the theatrical style—"I have long loved you in secret, ge-ur-r-l, and though I am not rich, I can offer you the true and unselfish devotion of my whole ha-a-r-r-t!" He thought perhaps the easy conversational style might do—"Well, Alicia—I may call you 'Alicia,' mayn't I?—everyone thinks we are going to be married. Ha, ha! Suppose we do get married, just to please 'em?" But, after all, he did something like this—"Er—Miss Alicia—er—excuse my familiarity; but—er—er—will you—er—Oh, by Jove!" And then she came to the rescue, and said, "That'll do, Willie dear; it's all right, and I know papa and mamma will be so pleased!"

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THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Vixen*," "*Ishmael*,"
"*Like and Unlike*," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XIV—continued.

WHY, naturally? Why should he not speak of that past life? Men are not ordinarily reticent upon such subjects. And that a man should suppress the fact of a first marriage altogether, should falsely describe himself in the marriage register, would suggest memories so dark as to impel an honourable man to stoop to a lie, rather than face the horror of revelation.

She walked up and down that fair stretch of velvet turf upon which her feet had trodden so lightly in the happy years that were gone—gone never to be recalled, as it seemed to her, carrying with them all that she had ever known of domestic peace, of wedded bliss. Never again could they two be as they had been. The mystery of the past had risen up between them—like some hooded phantom, a vaguely threatening figure, a hidden face—to hold them apart for evermore.

"If he had only trusted me," she thought despairingly, "there is hardly any sin that I would not have forgiven for love of him. Why could he not believe in my love well enough to know that I should judge him leniently—if there had been wrong-doing on his side—if—"

She had puzzled over that hidden past, trying to penetrate the darkness, imagining the things that might have happened—infidelity on the wife's part—infidelity on the husband's side—another and fatal attachment taking the place of loyal love. Sin of some kind there must have been, she thought—for such dark memories

could scarcely be sinless. But was husband or wife the sinner?

"Her death was infinitely sad."

That sentence stood out against the dark background of mystery, as if written in fire. That one fact was absolute. George Greswold's first wife had died under circumstances of peculiar sadness; so painful that Castellani's countenance grew pale and troubled at the very thought of her death.

"I cannot endure it," Mildred cried at last, in an agony of doubt. "I will not endure this torture for another day. I will appeal to him. I will question him. If he values my love and my esteem he will answer faithfully. It must be painful for him, painful for me; but it will be far better for us both in the long run. Anything will be better than these torturing fears, these imaginary evils. I am his wife, and I have a right to know the truth."

The dressing gong summoned her back to the house. Her husband was in the drawing-room half-an-hour afterwards, when she went down to dinner. He was still in his jacket and knickerbockers, just as he had come in from a long ramble.

"Will you forgive me if I dine with you in these clothes, Mildred, and you, Pamela?" to the damsel in white muslin, whom he had just surprised at the piano, still warbling her honeyed strain about death and the roses; "I came in five minutes ago—dead beat. I have been in the forest, and had a tramp with the deer-hounds over Bramble Hill."

"You walk too far, George. You are looking dreadfully tired."

"I'm sure you needn't apologise for your dress on my account," said Pamela. "Henry is a perfect disgrace half his time. He hates evening clothes, and I sometimes fear he hates soap and water. He can reconcile his conscience to any amount of dirt so long as he has his cold tub in the morning. He thinks that justifies anything. I have had to sit next him at dinner when he came straight from rats," concluded Pamela with a shudder. "But Rosalind is so foolishly indulgent. She would spoil twenty husbands."

"And you, I suppose, would be a martinet to one?" said Greswold, smiling at the girl's animated face.

"It would depend. If I were married to an artist, I could forgive any neglect of the proprieties. One does not expect a man of that

kind to be the slave of conventionalities; but a common-place man like Sir Henry Mountford has nothing to recommend him but his horse and tailor."

They went to dinner, and Pamela's prattle relieved the gloom which had fallen upon husband and wife. George Greswold saw that there were signs of a new trouble in his wife's face. He sat for nearly an hour alone with the untouched decanters before him, and with Cassandra's head upon his knee. The dog always knew when his thoughts were darkest, and would not be repulsed at such times. She was not obtrusive—she only wanted to let him know there was some one in the world who loved him.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he left the dining-room. He looked in at the drawing-room door, and saw his wife and his niece sitting at work, silent both.

"I am going to the library to write some letters, Mildred," he said, "don't sit up for me."

She rose quickly and went over to him.

"Let me have half-an-hour's talk with you first, George," she said, in an earnest voice, "I want so much to speak to you."

"My dearest, I am always at your service," he answered quietly, and they went across the hall together, to that fine old room which was essentially the domain of the master of the house.

It was a large room with three long narrow windows—unaltered from the days of Queen Anne—looking out to the carriage drive in the front of the house. The walls were lined with books, in severely architectural book-cases. There was a lofty old marble chimney-piece, richly decorated, and a large knee-hole desk, in front of the fireplace, at which Mr. Greswold was wont to sit. There was a shaded reading-lamp ready-lighted for him upon this table, and there was no other lamp in the room. By this dim light the sombre colouring of oak book-cases and maroon velvet window curtains deepened to black. The spacious room had almost a funereal aspect, like that awful banquet-hall to which the jocose Domitian invited his parasites and straightway frightened them to death.

"Well, Mildred, what is the matter?" asked Greswold, when his wife had seated herself beside him in front of the massive oak desk at which all the business of his estate had been transacted since he came to Enderby. "There

is nothing amiss, love, I hope, to make you so earnest."

"There is something very much amiss, George," she answered. "Forgive me if I pain you by what I have to say—by the questions I am going to ask. I cannot help giving you pain, and truly and dearly as I love you, I cannot go on suffering as I have suffered since that wretched Sunday afternoon when I discovered how you had deceived me—you whom I so trusted, so honoured as the most upright among men."

"It is a little hard that you should say that I deceived you, Mildred. I suppressed one fact which had no bearing upon my relations with you."

"You must have signed your name to a falsehood in the register if you described yourself as a bachelor."

"I did not so describe myself. I confided the fact of my first marriage to your father on the eve of our wedding. I told him why I had been silent—told him that my past life had been steeped in bitterness. He was generous enough to accept my confidence and to ask no questions. My bride was too shy and too much troubled by the emotion of the hour to observe what I wrote in the register, or else she might have noted the word 'widower' after my name."

"Thank God you did not sign your name to a lie," said Mildred, with a sigh of relief.

"I am sorry my wife of fourteen years should think me capable of falsehood on the document that sealed my fate with hers."

"Oh, George, I know how true you are—how true and upright you have been in every word and every act of your life since we two have been one. It is not in my nature to misjudge you. I cannot think you capable of doing wrong to any one even under strongest temptation. I cannot believe that fate could set such a snare for you as could entrap you into one dishonourable act; but I am tortured by the thought of a past life of which I know nothing. Why did you hide your marriage from me when we were lovers? Why are you silent and secret now, when I am your wife, the other half of yourself, ready to sympathise with you, to share the burden of dark memories? Trust me, George, trust me. This secret is rising up between us like a stony barrier. Trust me, dear love, and let us be again as we have been, united in every thought."

"You do not know what you are asking me, Mildred," said George Greswold, in his deep, grave voice, looking at her with haggard reproachful eyes. "You cannot measure the torture you are inflicting by this senseless curiosity."

"You cannot measure the tortures of doubt which I have suffered since I have known that you loved another woman before you loved me—loved her so well that you cannot bear even to speak of that past life which you lived with her—regret her so intensely that now, after fourteen years of wedded life with me, the mere memory of that lost love can plunge you into gloom and despair," said Mildred passionately.

That smothered fire of jealousy which had been smouldering in her breast for weeks broke out all at once in impetuous speech. She no longer cared what she said. Her only thought was that the dead love had been dearer and nearer than the living, that she had been cozened by a lover whose heart had never been wholly hers, never, even in the roseate dawn of her

girlhood, nor in the sunlight of her early married life. She had been duped by her own affections, perhaps, from the very beginning.

"I thought he must love me with the same measure that I loved him," she said to herself.

"You are very cruel, Mildred," her husband answered quietly. "You are probing an old wound, and a deep one, to the quick. You degrade yourself more than you degrade me by causeless jealousy and unworthy doubts. Yes, I did conceal the fact of my first marriage—not because I loved my wife too well—but because I had not loved her well enough. I was silent about a period of my life which was one of unutterable misery—which it was my duty to myself to forget, if it were possible to forget—which it was a peril to remember. My only chance of happiness—or peace of mind—lay in total oblivion of that bitter time. It was only when I loved you that I began to believe forgetfulness was possible to me. I courted oblivion by every means in my power. I told myself that the man who had so suffered was a man who had ceased to exist. George Ransome was dead. George Greswold stood on the threshold of a new life, with infinite capacities for happiness. I told myself that I might be a beloved and honoured husband—which I had never been;—a useful member of society—which I had not been hitherto. Until that hour all things had been against me. With you for my wife, all things would be in my favour. For thirteen happy years this promise of our marriage morning was fully realised; then came my darling's death; and now comes your estrangement."

"I am not estranged, George. It is only my dread of the beginning of estrangement which tortures me. Since that man spoke of your first wife, I have brooded perpetually upon that hidden past. It is weak and foolish, I know, to have done so. I ought to trust unquestioningly; but I cannot, George, I cannot. I love you too well to love without jealousy."

"Well, let the veil be lifted, then, since it must be so. Ask what questions you please, and I will answer them—as best I can."

"You are very good," she faltered, drawing a little nearer to him, leaning her head against his shoulder as she talked to him, and, laying her hand on his as it lay before him on the desk, tightly clenched. "Tell me, dear, were you happy with your first wife?"

"I was not."

"Not even in the beginning?"

"Hardly in the beginning. It was an ill-advised union, entered into upon impulse."

"But she loved you very dearly, perhaps."

"She loved me—dearly—after her manner of loving."

"And you did not love her?"

"It is a cruel thing you force me to say, Mildred. No, I did not love her."

"Had you been married long when she died?"

She felt a quivering movement in the clenched hand on which her own lay caressingly, and she heard him draw a long and deep breath.

"About a year and a half."

"Her death was a sad one, I know. Did she go out of her mind before she died?"

"No."

"Did she leave you, or do you any great wrong?"

"No."

"Were you false to her, George—Oh, forgive me, forgive me—but there must have been something more sad than common sadness, and it might be that some new and fatal love—"

"There was no such thing," he answered sternly. "I was true to my marriage vow. It was not a long trial—only a year and a half. Even a profligate might keep faith for so short a span."

"I see you will not confide in me. I will ask no more questions, George. That kind of catechism will not make us more in sympathy with each other. I will ask you nothing more—except—just one question—a woman's question. Was your first wife beautiful in your eyes?"

"She was not beautiful, but she was intellectual, and she had an interesting countenance—a face that attracted me at first sight. It was even more attractive to me than the faces of much handsomer women. But if you would like to know what your fancied rival was like, you need not languish in ignorance," he added, with some touch of scorn. "I have her photograph in this desk. I have kept it for my days of humiliation, to remind me of what I have been and what I may be again. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, George, if it will not pain you too much to show it to me."

"Do not talk of pain. You have stirred the waters of Marah so deeply that one more bitter drop cannot signify," he unlocked his desk as he spoke, lifted the lid which was sustained by a moveable upright, and groped among the accumulation of papers and parchments inside.

The object for which he was seeking was at the back of the desk, under all the papers. He found it by touch, a morocco case containing a cabinet photograph. Mildred stood up beside him, with one hand on his shoulder as he searched.

He handed her the case without a word. She opened it in silence and looked at the portrait within. A small, delicately-featured face, with large, dark eyes—eyes almost too large for the face—a slender throat, thin sloping shoulders—eyes that looked out of the picture with a strange intensity, a curious alertness in the countenance as of a woman made up of nerves and emotions, a nature without the element of repose.

Mildred stared at the picture three or four seconds, and then with a choking sound like a strangled sob fell swooning at her husband's feet.

[END OF BOOK I.]

BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER I.

A WIFE AND NO WIFE.

MR. Castellani's existence was one of those social problems about which the idle world loves to speculate. There are a good many people in London to whom the idea of a fourth dimension is not half so interesting as the notion of a man who lives by his wits, and yet contrives to get himself dressed by a good tailor, and to obtain a footing in some of the best houses at the smart end of the town. This problem César Castellani had offered to the polite world of London for the last three seasons.

Who is Mr. Castellani, was a question still asked by a good many people who invited the gentleman to their houses, and made much of his talents. He had not forced an entrance into

society; nobody had ever denounced him as a pushing person. He had slid so insidiously into his place in the social orbit that people had not yet left off wondering how he came there, or who had been his sponsors. This kind of speculation always stimulates the invention of the clever people; and these affected to know a good deal more about Mr. Castellani than he knew about himself.

"He came with magnificent credentials, and an account was opened for him at Coutts' before he arrived," said Magnus Dudley, the society poet, flinging back his long hair with a lazy movement of the large languid head. "Of course you know that he is a natural son of Cavour's?"

"Indeed—no—I never heard *that*. He is not like Cavour."

"Of course not, but he is the image of his mother—one of the handsomest women in Italy—a duchess, and daughter of a Roman nobleman who could trace his descent in a clear line from the Imperial house. Castellani has the blood of Germanicus in his veins."

"He looks like it; but I have heard on pretty good authority that he is the son of a Neapolitan music master."

"There are people who will tell you his father wheeled a barrow and sold penny ices in Whitechapel," retorted Magnus. "People will say anything."

Thus and in much otherwise did society speculate; and in the meantime Mr. Castellani's circle was always widening. His book had been just audacious enough and just clever enough to make its mark. "Nepenthe" had been one of the successes of the season before last and Mr. Castellani was henceforth to be known as the author of "Nepenthe." He had touched upon many things below the stars and some things beyond them. He had written of other worlds with the confidence of a man who had been there. He had written of women with the air of a Café de Paris Solomon; and of men with the tone of a person who had never met one.

A man who could write a successful book, and could play and sing divinely, was a person to be cultivated in feminine society. Very few men cared to be intimate with Mr. Castellani; but among women his influence was indisputable. He treated them with a courtly deference which charmed them, and he made them his slaves. No Oriental despot ever ruled more completely than César Castellani did in half-a-dozen of those drawing-rooms which give the tone to scores of other drawing-rooms between May Fair and Earls Court. He contrived to be in request from the dawn to the close of the London season, and he had made a favour of going to Riverdale, and now, although it suited his purpose to be there, he made a favour of his prolonged visit.

"If it were not for the delight of being here I should be in one of the loneliest valleys in the Tyrol," he told Mrs. Hillersdon, "I have never stayed in England so long after the end of the season. A wild longing to break loose from the bonds of Philistinism generally seizes me at this time of year. I want to go away, and away, and ever away from my fellow men. I should like to go and live in a tomb, like Ouida's Italian heroine. My thirst for solitude is almost a disease."

This from a man who spent the greater part of his existence dawdling in drawing-rooms and boudoirs sounded paradoxical; but paradoxes

are accepted graciously from a man who has written the book of the season. Louise Hillersdon treated Castellani like a favourite son. At his bidding she brought out the old guitar which had slumbered in its case for nearly a decade, and sang the old Spanish songs, and struck the strings with the old dashing sweep of the taper hand and graceful curve of the rounded arm.

"When you sing I could believe you any age you like to call yourself," said Castellani, lolling along the sofa beside the low chair in which she was sitting; "I cease even to envy the men who knew you when you were a girl."

"My dear Castellani, I feel old enough to be your grandmother; unless you are really the person I sometimes take you for—"

"Who is that?"

"The Wandering Jew."

"No matter what my creed, or where I have wandered, since I am so happy as to find a haven here. Granted that I can remember Nero's beautiful Empress, and Faustina, and all that procession of fair women who illumine the dark ages—and Mary of Scotland, and Emma Hamilton, blonde and brunette, pathetic and espiègle, every type and every variety. It is enough for me to find perfection here."

"If you only knew how sick I am of that kind of nonsense," said Mrs. Hillersdon, smiling at him half in amusement, half in bitterness.

"Oh, I know that you have drunk the wine of praise and worship to satiety. Yet if you and I had lived upon the same plane, I would have taught you that among a hundred adorers one could love you better than all the rest. But it is too late. Our souls may meet and touch, perhaps, in a new incarnation."

"Do you talk this kind of nonsense to Mrs. Greswold—or her niece?"

"No; with them I am all dullness and propriety. There is nothing simpatica in either of them. Miss Ransome is a frank, good-natured girl—much too frank—with all the faults of her species. I find the average girl always detestable."

"Miss Ransome has about fifteen hundred a year. I suppose you know that?"

"Has she really? If ever I marry I hope to do better than that," answered César, with delightful insolence. "She would be a very nice match for a country parson; that Mr. Rolinson, for instance, who is getting up the concert."

"Then Miss Ransome is not your attraction at Enderby. It is Mrs. Greswold who draws you."

"Why should I be drawn," he asked, with his languid air. "I go there in sheer idleness. They like to hear me play or sing; they fool me and praise me; and it is nice to be fooled by two pretty women."

"Does Mrs. Greswold take any part in the fooling? She looks like marble."

"There is flame under that marble. Mrs. Greswold is romantically in love with her husband; but that is a complaint which is not incurable."

"He is not an agreeable man," said Louise, remembering how long George Greswold and his wife had held themselves aloof from her. "And he does not look like a happy man."

"He is not happy."

"You know something about him—more than we all know?" asked Louise, with keen curiosity.

"Not much. I met him at Nice before he came into his property. He was not a very fortunate person at that time, and he doesn't care to be reminded of it now."

"Or was he out-at-elbows, in debt?"

"Neither. His troubles did not take that form. But I am not a gossip. Let the past be past, as Goethe says. We can't change it; and it is charity to forget it. If we are not sure about what we touch, and hear and see—or fancy we hear and touch and see—in the present, how much less can we be sure of any reality of external existence in the past. It is all done away with—vanished. How can we know that it ever was? A grave here and there is the only witness, and even the grave and the name on the headstone may be only a projection of our own consciousness. We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

"That is a politely circuitous manner of refusing to tell me anything about Mr. Greswold—when his name was Ransome. No matter. I shall find other people to tell me the scandal, I have no doubt. Your prevarication assures me that there was a scandal."

This was on the eve of the concert at Enderby, at about the same hour when George Greswold showed Mildred his first wife's portrait. Castellani and his hostess were alone together in the lady's morning room, while Hillersdon and his other guests were in the billiard room on the opposite side of a broad corridor. Mrs. Hillersdon had a way of turning over her visitors to her husband when they bored her. Gusts of noise and laughter came across the corridor now and again, as they played pool. There were times when Louise was too tired of life to endure the burden of common-place society. She liked to dream over a novel. She liked to talk with a clever young man like Castellani. His flatteries amused her, and brought back a faint flavour of youth, a dim remembrance of the day when all men had praised her, when she had known herself secure in the pre-eminence of her charms, without a rival. Now other women were beautiful, and she was only a tradition. She had toiled hard to live down her past, to make the world forget that she had ever been Louise Lorraine: yet there were moments in which she felt angry to find that old personality of hers so utterly forgotten, when she was tempted to cry out, "What rubbish you talk about, your Mrs. Egremont, your Mrs. Linley Varden, your professional beauties, and fine lady actresses. Have you never heard of me—Louise Lorraine?"

The drawing-rooms at Enderby Manor had been so transformed under Mr. Castellani's superintendence, and with the help of his own dexterous hands, that there was a unanimous expression of surprise from the county families as they entered that region of subdued light and æsthetic draperies between three and half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the concert.

The Broadwood grand stood on a platform in front of a large bay window, draped as no other hand could drape a piano, with dark Oriental curtains and Algerian fabrics, striped with gold, and against the sweeping folds of richest colour rose a group of tall golden lilies out of a great yellow vase, one of Minton's *chef d'œuvres*. More flowers were massed near the end of the piano, and a few of the most artistic chairs in the house were placed about for the performers. The platform, instead of being as other platforms, in a straight line across one side of the room, was placed diagonally, so as to present the more picturesque effect of an angle in the background, an angle lighted with tall lamps and clusters of wax candles, a stage which looked like a shrine.

All the windows had been darkened save

those in the further drawing-room, which opened into the garden, and even these were shaded by Spanish hoods, letting in coolness and the scent of flowers, but little daylight. Thus the only vivid light was on the platform.

The auditorium was arranged with a certain artistic carelessness; the chairs in curved lines to accommodate the diagonal line of the platform, and this fact, in conjunction with the prettiness of the stage, put everyone in good temper before the concert began.

The concert was, as other concerts, clever amateur singing, decent amateur playing, fine voices cultivated to a certain point, and stopping just short of perfect training.

César Castellani's three little songs—words by Heine—setting by Schubert and Jensen—were the hit of the afternoon. There were few eyes that were unclouded by tears, even among those listeners to whom the words were in an unknown tongue. The pathos was in the voice of the singer.

The duet was performed with aplomb, and elicited an encore, on which Pamela and Castellani sang the old-fashioned "Flow on, thou shining river," which pleased elderly people, moving them like a reminiscence of long vanished youth.

Pamela's heart beat furiously as she heard the applause, and she curtsied herself off the platform in a whirl of delight. She felt that it was in her to be a great public singer—a second Patti—if she could be taught and trained by Castellani. Her head was full of vague ideas—a life devoted to music—three years' hard study in Italy—a debut at La Scala—a world-wide renown achieved in a single night. She even wondered how to Italianise her name. "Ransomini? No; that would hardly do. Pamelani—Pameletta? What awkward names they were—Christian and surname both."

And then, crimsoning at the mere thought, she saw herself announced in large letters—

MADAME CASTELLANI.

How much easier to make a great name in the operatic world with a husband to fight one's battles and get the better of managers.

"With an income of one's own it ought to be easy to make one's way," thought Pamela, as she stood behind the long table in the dining-room, dispensing tea and coffee, with the assistance of maids and footmen.

Her head was so full of these bewildering visions that she was a little less on the alert than she ought to have been for shillings and half-crowns, insomuch that a few elderly ladies got their tea and coffee for nothing, not being asked for payment, and preferring to consider the entertainment gratis.

Mildred's part of the concert was performed to perfection—not a false note in an accompaniment, or a single fault in the *tempo*. Lady Millborough, a very difficult and exacting personage, declared that she had never been so well supported in her *cheval de bataille*, the grand scena in *La Gazza Ladra*; but many among the audience remarked that they had never seen Mrs. Greswold look so ill; and both Mr. Rollinson and Mr. Castellani were seriously concerned about her.

"You are as white as marble," said the Italian. "I know you are suffering."

"I assure you it is nothing. I have not been feeling very well lately, and I had a sleepless night. There is nothing that need give anyone the slightest concern. You may be sure I shall not break down. I am very much interested in the painted window," she added, with a faint smile.

"It is not for our concert that I fear," said Castellani, in a lower voice. "It is of you, and your suffering I am thinking."

George Greswold did not appear at the concert. He was engaged elsewhere.

"I cannot think how Uncle George allowed himself to have an appointment at Salisbury this afternoon," said Pamela. "I know he doats on music."

"Perhaps he doesn't doat on it quite so well as to like to see his house turned topsy turvy like this," said Lady Millborough, who would have seen every philanthropic scheme in the county collapse for want of funds rather than have allowed her own sacred drawing-room to be pulled about by amateur scene-shifters.

Mrs. Hillersdon and her party occupied a prominent position near the platform; but that lady was too clever to make herself conspicuous. She talked to the people who were disposed to friendliness—their numbers had increased with the advancing years—and she placidly ignored those who still held themselves aloof from that "horrid woman." Nor did she in any way appropriate Castellani as her special protégé, when the people round her were praising him. She took everything that happened with the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, and which may often be found among women whom the Vere de Veres despise.

All was over; the last of the carriages had rolled away. Castellani had been carried off in Mrs. Hillersdon's barouche, no one inviting him to stay at the Manor house. Mr. Rollinson lingered to repeat his effusive thanks for Mrs. Greswold's help.

"It has been a glorious success," he exclaimed; "glorious. Who would have thought there was so much amateur talent available within thirty miles? And Castellani was a grand acquisition. We shall clear our seventy pounds for the window. I don't know how I can ever thank you enough for giving us the use of your lovely rooms, Mrs. Greswold, and for letting us pull them about as much as we liked."

"That did not matter—much," Mildred said faintly, as she stood on the threshold of the hall door in the evening light, the curate lingering to reiterate the assurance of his gratitude. "Everything can be arranged again—easily."

She was thinking, with a dull aching at her heart, that to her the pulling about and disarrangement of those familiar rooms hardly mattered at all. They were her rooms no longer. Enderby was never more to be her home. It had been her happy home for thirteen gracious years—years clouded with but one natural sorrow, in the loss of her beloved father. And now that father's ghost rose up before her, a pale and awful figure, and said, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, and because of my sin you must go forth from the home you love and forsake the husband of your heart."

She gave the curate an icy cold hand, and turned from him without another word.

"Poor soul, she is dead beat," thought Mr. Rollinson, as he trudged home to his lodgings over a joiner and builder's shop, airy and comfortable rooms enough, but odorous with the scent of sawdust, and noisy with the noise of carpenter's work.

He could but think it odd that he had not been asked to stay and dine, as he would have been in the ordinary course of events. He had told the builder's wife that he should most likely

dine out, whereupon that friendly soul had answered, "Why, of course they'll ask you, Mr. Rollinson, they're always glad to see you."

And now he had to go home to solitude and a fresh-killed chop.

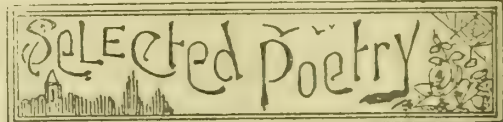
It was seven o'clock, and George Greswold had not yet come home from Salisbury. Very few words had passed between him and his wife since she fell fainting at his feet last night. He had summoned her maid, and between them they had brought her back to consciousness and half carried her to her room. She would give no explanation of her fainting fit when the maid had left the room, and she was lying on her bed, white and calm, with her husband sitting by her side. She told him that she was tired, and that a sudden giddiness had come upon her. That was all he could get from her.

"If you will ask me no questions, and leave me quite alone, I will try to sleep, so that I may be fit for my work in the concert to-morrow," she pleaded. "I would not disappoint them for worlds."

"I don't think you need be over anxious about them," said her husband bitterly. "There is more at stake than a painted window; there is your peace and mine. Answer me only one question," he said, with intensity of purpose, "had your fainting fit anything to do with the portrait of my first wife?"

"I will tell you everything—after the concert to-morrow," she answered; "for God's sake leave me to myself till then."

(To be continued.)



DO NOT SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

Do not sing that song again,
For it fills my heart with pain;
I am bending to the blast,
And it tells me of the past,
Of the years of long ago,
When my days were young and fair,
And my heart as light as air—
When one feeling fills the breast,
And one image gave it rest,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
I have lived my years in vain.
And my hair is thin and gray,
And I'm passing fast away;
On the dark and downward streams,
I'm a wreck of idle dreams;
And it puts me on the rack
At the weary looking back,
At the ebb and at the flow,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
There's a tear in its refrain;
It brings sadly back the time
When my manhood felt its prime;
When the comrades, dear and true,
Closer, warmer, fonder grew
In the hour of friendship's proof,
When the false ones stood aloof,
And their friendship was but show,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
It distracts my weary brain.
Ah, too well, alas! I know
It is time for me to go,
And to leave to younger eyes
The wild myst'ry of the skies,
And this mighty world I tread,
And the grander age ahead.

There's a mist upon the river,
And there's bleakness on the shore;
And in dreams I pass forever,
While sad music waits me o'er.

A correspondent sends us a doleful account of the loss of a new and expensive hat. He says he attended a ball the other evening, and, like the other visitors, divested himself of his traps and headgear in a room set apart for that purpose. In the morning he made his way to the cloakroom, and found to his surprise that neither of his belongings was in the place where he left them. Seeing an official standing by he asked how it came about that the coats and hats were mixed up, and requested the man's assistance in ferreting out his own. Fortunately he found his overcoat, but there was no trace of the missing hat. "Bless you," said the attendant, "the good hats are all gone this half-hour." Our correspondent requests us, "for goodness' sake," to impress upon gentlemen attending entertainments the necessity for the exercise of as much honesty and good principle as will secure the uninitiated against downright robbery in the most despicable and objectionable form; and because we are impressed with the *bona fides* of our correspondent we have given space to his complaint.

The most original present now from bridegroom to bride is a gold bangle with the date of the wedding engraved inside. It has a tiny lock and key, and after the ceremony the bridegroom locks it, and puts the key upon his watch chain.

Apropos of leap year a correspondent tells a somewhat good story which happened at a little sociable the other evening. At one of the intervals between the dances a young couple, who had always been looked upon as lovers, were sitting with two or three friends, male and female, discussing the subject of marriage. All looked favourably on matrimony as the proper end and aim of every young man and maiden, except the young lady's beau, who, probably to tease her, descanted in severe terms on the troubles of married life, and jocularly hinted as much as he did not believe in marriage. "Well Jack," said his *inamorata*, "if you don't believe in marriage, you need not come after me." Our correspondent thinks she was a sensible girl, and we unhesitatingly concur with him.

There is many a man in this world who would give "even all that he hath" to the individual who could supply him with a recipe for the treatment, cure, and management of a wife. Benedicts have been found in each succeeding generation who have made it a life study to bemoan the sad fate that has linked them for life to those with whom, no matter how much they may try, nor how much they give up for the purpose of securing peace and quietness, no happiness nor contentment can be found; yet, we have often thought much of the grumbling has been simply a cloak to cover the delinquencies of the individuals themselves. For those, however, who have not found out the true secret of managing a wife, and who really find some difficulty at all times in harmoniously treading this busy maze together, we may here note the opinions of a recent writer upon the subject.

What this writer recommends is that each husband should take time to allow his wife's peculiarities and hobbies to develop themselves. When time is thus given the husband often sees many little traits of character in his partner for life which, for his own comfort of mind

and future happiness, he must endeavour to eradicate. The first way then, to manage a wife is the "affectionate way," by which is meant that the husband is to tell his wife, over and over again, that he loves her, and that she is the apple of his eye, &c. This, the writer thinks, is a wise plan, and more often softens a woman's wilfulness than anything else. The next way, if the foregoing does not work smoothly, is the "economic way," a method frequently patronised by mathematical enthusiasts, Scotchmen, and the like. In the event of that not proving efficacious, the "dogmatic way" is recommended. It is very simple—delightfully so—and consists in never stooping to consider your wife in anything; and the fourth and last method is called the "compromising way," which we cannot recommend. It is essentially a sneaking kind of behaviour to adopt, and is greatly calculated to lower a man's self-esteem and independence. It is generally adopted by men who have not enough faith for the first way, method or business-like habits for the second, or the courage for the third.

The other day two well-dressed ladies were observed standing in one of our busiest and most fashionable thoroughfares, glaring rage and defiance at one another. It seems that in passing one another their clothing had come in contact, and a projecting button upon the dress of one had caught in the trimming on the garments of the other. Their efforts to release themselves, we regret to say, had drawn them into a regular snarl, and each was tugging away spitefully at the connecting link. Presently after a desperate tug on the part of one of the ladies, the offending button gave way and the link between them was thus severed. The indignation of her whose valuable button had been so ruthlessly torn away, can be—as the reporters say—better imagined than described.

The system adopted by Miss J. Prindell, of Baltimore, might be advantageously followed in Ireland. She lectures to the pupils of a fashionable girls' school at Washington on the current news of the world, taking up such topics as the tariff, the surplus, the Irish, &c. In this way the pupils, while following the course of ancient history, keep pace with the history of modern times, and when they leave school they know as much about the President of the United States as they do about Julius Cæsar.

A correspondent writes to us from Birmingham to say that the state of Cardinal Newman's health is causing some anxiety to his friends. The venerable Cardinal bears the weight of his eighty-four years rather uneasily. He has laid aside his violin, the strains of which the grand old ecclesiastic loved to draw forth occasionally. His sight is sadly impaired, and writing has become positively disagreeable to him. Still he bears up cheerfully, says his daily Mass, dines in the refectory that is common to all the members of his community, and is yet revising the great literary works of his life for re-publication.

We frequently pay a visit to the National Library in Kildare-street, and take a deep interest in the welfare and public utility of that great institution. It has often occurred to us that the catalogue should be more systematically arranged. As it stands it is an undigested list of books, without classification or arrangement,

and whoever is responsible for its editorship should immediately set to work, before the books are removed to the new buildings, to do what is required to be done, so that it will be of some service as a guide to the general reader and student. Again, new books are daily pouring into the library. Why these are not listed until a month or so after their publication is one of those things which the *habitué* of the reading-room fails to understand.

At fashionable evening parties in Paris photographic representations of "society," are introduced by the agency of the oxyhydrogen magic lantern. The representations invariably contain portraits of many of the guests of the evening.

Artificial rubies, quite as good as the genuine article, are being manufactured by the French chemists out of aluminum, coloured by a certain chemical process, and it is said that they can stand the test of microscopic examination, and one is unable to distinguish them from the ordinary ruby stone got, say, in a Burmah mine.

The walls of the Clubrooms of the Dublin Sketching Club, 9 Merrion Row, were covered on the evening of the last weekly meeting with the sketches of the members. Amongst them were a number of life studies which are not publicly exhibited, and a most agreeable time was spent in watching the members at work. When business was finished a most enjoyable evening was spent, the musical talent of several of the members being called out. It is the intention of the Club to hold at intervals similar gatherings.

The diamond has been eclipsed by electricity. The flashes, more brilliant than those which sparkle from the fairest gem, which are seen like glittering drops of dew among the flowers on a lady's shoulder, and the blaze of light which draws attention to her pretty *coiffure*, are alike due to the advance made in the Science of Electricity. The owner of the dew-drops and the shining starry light is secretly pressing a tiny battery, by means of which the electric spark flies up, to the danger of both beholder and possessor.

The penny dinner system is becoming a gratifying success in Dublin, thanks to the energy of the benevolent ladies to whom its inception is owing, and who have worked it so zealously, not by deputy, but with their own fair hands. The Verschoyle-place restaurant is in full working order, dispensing its well-cooked meals to the poor of the neighbourhood, and doing a world of good in the way of teaching those who avail themselves of its *cuisine* to appreciate food properly prepared. The institution in Hill-street, which had a more recent beginning, is making satisfactory progress, and daily extending the number of its customers; while a few days ago another, and a much-needed one, commenced work in Cross Kevin-street, to supply the wants of the poor in the Coombe. Some delay in the starting of this restaurant was experienced in consequence of the difficulty of securing suitable premises, but this, we are glad to know, has been overcome through the indomitable energy of the ladies having the business in hand, conspicuous among whom was Mrs. Thomson, wife of Dr. Thomson, of Harcourt-street, who in the cause of the poor of the Coombe district has proved a host in herself.



DADDY AND JO.

It swung at its moorings majestically, Jo thought, while the hills rose grandly before them. Sometimes it was afloat, sometimes it was stuck fast in the muddy bank; but it always appeared splendid to Jo, for it was all the home she had ever known.

Jo was a woman in stature, but a child in years and knowledge. She had watched the big steam-boats go puffing along ever since she could remember; she had laughed at the black deck hands as they tumbled the heavy freight about, and always seemed in such a hurry; but daddy said it was a "lazy hurry," and daddy knew. Jo never knew what it was to be afraid, even when the waves of the river ran high, and their frail home bobbed up and down like a cork on its bosom.

I'll tell you why Jo was never afraid; because between her and all things that might have harmed her stood daddy. I don't mean that he actually presented himself at all times with a huge oar, ready to knock to the bottom anything and everything. No, indeed! Daddy was a little fellow, mild, almost timid, a seemingly inoffensive man, who was fishing his way through the world in the easiest manner possible. But daddy had an eye as keen as an eagle's, and his insignificant nose could scent danger a mile off when his little Jo was concerned.

"She's handsome," he mused, "an' all handsome women are in danger; her mammy was a handsome woman—"

Then he would break off with a sigh so low that no one—unless the sharp little fishes heard—could understand what it meant. That was daddy's secret; something innocent, care-free Jo was never to know.

"She hasn't missed her greatly," he would think, patiently examining his lines and hooks. "I've done the best I could, poor dear! But I most wish she wasn't quite so pretty; she'd likely be much happier."

Daddy, in his estimate of Jo's beauty, was not, for a wonder, far wrong, for of a very truth fifteen-year-old Jo was a beauty, with her big black eyes, and mass of black, wavy hair that, when not plaited tightly, as she commonly wore it, covered her trim little body almost to her feet.

Daddy called her his "mermaid," and Jo would laugh and say she was no "fishy woman," and then she would look down at her small bare feet admiringly—for even at fifteen Jo was beginning to discover her good looks. Why shouldn't she, when she possessed the whole river for a mirror?

One day something very dreadful befel Jo; I say befel Jo, because that is what daddy thought when he found himself flat on his back with rheumatic fever, helpless almost as a baby.

"Jo! Poor little Jo!" he moaned.

Something crept into little Jo's nature then that changed her from a child into a woman.

"Why, daddy, hush! it is not me that's sick, it's you. I'm all right, but you—oh, daddy! I'm so sorry!"

But still the feeble cry was—

"Jo! poor, poor Jo!"

As daddy grew worse, Jo begun to under-

stand something of its meaning. The old sock that held the poor fisherman's scant savings was nearly empty, and daddy was too ill for her to think of leaving him for any length of time.

"We must have some flour," mused Jo, "and some nice crackers and tea for daddy, and I don't see how I can leave so long, and, besides, there's only ten shillings left. Oh, dear!"

Jo would have cried as hard as any other mortal woman, only she was afraid of waking daddy, who had fallen into a troubled slumber.

"She sha'n't git you, darling, no, no! Jo's mine!" muttered the sick man.

"Nobody don't want me, daddy—nobody but you."

"I didn't steal her away—she wandered off herself. Better live with daddy in the shanty-boat. Yes, my darling, I'll save you. Oh, Jo, dear, pretty little Jo!"

"How funny that he should always imagine that someone wants to steal me away from him; and it 'pears to be a woman too," and Jo smiled incredulously. "I think they'd be glad to get rid of me. Daddy needn't worry 'bout that!"

But even fever-crazed daddy was wiser than innocent Jo, for that night when she took one of their last shillings and threw her old shawl over her head and went up to the beautiful old river town, with its rows of stately mansions and its scattered cottages of the poor, she little dreamed of the dangers about her.

The way in the day time was safe enough, and Jo had often gone with daddy to the main streets when he went to deliver his fish. More than once she had caught a glimpse of the fine homes, with their bright carpets and pretty pictures, where ladies dwelt. Jo liked pretty things; she never could understand just why she should have such a hankering after luxuries that she but dimly understood. Once, when she had told daddy how she would like to live in one of those splendid homes, he had turned pale, seized her hand, and hurried her back to the shanty-boat.

"You silly child! you don't know what you are talking 'bout!" he said.

Jo did not pause this time for a peep behind the lace curtains; she was too anxious and troubled about daddy.

"It's a half mile from the boat to the nearest store. I'll run all the way, and maybe daddy'll sleep until I get back. Goodness! how dark it is!"

Jo was light of foot and soon reached the store, where she made her few simple purchases. For a moment, while awaiting her change, she permitted her old shawl to drop upon her shoulders.

She stood in that broad light, and little dreamed of the picture she made. One shapely brown hand grasped her shawl, her long, heavy hair, partly unconfined, fell about her shoulders, her cheeks were glowing from her hurried walk, and her dark eyes appeared like twin stars. The old print dress could not conceal the beauty of her form or her unconscious grace.

Among the hurrying crowd outside was a man who glanced in carelessly, and then paused as if struck a blow.

"Jupiter! Cleopatra herself!"

He had drawn quite close to the door, but, afraid of attracting attention, he drew back slightly into the shadow.

"Who is this girl, clad in rags, and yet with the air of a queen? How much she resembles our stately Josephine!" And the man whistled under his breath.

As Jo hurried away from the store she little dreamed that she was followed; yet had she been aware of the fact she could scarcely have hastened her steps the more.

"What a hurry she's in! Ah! she's making towards the river. She lives in one of those old boats. That will do for the present."

But hark! what means that cry?

"Don't you touch me! Daddy! Oh, daddy!"

"It's only a kiss my lass; why are you out so late at night? Daddy's not to the fore, he's sick, ain't he?"

"Back, cowards, and let me pass!"

But even as the words left her lips something struck that crowd of half drunken, wholly coarse, individuals, and sent them sprawling right and left, and a voice that seemed to strangely intimidate them cried—

"Cowards! Yes, far worse! I'll have you all arrested. What do you mean? Back to your work or haunts—nobody needs you here. Come, little girl. I'll see you safely home."

"Oh, it's only just here," said Jo. "I—you have been so kind."

"Not at all—that is, no more than anyone would have been. But hereafter you had better make your purchases in the daytime."

"I would, only daddy sleeps at night: but I'll never go out again so late."

The men who had been terrifying poor Jo fell back with low mutterings.

"It's the captain, and he'll discharge every one of us; we'd better keep mum an' not let on."

"He'd no business to strike me quite so hard. I'll not forget it soon."

But when Captain Lee retraced his steps up the landing, the roughs had all disappeared.

Jo crept to daddy's side as soon as she entered the boat, and found him seemingly much worse. Sometimes it required her strong young arms to hold him down on his miserable bed.

"I will never leave you, Jo! never, never! poor little Jo!"

"No, no, daddy; do lie still; you'll be better by to-morrow."

"Better, hey? I ain't sick. I don't dare to be sick. For what would Jo do? And perhaps she'd find her."

But when morning broke the fever had left daddy's slight frame for ever. No more mutterings, no more half crazed and half expressed fears, for daddy was dead.

Jo had never been in the presence of death before, but she realised what it meant in a dull, horrified way; and without a sob or moan had watched all alone the feeble spark of life go out.

The sun crept up over the hills and peeped in brightly through the door of their humble home, touched the white face of the dead, and the pale, stricken one of the girl, with its broad light.

Something about that boat had attracted attention, and denizens of other boats came nearer, and cautiously looked in. And then the story flew from mouth to mouth—the old, old story of death.

Friends, humble ones, it is true, crowded themselves upon the poor broken hearted Jo, and forced her to a sense of what had befallen her, and of what must be done.

They buried daddy on the hill side in the pretty cemetery of the town, carried him to his last home in a plain board coffin, such as the town gave its poor, and when all was over, one of the women kindly said to Jo:—

"You can't live all alone, child; come 'long o' me an' my old man. I take in washing, an' ye can earn yer keep."

But Jo shuddered, although her natural good sense saw the real kindness of the offer.

"Not now—perhaps to-morrow."

"But ye won't sleep all alone in yer old boat to-night! You'll be feared, won't ye?"

"No, no! I'd rather," sobbed Jo.

"Very well, then," said the woman.

But at her suggestion the moorings of their own boat were loosed, and drawn up quite close to that of poor Jo.

"We'll keep an eye on the child, and she needn't know; fer 'tain't quite right to leave her so lone like, poor thing."

The next morning Jo awoke from troubled slumber to the full realization of her friendless condition.

"Oh, daddy, daddy! You never let me work or mix with people; and now what can I do?"

Even as she thought, and had made up her mind to accept the offer of the washerwoman, a lady found her way across the board that connected the boat with the shore; a real lady—Jo was sure of that, although her dress was very modest and unassuming.

"Good morning," she said pleasantly. "I was requested—"

Then she stopped, for Jo turned her head, and the lady beheld her face for the first time.

"Don't faint!" cried Jo. "Oh, how white you are! What is it, madam? Are you ill?"

The lady seized the water she brought and drank it; but even when partial calmness had returned, her face remained colourless.

"I—I have trouble with my heart sometimes." And then she went on eagerly, "What is your name?"

"Jo."

"Your other name?"

"I don't know. Daddy was called 'Tom.' I never knew any other name. He didn't seem to care to tell."

"Tom!" Again the lady started. "Where is your 'daddy,' as you call him?"

"He died night before last, and was buried yesterday."

"My poor child, have you a picture of him?"

Jo shook her head sadly.

"No little keepsake?"

Jo thought a moment, then something in the lady's anxious face caused her to put her hand in her bosom and bring forth a locket.

"I found this tied to a string around daddy's neck."

The lady took the locket. She had removed her gloves, and Jo saw the sparkle of her rings. She wondered why the lady found the fastenings so difficult when she saw how her hands trembled. At last it flew open, and the lady gazed upon its contents a moment, then, turning to Jo with streaming eyes, folded her to her bosom.

"My child! My own little lost darling! Oh, my dear, dear child! Can you understand that I am your mother?"

"My mother!"

Dark eyes gazed into dark eyes, so similar, yet so different in expression. Jo's with a questioning, doubtful look, so fixed and troubled that the lady cried plaintively—

"Don't imagine me wild or mistaken; what I tell you is true. Years ago, when you were a little three year old baby and I a widow, you mysteriously disappeared. I understand now that you were stolen by fisherman Tom Finch."

"No," said Jo, quickly, "daddy didn't steal

me; he said, when crazed with fever, that I wandered away myself."

"But he cruelly kept you from me. Oh, my darling, what we have both suffered! Thank God, I've found you at last!"

Jo is a grand lady now, and dwells in a beautiful home, and you would never think, to see her in her silken dress that she ever went barefooted and lived in a boat. She is to be married soon to Captain Charles Lee, her mother's nephew by marriage, and the same who rescued her at the river's side, and who, by interesting his aunt in her, led to the wonderful discovery of her birth.

Jo is very happy now, but sometimes, when her painting or her books grow irksome, for a moment, she likes to shut her eyes and imagine herself back in the old boat.

"How he loved me!" she thinks. "Mamma and Charles won't or can't understand—but oh, poor, poor daddy! Your little Jo will never forget you!"



THE WIZARD'S HAT TRICK.

No doubt, many will recollect having read in the papers some years ago of an attempt made by Anderson, the wizard, to perform some trick before an audience in London with a hat borrowed from a man present. He spoiled the hat, and the owner demanded pay for it. This Anderson refused to give, and was sued by the owner of the hat. The battered and bruised hat was produced in evidence. Anderson took it up, looked at it, and set it down before the magistrate in as good a condition as it was when it came from the shop. Of course, the owner of the hat was compelled to pay the costs, besides having the laugh against him. This is the first part of the story—now for the second. The other day the owner of the hat chanced to meet Anderson in San Francisco where he called his attention to their former difficulties.

"You lost the case, didn't you, and had to pay the costs?"

"Yes," was the reply.

Anderson turned to an apple-stand near by and purchased two apples, one of which he presented to the defeated party in the hat suit, with the remark—

"Here, that'll do you for your expenses."

The man took the apple, bit into it, and struck his teeth on a ten dollar gold piece, which, of course he pocketed, although surprised at the *diablerie* which placed it there. And thus it is, after a lapse of some years, the professor's hat trick in London was fully completed in San Francisco, and the owner of the battered and transformed beaver fully remunerated by tasting an apple, for all his trouble and expense.

THE END OF A ROMANCE.

A CURIOUS finale to a romance which was the talk of San Francisco some years ago has just occurred. At the time referred to, considerable sensation was caused in the City of the Golden Gate by the news that a very powerful and rich Chinese mandarin, who had been staying at San Francisco, had become so enamoured of a well-

known member of the demi-monde, who was known as "Dolly" Adams, as to have offered her marriage. The fact was, that "Dolly" so far took advantage of the Celestial's infatuation as to refuse to accompany him to the Flowery Land save as his wife. Other conditions were insisted on, including a promise that if she died in China her remains should be sent back to San Francisco for burial. The Chinaman was ready to promise anything and everything asked, and in the end "Dolly" Adams accompanied him to his home in Pekin as his lawfully-wedded wife. For some years nothing was heard of "The Water Queen," as "Dolly" was called in China, but a few years ago the incident of her marriage was recalled by the arrival at San Francisco of an elegant and costly casket, on board the Chinese mail steamer, for on this casket was an inscription showing clearly that it contained the mortal remains of "The Water Queen." And since her burial, it is said, that large crowds have visited her grave.

WOMAN.

EVERY man of sense and refinement admires a woman as a woman; but, when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that, in their appropriate sphere, would be admired, become offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, aversion from all that is coarse, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity either in principle or action. These are the traits which are always admired and often sought for in a woman.

CULTIVATE THE RECOGNISING FACULTY.

WE all know men and women who, for no reason whatever, seem to "cut" us in the street. They have no prejudice against us, but they are deficient in what may be called the recognising faculty, just as others are deficient in the musical sense, or in the power of distinguishing colours. One's identity has to be impressed upon such people's consciousness by a long series of recognition before it can be said to have established itself in their sense, so devoid is that sense of acuteness. Such people are rather to be commiserated than congratulated. They are likely to be unjustly accused of snobbery or indifference, and to carry a burden of unfriendly prejudice on account of their defect. But every sense may be cultivated, and people who are afflicted in this way should cultivate the perception of personality, the sense of recognition, by steady and careful effort. Compare resemblances and differences, and in that way fix the images of friends in the mind.

USEFUL HINTS ABOUT FIRE.

EVERY one should know how to act in case of fire; by presence of mind in danger, serious calamities have been averted. Fire requires air; therefore on its appearance every effort should be made to exclude air; shut all doors and windows. By this means fire may be confined to a single room for a sufficient period to enable all the inmates to be aroused and escape; but if the doors and windows are thrown open the fanning of the wind and the draft will instantly cause the flames to increase with extraordinary rapidity. It must never be forgotten that the most precious moments are at

the commencement of a fire, and not a single second of time should be lost in tackling it. In a room a tablecloth can be so used as to smother a large sheet of flame, and a cushion may serve to beat it out; a coat or anything similar may be used with an equally successful result. The great point is presence of mind—calmness in danger—action guided by reason and thought. In all large houses buckets of water should be placed on every landing, a little salt being put into the water. Always endeavour to attack the seat of a fire; if you cannot readily extinguish a fire, shut the window, and be sure to shut the door when making good your retreat. A wet silk handkerchief tied over the eyes and nose will make breathing possible in the midst of much smoke, and a blanket wetted and wrapped around the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety.

TRUE.

A MAN gives up a sinking cause sooner than a woman does. The men ran from the cross; the women were faithful. Men like the winning side; women are champions of the desperate hope. Deborah saved Israel, and Joan of Arc delivered France when no man could be found to lead an enterprise so unpromising. The men outran one another to catch a glimpse of the risen and victorious Christ; but it is doubtful whether they would have gone to the sepulchre at all to embalm the dead and defeated Christ. Women, too, linger over the memory of the past with a richer tenderness than men. Women tarry long, with a fidelity painful and sweet, over the recollections of their childhood, and the little incidents of their betrothal, and the buried faces of their children.

A STORY OF THE EX-EMPRESS OF MEXICO.

A TOUCHING little story is told of the ex-Empress of Mexico, the sister of King Leopold, who has been hopelessly insane since the execution of her husband Maximilian. The other day the lady in attendance was utterly unable to rouse the Empress from a painful fit of melancholia, and in despair she at last sat down at the piano, suddenly striking up the Mexican national air. She had hardly played the first few bars before the unhappy Empress started up with an expression of terror in her face, and fled from the room. For days afterwards she could not be induced to enter the room, the sight of the piano terrifying her into hysterics.

A HEALTHFUL CALLING.

THERE is not a healthier class of men anywhere than the city postmen; but, always on the go, they are trained down so fine that they give no physical indication of their excellent condition, most of them being slender, sinewy, slight looking men. The policeman is more out in the air than the postman, but he walks his beat leisurely, and not with the fleet steps of the letter-carrier or collector, who, having discovered his requisite time, makes it every circuit, in all weather, with little variation. All the postmen are troubled with their eyes, and all the older members of the force wear spectacles. The necessity of often reading addresses in the glare of the sunlight is very trying on the eyes, and it is only a question of time when the sight will become impaired.



IMPASSIONED lover, quoting Moore in a whisper, "Our couch shall be roses, bespangled with dew." Practical girl: "It would give me rheumatics, and so it would you."

ADA—"Why, one of your cheeks is red as fire, and the other pale as a ghost." Ella—"Yes. Harry was on one side, and I was afraid mamma would see us on the other."

A GAY rooster tripped on light fantastic toe up to the occupant of a quiet nest and said: "Will you dance, Biddy?" "Excuse me," said the hen, "I am engaged for this set."

A GOOD-LOOKING young lady recently entered a dyer's shop and thus accosted him:—"You are the man that dyes, are you not?" "No," replied the gallant; "I'm the man that lives; but I'll die for you."

IRISH MODEL—Misther Framer! Artist—What is it, Dennis? Model—Moight Oi be bould enough to ax permissi'n to paralyse thot fly on me nose? I t'ink Aggymimnon wud do th' sem't'ing, sor."

DIPLOMACY.—First Lady: "My dear, you have one of the best of husbands. Pray, how is it that you so often put him in a passion?" Second ditto: "Because then he always brings me a present as a peace-offering."

A STRIKING RETORT.

"Come hither, Sir John; my picture is here; What say you, my love? does it strike you?" "I can't say it does just at present, my dear, But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

CITY GIRL—"Are those great strong cows over there yours, sir?" Farmer—"Yes, miss, and they are the strongest in this county." City girl—"Then you must be the man that makes that awfully strong butter, ain't you?"

LORD B. was an eccentric Scotch Judge, with a bad-tempered wife. His butler determined to leave because Lady B. was always scolding him. "Why," exclaimed the old Judge, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no' married to her."

A PREFERENCE FOR GERMAN. Customer (to barber)—"Do you speak more than one language?" Barber—"Yes, I speaks English and Sherman." Customer—"Well, I wish you would talk to me in German." Barber—"You oonderstand Sherman?" Customer—"No."

AN Irishman stopped at a hotel, got supper, breakfast, and lodging, and told the landlord in the morning that he had no money. The landlord asked him why he had not said so on the previous night. "Och, I thought you would feel sorry enough to hear it this morning."

"MAKE you a coat, sir?" said a suspicious tailor to a suspected customer. "Oh, yes, sir, with the greatest pleasure. There, just stand in

that position, please, and look right upon that notice while I take your measure." Customer reads the notice—"Terms cash."

"Do you see that gentleman over there, the handsome fellow, twisting his moustache?" said one woman to another, to whom she had just been introduced. "He has been watching me all the evening, and making eyes at me. I think he must be smitten. Do you know who he is?" "Yes; he's my husband!"

"So you manage to put up with your tartar of a wife?" "Oh, yes! We have lots of fun together." "How is that?" "Well, you see, when my wife gets into a passion, she is in the habit of throwing at me everything that comes in her way. Every time she hits me she is pleased, and every time she misses I am pleased; and thus we are never short of amusement."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—A young lady was sitting with her lover in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice—"Auntie, kiss me, too." I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say *twice*, Ethel, dear; *two* is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that!

WHAT AN ANTHEM IS.—An English sailor had been induced to attend service at a great church, where he, of course, heard some very fine music. Returning from service he was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a time, and then said, "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What!" replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike, that wouldn't be a hanthem. But if I was to say, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike. Bill, give, give me, that, that 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike. Ah-men, ah-men. Bill, give me that 'andspike, spike. Ah-men, why that would be a hanthem."

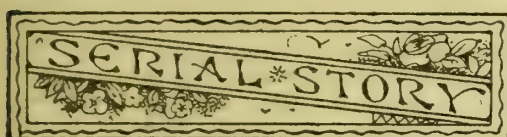
ASTONISHING THE CONGREGATION.—In a certain parish there was a clergyman who was rather deaf, and who was very much interested in a hymn-book that he was bringing out. His clerk was quite as much interested in the subject of infant baptism, and was most anxious that all the babies born in the district should be duly christened. One Sunday, during morning service, the clerk gave out the notice as usual. He said, "There will be a public baptism here next Sunday. Those parents who have infants, and wish them to be baptized, are requested to send in their names to the rector." The clergyman saw that the clerk was giving out a notice, and wished to make the information complete. he therefore rose and said, "Those who have not got them may obtain them in the vestry. The ordinary small ones will be a penny; the medium-sized ones will be twopence; special ones, with red backs, may be procured for sixpence."

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THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Vixen*," "*Ishmael*,"
"*Like and Unlike*," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER I.—*continued.*

"LET it be as you will," he answered, rising suddenly, offended by her reticence.

He left the room without another word. She sprang up from her bed directly he was gone, ran to the door and locked it, and then flung herself on her knees upon the prie-dieu chair at the foot of a large carved ivory crucifix which hung in a deep recess beside the old-fashioned fire-place.

Here she knelt, at intervals, in tears and prayer half through the night. At other times she walked up and down the room absorbed in thought, by the dim light of the night lamp.

When the morning light came she went to a bookcase in a little closet of a room opening out of the spacious old bedroom, a case containing only devotional books—and of these she took out volume after volume—"Taylor's Rule of Conscience," "Hooker's Religious Polity," Butler, Paley—one after another, turning over the leaves, looking through the indexes—searching for something which she seemed unable to find anywhere.

"What need have I to see what others have thought," she said to herself at last, after repeated failure, "he knows the right. I could have no better guide than his opinion, and he has spoken. What other law do I need. His law is the law of God."

Not once did her eyes close in sleep all through that night, or in the sunny morning hours before breakfast. She made an excuse for breakfasting in her dressing room, a large, airy apartment, half boudoir. She was told that Mr. Greswold had gone out early to see some horses at Salisbury, and would not be back till dinner time. He was to be met at the station at half-past seven.

She had her morning to herself to do what she liked with it. Pamela was rehearsing her part in the duet, and in "Flow on thou shining river," which was to be sung should there be an encore. That occupation, and the arrangement of her toilet, occupied the young lady till luncheon—allowing for half-hourly rushes about the lawn and shrubberies with Box, whose health required activity, and whose social disposition insisted upon companionship.

"He can't get on with only Kassandra. She has'n't intellect enough for him," said Pamela.

It was only ten minutes before the arrival of the performers that Mrs. Greswold went downstairs, pale as ashes, but ready for the ordeal. She had put on a white gown with a little scarlet ribbon about it, lest black should make her pallor too conspicuous.

And now it was nearly seven o'clock, and she was alone. The Curate had been right in pronouncing her dead beat, but she had some work before her yet. She had been writing letters in the morning. Two of these she now placed on the mantelpiece in her bedroom; one addressed to her husband, the other to Pamela.

She had a bag packed—not one of those formidable dressing bags which weigh fifteen to twenty pounds—but a light Russia leather bag, just large enough to contain the essentials of the toilet. She put on a neat little black bonnet, and a travelling cloak, and took her bag and umbrella, and went down to the hall. She had given orders that the carriage should call for her before going to the station, and she was at the door ready to step into it when it came round.

"Put me down at Ivy Cottage, Brown," she said to the coachman, and was driven off unseen by the household, who were all indulging in a prolonged talk and tea drinking after the excitement of the concert.

Ivy Cottage was within five minutes' walk of Romsey Station, a little red cottage, newly built, with three or four ivy plants languishing upon a slack-baked brick wall, and just enough garden

for the proverbial cat to disport himself at his ease—the swinging of two cats being no longer an English sport. There was nothing in Mrs. Greswold alighting at Ivy Cottage—unless it were the hour of her visit—for the small brick box was occupied by two maiden ladies of small means, one a confirmed invalid, the other her constant and patient nurse, whom the lady of Enderby Manor often visited, and in whom she was known to be warmly interested.

Brown, the coachman, concluded that his mistress was going to spend a quarter of an hour with the two old ladies, while he went on and waited for his master at the station, and that he was to call for her on his return. He did not even ask for her orders upon this point, taking the thing for granted.

He was ten minutes too soon at the station, as every well-conducted coachman ought to be, lest, by leaving no margin for accidents, he should be too late.

"I'm to call for my mistress, sir," he said, as Mr. Greswold stepped into the brougham.

"Where?"

"At Ivy Cottage, sir; Miss Fisher's."

"Very good."

The brougham pulled up at Ivy Cottage, and the groom got down and knocked a resounding peal upon the Queen Anne knocker.

Hardly possible now-a-days to find a knocker that is not after the style of Queen Anne, or a newly-built twenty-five pound a-year cottage in any part of England that does not offer a faint reminiscence of Bedford Park.

The groom made his inquiry of the startled little maid-of-all-work, fourteen years old last birthday, and already aspiring to better herself as a vegetable maid in a nobleman's family.

Mrs. Greswold had not been at Ivy Cottage that evening.

George Greswold was out of the brougham by this time, hearing the girl's answer.

"Stop where you are," he said to the coachman, and went back to the station, an evil augury in his mind.

He went to the up-platform, the platform at which he had alighted ten minutes before.

"Did you see Mrs. Greswold here just now?" he asked the station-master, with as natural an air as he could command.

"Yes, sir. She got into the up-train, sir; the train by which you came. She came out of the waiting-room, sir, the minute after you left the platform. You must just have missed her."

"Yes, I have just missed her."

He walked up and down the length of the platform two or three times in the thickening dusk. Yes, he had missed her. She had left him. Such a departure could mean only severance—some deep wound—which it might take long to heal. It would all come right by-and-by. There could be no such thing as parting between man and wife who loved each other as they loved—who were incapable of falsehood or wrong.

What was this jealous fancy that had taken possession of her, this unappeasable jealousy of the dead past—a passion so strong that it had prompted her to rush away from him in this clandestine fashion, to torture him by all the evidences of an inconsolable grief. His heart was heavy as despair itself as he went back to the carriage, helpless to do anything except to go to his deserted home, and see if any explanation awaited him there.

It was half-past eight when the carriage drove up to the Manor House. Pamela ran out into the hall to receive him.

"How late you are, uncle," she cried, "and I can't find aunt. Everything is at sixes and sevens. The concert was a prodigious success—and—only think—I was encored."

"Indeed, dear?"

"Yes, my duet with him; and then we sang the other. They would have liked a third, only we pretended not to understand. It would have made all the others so fearfully savage if we had taken it."

This speech was not particularly lucid, but it might have been clearer, and yet unintelligible to George Greswold.

"Do you mind eating your dinner alone to-night, my dear Pamela?" he said, trying to speak cheerily. "Your aunt is out—and I—I have some letters to write, and I lunched heavily at Salisbury."

His heavy luncheon had consisted of a biscuit and a glass of bitter ale at the station. His important business had been a long ramble on Salisbury Plain, alone with his own troubled thoughts. The horses were purely imaginary.

"Did your mistress leave any message for me?" he asked the butler.

"No, sir. Nobody saw my mistress go out. When Louisa went up to dress her for dinner she was gone, sir; but Louise said there was a letter for you on the bedroom mantelpiece. Shall I send for it, sir?"

"No, no—I will go myself. Serve dinner at once. Miss Ransome will dine alone."

George Greswold went to the bedroom—that fine old room, the real Queen Anne room, with thick walls and deep-set windows, and old window seats, and capacious recesses on each side of the high oak chimney-piece and richly-moulded wainscot, and massive panelled doors, amidst which it is a privilege to exist—a spacious, sober, old room, with old Dutch furniture of the pre-Chippendale era, and early English china, Worcester simulating oriental, Chelsea striving after Dresden; a glorious old room, solemn and mysterious as a church in the dim light of two wax candles, which Louise, the maid, had lighted on the mantelpiece.

There, between the candles, appeared the two letters. "George Greswold, Esq." "Miss Ransome."

The husband's letter was a thick one, and the style of the penmanship showed how the pen had hurried along, driven by the electric forces of excitement and despair.

"My beloved,

"You asked me last night if the photograph which you showed me had anything to do with my fainting fit. It had everything to do with it. That photograph is a portrait of my unhappy sister, my cruelly-used, unacknowledged sister; and I, who have been your wife fourteen years, know now that our marriage was against the law of God and man—that I have never been legally your wife—that our union from the first has been an unholy union, and for that unlawful marriage the hand of God has been laid upon us—heavily—heavily—in chastisement, and the darling of our hearts has been taken from us.

"Whom He loveth He chasteneth." He has chastened us, George—perhaps to draw us nearer to Him. We were too happy, it may be, in this temporal life—too much absorbed by our own happiness, living in a charmed circle of love and gladness, till that awful chastisement came.

"There is but one course possible to me, my dear and honoured husband, and that course lies in life-long separation. I am running away from my dear home like a criminal, because I am not strong enough to stand face to face with you and tell you what must be. We must do our best to live out our lives asunder, George—we must never meet again as wedded lovers—such as we have been for fourteen years. God knows my affection for you has grown and strengthened with every year of union; and yet it seems to me on looking back that my heart went out to you in all the fulness of an infinite love when we first stood, hand clasped in hand, beside the river. If you are angry with me, George—if you harden your heart against me because I do what I know to be my duty, at least believe that I never loved you better than in this bitter hour of parting. I spent last night in prayer and thought. If there were any way of escape—any possibility of living my own old happy life with a clear conscience, I think God would have shown it to me in answer to my prayers; but there was no ray of light, no gleam of hope. Conscience answers sternly and plainly. By the law of God I have never been your wife, and His law commands me to break an unhallowed tie, although my heart may break with it.

"Do you remember your argument with Mr. Cancellor? I never saw you so vehement in any such dispute, and you took the side which I can but think the side of the Evil One. That conversation now seems to me like a strange foreshadowing of sorrow—a lesson meant for my guidance. Little did I then think that this question could ever have any bearing on my own life; but I recal every word now, and I remember how earnestly my old master spoke—how fearlessly he held to the right. Can I doubt his wisdom, from whose lips I first learned the Christian law, and in whom I first saw the Christian life.

"I have written to Pamela begging her to stay with you, to take my place in the household, and to be to you as an adopted daughter. May God be merciful to us both in this heavy trial, George. Be sure he will deal with us mercifully if we do our duty according to the light that is given to us.

"I shall stay to-night in Queen Anne's gate with Mrs. Tomkison. Please send Louise to me to-morrow with luggage for a long absence from home. She will know what to bring. You can tell her that I am going abroad for my health. My intention is to go to some small watering place in France or Germany, where I

can vegetate, away from all beaten tracks, and from the people who know us. You may rely upon me to bear my own burden, and to seek sympathy and consolation from no earthly comforter.

"Do not follow me, George—should your heart urge you to do so. Respect my solemn resolution, the result of many prayers.

"Your ever loving

"MILDRED."

CHAPTER II.

SOONER OR LATER.

GEORGE Greswold read his wife's letter a second time with increasing perplexity and trouble of mind. Her sister! What could this mean? She had never told him of the existence of a sister. She had been described by her father, by everyone, as an only child. She had inherited the whole of her father's fortune.

"Her cruelly-used, unacknowledged sister."

Those words indicated a social mystery; and as he read and re-read those opening lines of his wife's letter, he remembered her reticence about that girl-companion from whom she had been parted so early. He remembered her sudden blush and confused air when he questioned her about the girl she called Fay.

The girl had been sent to a finishing school at Brussels, and Mildred had seen her no more.

His first wife had finished her education at Brussels. She had talked to him often of the fashionable boarding-school, in the quaint old street near the Cathedral, and the slights she had endured there from other girls because of her isolation. There was no stint in the payment for her education. She had as many masters as she cared to have. She was as well dressed as the richest of her companions; but she was nobody, and belonged to nobody, could give no account of herself that would satisfy those merciless inquisitors.

This is what his wife had told him of her school-days at Brussels; his wife, Vivien, the young English lady whom he had met at Florence. She was travelling in the care of an English painter and his wife. She submitted to no authority, had ample means, and was thoroughly independent. She did not get on very well with either the artist or his wife. She had a knack of saying disagreeable things, and a tongue exceeding bitter in one so young. "A difficult subject," the painter called her, and imparted to his particular friends in confidence that his wife and Miss Faux were always quarrelling. Vivien Faux, that was the name borne by the girl whom he met nineteen years ago at an evening party in Florence; that was the name of the girl he had married, after briefest acquaintance, knowing no more about her than that she had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds when she came of age, and that the trustee and custodian of that fortune was a lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, who affected no authority over her, and put no difficulties in the way of her marrying.

He remembered how, when he first saw Mildred Fausset, something in her fresh young beauty, some indefinable peculiarity of expression or contour, had recalled the image of his dead wife, that image which never occurred to him without keen pain. He remembered how strange that vague, indescribable resemblance had seemed to him, and how he had asked himself if it had any real existence, or were only

the outcome of his own troubled mind reverting incessantly to an agonising memory.

"Her face may come back to me in the faces of other women, as it comes back to me in my miserable dreams," he told himself.

But, as the years went by, he became convinced that the likeness was not imaginary. There were points of resemblance. The delicate tracing of the eyebrows, the form of the brow, the way the hair grew above the temples, were curiously alike. He came to accept the likeness as one of those chance resemblances which are common enough in life. It suggested to him nothing more than that.

He went to the library with the letter still in his hand. His lamp was ready lighted, and, the September evening being chilly, there was a wood fire on the low hearth, which gave an air of cheerfulness to the sombre room.

He rang and told the footman to send Mrs. Bell to him.

Bell appeared, erect and severe of aspect as she had been four-and-twenty years before; neatly dressed in black silk, with braided, gray hair, and a white lace cap.

"Sit down, Mrs. Bell, I have a good many questions to ask you," said Greswold, motioning her to a chair on the further side of his desk.

He was sitting with his eyes fixed, looking at the spot where Mildred had fallen senseless at his feet. He sat for some moments in a reverie, and then turned suddenly, unlocked his desk, and took out the photograph which he had shown Mildred last night.

"Did you ever see that face before, Bell?" he asked, handing her the open case.

"Good gracious, sir, yes, indeed, I should think I did; but Miss Fay was younger than that when she came to Parchment street."

"Did you see her often in Parchment street?"

"Yer, sir, a good deal, and at the Hook too, a good deal more than I wanted to. I didn't hold with her being brought into our house, sir."

"Why not?"

"I didn't think it was fair to my young mistress."

"But how was it unfair?"

"Well, sir, I don't wish to say anything against the dead, and Mr. Fausset was a liberal master to me, and I make no doubt that he died a penitent man. He was a regular church-goer, and an upright man in all his ways while I lived with him; but right is right, and I shall always maintain that it was a cruel thing to a young wife like Mrs. Fausset, who doated on the ground he walked upon, to bring his natural daughter into the house."

"Mrs. Bell, do you know that this is a serious accusation you are bringing against a dead man, who cannot rise up and gainsay you?" said George Greswold solemnly. "Now, what grounds have you for saying that this girl"—with his hand upon the photograph—"was Mr. Fausset's daughter?"

"What grounds, sir? I don't want any grounds. I'm not a lawyer to put things in that way; but I know what I know. First and foremost she was the image of him; and next, why did he bring her home, and want her to be made one of the family, and treated as a sister by Miss Mildred, if she wasn't his daughter?"

"She may have been the daughter of a friend."

"People don't do that kind of thing—don't run the risk of making a wife miserable to oblige a friend," retorted Bell, scornfully. "Besides, I say again, if she wasn't his own flesh and blood, why was she so like him?"

"She may have been the daughter of a near relation."

"He had but one near relation in the world, his only sister, a young lady who was so difficult to please that she refused no end of good offers, and of such a pious turn that she has devoted her life to doing good for the last five and twenty years, to my certain knowledge. I hope, sir, you would not insinuate that *she* had a natural daughter?"

"She may have had a secret marriage, perhaps, known only to her brother."

"She couldn't have done any such thing, sir: she was much too well looked after. She was quite a young girl, and hadn't been brought out at the time of Miss Fay's birth. Don't mix Miss Fausset up in it, pray, sir."

"Was it you only who suspected Mr. Fausset to be Miss Fay's father?"

"Only me, sir? Why it was everybody; and what was worst of all, my poor mistress knew it, and fretted over it to her dying day."

"But you never heard Mr. Fausset acknowledge the parentage?"

"No, sir, not to me; but I have no doubt he acknowledged it to his poor, dear lady. He was an affectionate husband, and he must have been very much wrapped up in that girl, or he wouldn't have made his wife unhappy about her."

With but the slightest encouragement from Mr. Greswold, Bell expatiated on the subject of Fay's residence in the two houses, and the misery she had wrought there. She unconsciously exaggerated the general conviction about the master's relationship to his *protégé*, nor did she hint that it was she who first mooted the notion in the Parchment street household. She left George Greswold with the belief that this relationship had been known for a fact to a great many people—that the tie between protector and protected was an open secret.

She dwelt much upon the child Mildred's love for the elder girl, which she seemed to think in itself an evidence of their sisterhood. She gave a graphic account of Mildred's illness, and described how Fay had watched beside her bed night after night.

"I saw her sitting there in her night gown many a time when I went in the middle of the night to see if Mildred was asleep. I never liked Miss Fay, but justice is justice, and I must say—looking back upon all things—" said Bell, with a virtuous air, "that there was no deception about her love for Miss Mildred. I may have thought it put on then; but looking back upon it now I know that it was real."

"I can quite understand that my wife must have been very fond of such a companion—sister or no sister—but she was so young that, no doubt, she soon forgot her friend. Memory is not tenacious at seven years old," said Greswold, with an air of quiet thoughtfulness, cutting the leaves of a new book which had lain on his desk, the paper knife marking the page where he had thrown it down yesterday afternoon.

"Indeed she didn't forget, sir. You must not judge Miss Mildred by other girls of seven. She was—she was like Miss Lola, sir,"—Bell's elderly voice broke a little here. "She was all love and thoughtfulness. She doated on Miss Fay, and I never saw such grief as she felt when she came back from the sea-side and found her gone. It was done for the best, and it was the only thing my mistress could do, with any regard for her own self-respect, but even I felt very sorry Miss Fay had been sent away, when I saw

what a blow it was to Miss Mildred. She didn't get over it for years; and though she was a good and dutiful daughter, I know that she and her mother had words about Miss Fay more than once."

"She was very fond of her, was she?" murmured George Greswold, in an absent way, steadily cutting the leaves of his book. "Very fond of her. And you have no doubt in your own mind, Mrs. Bell, that the two were sisters?"

"Not the least doubt, sir. I never had," answered Bell resolutely.

She waited for him to speak again, but he sat silent, cutting slowly, carefully through the big volume, making not one jagged edge, so steady was the movement of the large, strong hand that grasped the paper knife. His eyes were bent upon the book, his face was in shadow.

"Is that all, sir?" Bell asked at last, when she had grown tired of his silence.

"Yes, Mrs. Bell, that will do. Good night."

When the door closed upon her, he flung the book away from him, sprang to his feet, and began to pace the room, up and down its length of forty feet, from hearth-stone to door.

"Sisters—and so fond of each other," he muttered. "My God, this is fatality. In this, as in the death of my beloved child, I am helpless. The wanton neglect of my servants cost me the darling of my heart. It was not my fault—not mine—but I lost her. And now the curtain rises on another act in the tragedy, and I see myself again the victim—a wretch, blind, miserable—groping in the dark web of fate—caught in the inexorable net."

He went back to his desk by-and-by and re-read Mildred's letter in the light of the solitary lamp.

"She leaves me because our marriage is unholy in her eyes," he said to himself. "What will she think when she knows all—as she must know, I suppose, sooner or later? Sooner or later all things are known, says one of the wise men of the earth. Sooner or later. She is on the track now. Sooner or later she must know—everything."

He flung himself into a low chair in front of the hearth, and sat with his elbows on his knees staring at the fire.

"If it were that question of legality only," he said to himself, "if it were a question of Church, law, bigotry, prejudice, I should not fear the issue. My love for her, and her's for me, would be stronger than any such prejudice. It would need but the first sharp taste of severance to bring her back to me, my fond and faithful wife, willing to submit her judgment to mine, willing to believe as I believe, that such marriages are just and holy, such bonds pure and true all over the world, even though one country may allow and another disallow, one colony tie the knot and another loosen it. If it were *that* alone which parts us, I should not fear. But it is the past, the spectral past which rises up to thrust us asunder. Her sister! And they loved each other as David and Jonathan loved, with the love whose inheritance is a life-long regret."

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNSEL OF THE CHURCH.

IT was nearly eleven o'clock when Mrs. Greswold arrived at Waterloo. There had been half an hour's loss of time at Bishopstoke, where she changed trains, and the journey had seemed interminable to the ever-active brain of that solitary traveller. Never before

had she so journeyed, never during the fourteen years of her married life had she sat behind an engine that was carrying her away from her husband. No words could speak that agony of severance, or express the gloom of the future—stretching before her in one monotonous dead-level of desolation—which was to be spent away from him.

"If I were a Roman Catholic I would go into a convent to-morrow, I would lock myself for ever from the outer world," she thought, feeling that the world could be nothing to her without him.

And then she began to ponder seriously upon those sisterhoods in which the Anglican Church is now almost as rich as the Roman. She thought of those women with whom she had been occasionally brought in contact, whom she had been able to help sometimes with her purse and with her sympathy, and she knew that when the hour came for her leaving the world there would be many homes open to receive her, many a good work worthy of her labour.

"I am not like those good women," she thought; "the prospect seems to me so dreary. I have loved the world too well. I love it still, even after all that I have lost."

She had telegraphed to her friend, Mrs. Tomkison, and that lady was at the terminus, with her neat little brougham, and with an enthusiastic welcome.

"It is so sweet of you to come to me," she exclaimed; "but I hope it is not any worrying business that has brought you up to town so suddenly—papers to sign, or anything of that kind?"

Mrs. Tomkison was literary and æsthetic, and had the vaguest notions upon all business details. She was an ardent champion of woman's rights, sent Mr. Tomkison off to the city every morning to earn money for her milliners, decorators, fads, and *protégés* of every kind, and reminded him every morning of his intellectual inferiority. She had an idea that women of property were inevitably plundered by their husbands, and that it was one of the conditions of their existence to be trapped and wheedled into signing away their fortunes for the benefit of spendthrift partners, she herself being in the impregnable position of never having brought her husband a sixpence.

"No, it is hardly a business matter, Cecilia. I am only in town *en passant*. I am going to my aunt at Brighton to-morrow. I knew you would give me a night's shelter, and it is much nicer to be with you than to go to an hotel. The house in Parchment street is still let, as you know; and if it were empty I should not go there. I have never entered it since the day of my father's funeral."

The fact was that of two evils Mildred had chosen the lesser. She had shrunk from the idea of meeting her lively friend, and being subjected to the ordeal of that lady's curiosity; but it had seemed still more terrible to her to enter a strange hotel at night and alone. She, who had never travelled alone, who had been so closely guarded by a husband's thoughtful love, felt herself helpless as a child in that beginning of loneliness.

"I should have thought it simply detestable of you if you had gone to an hotel," protested Cecilia, who affected strong language. "We can have a delicious hour of confidential talk. I sent Adam to bed before I came out. He is an excellent, devoted creature—has just made what he calls a pot of money on Mexican Street

Railways; but he is a dreadful bore when one wants to be alone with one's dearest friend. I have ordered the nicest little supper—a few natives, only just in, and a brace of grouse, and a bottle of the only champagne which smart people will hear of now-a-days."

"I am so sorry you troubled about supper," said Mildred, not at all curious about the last fashion in champagne. "I could not take anything unless it were a cup of tea."

"But you must have dined early, or hurriedly at any rate. I hate that kind of dinner—everything hurried and huddled over—and the carriage announced before the *pièce de résistance*. And so you're going to your aunt. Is she ill? Has she sent for you at a moment's notice? You will come into all her money, no doubt. I am told she is immensely rich."

"I have never thought about her money." "I suppose not, you lucky creature. It will be sending coals to Newcastle, in your case. Your father left you so rich. I am told Miss Fausset gives no end of money to her church people. She has put in two painted windows at St. Edmund's. A magnificent rose over the porch, and a window in the south transept by Burn Jones—a delicious design—St. Cecilia sitting at an organ, with a cloud of cherubs. By-the-bye, talking of St. Cecilia, how did you like my friend Castellani? He wrote me a dear little note of gratitude for my introduction, so I am sure you were very good to him."

"I could not dishonour any introduction of yours; besides, Mr. Castellani's grandfather and my father had been friends. That was a link."

"How do you like him? but here we are at home. You shall tell me more while we are at supper."

Mildred had to sit down to the oysters and grouse whether she would or no. The dining-room was charming in the day time, with its view of the park. At night it might have been a room excavated from the ruins of Herculaneum, so strictly classic were its terra cotta draperies, hanging all round the room on brass rods, its swinging butter-boat lamps and curule chairs.

"How sad to see you unable to eat anything," protested Mrs. Tomkison, snapping up the natives with gusto; for it may be observed that the people who wait up for travellers or for friends coming home from the play, are always hungrier than those who so return. "You shall have your cup of tea directly."

Mildred had eaten nothing since her apology for a breakfast. She was faint with fasting, but had no appetite, and the odour of the savoury grouse, the fried bread crumbs and gravy, in which her friend was revelling, sickened her. She withdrew to a chair by the fire, and had a dainty little tea-tray placed beside her, while Mrs. Tomkison did justice to one of the birds, talking all the time.

"Isn't he a gifted creature?" she asked, helping herself to the second side of the breast.

Mildred almost thought she was speaking of the grouse.

"I mean Castellani," said Cecilia, in answer to her look of wonder. "Isn't he a heap of talent? You heard him play, of course—and you heard his divine voice? When I think of his genius for music, and remember that he wrote *that* book, I am actually wonder-struck."

"The book is clever, no doubt," answered Mildred thoughtfully, "almost too clever to be quite sincere. And as for genius—well, I suppose his musical talent does almost reach

genius—and yet what more can one say of Mozart, Beethoven, or Chopin? I think genius is too large a word for anyone less than they."

"But I say he is a genius," cried Mrs. Tomkison, elated by grouse and dry sherry—the champagne had been put aside when Mildred refused it. "Does he not carry one out of oneself by his playing—does not his singing open the floodgates of our hard, battered, old hearts? No one ever interested me so much."

"Have you known him long?"

"For the last three seasons. He is with me three or four times a week when he is in town. He is like a son of the house."

"And does Mr. Tomkison like him?"

"Oh, you know Adam," said Cecilia, with an expressive shrug. "You know Adam's way. He doesn't mind. 'You always must have somebody hanging about you,' he said, 'so you may as well have that French fool as anyone else.' Adam calls all foreigners Frenchmen, if they are not obtrusively German in their accent. Castellani has been devoted to me, and I dare say I may have got myself talked about on his account," pursued Cecilia, with the pious resignation of a blameless matron of five-and-forty, who rather likes to think herself suspected of an intrigue; but I can't help *that*. He is one of the few young men I have ever met who understands me. And then we are such near neighbours, and it is easy for him to run in at any hour. 'You ought to give him a latchkey,' said Adam, 'it would save the servants a lot of trouble.'"

"Yes, I remember, he lives in Queen Anne's Mansions," Mildred answered listlessly.

"He had a suite of rooms near the top, looking over half London, and so prettily furnished. He gives afternoon tea to a few chosen friends who don't mind the lift; and we have had a materialisation in his rooms, but it wasn't a particularly good one," added Mrs. Tomkison, as if she were talking of something to eat.

(To be continued.)



KAISER WILHELM'S FUNERAL.

Ye soldier sons of Germany,
Who, erst in serried line
And battle's gorgeous panoply,
Watched by the rolling Rhine.

Watch by the Rhine no longer now,
March—march with mournful tread,
While crowned heads are bending low
Behind the mighty dead.

Furl every flag—sheathe every brand,
From Rhine to Baltic shore;
The father of the Fatherland
Goes forth to fight no more!

No more he lights your chivalry,
No more he leads the van,
From victory to victory—
Sadown to Sedan.

But to the widowed nations, lo!
He leaves a glorious dower—
To-day, united in their woe;
For ever, in their power.

CAROLAN.

Supplement to

Irish Society.

24th March, 1888.



MADAME FLORAC.

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HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 21st March, 1888.

THE Bank of England Directors reduced the rate of Discount on Thursday last from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent which is the minimum, below which it is not allowed to fall. Discount in the open Market is quoted at $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ per cent for three months Bank bills, and the tendency is towards firmer quotations. Consols for money stand at $101\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{3}{8}$, and for April account $101\frac{3}{8}$ — $\frac{3}{4}$. Two-and-a-Half per cents, $95\frac{3}{4}$ — $96\frac{1}{4}$, and India $3\frac{3}{4}$ — $99\frac{1}{8}$ — $\frac{3}{8}$.

English Rails are a steady Market and our predictions of last week that prices would be maintained have been more than verified. Southern Lines on favourable rumours, as to an amicable settlement being arrived at, have been freely purchased at an advance; but some of the heavy Lines are in our opinion quite high enough, and we see nothing in them to go for. Brighton A, 115; Dover A, $101\frac{1}{2}$; Chatham are very steady, at $21\frac{1}{2}$ (and there is room for improvement in this Stock); Great Eastern (another rising property), $66\frac{3}{4}$; Caledonian, $102\frac{3}{4}$; North British, $107\frac{3}{4}$; Hull and Barnsley, $35\frac{1}{4}$.

Foreigners are again higher, especially for Egyptian securities, which have advanced considerably. Unified are quoted $77\frac{3}{8}$. Greek $68\frac{3}{4}$. Spanish $67\frac{3}{8}$. Russian, $1873, 91\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican, to which we have drawn attention in a previous number, are steady at $36\frac{1}{2}$, and will certainly see a higher figure. Perus are for the moment under a cloud, and are no better than $16\frac{1}{2}$. The ultimatum just to hand from the Chilean government refusing to recognise the claims of the Peruvian Bondholders is no doubt disappointing, seeing that Lord Salisbury has done what he can for the British creditors of the Republic. It is evident that Senor Cuadra's reply addressed to her Majesty's representative is final, and that it would be useless to attempt to put further pressure on Chili, and the only hope now left would appear to be to once more invest Mr. Proctor with the necessary authority to open up negotiations with the Chilean Government. The Bondholders cannot do better than place themselves unreservedly in the hands of one who has proved himself not only able to act independently of any committee, but (if report speaks true) already possesses the confidence and respect of the officials at Santiago.

Americans have fluctuated considerably during the last week, and have proved themselves capable of acting independently of New York. For two or three days (during the late storm) Wall-street was practically closed, and no prices came to hand, and yet our market went up suddenly, and for a time it really looked as if the "coming boom" had commenced. But directly "arbitrage" dealings took place the market went all to pieces, and has remained in this uncertain state until to-day, when prices are firmer on the announcement that the strike on the "Santa Fé" Line has terminated. It appears to us that there have been (and possibly still are) some stale "bull" accounts which want closing, and until this is done to the satisfaction of the "House," and all the weak holders have been frightened out, it is unlikely that we shall see any permanent improvement. Prices are now low enough, even from an investor's point of view, and it seems perfectly clear that a very decided reaction must sooner or later take place, and to sell at present prices would only be playing into the hands of those who are working the market for this very purpose. We have continually drawn attention to "Ontarios," and again repeat that they are the cheapest in the whole list, and a purchaser at present price, viz. 16, will eventually see a very substantial profit on his outlay. Our respected contemporary, "The Financial News," has a long article on this Line, and commences by calling it "a rising American Railway," and predicts that its shares will shortly be worth double their present figures. The annual report furnished very gratifying results in its passenger traffic, which rose from \$302,000 in 1886, to \$391,000 in 1887 (an increase of nearly 30 per cent.) The revenue from emigrant and second-class passengers more than trebled itself, having grown from \$28,000 to \$94,000. The total capital of the New York, Ontario, and Western is only \$61,000,000, of which all but \$2,976,000 is common stock, and every half million dollars of net revenue means a one per cent. dividend. We know of nothing in this market which will yield a better return for money invested. Eries are better at $24\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore, 92; Milwaukee, $78\frac{1}{2}$; Readings, $31\frac{1}{4}$; Louisville, $55\frac{1}{4}$; all of which will see higher prices.

Mines.—Interest is still centred in Diamonds. *De Beers*, after being as high as 49, are now quoted $45\frac{3}{4}$. Bultfontein, 28. Rio Tinto 19. Cape Copper, at 56 ex. D. are still worth purchasing. The dividend of 40s. per Share is payable on the 24th inst., and is for the last quarter only. A bonus is also paid at the end of the year, which is likely to be considerable. At present price these shares pay nearly 15 per cent. per annum. Tocopilla £1 Shares at 5s. are worth picking up—they were recently selling at 12/6. Mysore Gold at $4\frac{1}{4}$ should be bought; they will see a much higher price before long.

Miscellaneous Market has been steady and in some cases higher. Aerated Bread at $5-\frac{1}{4}$. Hotchkiss, $15\frac{3}{8}$. Spratt's Patent, $9\frac{1}{2}$ ex. D. Suez Canal, $84\frac{1}{2}$. Royal Music Hall, $33\frac{3}{4}$ —4, are again in demand after selling as low as $2\frac{3}{4}$. On any reaction we should recommend a purchase.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. R. writes for our opinion on "Hotchkiss Ordnance," and would we recommend them for investment. —At present prices these shares yield about 15 per cent., and in addition there is a prospect of a division of surplus profits at the end of the year. The profits for 1887 were sufficient to pay over 25 per cent. to ordinary shareholders, but the Directors preferred placing a further sum to the reserve fund. The Company are fully employed, and increased dividends may reasonably be expected. The ordinary shares at $15\frac{3}{8}$, or the Preference at $10\frac{1}{2}$, cannot be considered dear.

MINING INVESTOR wants to know the reason why the shares of the Victory Mine have suddenly fallen from $3/-$, -6 to $1/-$ per share. —This mine was recently sold, by order of the High Court of Justice, for about £3,000, but it is understood that it was bought by a representative of a large number of shareholders, with a view to the reconstruction of the company, and the further working of the mine. The shares are not now at the price you name, being quoted $1/-$ to $2/-$.

READER asks if we can recommend a good dividend-paying American railway to invest in. —We would rather recommend our own English railways as an investment, but, for the moment, prices are very high (with very few exceptions). One of the soundest in the American list is the Pennsylvania Railroad, which distributed 6 per cent. last year, and has a reserve fund of some three millions sterling. The present price is 56, and we prefer this to any others for investment. For speculation (with a minimum amount of risk and a large prospective profit) we advise Ontarios.

E. L.—They are good to hold.

C. W. F.—We have already given our opinion in a previous number.

SMALL INVESTOR.—Great Easterns and Chathams.

ANXIOUS.—We cannot recommend the Foreign Stocks to which you refer. They are, in our opinion, much above their intrinsic value. We think Little Turks the cheapest in the whole market, and sure to advance very shortly.

DOUBTFUL.—We know nothing good of this concern.

MADAME FLORAC AT HOME.

Madame Florac resides in No. 4 Wellington Park, Adelaide-road. As the interviewer mounted the steps he saw a cherub-faced little girl looking out of the drawingroom window. This was a Fräulein Florac, on the seven, as Wordsworth plaintively remarks. Herr Florac met the interviewer in the hall, and led the way to the study, where, by one of those profound coincidences which turn up every hundred years, he had just been reading last week's IRISH SOCIETY.

After a preliminary conversation with the Herr, the door was suddenly opened, and Madame looked smilingly in.

"My dear, this gentleman," said the Herr, "wishes to interview you."

"Come into the drawingroom," said Madame, brightly. "I have just sent the children out."

The interviewer protested against this domestic despotism on his behalf.

"Oh, they were only there on sufferance," Madame cheerfully observed.

In the drawingroom the interviewer produced the dire note-book, and Madame sat down, resigned to the ordeal. Herr Florac dallied behind in the study.

"Oh yes," said Madame, "I am a native of Dublin. That has been mentioned so often (with a melancholy *mon*.) My father's name was Humphreys, and his godfathers and godmothers gave him that name. Yes, I was educated in Germany, at Tena and Gothe (in the province of Saxe-Weimar), and also at the Leipsic Conservatoire.

"That was where I met you first, my dear," said Herr Florac, who had just entered.

Madame nodded assent from her seat on the sofa, where she posed unaffectedly and picturesquely.

"I find," continued Madame Florac, "that it is more difficult to sing in this climate than in Germany. Take pupils? Certainly. I am pretty busy at present. I have my own method. You want to know my range? Well, it is from G to D."

"I have heard her take E flat," observed Herr Florac, with solemn conviction.

"Yes," said Madame, smiling, "but I don't care to take up a permanent residence there. It lies too high. I run up to see it occasionally, just to see if it is still there. Oh, my health is more robust latterly, thank you. I am becoming re-acclimatised after my long absence in Germany. That photograph is my sister's. She sings in the M'Caul Opera Company in America as *Mdlle. Mira Bertin*."

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

Madame Adelina Patti before leaving Madrid was received in special audience by Queen Christina. Before taking leave she asked the favour of being presented to the little King, saying with that original spontaneity that renders her so charming to all who know her—"Majesty, grant me this favour, because the King of Spain is the only sovereign in Europe that I do not know personally." The Queen smiled amiably, and sent for the little King, and Alfonso XIII was carried into the *salon* in the arms of his nurse. Madame Patti curtsied deeply, and taking his little hand kissed it. But the Queen replied, "My son is a Spaniard, and can not allow such a breach of gallantry as to let his hand be kissed by a lady. Permit him to take his revenge." The King, obedient to his mamma, put his arms round the neck of the beautiful woman and kissed her repeatedly.

A contingent of 200 exhibitors are going from Tuscany to the Italian Exhibition, which comprises eighty artists, who are almost all painters, and thirty farmers who are bringing samples of choice wines and oil. Florence is sending mosaic workers, wood carvers, and other artistic industries, and some mineral products. The total number of exhibitors has now reached 2,400.

The official opening of the Exhibition of Barcelona has been fixed for April 8th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society," payable in advance.

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WEEK ENDING 24th MARCH, 1888.

The Princess of Wales is admired by the majority of ladies in these countries, and any quaint or happy saying of hers is talked of and good-naturedly criticised at thousands of receptions and social gatherings. The latest quip from our good Princess is too delightfully picturesque (as some ladies of our acquaintance would say) to be lost. At the family dinner at Marlborough House, on the day of the Silver Wedding, the Princess was attired in a most becoming gown of gray and silver. She wore the magnificent tiara of diamonds presented to her that day by 365 personal friends, and also a small spray of orange blossoms with one diminutive orange peeping out from under the leaves. The Princess never looked more charming, and prettily accounted for the orange by explaining that she was no longer a blossom, but had budded into fruit!

The whole story of the meeting, the courtship, the betrothal, and the marriage of Prince Oscar with Miss Ebba Munck is charmingly romantic. Having conned the history of the Prince and his fair bride, we have come to the conclusion that, for pure, genuine, disinterested love, there is no more bright or honourable example on record. Prince Oscar, through his marriage with Miss Munck, will lose, besides his right to the throne, his title of Royal Highness and Duke of Gotland, the yearly allowance granted by the Swedish Diet, and his palace at Stockholm. He will in future be known as Prince Bernardotte, and will retain his position in the Swedish navy, which rank he has earned fairly, in the ordinary course of promotion.

The marriage, in St. Stephen's Church, Bournemouth, was a brilliant affair. The Queen of Sweden, who was attired in a dress of crimson velvet, the Crown Princess of Denmark, who wore a dress of brown silk and yellow brocade, trimmed with lace, and the Duchess of Albany, who was attired in a rich, gray-striped silk, were present at the ceremony. The bride, who looked charmingly, was attired in white satin, trimmed with lace, and wore a coronet of myrtle. The Prince wore the uniform of a commander of the Swedish Navy. The bride was given away by her cousin, Colonel Munck. The wedding feast took place subsequently at Coraghead, the residence of the Queen of Sweden.

The State Ball which was to have been held on St. Patrick's Day, and was postponed in consequence of the death of the Emperor of Germany, is to be held in the course of next month in St. Patrick's Hall.

The marriage of Mr. Macnaghten, the eldest son of Lord Macnaghten, of Runberry, county Antrim, with the Hon. Gwen Abbott, daughter of the late Lord Tenterden, who was for many years Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, took place on Wednesday afternoon at St. George's, Hanover Square, London. The ceremony was graced by the presence of the Ambassadors of Turkey, Spain, Persia, and the Netherlands, Lord and Lady Congleton, the Baroness and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Lady Audrey Buller, Lord and Lady Coleridge, and Lord and Lady Halsbury.

News reached Dublin at the end of last week of the death at Madeira, where he was staying for the benefit of his health, of Lord Annaly, chief aide-de-camp of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The deceased was from 1851 to 1865 a member of the House of Commons, first for Longford, and afterwards for Kidderminster, and had been a Lord of the Treasury.

It is with sincere pleasure that we learn of the appointment of the Hon. Mr. MacDonnell, son of the late Lord Antrim, as one of the private secretaries to the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury.

Several most enjoyable balls and dances were given in the vicinity of the city last week. On Wednesday, Mrs. Henry Fitzgibbon, of 22 Lower Fitzwilliam Street, gave a dance, which was numerously attended. Several charming toilets were observed amongst the ladies. Mr. Mervyn Browne's band supplied the music.

On Thursday Mrs. Dudgeon gave a ball at her residence, The Priory, Blackrock, which proved in every way one of the most enjoyable assemblies of the season.

On St. Patrick's Day, Mrs. Grimshaw, of Privetland, Carrickmines, gave an afternoon dance, the invitations to which were numerously availed of. Mr. Browne's band supplied the music.

Sir John Nugent and Sir Robert Shaw have been spending the winter at Pau.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke McDonnell gave a large dinner party at their residence, Merrion-square, on Wednesday last.

The daffodil dance given by fourteen young ladies, at the residence of Mrs. Moore, Merrion-square, was very pretty and pleasant, and the fair hostesses are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment.

Sir John Carden, Bart., Templemore Abbey, has arrived at Pau for the rest of the hunting season.

Mrs. Whitney, 29 Upper Fitzwilliam-street, has sent out invitations for a dance on Tuesday evening, April 3, which we are sure will be thoroughly enjoyed by those favoured with cards.

Sir Victor Brooke, Bart., has almost recovered from the effects of the serious accident he met with about two months ago.

Mrs. Power Lalor has just returned from England. She was present at Chislehurst at a very interesting meeting on behalf of the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund, and many handsome contributions were given for this most deserving object.

On Thursday a meeting at the Mansion House, London, was held in aid of the same fund. Many distinguished persons were present, including Lord Charles Beresford and Mrs. Lecky.

The golden wedding of Lord and Lady Cranbrook will be celebrated on the 29th inst., his lordship, then Mr. Hardy, having married Miss Orr, third daughter of the late Mr. James Orr, of Ballygowan, County Down, in the year 1838. In connection with this event there are to be great rejoicings at Hemsted Park, Lord Cranbrook's seat in Kent.

The annual dinner of the Dublin Bay Sailing Club, of which Mr. Richard Fry is the active Secretary, is fixed to take place on on the 5th of next month (April), when an enjoyable evening is certain to be spent by the club and their friends. We are pleased to hear of reunions of this kind, tending, as they always do, to increase the zeal of members, and to encourage them in attaining proficiency in their nautical sport.

At Madame Florac's concert there were several unique items: a trio by Weber for flute, piano, and violoncello; a duet for flutes by a composer with the appropriate name of Popp. Herr Florac is an accomplished and conscientious performer. All Madame Florac's songs were encored. Miss Romola Tynte recited.

The "Old Soldiers" marched triumphantly to victory on Monday at Salthill Hotel, in aid of the Orthopaedic Hospital. The attendance exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the company, and it was with regret that a number of persons had to be refused admission. The performance was most creditable; to single out anyone as the best would be invidious, all being equally good. The stage and mountings left nothing to be desired, and the old-fashioned dresses in the "Ladies' Battle" gave plenty of scope for the artistic taste for which the members

of this company are so noted. We have no doubt that Friday's performance of the "Silver Shield" will be equally successful, and that the result will be a substantial sum in aid of the Hospital.

It is curious that a Coffee Palace should have a "public." The Palace in Townsend Street possesses an ever-increasing one. The entertainments though extremely low in price, are not so in any other sense. Mr. M'Manus revived the famous "Unity of Nations" of that wreck of genius, Valentine Vousden. Mr. M'Manus has nothing to fear from comparison with the original Lion Comique.

The Society of Elocutionists is young but already famous. The idea, originated by Mr. Aery-Jacob, was quickly adopted by London and Edinburgh. Last Monday they gave one of their capital performances at the Dublin Art Exhibition. The public were thus treated to two entertainments for one ticket.

We know, on the authority of Boyle Roche, that a man cannot be in two places at the same time, unless he happens to be a bird. Whether this law of nature embraces lovely women is open to doubt, considering that Mrs. Power O'Donoghue has been in London for the past three weeks (owing, we regret, to ill health), and "Our Irish Letter" never missed in the *Lady's Pictorial*. Some persons are *two* clever.

It is announced in an American journal that Mrs. Garrett Anderson, "the leading woman physician in England," is making an income of £10,000 a year.

The latest freak of fashion is a "green dinner." A young lady gave one the other night, and it was a regular picture in its way. The dining-room was a bower of palms, and tree-ferns. Across the entire length of the white table-cloth was laid a broad stripe of green China crêpe, each edge being thickly fringed with maiden-hair ferns. The centre of the table was a bed of ferns and delicate lace-like lycopodium, and from each corner of the square plot of green rose tall, slim vases of green glass, holding above the heads of the guests one long green stem, crowned with a cluster of lilies. Among the net-ferns and grasses were buried half-a-dozen tiny fairy lamps of the palest green, giving a light like that of fire-flies. The table was lighted from above by a great ground-glass globe, covered with pale green crêpe and lace. At each plate lay a bunch of valley lilies, amid maiden-hair ferns, and tied with green ribbons. The young lady's mother was dressed in emerald velvet, with superb emeralds and diamonds as ornaments; and the young lady herself was a symphony in green tulle and silver, looking like an Undine or a Naiad.

Green in every shade is quite the new colour just now, but more especially in chartreuse or absinthe, bright pomme, or hunter's green.

The exhibition of Irish lace at the Donegal Fund, in Wigmore-street, London, is, according to a correspondent, one of the most interesting shows at present in the big city. It is really a surprise to some of the London ladies to see the exquisite work turned out by the poor Irish

peasants in their homes. The Carrickmacross guipure is especially admired. We hope this exhibition will give a much-needed stimulus to this old Irish industry.

A few words about Kingstown. The premier township, like all other seaside resorts, is at its best during the bright summer months, when military bands perform on the East Pier, and open-air concerts, regattas, and various sports are provided by a thoughtful and liberal amusements committee. Now as the days lengthen, and the welcome sunshine peeps out at poor shivering mortals, everyone feels glad at heart and begins to talk about a good long walk either by the sea or in the country, the bitter winds of the past six weeks having completely taken away all pleasure in attempts at outdoor exercise. But though Kingstown is so pleasant in the summer, the "residents" have little cause to complain of the loneliness of the long winter months, as they are far from dull. Dances, both public and private, are frequent, while literary and musical evenings are also largely gone in for. A considerable number of ladies have an "at home" day, when tea, hot cake, conversation, and often music, make the afternoons slip pleasantly away.

Football also is most popular among the Kingstownites, and it is quite a common thing to see numbers of ladies watch the game from beginning to end with the greatest interest, and frequently on the most bitter afternoons. Indeed, many of the best matches of the season are played on the Monkstown ground (Tivoli Terrace). The Captain of the Monkstown Fifteen (Mr. Lambert Moyers), has every reason to be proud of his men, several of whom are distinguished players. The start of the "Kingstown Beagles" on Saturdays at 2.30 during the winter months is also quite a pretty sight, and is often a most fashionable gathering, and if any one feels inclined for a good run, the "pretty doggies" will take him over an interesting though at times rather difficult country. Some really good dances have taken place recently in the neighbourhood of Kingstown, and more are in view, there being every reason to expect that from Easter onwards the "premier township" will prove an attractive quarter. It certainly has our warmest wishes in every way.

Were we to declare ourselves supporters of woman's suffrage our readers would have good reason to complain of our inconsistency. At the outset of our career as a society journal a definite stipulation was made to the effect that politics would be left for discussion to our daily contemporaries who so ably present to us each morning the *pros* and *cons* of each debateable subject, and we have not now the slightest intention of proving unfaithful to our confession of faith. Our *forte* lies in the treatment of those subjects around which our social life and welfare converge.

Thus it is that we come to discuss a point which is of the highest importance to persons of both sexes. We, like others, have noted the tendency by men in business to employ single women as clerks, cashiers, &c., to the exclusion of men. We do not quarrel with this tendency, nor do we hesitate to say that so far young women, as a rule, have been found to be much more trustworthy than some men. We have

not yet heard of a young girl cashier *levanting* with her employer's money; although scarcely a day passes without something or other of a compromising nature appearing in the public prints regarding the sterner sex. Still, we are pleased to say, Dublin is particularly free from crimes of embezzlement and such like. What we do object to is the insufficient, or rather, we should say, inadequate remuneration paid for the services of these girl-clerks.

We have before us a letter from a young girl employed in a city establishment in which the writer states that, on the removal of a certain gentleman from a position which carried a salary of £150 a year, she was appointed in his stead at the miserable sum of 15/- per week, with as much, if not more, responsibility resting upon her shoulders. Our correspondent states were it not that others were depending upon her she would not be a party to this unfair and obviously dishonest practice. Surely, if an employer finds a girl more trustworthy than a man, and if he places as much responsibility upon her shoulders as he did upon those of his previous employé, it is nothing but justice to expect as much, if not more, remuneration.

Some weeks ago it was our painful duty to record the death of a young and beautiful lady which resulted from the baneful effects of tight-lacing. On the week following a correspondent in Dublin favoured us with a note to the effect that, as a general rule, tight-lacing is not resorted to, to any great extent, now-a-days. We felt unwilling at the time to take up the gauntlet thrown into the arena by our fair correspondent, choosing rather to exercise our powers of observation when associated with ladies at festive gatherings and in public places. And what has been the result of such espionage?

Simply, that we are more convinced than ever that young ladies, aye, and old ones too, practise tight-lacing to an alarming extent. It is absurd, we therefore think, to deny that such an evil is prevalent. One has only to go into any public place where ladies are met in evening dress to see numerous—too numerous—instances. There must be some reason for it; ladies would not go to all the trouble and inconvenience it involves for nothing. Some cynical individual suggests that it must be largely due to female rivalry; but this rivalry has an object beyond the simple desire of women to make themselves comely in each other's eyes, and that object is, we venture to surmise, the appreciation or admiration of the other sex, not of course in any unworthy sense, but simply in an instinctive way, which has been obscured and almost lost sight of in the routine practice of amiability which results from social intercourse.

Tight-lacing is, however, many centuries old, and not as some suppose a comparatively recent innovation. Harvey addressing the College of Physicians nearly three hundred years ago, stated that mal-position of organs occurred in "young girls by lacing," and he gives the advice, with which we conclude, and which is less frequently acted on now than formerly, to "cut their laces," for the 15-inch waist which fashion now imposes simply means a living death to the fairest and sweetest creatures upon earth!

Dulness to a large extent characterises society in the Irish capital at present. Independently of the occurrence of the German Emperor's death, which has put a stop to some important Viceregal festivities at the Castle and Lodge, we are now approaching the most solemn period of the Lenten season, when in the natural order of things, routs, balls, and other convivialities remain in abeyance, until at Easter time they burst out with all the spirit and life engendered by previous abstinence.

We have been asked to protest against the manner in which some of our principal drapery establishments in the city send out their patterns. A lady who lately had occasion to call at three of those houses to procure patterns of their new spring materials, has provided us with conclusive proofs of the slovenly and antediluvian way in which the officials of a certain drapery establishment make up and send out those little pieces of material from which a choice has to be made. It would be well if superintendents and others in charge of these departments were to exercise a little more supervision of the work of their assistants, as the specimens shown to us are enough to disgust the most easy-going of customers, let alone the punctilious sticklers for neatness.

Miss Cecil Grafton of the Tearle Company, now reviving the divine William at the Gaiety, resided for the best part of her life with her mother at Sandycove. She is daughter of the late General Thomas, and, though very young, has been from four to five years on the stage. Of course her relatives objected, but old-fashioned puritanism is dying out, especially since Mrs. Langtry elected to face the footlights.

We understand that a new league is in course of formation. It is exceedingly pleasing to hear that its members are wealthy and philanthropic ladies, and that their object is to exterminate white slavery, so far as can be done by only patronising shops who treat their employees well.

We are informed that a well-known and highly-esteemed Knight, eminent in the musical world, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar a charming lady who hails from the city on the noble See. Every one in Dublin who knows the worthy gentleman—and who does not?—will wish him and his coming bride unlimited years of happiness and prosperity.

Colonel Patrick Donan, who is presumably an Irishman, is said to be contemplating a visit to Dublin to enlighten us on the subject of "curious feasts." The gallant Colonel, who has travelled the world, says that he has eaten with nearly every nation on earth. In many cases he did not know what he was partaking of, for it is, he says, always considered bad taste to ask questions. In China he has partaken of their famous dish, but he wasn't aware of the composition of the feast, and he naively adds—"What you don't know does you no harm." When the Sioux want to do you honour they serve you up roast dog. In Spanish Honduras the dish of honour is baked monkey, and, says the Colonel, "sweeter meat you could not imagine. These monkeys live entirely up in the branches of trees and on the vines, and they eat the choicest nuts and fruit. No chicken was ever so sweet and tender as baked monkey."

The Corporation have paused in their evident determination of turning College-street into a stone-yard. For fifteen years this leading artery has been most unfairly occupied as a depot for stone setts required for other city thoroughfares undergoing repair, and still the residents murmured not, although fully a third in width of this important street close to its junction with Westmoreland-street was so taken up, and it was only when the City Fathers added to its other inviting features the attraction of stone-breaking "on the premises" that public reprobation of this outrage found expression in the columns of our contemporary. The men with hammers, whose business it is to produce macadam, have been discontinued at that particular spot, and for a little longer pedestrians may venture on using the footway leading eastward without danger of losing an eye from contact with a flying splinter of stone.

The "doll doctor" of Leipsic has passed away. We remember reading some time ago of the marvellous cures effected by her. For more than half a century this quaint, quiet, and indefatigable woman had devoted her life and skill to the repairing and freshening up dolls, in which occupation she had attained an incredible dexterity, and won the hearts of the growing as well as the grown generations of Leipsic. A visit to her *atelier* was one of the sights of the city. Her loss will indeed be "irreparable" for a long time to come.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Dublin on Saturday, in a much more becoming manner than in days gone by. Although there was a good deal of what is popularly known as the "drowning" process indulged in, yet, the city and suburbs were remarkably free from those horrifying sights of drunkenness and disorder which, erst while, was the custom. The "chosen leaf of bard and chief" was generally worn by people of all shades of opinion, and the utmost good humour prevailed.

The era of chivalry would seem to have faded in Ireland. A couple of weeks ago we drew attention to a report which had reached us, to the effect that a gentleman well known in the hunting field in Munster was about taking proceedings against a young lady for a breach of promise of marriage, and we added the information that the case would probably be tried at the coming Cork Assizes. Damages were laid at several thousands, the gentleman having lost a lovely bride and handsome dower, and it is said that if the action had gone to trial, some of the sweetest things yet heard of in the way of love-letters would have been given to the world. But, as frequently happens in interesting cases from which much enjoyment is expected, a disappointment drops in, and there will be no trial after all. The fair defendant has, it is reported, settled the business amicably by payment to the plaintiff of £250 as balm for his wounded feelings. The gentleman has appraised his sufferings modestly, and doubtless will quickly recover from the despondency into which his fickle *fiancee* plunged him when she cast him aside for a gentleman more to her taste.

On the subject of actions for breach of promise of marriage, nothing is more common than to hear of a man being denounced if he should appeal to the law in a case of this kind. But we fail to see the justice of such a course of

proceeding. A man's feelings are, or ought to be, just as sacred as a woman's, and that the latter should heartlessly withdraw from an engagement deliberately entered into, for no higher or better reason perhaps than one of sudden caprice, destroying probably the happiness of a life, is neither to be excused nor lightly passed over. While such breaches are actionable and sustainable at law, a man has quite as good a right, in our opinion, to seek for damages for his wounded feelings as a woman can pretend to have; but we are glad to see the spread of a feeling that the statute governing the subject should be entirely abolished, and that actions of this nature should be banished from the courts.

On dit that a wonderfully pretty daughter of a great Irishman, whose death took place not many months ago, and who once formed one of the brightest ornaments of our law courts, will sometime this summer be wedded to a member of an old English family, one of a long race of soldiers and sailors.

It is believed that many entertainments will be given in honour of the Prince of Naples, on his arrival in London, and probably Buckingham Palace will be placed at his disposal.

The Glasgow Exhibition will open in May next, and so far as we can learn, the contributions or exhibits from Dublin and the South of Ireland will be of an infinitesimal kind compared with the magnificent show made by our industrial classes in the Irish Section at Manchester last year. But the Glasgow people are to have the Queen's Jubilee presents on loan for their forthcoming Exhibition. It appears that at first Her Majesty was disinclined to place the presents in any building for admission to which a charge was made. Then she consented to send a selection of the gifts, and now she has given way altogether, and will send them all. The Jubilee presents in their entirety have been seen by a very limited number of people, and consequently they will form an important feature in the great building by the Clyde.

The auction of portmanteaux, trunks, etc., at the well-known establishment of Mr. Gregory Kane, Dame-street, the other day, attracted quite a crowd of well-known Dublin gentlemen. It was really astonishing to watch the numbers of travelling-bags, and valises of all kinds, which were eagerly bought up. Amongst the readiest buyers several distinguished castle officials were observed. A gentleman of strong Nationalist proclivities remarked that it was evident that Home Rule was looming near, as the "Castle Hacks" were preparing to pack up and be off.

Apropos of auctions, Messrs. Bennett's rooms have become quite a fashionable lounge of late. The goods and chattels of the late manager of the Hibernian Bank in Sackville-street were disposed of on Wednesday, and many friends of the deceased gentleman watched with melancholy feelings the dispersion of the well-known furniture.

The *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* publishes this month a portrait and short biography of Major-General Knox Leet. This distinguished officer, who won the Victoria Cross at Inhlobana, is the son of the Rev. Edward Leet, late rector of Dalkey.

A curious wedding present was given to Mdle. Zucchi, the dark-eyed and black-haired Italian *danseuse*, formerly *prima ballerina* of the Eden Theatre of Paris, by the friends of her husband, Prince Basetchitkoff. She received, it is said, on the auspicious occasion of her marriage with the Muscovite Magnate 120 silver drinking cups, all fashioned like dancing slippers, of different sizes.

We were preceded, the other day on one of our busiest thoroughfares, by a lady whose progress was noted by a thin streak of sawdust falling gently and continuously from, we presume, a bustle pad. We should not have mentioned this event were we not of opinion that ladies who use pads will be exercised thereby to eschew sawdust for some less trickling commodity to be used as stuffing.

While on the subject of bustles we may as well print the account of a humorous incident of which a correspondent was the spectator not long since. A young lady, with no mean pretensions to good looks, was stepping along Harcourt-street with a mincing gait; suddenly, and without warning her improver insisted on deserting her. There is a time and place for everything, but manifestly the manners of the improver were of a most depraved nature. She knew well what had happened, but, mustering her courage, she hurried away, seeming oblivious of the fact. A masher, however, by whom she was closely followed, nearly tripped over this engine of destruction. He picked it up and ran after its owner to whom he handed it with the most perfect nonchalance. A chill seemed to stiffen her whole nervous system, for with an action and a look too deep for words she literally hurled it at the head of her would-be benefactor. The moral of this is, of course, that young men should take no notice whatever of these trivial occurrences.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

THAT old demigod of art-criticism, John Ruskin, was sensibly handled by Dr. Waldstein, at the recent afternoon lectures, Royal Dublin Society. In the enthusiastic delirium of youth we hailed Mr. Ruskin as the morning star of the intellectual Millenium. But the advance of sober years reveals him a metaphysical rhapsodist. He puffed Turner and the pre-Raphaelites until aerial perspective and carpenter's shavings seemed the only things in Art worth living for. But, though the Ruskin rockets dazzled as they ascended, the sticks are now coming down. It should be mentioned that Dr. Waldstein is not the composer of the celebrated Waldstein Sonata which is usually given as a finger exercise to novices at the piano. The public favour the notion that this work is the composition of a certain Louis van Beethoven. As a matter of fact, Mr. Richard Harvey is the composer.

Mr. Bapty's concert was the best of the season. Mr. Bapty himself does not possess a powerful tenor, but he is a conscientiously artistic singer. Songs like those of Dvorak suit him better, and are more acceptable than the drawing-room drivel of Maude White. For a beginner, Madame Norman-Neruda played fairly well. With a few more lessons from Mr. Levey she will yet achieve a good position as a virtuoso. Mr. Bapty, however, who has a fine taste in these matters, should inform her that

fireworks are not music. There is a great gulf fixed between mechanical scale playing and pure art.

It is a pity that a famous counterpointist and demon fugue-player like Sir Robert Stewart should be destitute of imagination. Were it otherwise he would not waste the precious hours of life harmonising the melodic idiocy of Brinley Richards.

Why does he not write an opera? It is sad to reflect that this Isle of Melody should have produced only three creative musicians—Balfe, Wallace, and Stanford. Mr. Collisson is too busy perfecting the art of the Impresario, and Dr. Jozé, after one brief flight into the hyaline of fancy, is content to warble prize boudoir melodies for Cassell's Magazine.

This dearth of Irish composers cannot be due to lack of librettists, for, though the poet Bunn is deceased, Mr. Alfred Smythe, F.R.G.S., can don his mantle for a consideration. Surely there is some solitary dreamer of a great original opera lurking in unsuspected places. Let him come forth, and his name shall blaze here in letters of gold. For these columns are initiated, not for the poor pleasure of carping cynicism, but to make Intellectual Dublin stir up its moribund faculties, and call to life dormant genius to flash through every walk of Art.

Hence, though strutting mediocrity shall receive its weekly shower-bath, any true sign of talent or genius shall have most hearty recognition.

And with this resolve in view, we shall, in the first place, call forth Mr. Richard Moynan from his modest studio, with a preliminary fanfare of trumpets. The attention of intellectual Dublin is directed to this promising young artist. Do not crown him yet awhile with a chaplet from the tomb of Maclise, for many years of hard, clear-eyed work still lie before him. But let us contrast his prize picture, "The last of the 24th," exhibited two years ago, with "We hope we don't intrude," in this season's Hibernian Academy, and we must acknowledge that he is striding on, with the determination of genius. No doubt, the Interior mentioned is inclined to be microscopically manipulated to the detriment of the Idea, but that is a good failing in a young artist who must first carefully paint pebbles before he can indicate the heavens with a sweep of the brush. The work of Richard Moynan is infinitely superior to that ridiculous daub, "The Dream of Fair, (but mostly Dark) Women," by Sir Thomas Jones. If a scholar of the art-school painted this, he would be sent home to copy lopsided chairs; but then a president, and especially one who gets mayors and rich grocers to paint, need not trouble himself about the thirsting art-public.

It is a great improvement to have the inner room stocked with tolerable attempts instead of old-time failures, and this exhibition, on the whole, is the best we have had for many years.

Mr. Charles Dawson, T.C., wrote the following words to the Sunday-closing meeting at the Rotunda: "I don't think, my opportunities and resources considered, any one has done more for the workingman's welfare than I have endeavoured to do."

The childlike diffidence of this declaration will commend itself to every intelligent person. Still, though it is a pity to disturb the self-

satisfied thrill of patronage which pervades the heroic bosom of Mr. Dawson, it is necessary to remind him that whatever of good has been achieved by the workingmen they have themselves originated, and by their own admirable determination consummated. Witness the great modern revolution of co-operation instituted by a handful of despised but far-seeing workingmen, the Rochdale pioneers.

There are in Ireland, and more particularly in this metropolis, men of the working class who could give Mr. Dawson odds in the race of intellect, and distance him with ease. Mr. Dawson may puff himself out on the pedestal of his own personality to his heart's content, but whenever he attempts to patronise our working classes, he shall be tenderly but firmly "taken down."

Now that the blizzard of complimentary concerts is about to subside, we may note that the musical season has been remarkable for the revelation of two phenomenal children—Mr. Collisson, the impresario, and little Claude Smyth, the violinist. The manner in which Mr. Collisson worked up public agony concerning his concerts, and turned away thousands from the doors, in the advertisement columns, a fortnight before each concert, was dazzling in the extreme. He organised a series of St. James' Hall concerts in London, and appointed himself conductor, with an energy which nothing could excel. We hope he will soon return a millionaire after his great provincial tour. Miss Claude Smyth is a very promising child, and we shall send her a nice bouquet for her next concert if funds permit.

Once more the apparition of *Kottabosh* rises from the intellectual tombs of Trinity College. The solemn silence which lies on the University is momentarily disturbed by its faint but ghastly cackle. Can it not be permanently laid to rest in the sepulchre which urns the dust of the *Dublin University Review*? This weird disturbance of the great mental slumber of T.C.D. is even more awful than Dr. Webb's translation of Goethe's Faust.

However, familiarity breeds contempt, and we cease to shudder as we turn the pages. Dr. Salmon opens the new number of *Kottabosh* with his address as Provost, and reminds the undergraduates that he shall rule strictly according to precedents (always the short cut with stupidity in doubt); he will paternally prevent the Historical and Philosophical Societies from discussing the economic theories of Lasalle or Karl Marx, and promptly expel any student who exhibits the least sign of mental independence. Professor Dowden contributes a profoundly interesting article on the expenses of Percy Shelley's kitchen furniture, and cleverly clears away the popular misgivings concerning the monetary relations between the great lyric poet and his washerwoman. The researches of our famous Shakespearian commentator into the domestic affairs of Shelley's household, will, no doubt, conduce to a better comprehension of the poet's works. Professor Mahaffy is not as brilliant as usual in his "Conversational vulgarities of certain Crowned Heads." Doubtless, it showed want of good breeding, for the King of Greece to dismiss a bore on some transparent excuse, but the public sympathise with the King, and envy him the royal prerogative to choose his own conversationalists.

DONNYBROOK.



RESCUED FROM THE DEEP.

"DO not speak of it any more, Harry. I can never consent to let you go to sea," and the speaker looked with loving, tearful eyes at the flushed face of her son, as he impatiently paced the room, pausing occasionally to gaze pathetically at her, as she so summarily crushed his boyish ambition.

Harry Leigh was a tall, well-developed lad of about sixteen years of age, decidedly handsome, with a manly, open countenance, deep-set gray eyes, and bright, fair, crispy curls mantling above the broad, white brow, giving a softness to the otherwise rather strongly-marked features. A cold, determined look gathered in those gray eyes now, as he listened to his mother's last sentence; but, controlling the impetuous temper that was quickly rising, he ceased his turbulent walk, and coming to his mother's side, said, "I can never settle to anything else, so you might as well let me go, mother, for, sooner or later, it is sure to be."

Mrs. Leigh was a wise little woman. Her maternal instincts warned her that, docile and affectionate as her son was by nature, it would not be well to thwart him in a cherished object, when once his mind was made up; so she quietly said, "Well, Harry, we will drop the subject for the present. One week's calm consideration will be useful to both of us. Let us pray that God may guide our judgment; and then, if you are still bent on the sea, I shall try to become reconciled to it."

This scene took place in the parlour of a pretty country cottage, about six miles from Dublin. It was the home of Mrs. Leigh and her son for many years.

Mr. Leigh had died while Harry was still a baby, leaving his wife and child a very slender provision, in the shape of a few railway shares, about fifty pounds in cash, and the little home at Rathfarnham, which was snugly furnished, and the garden well stocked. Mrs. Leigh made the most of her small income, adding to it, as the years went by, by her own industry. She lived for her son, and spared no expense in having him well educated. While still a baby, she had noticed indications of a more than common intellect in him, and had built around that baby-form dreams of fame and future greatness for her boy; and, as the years advanced, she watched with pride the development of those talents, and fondly hoped they would raise him to a high position in life. What was, then, her disappointment to hear him assert that nothing would satisfy him but to go to sea.

This was during his summer holidays, and poor Mrs. Leigh sighed to think of the advantages her wilful boy was willing to throw away. He was a strange compound, this boy of hers, wildly imaginative, active and impulsive, yet, tender, loving, and true.

Possessed of an intense craving after knowledge, he would often deny himself every recreation for months together to pore over books. Then he would indulge in dreams of literary fame, and litter his room with fragments of verse and unfinished MSS. But lately all had been cast aside for the one absorbing wish to see the

world for himself, and revel in the sights and adventures he had read so much of.

To win his mother's consent was, in Harry's estimation, the only difficulty that lay between him and supreme happiness, and earnest were the appeals he made to bring her round to his views during this summer vacation; for he had made up his mind not to return again to school.

The clouds were gathering on that summer's evening when we first introduced them to our readers, but the widow's timely concession dispelled them.

A week passed quickly, and then Harry came, with an eager, inquiring face, for his verdict.

"Mother, darling, say you will let me go," he pleaded, and Mrs. Leigh felt that her wisest course was to yield. She gave her consent and blessing, and promised to lose no time in seeking an opening for him in the merchant service. An old friend of her husband's had a good maritime connection in London, and to him she wrote stating her boy's desires. Arrangements were soon made for him on board a fine outward-bound vessel, with a captain whose character satisfied even the anxious solicitations of Mrs. Leigh.

With a heavy heart but nimble fingers the mother set to work to prepare his outfit; and three weeks later, when a noble ship spread her canvas to a favouring breeze, bowed her farewell to the port of London, and commenced the long voyage to the Antipodes, Harry Leigh leant over the bulwarks, and gazed wistfully on the fast-receding shore.

A mist came before his eyes as he thought of his cottage home and the lonely mother praying and weeping for her boy, but as the fresh breezes filled the snowy sails, and the wide opening ocean met his view, the depression passed away, and he roused himself to look forward to a happy home at the end of the voyage.

Harry turned with a brave heart to face his new duties, and saw that he was being quietly observed by the captain, who stood near holding by the hand a fairy-like little creature with floating brown curls and bright blue eyes. The soft winsome face of the child sent a warm feeling to the boy's heart. He felt the ship more home-like with such a pretty, gentle being on board, and longed to become better acquainted with the little one.

She was the captain's only child, and since her mother's death, three years previous to this, Lucy Mayne had become her father's companion and comforter, making herself at home amongst the rough but kind-hearted seamen, who regarded the gentle child with a feeling akin to the reverence they might give an angel.

One day during Harry Leigh's watch on deck, the little girl found him out, and shyly asked him a few questions—

"Had he any brothers or sisters?" and "Did he like to come to sea?" Then she told him how lonely she felt sometimes for want of little girls to play with, but that she loved books and pictures, and delighted in hearing the stories her papa was in the habit of telling her.

"I will tell you pretty stories too," said Harry, after he had answered all her questions. "You must come to me often when I am off duty and listen to my tales."

Lucy promised, and soon a warm friendship sprung up between them. The never-failing instinct of childhood had discovered the kind heart that beat under the pilot jacket of the sailor boy, and Captain Mayne did not repress the growing intimacy, for he quickly discovered

that his young apprentice was one with whom he might safely trust his child, and many were the stories the clever lad composed for the amusement and instruction of his little favourite.

Thus pleasantly the days sped till the outward voyage was accomplished. In less than four months from the date of sailing Mrs. Leigh had a long letter from her boy, telling of a safe passage and arrival in Melbourne.

Fast fell the mother's tears as she perused the closely written pages, and fervently she prayed that God would guide and bless her darling, and bring him safely back to his island home.

Letter followed letter while he remained in port, giving vivid descriptions of foreign scenery, and entertaining accounts of colonial manners and customs.

Then Harry wrote to say they were once more weighing anchor, this time bound for the Western World. Fifteen months rolled away, when the widow at last received the joyful news that they were homeward bound, and that she might look forward to having her son after Christmas, but, alas! that homeward voyage was fated to be one of disaster.

Hardly had the ship left the shores of America when contrary winds set in, and they experienced a great deal of what the sailors call "very dirty weather." Harry Leigh lost some of his enthusiasm during the dreary night watches, with the life blood half frozen in his veins, saturated garments clinging to his numbed limbs, and the almost certain prospect of shipwreck before him. One thing only cheered him—he had become deeply attached to the Captain, with whom he was a great favourite, and the calm bravery and never-failing courage which he displayed under all circumstances was a tower of strength to the inexperienced boy. But when this friend was taken from him Harry lost much heart, and wished himself once more in his comfortable home.

After weathering some stiff gales, there appeared a prospect of a favourable breeze, and the skipper's cheery voice might be heard giving orders for the unfurling of sails, &c., hoping to make good way and get back into his course, out of which he had been driven, but the wind lowered until there fell a dead calm, and the ship lay passive on the waters. All day there was a heavy stillness, then huge banks of leaden clouds slowly gathered round the horizon, and ever and anon a low rumble was heard, as though the wind was moaning to be set free.

Too good a seaman to mistake these warning signs, Captain Mayne quickly prepared for the brewing tempest. Decks were cleared, sails close reefed, and all was made taut and secure before it burst with all its fury.

Close beside the skipper stood our hero watching the rapid transformation of the wide glassy surface into boiling, seething masses, as the foaming crests rose higher and higher, gathering like mighty monsters to swoop upon their prey. The black cloud-surface above flashed out vivid streams of blue-forked lightning, casting a terrific radiance on the midnight blackness of the elements. The wind shrieked as it rushed through the rigging, and the good ship swayed and strained and struggled bravely midst the mighty torments.

Harry was awe-struck with the grandeur of the scene, and intensely fascinated by it; but he hardly thought of danger when he looked on the noble calm of the face beside him.

The captain was thinking of his timid little daughter, all alone in the cabin.

"Go below, my lad," he said, turning to Harry Leigh, "and see if Lucy is all right." The boy hastened to obey, but just as his hand touched the handle of the cabin door, he was startled by a terrific crash, followed by a rattling peal of thunder, and ere he could again reach the deck, high above the roar of the elements came the dread cry, "Man overboard."

A sickening horror crept over the boy as his eye fell on the spot where the captain stood one moment before.

Lying right across it was the main-mast, charred and splintered, its weight almost laying the vessel on her side—but it was the mate's voice that shouted, "Stand by to clear away the wreck."

Captain Mayne's well-known tones would never more be heard by his crew. He had been carried off by a monster wave as he sprang aside to escape the falling mast.

Half-a-dozen brave men made a frantic rush to the boat, and half-a-dozen pairs of stalwart arms were soon engaged in freeing the tackle, and lowering it into the boiling troughs of foam. But vain was the effort—no boat could live in such a sea: twice she was swamped, and then dashed to pieces against the side of the vessel.

Frantic with excitement, Harry watched these failures, gazing at the seething billows with an aching heart, for he knew no human being could exist amid such fury. Once he saw a dark speck borne high on a mountain wave, and an arm raised above its surface, as though appealing for help, but soon it disappeared in the dark abyss, never to be seen again. The storm now abated—its fury was spent. The vessel was hove to, and for hours they lingered, watching in vain for the reappearance that even the most sanguine hardly hoped for. Then with heavy hearts each man resumed his duty. The chief mate took charge, and once more the white sails floated, and the ship sped on her homeward way.

To Harry Leigh had fallen the task of breaking the sad news to the unconscious child—till now confined to the cabin.

Mingling his tears with hers, as she sobbed out her childish grief on his shoulder, he promised that he would take her home to his own dear mother, and soothed her with loving tenderness foreign to the nature of most boys of his age.

The rest of the voyage was uneventful, till in the early days of January the Irish coast was sighted, and brave hearts beat hopefully as they thought of the cosy firesides and bright smiles of welcome awaiting them. But, alas! their troubles were not yet over. The vessel was bound for Hull, and many dangers had yet to be braved ere they could reach the longed-for rest.

One dark, foggy night in the middle of January a Ramsgate fishing boat carried in tidings of a large ship having gone ashore on the Goodwin Sands. The life-boat was launched immediately and towed out by a tug to search for the ill-fated vessel. Midst darkness and storm and piercing cold, the search was pursued for hours, before a trace of her was discovered. Then, as the first gray streaks of morning fell on the murky waves, the masts and spars alone were seen above water, and as the brave men rowed quickly towards the wreck, these were seen to hold the clinging forms of seven or eight human beings (the remnant of a crew of twenty-nine). Tenderly were they taken from their perilous refuge, while the billowy waves threatened to engulf them.

It was truly a sad sight, but saddest sight of all was the burden which two of the men were now carefully depositing as the last remnant of that mournful freight of sufferers.

Clinging to the topmost mast they had found them, a tall, fair-haired lad, his benumbed arms locked around the pole, and lashed tightly to him with strips of torn canvas, the slender form of a girl of about eleven years of age. The boy showed slight symptoms of animation, but the little girl seemed to have been frozen to death. More than one rough hand was used to brush away a tear, as midst surging waves and blinding spray, the brave seamen risked their lives to get the two safely into the life-boat, and then with their melancholy burden they soon made for the shore where crowds of waiting eager women were ready with warm blankets and hot drinks to revive the sufferers. Seven out of the eight recovered. The mate, who had taken charge when the captain was lost, was quite dead by the time they reached the shore, but the little girl whom they all believed had succumbed to the cold, hours before, gradually revived under the tender motherly care of the coxswain's wife.

Fifteen years after the events here recorded, we will visit once more the cottage home at Rathfarnham.

Mrs. Leigh sits as of old by her little work table in the parlour window. Few changes are discernible in the neat well-ordered room, save that the widow's chair is now a comfortable reclining one instead of the ordinary straight-backed chair that suited her young days. Time has dealt gently with her. The golden locks are silvered, and the once sprightly step is slow, but very peaceful and happy she looks, as she raises her head to smile at a fair little girl, who has drawn close to her knee, to tell "Grandma" that "Papa" and "Mamma" are coming.

The blue eyes and brown locks remind us of another child face we have seen long ago—for this is the daughter of Lucy Mayne.

She comes now leaning on her husband's arm, the fair, bright face, reflecting the happiness that crowns her life, for Harry Leigh has fulfilled the noble promise of his boyhood, and become a kind, unselfish, true-hearted man.

Never again did he express a wish to go to sea after that night of horror on the Goodwin Sands.

Through the influence of his father's friends a good appointment was obtained for him in a mercantile firm, in which he is now a partner. Fortune smiled on him, and he became a successful man. Nor has he forgotten his early dreams of literary fame, he is quietly climbing the pedestal, and men fit to judge on these matters point to him as one who only lacks years and work to gain the summit.

Lucy Mayne grew to womanhood under the wise and tender care of Mrs. Leigh. She was found to have no mean income provided for her when her father's affairs were settled; but the child clung so lovingly to the friends who sympathised in her great sorrow, that her guardians willingly made arrangements with Mrs. Leigh for her maintenance and education.

Happily the years rolled by, and then Harry claimed for his own the fair sea flower that had blossomed and bloomed in the shelter of his peaceful home. Thus we will leave them, bright laurels in the wreath of fame, woven for the dauntless life-boat crew, who imperil their lives to snatch the prey from the mighty, hungry deep.

DORA DESMOND.



COLD CREAM.

THIS is an invaluable recipe, furnished to the writer by a lady who prepares it for her own use, and applied at night will keep the face free from those abominable marks called fleshworms and from pimples and sunburn. It will also prevent the nose from being greasy or shiny, a disfigurement common to many women. One and a half ounces of white wax, four ounces of sweet almond oil, six drachms of rosewater, and five drops of oil of rose. Melt wax and oil of almond in a bowl; then add the rosewater, and stir well with a wooden spoon. The longer it is stirred the whiter it will get and the more creamy. Finally add the oil of rose, and then pack away in small pots or jars. This will be found the equal of any cold cream preparation ever invented.

WORRY, NOT WORK.

SOME people get through an enormous amount of work, and seem all the better for it. We know a doctor who seldom gets more than four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. He says that it is not that he couldn't do with more, but it is as much as he can get. Many busy men are constantly at work of some kind or the other from eight in the morning till twelve at night. Some, of course, break down, but others can do this year after year, apparently without any detriment to their health. Instances are known of professional men who have not slept for five days together, and who have not been in bed for three weeks at a time. It is astonishing what interest and energy will do in enabling a man to dispense with rest. It has been said that the twenty-four hours might be advantageously divided into three equal parts, eight hours for sleep, eight for meals, exercise, &c., and eight for mental work. Few men really require more than eight hours' sleep, but the majority of us have to do considerably more than eight hours' work in the day. It is not so much that a man wishes for the work, as that it is forced upon him. He perhaps is the only person who can perform a certain duty, and when, as is often the case, it is a question of life and death, it is almost impossible to refuse. Many people can never force themselves to do more than a certain amount of mental work; they get nervous and headachy, and then it is all over with them. Forced work, as a rule, tells on a man much more rapidly than purely voluntary work, for in the former case it is usually associated with anxiety. Real over-work gives rise to loss of memory, a general sense of fatigue, and particularly of discomfort about the head, pooriness of appetite, lowness of spirits, and other similar symptoms. It is worry that injures more than real work—care killed the cat.

THE WAYS OF BABY ELEPHANTS.

How the young elephants in the large herds escape from being crushed is something of a mystery, as they are almost continually in motion; but when a heard is alarmed the young almost immediately disappear. A close observer would see that each baby was trotting along directly beneath its mother, sometimes

between her fore-legs. On the march, when a little elephant is born in a herd, they stop a day or two to allow it time to exercise its little limbs and gain strength, and then they press on, the mothers and babies in front, the old tuskers following in the rear, but ready to rush forward at the first alarm. When rocky or hilly places are reached the little ones are helped up by the mothers, who push them from behind in various ways; but when a river has to be forded or swam a comical sight ensues. The stream may be very rapid and rough, as the Indian rivers often are after a rain, and at such a place the babies would hardly be able to keep up with the rest; so the mother and father help them. At first all plunge boldly in—both young and old—and when the old elephants reach deep water, where they have to swim, the young scramble upon their backs and sit astride, sometimes two being seen in this position. But the very young elephants often require a little more care and attention, so they are held either upon the tusks of the father or grasped in the trunk of the mother, and held over or just at the surface of the water, here and there a young one seemingly walking on the water, resting upon a submerged back, or held aloft while the dark waters roar below.

A DEMON TOO MUCH.

ON one occasion a wag played a too-successful trick on Rich, the founder of English pantomime, and his demons. In one of his earliest pantomimes at Lincoln's Inn Fields he introduced a dance of infernals with twelve performers, got up in a style out-Heroding Milton. They were dressed in black and red of the most lurid hues. Their eyes were of fire, and snaky locks fell over their shoulders. An actor, wishing to frighten them, got a spare dress, and, making himself a few degrees more demoniac in appearance than the regular demons, he one night slipped in among them. They soon perceived that there was a demon too many, and there could be only one thought as to where he had come from. The mock devils rushed from the stage, and some of them did not wait to throw off their dresses, but fled through the streets homeward, spreading the alarm that something dreadful had happened. The panic spread to the audience, which dispersed in wild confusion, and the event was soon ornated with all the imaginative details that fear, and, in some instances, mischief could suggest. The demon's appearance was painted in the most appalling colours, and many were prepared to take oath that they had seen him fly through the roof. Thousands of people surrounded the theatre next day, and the wag pointed out to them the bit of the wall that the devil had knocked down with a switch of his tail, and which had been repaired during the night. The manager published explanation after explanation, but most of the people adhered to their own version of it.

ARCTIC COLD.

A PERSON who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is, but by reading the terrible experience of arctic travellers in that icy region, some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature below freezing point out of doors, we think it bitterly cold, and, if our houses were not as warm as, say, sixty degrees above zero, we should begin

to talk of freezing. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house, in spite of the stove. Of course, in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly-shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside of it, and sending into the darkness many streaks of light.

BILIOUSNESS.

ONE of the best and simplest remedies for a torpid liver or biliousness is a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning. A person to whom this was recommended tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him; his appetite improved, and he gained several pounds within a few weeks. This is so simple a remedy that any person thus afflicted will do well to give it a trial, as it cannot possibly do any harm.



YOUNG WIFE.—“John, dear, have you decided what name to give our dear, precious, sweet little baby?” Young husband (who has paced the floor with “precious” o’ nights)—“Yes, I have: ‘Insomnia.’”

HUSBAND (groaning)—“The rheumatism in my leg is coming on again.” Wife (with sympathy)—“Oh, I am so sorry, John. I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain.”

A LITTLE girl who had often heard her mother speak of her father, who was somewhat bald, as being a self-made man, asked her one day, if her father was a self-made man, why he didn’t put more hair on his head?

NO USE OBJECTING.—“You see,” said meek old Deacon Edling, “when my wife wants a new shawl, it’s no use for me to object, specially when she looks at me, stamps her foot, an’ says, ‘Deacon, I shawl have it!’”

WILSON, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said, “We are happy to state he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces.”

AN Irishman was observed writing a letter in a very large hand, and when questioned as to why he employed such large characters,

replied, “Arrah, dear, an’ isn’t it to me poor mother I’m writing? An’ she is so very deaf that I’m writing her a loud letter.”

AN American and an Irishman were once riding together, and coming across an old gallows by the wayside, Jonathan thought he would have a quiet laugh at Paddy’s expense. “You see *that*, I calculate,” said he, pointing to the gallows. “Now, where would *you* be if the gallows had its due?” Paddy replied, “riding alone.”

“WHAT are you about, my dear?” said his grandmother to a little boy who was sidling along the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit.—“I am trying, grandmamma, to steal papa’s hat out of the room without letting that man see it,” said he, pointing to the gentleman, “for papa wants him to think he is out.”

TAKE THE HINT.—Celebrities worried for autographs and locks of hair may take a hint from General Sherman, the American statesman. In a public statement he says:—“It is impossible for me to comply with all the requests for autographs, and I cannot send any more locks of hair because I have discharged my secretary, whose hair had entirely disappeared under constant application of the scissors. My orderly is completely bald.”

A BLACK LIAR.—Sam Johnsing was up again before the recorder. “What brings you here this time?” asked his honour. “De p’liceman, sah; de same what brung me heah last time.” “I mean what did you do?” “I was just passin’ a grocery store when I struck my head agin a ham what was hanging by the door. I tuk de ham down to put it somewheres whar it would be safe from folks bustin’ dar brains out agin it, when de fust I knowed a p’liceman tried to get de ham away from me, and becuse I wouldn’t let the ham go he jess brung me along too.”

HAS TO BE STUDIED.—First Beggar—“Why didn’t you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.” Second Beggar—“I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. Our profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you expect to make it a success.”

CURIOSITIES OF LAW.—Judge—“Stand up.” Prisoner—“I claim the right under the law to remain seated, y’r Honour.” “How so?” “The law says no man can be made to criminate himself, an’ if I stand up I’ll criminate myself.” “That point is well taken, and you may remain seated. You are accused of stealing a pair of breeches from this man, but I can find no evidence against you.” “None at all, y’r Honour.” “You are discharged.” “Thank you, y’r Honour.” “By the way, why were you unwilling to stand up?” “If I stood up the man would see that I had his breeches on, y’r Honour.”

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THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER III.—continued.

THE COUNSEL OF THE CHURCH.

THE maid Louise arrived at Queen Anne's gate a little before luncheon on the following day. She brought a considerable portion of Mrs. Greswold's belongings in two large basket trunks, a port-manteau, and a dressing bag. These were at once sent on to Victoria in the cab that had brought the young person and the luggage from Waterloo, while the young person herself was accommodated with dinner, table beer, and gossip in the servants' hall. She also brought a letter for her mistress, a letter written by George Greswold late on the night before.

Mildred could hardly tear open the envelope for the trembling of her hands. How would he write to her? Would he plead against her decision, would he try to make her waver—would he set her love against law, in such eloquent and irresistible words as love alone can use? She knew her own weakness, and his strength, and she opened his letter full of fear for her own resolution.

There was no passionate pleading. The letter was measured almost to coldness.

"I need not say that your departure, together with your explanation of that departure, has come upon me as a crushing blow. Your reasons in your own mind are doubtless un-

answerable; I cannot even endeavour to gainsay them. I could only seem to you as a special pleader, making the worst appear the better cause, for my own selfish ends. You know my opinion upon this hard-fought question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister; and you know how widely it differs from Mr. Cancellor's view and yours—which, to my mind, is the view of the bigot and not the Christian. There is no word in Christ's teaching to forbid such marriages. Your friend and master, Clement Cancellor, is of the school which sets the wisdom of a mediæval church above the wisdom of Christ. Am I to lose my wife because Mr. Cancellor is a better Christian than his divine Master?

"But granted that you are fixed in this way of thinking, that you deem it your duty to break your husband's heart and make his home desolate rather than tolerate the idea of union with one who was once married to your half sister, let me ask you at least to consider whether you have sufficient ground for believing that my first wife was verily your father's daughter. In the first place your only evidence of the identity between my wife and the girl you call Fay consists of a photograph which bears a striking likeness to the girl you knew, a likeness which I am bound to say Bell saw as instantly as you yourself had seen it. Remember that the strongest resemblances have been found between those who were of no kin to each other, and remember that more than one judicial murder has been committed on the strength of just such a likeness.

"The main point at issue, however, is not so much the question of identity as the question whether the girl Fay was actually your father's daughter, and from my cross-examination of Bell it appears to me that the evidence against your father in this matter is one of impressions only, and even, as circumstantial evidence, too feeble to establish any case against the accused. Is it impossible for a man to be interested in an orphan girl, and to be anxious to establish her in his own home, as a companion for his only child, unless that so-called orphan were his own daughter, the offspring of a hidden intrigue. There may be stronger evidence as to Fay's parentage than the suspicions of servants, or your mother's jealousy; but as yet I have arrived at none. You possibly may know much more than Bell knows, more than your letter implies. If it is not so, if you are acting on casual suspicion only, I can but say that you

are prompt to strike a man whose heart has been sorely tried of late, and who had a special claim upon your tenderness by reason of that recent loss.

"I can write no more, Mildred. My heart is too heavy for many words. I do not reproach you. I only ask you to consider what you are doing, before you make our parting irrevocable. You have entreated me not to follow you, and I will obey you so far as to give you ample time for reflection before I force myself upon your presence; but I must see you before you leave England. I ask no answer to this letter until we meet.

"Your loving and unhappy husband,
"GEORGE GRESWOLD."

The letter chilled her by its calm logic; its absence of passion. There seemed very little of the lover left in a husband who could so write. His contempt for a law which to her was sacred shocked her almost as an open declaration of unbelief. His sneer at Clement Cancellor wounded her to the quick.

She answered her husband's letter immediately.

"Alas, my beloved," she wrote, "my reason for believing Fay to have been my sister is unanswerable. My mother on her deathbed told me of the relationship; told me her sad secret with bitter tears. The knowledge of that story in the past had cast a shadow on the latter years of her married life. I had seen her unhappy without knowing the cause. On her deathbed she confided in me. I was almost a woman then, and old enough to understand what she told me. Women are so jealous where they love, George. I suffered many a sharp pang after my discovery of your previous marriage. I was jealous of that unknown rival who had gone before, little dreaming that fatal marriage was to cancel my own.

"My mother's witness is indisputable. She must have known. And as I grew older I saw that there was something in my father's manner when Fay was mentioned that indicated some painful secret. The time came when I was careful to avoid the slightest allusion to my lost sister, but in my own mind and in my own heart I guarded her image as the image of a sister.

"I am grieved that you should despise Mr. Cancellor and his opinions. My religious education was derived entirely from him. My father and mother were both careless, though neither was unbelieving. He taught me to care for spiritual things. He taught me to look to a

better life than the best we can lead here; and in this dark hour I thank and bless him for having so taught me. What should I be now adrift on a sea of trouble without the compass of faith and duty? I will steer by that, George, even though it carry me away from him I shall always devotedly love.—Ever in severance as in union,

"Your loving,

"MILDRED."

She had written to Mr. Cancellor early that morning, asking him to call upon her before four o'clock. He was announced a few minutes after she finished her letter, and she went to the drawing-room to receive him.

His rusty black coat, and shabby felt hat crumpled carelessly in his bare and bony hand, looked curiously out of harmony with Mrs. Tomkison's drawing-room, which was the passion of her life, the heathen temple to which she carried gold and frankincense and myrrh, in the shape of *rose du Barri* and *bleue du Roi* Sevres, veritable old Sherraton tables and chairs, and gems in the shape of pictures and cabinets from the Boudoir of Marie Antoinette, a lady who must assuredly have sat at more tables and written at more *escritaires* than any other woman in the world. Give her Majesty only five minutes for every table, and ten for every *bonheur du jour* attributed to her possession, and her life would have been longer than the span which she was granted of joy and grief between the passing of the marriage ring and the fall of the axe.

Unsignificantly that dark figure showed amidst the delicate tertiaries of Lyons brocades and the bright colouring of satin-wood tables and Sevres porcelain, Mr. Cancellor was perfectly at his ease in Mrs. Tomkison's drawing-room. He wasted very few of his hours in such rooms, albeit there were many such in which his presence was courted, but seldom as he appeared amidst such surroundings he was never disconcerted by them. He was not easily impressed by externals. The filth and squalor of a London slum troubled him no more than the artistic intricacies of a West End drawing-room in which the *culte* of the Beautiful left him no room to put down his hat. It was humanity for which he cared—persons, not things. His soul went straight to the souls he was anxious to save. He was narrow perhaps; but in that narrowness there was a concentrative power that could work wonders.

One glance at Mildred's face showed him that she was distressed, and that her trouble was no small thing. He held her hand in his long lean fingers, and looked at her earnestly as he said—

"You have something to tell me—some sorrow."

"Yes," she answered, "an incurable sorrow."

She burst into tears, the first she had shed since she left her home, and sobbed passionately for some moments, leaning against a Trianon spinet, raining her tears upon the *Vernis Martin* in a way that would have made Mrs. Tomkison's blood run cold.

"How weak I am," she said impatiently, as she dried her eyes and choked back her sobs. "I thought I was accustomed to my sorrow by this time. God knows it is no new thing. It seems a century old already."

"Sit down, and tell me all about it," said Clement Cancellor quietly, drawing forward a chair for her, and then seating himself by her side. "I cannot help you till you have told me all your trouble," and you know, I shall help

you if I can. I shall sympathise with you in any case."

"Yes, I am sure of that," she answered sadly; and then falteringly but clearly she told him the whole story, from the beginning in the days of her childhood, till the end yesterday. She held back nothing, she spared no one. Freely as to her father confessor she told all.

"I have left him for ever," she concluded. "Have I done right?"

"Yes, you have done right. Anything less than that would have been less than right. If you are sure of your facts as to the relationship—if Mr. Greswold's first wife was your father's daughter—there was no other course open to you. There was no alternative."

"And my marriage is invalid in law?" questioned Mildred.

"I do not think so. The law is full of iniquities. If this young lady was your father's natural daughter she had no status in the eye of the law. She was not your sister—she belonged to no one, in the eye of the law. She had no right to bear your father's name. So, if you accept the civil law for your guide, you may still be George Greswold's wife—you may ignore the tie between you and his first wife. Legally it has no existence."

Mildred crimsoned, and then grew deadly pale. In the eye of the law her marriage was valid. She was not a dishonoured woman—a wife and no wife. She might still stand by her husband's side—go down to the grave as his companion and sweetheart. They who so short a time ago were wedded lovers might be lovers again, all clouds dispersed, the sunshine of domestic peace upon their pathway—if she were content to be guided by the law.

"Should you think me justified if I were to accept my legal position, and shut my eyes to all the rest?" she asked, knowing but too well what the answer would be.

"Should I so think! Oh, Mildred, do you know me so little that you have any need to ask such a question? When have I ever taken the law for my guide? Have I not defied that law when it stood between me and my faith? Am I not ready to defy it again were the choice between conscience and law forced upon me? To my mind your half-sister's position makes not one jot of difference. She was not the less your sister because of her parents' sin, and your marriage with the man who was her husband is not the less an incestuous marriage."

The word struck Mildred like a whip—stung the wounded heart like the sharp cut of a lash.

"Not one word more," she cried, holding up her hands as if to ward off a blow. "If my union with my—very dear—husband was a sinful union, I was an unconscious sinner. The bond is broken for ever—I shall sin no more."

Her tears came again; but this time they gathered slowly on the weary lids, and rolled slowly down the pale cheeks, while she sat with her eyes fixed, looking straight before her in dumb despair.

"Be sure all will be well with you if you cleave to the right," said the priest, with grave tenderness, feeling for her as acutely as an ascetic can feel for the grief that springs from earthly passions and temporal loves, sympathising as a mother sympathises with a child that sobs over a broken toy. The toy is a worthless, futile thing, but to the child priceless.

"What are you going to do with your life?" he asked gently, after a long pause, in which he had given her time to recover self-possession.

"I hardly know. I shall go to Germany next month, I think, and choose some out-of-the-way nook, where I can live quietly, and then for the winter I may go to Italy or the south of France. A year hence perhaps I may enter a sisterhood; but I do not want to take such a step hurriedly."

"No, not hurriedly," said Mr. Cancellor, his face lighting up suddenly as that pale, thin, irregular-featured face could light itself with the divine radiance from within; "not hurriedly, not too soon; but I feel assured that it would be a good thing for you to do—the sovereign cure for a broken life. You think now that happiness would be impossible for you, anywhere, anyhow. Believe me, my dear Mildred, you would find it in doing good to others. A vulgar remedy, an old woman's recipe, perhaps, but infallible. A life lived for the good of others is always a happy life. You know the glory of the sky at sunset—there is nothing like it, no such splendour, no such beauty—and yet it is only a reflected light. So it is with the human heart, Mildred. The sun of individual love—the fierce orb of selfish passion—has sunk below life's horizon, but the reflected glory of the Christian's love for sinners brightens that horizon with a far lovelier light."

"If I could feel like you—if I were as unselfish as you——" faltered Mildred.

"You have seen Louise Hillersdon—a frivolous, pleasure-loving woman, you think, perhaps. One who was once an abject sinner, whom you are tempted to despise. I have seen that woman kneeling by the bed of death—I have seen her ministering with unblenching courage to the sufferers from the most loathsome diseases humanity knows, and I firmly believe that those hours of unselfish love have been the brightest spots in her chequered life. Believe me, Mildred, self-sacrifice is the shortest road to happiness. No, I would not urge you to make your selection hurriedly. Give yourself leisure for thought and prayer; and then, if you decide on devoting your life to good works, command my help, my counsel—all that is mine to give."

"I know—I know that I have a sure friend in you, and that under heaven I have no better friend," she answered quietly, glancing at the clock as she spoke. "I am going to Brighton this afternoon, to spend a few days with my aunt, and to—tell her what has happened. She must know all about Fay. If there is any room for doubt she will tell me. My last hope is there."

CHAPTER IV.

THE RICH MISS FAUSSET.

MISS FAUSSET—Madelina Fausset—occupied a large house in Lewes Crescent, with windows commanding all that there is of bold coast line and open sea to be beheld at Brighton. Her windows looked eastward, and her large substantial mansion seemed as it were to turn its back upon all the frivolities of the popular watering-place—upon its Cockney visitors of summer and its November smartness, its aquarium and theatre, its London stars, and Pavilion concerts, its carriages and horsemen—few of whom ever went so far east as Lewes Crescent; its brazen bands and brazen faces—upon everything except its church bells, which were borne up to Miss Fausset's windows by every west wind, and which sounded with but little intermission from no less than three temples within a quarter of a mile of the Crescent.

Happily Miss Fausset loved the sound of church bells, loved all things connected with her own particular church with the ardour which a woman who has few ties of kindred or friendship can afford to give to clerical matters. Nothing except serious indisposition would have prevented her attending matins at St. Edmund's, the picturesque and semi-fashionable Gothic temple in a narrow side street within ten minutes' walk of the Crescent; nor was she often absent from afternoon prayers, which were read daily at five o'clock to a small and select congregation. The somewhat stately figure of the elderly spinster was familiar to most of the congregation at St. Edmund's. All the old Brightonians knew the history of that tall, slim maiden lady, richly clad after a style of her own, which succeeded in reconciling Puritanism with Parisian fashion, very dignified in her carriage and manners, with a touch of hauteur, as of a miserable sinner who knew that she belonged to the salt of the earth. They knew that she was Miss Fausset, sole survivor of the great house of Fausset and Company, silk merchants and manufacturers, St. Paul's Churchyard and Lyons; that she had inherited a handsome fortune from her father before she was thirty, that she had refused a good many advantageous offers, had ranked as a beauty, and had been much admired in her time, that she had occupied the house in Lewes Crescent for more than a quarter of a century, and that she had taken a prominent part in philanthropic undertakings and clerical matters during the greater number of those years. No charity bazaar was considered in the way of success until Miss Fausset had promised to hold a stall; no new light in the ecclesiastical firmament of Brighton could be considered a veritable star until Miss Fausset had taken notice of him. She mixed in the very best Brighton society, but not much. She received everybody connected with Church and charitable matters. Afternoon tea in her drawing room was considered a privilege, and strangers were taken to her as to a royal personage. Her occasional dinners—very rare, and never large—were talked of as perfection in the way of dining.

"It is easy for her to do things nicely," sighed an overweighted maïron, "with her means, and no family. She must be inordinately rich."

"Did she come into a very large fortune at her father's death?"

"Oh, I believe old Fausset was almost a millionaire, and he had only a son and a daughter. But it is not so much the amount she inherited as the amount she must have saved. Think how she must have nursed her income, with her quiet way of living. Only four indoor servants and a coachman, no garden, and one brougham horse. She must be rolling in money."

"She gives away a great deal."

"Nothing compared with what other people spend. Money goes a long way in charity. Ten pounds makes a good show on a subscription list; but what is it in a butcher's book? I daresay my three boys have spent as much at Oxford in the last six years as Miss Fausset has given in charity within the same time."

It pleased Miss Fausset to live quietly, and to spend very little money upon show or splendour of any kind. There was distinction enough for her in the intellectual ascendancy she had acquired among those churchgoing Brightonians who thought exactly as she

thought. Her spacious, well-appointed house; her experienced servants—cook, housemaid, lady's-maid, and butler; her neat miniature brougham, and perfect brougham horse, realised all her desires in the way of comfort or luxury. Her own diet was of an almost ascetic simplicity, and her servants were on board wages; but she gave her visitors the best that the season or the fashion could suggest to a skilful cook. Even her afternoon tea was considered superior to everybody else's tea, and her table was provided with daintier cakes and biscuits than were to be seen elsewhere.

Her house had been decorated and furnished under her own directions, and was marked, in all particulars, by that grain of Puritanism which was noticeable in the lady's attire. The carpets and curtains in the two drawing-rooms were in delicate tones of silver-gray. The furniture was French, and belonged to the period of the Directory, when the graceful lightness of the Louis seize style was merging into the classicism of the Empire. In Miss Fausset's drawing-room there were none of those charming futilities which cumber the tables of more frivolous women. Here Mr. Cancellor would have found ample room for his hat—room for a committee meeting, or a mission service, indeed—on that ample expanse of silvery velvet pile, a small arabesque pattern in different shades of gray.

The grand piano was the principal feature of the larger room, but it was not draped or disguised, sophisticated by flower vases, or made glorious with plush, after the manner of fashionable pianos. It stood forth—a concert grand, in unsophisticated bulk of richly carved rosewood, a Broadwood piano, and nothing more. The inner room was lined with book shelves, and had the air of a room that was meant for usefulness rather than hospitality. A large, old-fashioned rosewood secretaire—of the Directory period—occupied the space in front of the wide single window, which commanded a view of dead walls, covered with Virginia creeper, and in the distance a glimpse of the crocketed spire of St. Edmund's, a reproduction in little of one of the turrets of Sainte Chapelle.

Two-thirds of the volumes in those tall book-cases were of a theological or pious character, the remaining third consisted of those standard works which everybody ought to read, but which only the superior few do read.

Mildred had telegraphed in the morning to announce her visit, and she found her aunt's confidential man-servant, a German Swiss, and her aunt's neat little brougham waiting for her at the station. Miss Fausset herself was in the inner drawing-room ready to receive her niece.

There was something in the chastened colouring and perfect order of that house in Lewes Crescent which always chilled Mildred upon entering it after a long interval. It was more than three years since she had visited her aunt, and this afternoon in the fading light the silver gray drawing-rooms looked colder and emptier than usual.

Madelina Fausset came forward to receive her niece, and imprinted a stately kiss of welcome on each cheek.

"My dear Mildred, this has been a most agreeable surprise," she said; "but I hope it is no family trouble that has brought you to me—so suddenly."

She looked at her niece searchingly with her cold, gray eyes. She was a handsome woman still, at fifty-seven years of age. Her features

were faultlessly regular, and the oval of her face was nearly as perfect as it had been at seven and twenty. Her abundant hair was silvery gray, and worn *a la Marie Antoinette*, a style which lent dignity to her appearance. Her dinner gown of dark gray silk fitted her tall, upright figure to perfection, and her one ornament, an antique diamond cross, half hidden by the folds of her cambric fichu, was worthy of the rich Miss Fausset.

"Yes, aunt, it is trouble that has brought me to you—very bitter trouble; but it is just possible that you can help me to overcome it. I have come to you for help, if you can give it."

"My dear child, you must know I would do anything in my power——" Miss Fausset began, with gentle deliberation.

"Yes, yes, I know," Mildred answered, almost impatiently. "I know that you will be sorry for me—but you may not be able to do anything. It is a forlorn hope. In such a strait as mine one catches at any hope."

Her aunt's measured accents jarred upon her overstrung nerves. Her grief raged within her like a fever, and the grave placidity of the elder woman tortured her. There seemed no capacity or sympathy in this stately spinster who stood and scanned her with coldly inquisitive eyes.

"Can we be quite alone for a little while, aunt? Are you sure of no one interrupting us while I am telling you my troubles?"

"I will give an order. It is only half-past six, and we do not dine till eight. There is no reason we should be disturbed. Come and sit over here, Mildred, on this sofa. Your maid can take your hat and jacket to your room."

Stray garments lying about in those orderly drawing rooms would have been agony to Miss Fausset. She rang the bell, and told the servant to send Mrs. Greswold's maid, and to take particular care that no one was admitted.

"I can see nobody this evening," she said. "If anyone calls you will say I have my niece with me, and cannot be disturbed."

Franz, the Swiss butler, bowed with an air of understanding the finest shades of feeling in that honoured mistress. He brought out a tea-table, and placed it conveniently near the sofa on which Mildred was sitting, and he placed upon it the neatest of salvers with tiny silver teapot and ivory Worcester cup and saucer, and bread and butter such as Titania herself might have eaten with an apricot or a cluster of dew-berries. Then he discreetly retired, and sent Louise, who smelt of tea and toast already, though she could not have been more than ten minutes in the great stony basement, which would have accommodated a company of infantry just as easily as the spinster's small establishment.

Louise took the jacket and hat and her mistress' keys, and withdrew to finish her tea and to freely discuss the motive and meaning of this extraordinary journey from Enderby to Brighton. The general opinion over the housekeeper's tea-table inclined to the idea that Mrs. Greswold had found a letter—a fatal and compromising letter—addressed to her husband by some lady with whom he had been carrying on an intrigue, in all probability Mrs. Hillersdon, of Riverdale.

"We all know who *she* was before Mr. Hillersdon married her," said Louise; "and don't tell me that a woman who has behaved like that while she was young, would ever be really prudent. Mrs. Hillersdon must be fifty, if she's a day; but she is a handsome woman still, and,

who knows, she may have been an old flame of my master's."

"That's it," sighed Franz, assentingly. It's generally an old flame that does the mischief. *Wir sind armer Schlucker.*"

"And now, my dear, tell me what has gone wrong with you," said Miss Fausset, seating herself on the capacious sofa—low, broad, luxurious, one of Crunden's masterpieces—beside her niece.

The heavily draped windows shut out the cold light in the eastern sky, and the rooms were growing shadowy. A small fire burned in the bright steel grate, and made the one cheerful spot in the room, touching the rich bindings of the books with wandering gleams of light.

"Oh, it is a long story, aunt. I must begin at the beginning. I have a question to ask you—a question that means life or death to me."

"A question—to—ask—me?"

Miss Fausset uttered these words slowly, spacing them out, one by one, in her clear, calm voice—the voice that had spoken at committee meetings, and had laid down the law in matters charitable and ecclesiastical many times in that good town of Brighton.

"I must go back to my childhood, aunt, in the first place," began Mildred, in her low, earnest voice, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed upon her aunt's coldly correct profile, between her and the light of the fire, the wide window behind her, with the day gradually darkening after the autumnal sunset. The three eastward looking windows in the large room beyond had a ghostly look with their long guipure curtains, closely drawn against the dying light.

"I must go back to the time when I was seven years old, and my dear father," falteringly, and with tears in her voice, "brought home his adopted daughter, Fay—Fay Fausset, he called her. She was fourteen and I was only seven—but I was very fond of her all the same. We took to each other from the very beginning. When we left London and went to the Hook Fay went with us. I was ill there, and she helped to nurse me. She was very good to me—kinder than I can say—and I loved her as if she had been my sister. But when I got well she was sent away—sent to a finishing school at Brussels, and I never saw her again. She had only lived with us one short summer. Yet it seemed as if she and I had been together all my life. I missed her so sorely. I missed her for years afterwards."

"My tender-hearted Mildred," said Miss Fausset, gently. "It is like you to give your love to a stranger, and to be so faithful to her memory."

"Oh, but she was not a stranger; she was something nearer and dearer. I could hardly have been so fond of her if there had not been some link between us."

"Nonsense, Mildred. A warm-hearted child will take to anyone near her own age who is kind to her. Why should this girl have been anything more than an orphan, whom your father adopted out of the generosity of his heart?"

"Oh, she was something more. There was a mystery. Did you ever see her, aunt? I don't remember your coming to Parchment-street or to the Hook while she was with us."

"No. I was away from England that year. I spent that summer and autumn on the Lake of Geneva with my friends the Templemores."

"Ah, then you knew nothing of the trouble Fay made in our home—most innocently. It is such a sad story, aunt. I can hardly bear to

touch upon it, even to you, for it casts a shadow upon my father's character. You know how I loved and honoured him, and how it must pain me to say one word that reflects upon him."

"Yes, I know you loved him. You could not love him too well, Mildred. He was a good man—a noble-hearted, noble-minded man."

"And yet that one act of his, bringing poor Fay into his home, brought unhappiness upon us all. My mother seemed set against her from the very first, and on her death-bed she told me that Fay was my father's daughter. She gave me no proof—she told me nothing beyond that one cruel fact. Fay was the offspring of hidden sin. She told me this, and to let me remember it all my life. Do you think, aunt, she was justified in this accusation against my father?"

"How can I tell, Mildred," Miss Fausset answered coldly. "My brother may have had secrets from me."

"But did you never hear anything—any hint of this mystery? Did you never know anything about your brother's life in the years before his marriage which would serve as a clue? He could hardly have cared for anyone—been associated with anyone—and you not hear something—"

"If you mean did I ever hear that my brother had a mistress, I can answer no," replied Miss Fausset, in a very unsympathetic voice. "But men do not usually allow such things to be known to their sisters—especially to a younger sister, as I was by a good many years. He may have been—like other men. Few seem free from the stain of sin. But however that may have been I know nothing about the matter."

"And you do not know the secret of Fay's parentage—you my father's only sister—his only surviving relation. Can you help me to find anyone who knew more about his youth—any—confidential friend—anyone who can tell me whether that girl was really my sister?"

"No, Mildred. I have no knowledge of your father's friends. They are all dead and gone perhaps. But what can it matter to you who this girl was? She is dead. Let the secret of her existence die with her. It is wisest, most charitable to do so."

"Ah, you know she is dead," cried Mildred quickly. "Where and when did she die? How did you hear of her?"

"From your father. She died abroad, I do not remember the year."

"Was it before my marriage?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Long before?"

"Two or three years perhaps. I cannot tell you anything precisely. The matter was of no moment to me."

"Oh, aunt, it is life and death to me. She was my husband's first wife. She and I—daughters of one father—as I, alas, can but believe we were—married the same man."

"I never heard your husband was a widower."

"No, nor did I know it until a few weeks ago," and then, as clearly as her distress of mind would allow, Mildred told how the discovery had been made.

"The evidence of a picture—a photograph which may be a good or a bad likeness—is a small thing to go upon, Mildred," said her aunt. "I think you have been very foolish to make up your mind upon such evidence."

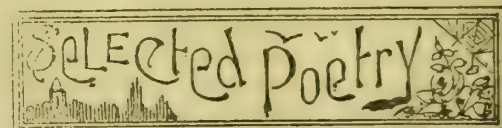
"Oh, but there are other facts—coincidences. And nothing would make me doubt the identity of the original of that photograph with Fay Fausset. I recognised it at the first glance;

and Bell, who saw it afterwards, knew the face immediately. There could be no error in that. The only question is about her parentage. I thought, if there were room for doubt in the face of my mother's death-bed statement—you could help me. But it is all over. You were my last hope," said Mildred despairingly.

She let her face sink forward upon her clasped hands. Only in this moment did she know how she had clung to the hope that her aunt would be able to assure her she was mistaken in her theory of Fay's parentage.

"My dear Mildred," began Miss Fausset, after a pause, "the words you have just used—'death-bed statement,' seem to mean something very solemn—indisputable—irrevocable; but I must beg you to remember that your poor mother was a very weak woman, and a very exacting wife. She was offended with my brother for his adoption of an orphan girl. I have heard her hold forth about her wrongs many a time—vaguely—not daring to accuse him before me; but still I could understand the drift of her thoughts. She may have nursed these vague suspicions of her's until they seemed to her like positive facts, and on her death-bed, her brain enfeebled by illness, she may have made direct assertions upon no other ground than those long-cherished suspicions and the silent jealousies of years, I do not think, Mildred, you ought to take any decisive step upon the evidence of your mother's jealousy."

(To be continued.)



REMEMBER.

THE mother sat with snow-white hair,
So feeble and thin and pale;
The son at her side, in manhood's pride,
Was ruddy and tall and hale,
So ready of hand, so fleet of foot,
So haughty in his might,
That he oft forgot the tender care
That was still his mother's right.

That the careless wrong and the cruel word
Were easy to do and say;
Till sorely wounded, with flushing cheeks,
She answered him thus one day:—
"If only the past could speak, my son,
If thou wouldst remember right,
How I carried thee in these trembling arms,
And toiled for thee day and night!"

"Loving, and guiding, and watching thee,
Till the years have made thee strong;
If thou would'st remember this,
Thou never would'st do me wrong;
For now I am cast upon thy love,
I am frail, and old, and gray;
O son, that I nursed long years ago,
Remember my love to-day!"

He dropped by her knee, as in olden times,
Her pardon and love to seek;
Her gray head bowed down to his young brown head,
And her tears were on his cheek;
And ever since in his heart she trusts,
In his strong young arms has rest,
For he never forgets that once he lay
An infant upon her breast.

O men, in your strength, and hope, and joy!
O maidens, in your youthful charms!
Remember that wailing infants once
You lay in your mother's arms!
Remember she then was fair and strong;
That you will grow old and gray;
That the wrong or the right you do to her
Will come back to your hearts some day.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

28th March, 1888.

THE variations in the Discount Market since last week are unimportant. Choice three months' bills are taken at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but $1\frac{1}{4}$ is the general rate. Short loans are in request at $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the supply is small in view of the Stock Exchange settlement, which commences to-day, and for which the Banks are expected to charge from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., which is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lower than that charged a fortnight ago. Consols, $101\frac{1}{8}$. Two-and-a-half Per Cents, $96\frac{1}{4}$. India Three Per Cents, $99\frac{3}{8}$.

English Rails.—This Market has been in an unsettled condition, and with the exception of some buying of the Southern Deferred Stocks, almost featureless. Traffics are not considered to be satisfactory, and the recent bad weather has undoubtedly a great deal to do with it. Brighton A are quoted 116. Dover A, $101\frac{3}{4}$. Chatham 214. Great Eastern, 604. Caledonian, $103\frac{1}{4}$. North British, $108\frac{3}{4}$. Hull and Barnsley, 35. Market firmer all round with an upward tendency.

Foreigners have been fairly maintained, and the variations in price during last week were unimportant. The New Mexican Loan has proved a great success, and is quoted $3\frac{3}{4}$ premium, having been subscribed many times over, and prices are in most instances higher. Unified are quoted 78. Greek, 69. Spanish, $67\frac{3}{4}$. Russian 1873, $92\frac{3}{4}$. Mexican $37\frac{1}{2}$. Perus, dull at $16\frac{3}{8}$. This is the first day of the account, and continuation rates are in every case lower than for last account, $3\frac{1}{2}$ being charged on Foreign Stocks generally. The Market now shows a decided improvement, especially in Russian and Mexican.

Americans have been very flat during the week, but rallied towards the close considerably. It is impossible for any one to say, with any degree of certainty, whether the lowest points have been reached, but we have an idea that they have, and that it would be dangerous to sell at present prices. With the conversion scheme an accomplished fact, this market should certainly absorb a portion of the money of the investing public. The market here is anxious enough to improve, but finds no support from the other side. Eries are quoted $24\frac{1}{4}$. Lake Shore 91. Milwaukee 76. Readings 30. Louisville $54\frac{3}{4}$. Ontarios $16\frac{3}{8}$. All the above prices are from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ above last week's closing.

Mines still remain dull, with the exception of Diamonds, which still absorb the most attention. The announcement of the sudden death of Mr. William Abbott had a very depressing effect on the price of all Indian Gold Shares, in which undertakings he might almost be called the pioneer. He was one of the most respected brokers in the city, and his loss will be keenly felt by all classes. His name has recently been before the public in connection with the negotiations between the Brighton and South Eastern Railways, in which he was deeply interested. An Irishman by birth, he attained distinction in one of our leading banks, and eventually became one of the most prominent and respected members of the Stock Exchange. His commanding presence at almost every railway meeting. His unvarying good nature, and his native eloquence, made him respected by friend and foe. It will be almost impossible to fill his place. Mysore Mines, in which he took an especial interest, fell at once to about 3, but recovered somewhat, and are now quoted $3\frac{3}{4}$. De Beers $47\frac{1}{4}$. Cape Copper 60. Rio Tinto 18. Tocopilla 5/- (well worth attention.)

Miscellaneous Market is firm on purchases for investment. Aerated Bread $5\frac{1}{4}$, on which an interim dividend of 15% has been declared. Hotchkiss 15. Suez Canal $84\frac{3}{4}$. Spratt's $9\frac{1}{4}$. Royal Music Hall $3\frac{1}{4}$, are not yet low enough for a purchase, and from what has lately transpired, we think it better to leave them alone.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F.S. writes to know if we still think well of Ontarios. — We have never altered our opinion since first we recommended them, and to show that we did not over-estimate the rise which we think likely to take place in them, we quote the following letter relating to Ontarios, which appeared last week in one of the leading daily papers:—

"I was much pleased to read your very able article in your issue of yesterday, on the present and future prospects of this company, as it fully confirms the opinion I had already formed of it.

In common with most American rails, it has suffered from bear raids and weak bull accounts; but I feel certain that when the bona-fide investor realises the improved position of the line, it will not be long before it is quoted at 30. There is an old saying among brokers, that when stocks are high the public buy, when they're low they let them go. I recently purchased 1,500 at 15, fully intending to double my capital.

CONSOLS asks us to recommend a sound security paying not less than 3 per cent.—We should recommend Victoria (four per cents) which at present price yield nearly $3\frac{1}{2}\%$; also Canadian (four per cents), which pay within a fraction of $3\frac{1}{2}\%$.

RAILWAY INVESTOR.—Great Easterns and South Westerns we consider the cheapest in the market.

WABASH.—We should have nothing to do with them.

J.D.—We have given our opinion on more than one occasion.

AN OPEN LETTER.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS SEXTON, M.P.,
LORD MAYOR.

My Lord Mayor,—As a man of culture you are aware that the term IRISH SOCIETY includes all classes and all creeds.

We therefore approach you in the interests of the entire community, without political or theological bias.

We congratulate you upon recovery from your late illness, caused, possibly, by the delirium of a hard public life. We do not coincide with those who, for political reasons, would oust you from your seat on a legal quibble. We hold that you are as well fitted for your present position as any other member of the Corporation. As an orator and a convalescent you are admirably equipped for a year of application to the business affairs of the city. True, the majority preferred another gentleman previous to your election, but, under a conscientious sense of duty, your lordship brushed aside the theory concerning the right of the majority to decide an election. You called a public meeting in the Phoenix Park, and satisfactorily demonstrated your transcendent superiority to the chosen candidate. The modesty of your declaration on this occasion was a sufficient indication of your inherent greatness.

You have now realised your ambition; the government of the Irish metropolis is in your hands; and £3,000, raised from the taxes, are at your disposal for the general welfare of the citizens.

Without doubt your prevailing meditations are directed to the question—how to use this money so as to afford the greatest benefit to the city. As a student of economics, you are aware that the sum, though comparatively small, if adroitly manipulated, will rouse dormant capital, and set the machinery of reproductive labour in motion. We, therefore, sympathise with your lordship in the mental deliberations which beset this question, but, at the same time, congratulate you upon being placed in a position which enables you to dispose of the public funds to the advantage of the public.

All your sympathies are with the poorer classes of our fellow-countrymen. You will

have sufficient good taste to avoid insulting their misery by gorgeous processions, for your lordship must be conscious that a glimpse of the Gold Coach is a poor substitute for a dinner to a starving artisan. You will be stirred to something more practicable than sentimental pity at the sight of famine peering from the eyes of the thousands of the unemployed, and will recollect that it is possible they may not always submit to bear their wrongs in patience.

You are unmarried, and free from the cares which haunt the man who debates on the future of his family. As a Democrat, your wants are few, your personal expenditure, therefore, will be in keeping with the principle of simplicity.

My Lord Mayor, the people are starving in thousands on the streets. The workshops stand untenanted. The merchants are being ruined, one by one. The factories are closed, the hospitals and poorhouses overflowing. Desolation reigns in Dublin.

Can all your faculties, trained in the art of statesmanship, devise no scheme to save the city from ruin?

The eyes of the unemployed and the impoverished shopkeepers are fixed upon the Mansion House. What figure shall you present to the gaze of the assembled thousands—a man of self-abnegation, devoting his life and means to the public weal; or a mere egotist wallowing in the self-indulgence of luxurious creature comforts?

D.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

During the past week preparations have been busily going on for the reception of Her Majesty Queen Victoria at the Villa Palmieri, which has been placed at her disposal by Lady Crawford.

* * * * *

Villa Palmieri stands in extensive pleasure grounds, and quite an English park made by the late Lord Crawford, in which are undulating hills and plains, meadows, groves, alleys, terraces, and orange houses, in short, everything imaginable to add to the enjoyment of the beautiful spring days we may now hope for.

* * * * *

No expense has been spared on the arrangement of the Villa. The ground floor, or as it is called in Italian, the "piano terreus," comprises a large number of "salons" and spacious rooms. There is the dining-room for the Queen and royal family, the dining-room for the suite, the apartments for the Princess Battenburg, and those for General Ponsonby, Her Majesty's secretary, also for the Courier, for Lord Churchill, the doctor, etc., etc. Then the drawing-room, which is most luxuriously furnished, with every possible facility for music and amusement for wet days, and possessing a choice library. On this floor are also the Chapel and few other rooms, which, should they be required, would serve for official receptions. The second flat is exclusively reserved for the Queen. From the morning-room, where the Queen will luncheon, one passes into her boudoir, from that to the room of the Lady-in-waiting, then into the dressing-room, from that to Her Majesty's bedroom. It is needless to say that Lady Crawford has furnished this suite of apartments, as those on the "piano terreus," with richest hangings and upholstery, artistic furniture, pictures, and ornaments worthy of her guest.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society," payable in advance.

Yearly	-	-	-	-	6/6
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All Communications to be sent, and Remittances made to ERNEST MANICO, IRISH SOCIETY Office, 11 D'Olier Street, Dublin.

Wholesale Agents for "IRISH SOCIETY," who will also receive Subscriptions and supply back numbers.

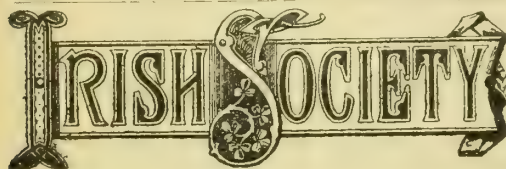
Messrs. Charles Eason & Son, Dublin and Belfast.

Mr. Davy Stephens, 27 Upper George's St., Kingstown.

Messrs. J. Menzies & Co., 21 Drury Street, Glasgow, and 12 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

Mr. George Vickers, Angel Court, 172 Strand, London.

The International News Co., United States and Canada.



WEEK ENDING 31st MARCH, 1888.

Her Majesty the Queen is now at Villa Palmieri, where in a few days she will be surrounded by quite a family circle.

Two drawing-rooms are announced for May, and after April 7th, on which date the Court goes out of mourning, a brilliant season is looked forward to by London society.

The announcement that his Excellency the Marquis of Londonderry has become the recipient of the Garter, vacant by the death of the Duke of Rutland, will be regarded with pleasure by the Viceroy's numerous friends in England and in this country. It was thought that the coveted honour would not be bestowed on an Irish nobleman, candidates across channel being numerous and pressing in various diplomatic ways; but those who fancied so have been disappointed, and, what is more satisfactory, it has come to the noble lord from the Queen, as a spontaneous mark of the confidence entertained in him by the Marquis of Salisbury.

Diplomatic changes in which two distinguished Irishmen will figure will take place early in June. Lord Lansdowne will return to England in that month. The leading citizens of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, have already intimated their intention to get up a demonstration in honour of the Marquis before his departure.

Lord Dufferin will not, however, return to England before November.

We announce elsewhere that after all we are to have our annual St. Patrick's Ball at the Castle, the event having only been postponed in consequence of the death of the Emperor of Germany. It is, however, as a spectacle that this time-honoured entertainment is alone valuable. As a dance it is admittedly hopeless; as a means of enjoyment it is dubious in the extreme; and the invariable result of the ball is a loud and general chorus of complaints anent the crush, the heat, the worry, the damage to expensive frocks, with the loss of spurs and other military appendages which are torn from manly heels and breasts, while the damage to ladies' costly dresses affords their fair wearers material for sorrowful reflection during the succeeding quarter.

All this, however, we may rely on it, will not deter a single maiden, wife, widow, or masculine equivalent, whether military or civilian, from taking her or his place in the State display, and once more we shall see them all struggling along in the dense and brilliant throng, over whom Mr. Liddell wields so great an influence. By the way, our fat but good-humoured friend, who wields the baton of the Viceregal string band, is much to be envied on these occasions. "Responsible"-looking, he alone sits calm and serene, gorgeous in his breadth of spotless shirt front, as he gracefully—well, as gracefully as he can—twirls his wand of office, and directs his perspiring troupe. Certainly Mr. Liddell has the only really enjoyable position on these interesting occasions, if we except the dear little spectators who are privileged to assemble in her Excellency's box.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Drogheda, who have made a long visit to Australia, are expected home about the end of April.

The Rev. Canon Travers Smith, D.D., of St. Bartholomew's, leaves Dublin for a tour in the Holy Land immediately after Easter.

The tenants of Earl Fitzwilliam will present Lady Fitzwilliam with a handsome portrait of herself on the celebration of their golden wedding in September next.

The Earl of Dufferin is collecting materials for a memoir of his mother the gifted and beautiful Helen Lady Dufferin, afterwards Countess of Gifford.

A gentleman in the Indian Civil service, lately home on leave, when staying with his family in Dublin, was deeply smitten by the charms of a young lady whom he frequently met in society, but his heart failed him when the parting moment arrived, and he took leave of her without declaring his sentiments; he had no sooner reached his station in the far East, than he became aware of an awful blank in his existence, wrote to her by the first post, and on receiving the reply, forwarded an engagement ring. The young lady will shortly proceed to India to be united to her faint-hearted but repentant lover!

An afternoon dance was given on Saturday 24th, by Mrs. Tyrrell, 30 Upper Pembroke-st., which was much enjoyed by those present. Mr. Mervyn Browne supplied the music.

Amongst the smartest we noticed the hostess, Miss Kaye, Miss Johnston, Miss Tyrrell, and Miss Whitney.

Saturday afternoon seems a favourite time for parties. There were no less than five on the 24th inst. Mrs. Bowan Hamilton's, Mrs. Colin Campbell's, and Mrs. Edwards' were amongst those we heard of.

We mentioned in our last issue that the annual dinner of the Dublin Bay Sailing Club had been fixed to take place on the 5th of April. Since the date was originally decided on, the committee, of which Mr. Richard Fry is Secretary, decided on postponing it, and it will now be held on the 12th of April, a thoroughly pleasant evening being looked forward to on the occasion.

Who can it be? In the Viceregal circle there are sly rumours of a certain flirtation in distinguished quarters, which it is hoped St. Patrick's Ball will bring to a climax. The lady, they say, is favourably inclined, and it is generously added that it needs but a little courage on the part of the enamoured swain to win the prize, and make her his "ownest own." They would certainly make a handsome couple, and—so may it be.

The subject of our supplement this week is Viscount Powerscourt, who was elected Representative Peer for Ireland in 1865, served in the 1st Life Guards, is Deputy Lieutenant for Co. Wicklow, and J.P. for counties Dublin and Wexford. He is well-known for his scientific tastes and artistic culture, being Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society and Member of the Royal Irish Academy. He was born 13th October, 1836. His brother, Hon. Lewis Wingfield, has distinguished himself in literature.

St. Philips, Temple Road, Milltown, is rapidly becoming the most successful of our suburban societies. Though there was a great crush at the doors last week, the press were admitted. Desmond Ryan's Grand Toy Symphony was an original venture. We hope the orchestra will repeat it in some larger hall, in conjunction with a charitable concert. We guarantee a crowded house. Mrs. Gerrard, Fitzwilliam Square, kindly lent instruments and scores. Mrs. Thornley Stoker, one of the best of our lady-amateur elocutionists, recited. Miss Kathleen Beatty played remarkably well on a tuneless piano. Mr. Wolseley was not too successful in Gounod's beautiful setting of Shelley's celebrated poem to Mary Wollstonecroft.

Mr. J. F. Warden is running successfully in the Theatre Royal, Belfast, "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," this being the Pantomime for the Queen's Theatre at Christmas next, but before being put on the boards of the Brunswick Street house it will undergo many emendations and other improvements, so as to bring it abreast of the time. In Mr. Warden's capable hands it cannot fail of success. By the way, we may mention that Miss Muriel Ravenswood is spoken of highly by the Belfast press in connection with her appearance in the Pantomime.

The marriage of Miss Mary Davies, the popular vocalist, to Mr. Cadwaladr Davies was celebrated in London last week. The bride

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VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT.

(From a Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.)

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wore a dress of rich white satin, draped in front with white *crepe de chine*, and festooned with a wreath of orange blossoms from the right shoulder to the bottom of the skirt; tulle veil, surmounted by a spray of orange blossom. Her only ornament was a diamond brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were attired in costumes of white china silk with long sashes of yellow silk, and carried posies of daffodils tied with yellow streamers, and wore pearl bracelets, the gift of the bridegroom.

The new actress, Miss Neilson, has made a strikingly successful *debut*. A correspondent who was present at the Lyceum on the occasion, says that her performance of Pygmalion's injured wife was so good that there is every reason to anticipate the young artiste's speedy rise to the front rank of her new profession.

Madame Nordica was the recipient of a graceful compliment from a number of her admirers on her arrival in Dublin recently by one of the London and North Western boats from Holyhead. When the steamer reached her berth a deputation consisting of Messrs. J. Goulding, J. Doyle, J. J. Nagle, B. Goulding, and P. G. Nagle, went on board and presented the gifted lady with a magnificent bouquet of the choicest flowers. Madame Nordica seemed highly gratified at the unexpected attention, and, accompanied by the gentlemen named, she drove to the Shelbourne in a carriage specially provided for the occasion.

The leading ladies of fashion in Paris have discarded long pointed bodices, and puffed skirts, in favour of the short, round, skirt. The latter style takes much less material, and is more comfortable than the former.

The Earl of Arran and his daughter are at present sojourning in America, and are, as the Yankees put it, going "through the mill," which means, in fine English, that the representatives of our aristocracy are being introduced to New York society.

It is expected that Colonel and Mrs. Young, eldest sister of Miss Romola Tynte, will shortly return from India.

Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." But a few short weeks ago the music-loving portion of the community were in ecstasies over the wonderful manipulation of the key-board by a young and promising Dublin lady. But now their joy is turned into sorrow, and few will be found who do not in some way or other profoundly regret the early death of Miss Louise Kellett, which took place at the National Hospital, Ventnor, on the 21st inst.

Miss Kellett, who was the daughter of the late Mr. Francis Kellett, once well known as the great hatter of Sackville-street, was a scholar of the Royal College of Music. She had won a double scholarship, and her teachers had the highest opinion of her capabilities. She distinguished herself in presence of the Queen and Princess of Wales, and had but the grim messenger held back his fiat, a brilliant future as a pianist was before the lamented lady. By her death Ireland has lost a brilliant daughter and Art one of its most promising devotees.

Considerable inquiry is being made just now by city folk on the subject of securing suitable seaside lodgings for the summer months, and in this connection we are glad to know that Howth and the Northern line of seaboard, which have been so long neglected by the citizens, are not likely to be overlooked in the coming season.

There are many beautiful spots from which to choose, among them being the pretty village of Howth itself, with its charming mountain and bay scenery; Sutton, Malahide, Portmarnock, Balbriggan, and several other agreeable summer resorts. With the people of these districts themselves rests the amount of patronage that for three months at least will be bestowed upon them.

First and foremost, they require to avoid even the appearance of extravagance in their charges, if they would attract to themselves a rush of visitors who will certainly go to some part of the seaside during the Summer months, and who would naturally be drawn to places convenient to their city homes if they were only satisfied that they would be fairly dealt with, so far as the rent of lodgings is concerned, and with respect to other incidental charges.

These remarks apply with equal force to the villages and townships on the Southern seaboard, and all concerned should take timely notice of the fact that cute houseowners in the Isle of Man are already advertising great inducements to parties from Dublin desirous of spending the Summer months at the seaside in Ramsey, Douglas, Castletown and Peel.

It was with deep regret we learned on going to press of the sudden death of that well-known journalist, Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, M.P., at the early age of 42, and we desire to express our sympathy with his mourning wife and family.

Mothers-in-law are not popular. Why, we do not exactly know, as numbers of them are most affectionate relatives, and interfere not at all with the regulation of the households of their sons-in-law. But there are exceptions to this rule, and a notable one has just come to light. The desperate steps that some men are driven to take in order to get rid of a relation of this kind are aptly illustrated by an application to the Emigration Inspector at New York the other day, by an Irishman named M'Carthy, who, having saved sufficient money, bought a ticket, which he sent to his wife. Mrs. M'Carthy at once prepared to set out, and wrote to her husband informing him that she should sail in the steamer *Black Prince*, and that she would be accompanied by her mother.

The news drove McCarthy to desperation, and he at once waited on the Emigration Inspector to warn him against allowing his mother-in-law to land, as she had no means of support, and would become a charge upon the rates of the city. The British *Prince* arrived in due course; McCarthy attended to identify the old lady, who would infallibly have been shipped back again, if a gentleman, overhearing the dispute on board, had not there and then taken the mother-in-law into his service. By-and-bye Mr. McCarthy is likely to have a few bad half-hours with the insulted and disowned mother of his wife.

A neat book, well got out, charming stories crisply written, and full of sensation and fun is what we think of the just published "Tales of the Irish Police, by One of Themselves." We may, however, without further entering into the merits of the book, designate the story, of which the metropolitan Baby is the hero, as the most vivaciously written and the most humorous one in the series.

"Slattery's Mounted Fut" is the title of a smartly-written song, which is bound to become popular. It is written and composed by W. P. French, and will be welcomed in all circles. The words are intensely funny, and the music is particularly suited to them, while the refrain, without being hilarious, is inspiring and jolly. Mr. French, who is the author of "Abdallah Bulbul Ameer," will, in conjunction with Mr. J. Ross, shortly have ready what is announced as "a great comic song," with the catching title of "Andy M'Elroe, a tale of the Soudan." "Slattery's Mounted Fut" can be had at Pigott's, Grafton-street.

A firm of pianoforte manufacturers has secured the services of a Peer in reduced circumstances, as town traveller. It is to be hoped that his peership will be a success in a *role* which is anything but a sinecure.

The home of melodramatic failures, the London Olympic, is about to be converted into a regularly fashionable house. The syndicate, of which Lady Monckton, Mr. Colnaghi, and Mr. Dick are prominent members, have a strong following in the higher social circles of the great metropolis, and it is anticipated that the venture will be a success.

Some exquisite Venetian photographs, taken by moonlight, have been secured by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Walsh, of Merrion Row. We are sure these gentlemen would have no objection to shew them to amateur photographers and *dilettante* lovers of art.

Dublin is generally considered a paradise for military men, and, without doubt, in the winter season the genial officer who goes in for society and likes dining out and dancing can get all that his heart desires. It is, however, fortunate that our country's defenders are well vetted before they undertake their arduous profession, otherwise many a future Wellington would succumb to the fatigues of a Dublin season.

The other night one of the most inveterate of the Dublin military ball-goers was heard to remark to his partner: "Yes, I get one night's sleep in the week—Sunday's, you know. Since November I have done on three hours regularly every other night of the week. It is merely a matter of training, you see. Nothing when you are used to it!"

Might we not, in the interests of our military heroes, suggest to hostesses the advisability of varying these assemblies by giving private theatricals now and then instead of dances. The variation would be pleasant and the guests satisfied.

High, narrow hats are quickly going out of fashion, and large ones are coming to the front. Many are made in velvet, having a handsome

ostrich feather encircling them, and the brims are generally raised. As a rule, they are becoming to all faces, and look very artistic and picturesque. Black, deep amethyst, and emerald green are the shades.

There is now on view at Mr. Cranfield's gallery, Grafton-street, a magnificent three-quarter length portrait of Pope Leo XIII., the work of a brilliant Cork artist, Mr. Thaddeus. Visitors are numerous, and it may be mentioned that, since the time of Sir Thomas Lawrence, no English or Irish painter has been honoured with sittings from an occupant of the Papal chair till Mr. Thaddeus was commissioned to paint Leo XIII. It is a speaking likeness, and is a work of great artistic value, as well as intrinsically interesting.

Mr. J. W. Whitbread, the clever manager of the Queen's Royal Theatre, has in the press a most interesting novelistic re-production of his very successful drama, "Shoulder to shoulder," produced here last year, since when it has been running in the principal theatres of England and Scotland, with satisfactory results to the author, and much gratification to the public. The "story" of the drama, as written by Mr. Whitbread, is one of the most realistic sketches of Irish life published for some time, and will well repay the time spent in its perusal. In the ordinary way authors write books and playwrights adapt them to the stage, but the manager of the Queen's has altered all this by producing his drama first, and the story on which it is founded afterwards.

"The time of all nations" is not a bad idea to weave into a trade catalogue. This has just been cleverly done by Messrs. Chancellor & Son, of Dublin, who on an ordinary octavo page have given us watch-dials representing the principal cities of the world, with the respective hour marked by each when Greenwich shows twelve o'clock noon. It is a highly interesting and instructive page, and will be prized by all into whose possession it may come.

The best thing that can be said about the weather now prevalent over Ireland is that it is unseasonable and distinctly bad—nearly as bad, in fact, as it well could be. Snow and hail, alternating with occasional rainfalls, during the day, sharp frosts at night and early morning, with bitter, biting Nor-Easters when it is not blowing from the North direct, make up the sum of our weather conditions and our general temperature at the beginning of April, the last of our Spring months. Vegetation there is none, and should the existing meteorological conditions continue for any length of time, the time-honoured May flowers produced by April's genial showers will be looked for in vain. The Registrar-General's figures tell us that the city's death-rate is increasing; but our wonder is that with such awful weather the increase has not been much greater than it is.

The managers of the Coffee Palace are admirably sustaining the interest felt by the public in their Saturday evening entertainments by making each succeeding one more attractive than that which preceded it. The programme on the last occasion was a somewhat ambitious one, but the *artistes* were equal to the requirements, and an extremely pleasant evening was

consequently spent by the large audience in the hall. The vocalism was of a superior kind, and the readings instructive and attractive; while the violin performances given by Mr. P. M. Levenston were of the most finished kind. The conductors of these entertainments are catering well in an intellectual sense for their patrons; and the most gratifying thing about them is the circumstance that they are attracting the very people most aimed at by the committee—the better class artisans of Dublin, with their wives, daughters, and other members of their families.

The Queen's Theatre will re-open for the season on Monday next, (Easter Monday), with the drama of "Shoulder to Shoulder." The company will be to some extent similar to that which produced it here last year, and we will again have young Dan Sullivan in the part of *Mike Lynch*, a role in which he displays much promise of future excellence.

A certain young lady, *petite* in figure, fair-headed and blue-eyed, a clever talker and an able writer, is at present engaged upon a new psychological romance, which, it is expected, will cause somewhat of a sensation in a month or two.

The Sultan is much distressed at the death of the late Emperor, and is wearing mourning for him, although mourning is contrary to the rules of the Koran. All the receptions and fetes are postponed.

We hear from Constantinople that the Sultan has sent to the Emperor Frederick a necklace composed of vine nuts upon which the dervishes and sheiks of the Imperial Palace recited their prayers, and assuring him that if he wears this necklace round his neck for three nights the terrible malady which afflicts him will disappear as if by enchantment. The Sultan has ordered prayers to be said during all the month of March for the health of the Emperor Frederick.

Having a glimpse at the pictures hung in the inner room of the Academy the other evening we were charmed with the little colour drawing, entitled "On the Dodder." The scene is familiar to many, but more especially to the youthful of both sexes who are often to be seen in pairs meandering along the intricate path on the bank of the river leading up to the little white house and the horse-shoe shaped weir, above which lies the tranquil pond with its silvery surface which shines so beautifully in the sun, and at night looks so romantic and picturesque in the pale light of the moon.

The unassuming little picture forces upon its numerous admirers various recollections—some sweet and tender; others bitter and distasteful. Having acted as a charm upon us, we retreated to a point from where we could safely judge of the effect of it upon others. First on the roll comes a man accompanied, one could instantly see, by his "better half." Not a trace of sprightly youth or independence could be seen on the poor man's subdued countenance. The lady was the first to speak, and to the uninitiated, the tones of her voice were harsh and jarring. "Ah!" she remarked, "'On the Dodder!'" How well *we* should recollect that scene, Augustus." "Yes," sadly replied Augustus, "I know it well," and then, giving a hurried

glance around, *sotto voce*, "hang the place, it was there I first met you!" Just as poor Augustus said this, another couple strolled over, and fortunately for him the matronly ire and indignation found vent, for the time only, in the fire-flash of the eyes.

A little nymph, of about nineteen summers, accompanied, we presume by her lover, next came along—"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how beautiful! Don't you recognise the 'Lover's Walk?'" "Well, rather," he replied: "Would that the time were here when we might ramble round there in the moonlight again." The little lady smiled, her Adonis did likewise, and full of happy, delightful anticipations they moved away. And such is life! Perhaps when the first couple were young, love's young dream to them was as fair and as sweet as it now appeared to the happy lovers.

While on this subject we shall be pardoned for exposing the selfish and, we might say, ill-mannered habit persisted in by many, of lingering before a canvass and retailing all the gossip of the city as well as exercising the art of criticism not as would naturally be supposed on the pictures, but upon the various toilets of the ladies or the military dash or otherwise of the gentlemen. It is not fair to those visitors who pay for and expect to get a look at the various works of art on Exhibition. Such conduct, we doubt not, is due more to want of thought than any desire on the part of those offending to monopolise certain spaces to the annoyance of others; and it can only be compared to that of the worshippers who promenade the aisles of St. Patrick's on Sunday afternoons, the noise of whose boots on the tiles of the sacred edifice is something akin to that created by the marching troop of cavalry over a flagged parade ground. We hope those interested may take the hint, and in future remember that other people's feelings and wishes have to be considered as well as theirs.

Mr. Richard W. Colles, of Oxford Road, Ranelagh, writes to us on a subject which has not had that amount of attention bestowed on it which it deserves, and as we are quite in accord with his sentiments on the question which very properly engages his attention, we will gladly assist him in the task of effecting a reform in a practice which is at once ill-mannered, supercilious, and rude. This is the almost invariable habit or custom of using opera-glasses at public concerts by persons moving in good society in Dublin; and Mr. Colles appeals to all who claim to be possessed of culture and refinement in a most effectual way, by asking, can it be a pleasure to any lady who bows to an audience at a concert to be immediately sensible that she is being scrutinised through twenty or thirty magnifying tubes? On the contrary, he asks, is she not thereby subjected to almost as severe and trying an ordeal as that which an unfortunate frog experiences from the alternate applications of the scalpel and microscope? The truth of this may be verified by the briefest of conversations with any one of the lady *artistes* with whom the Dublin public are familiar, and who regard the custom as one of downright cruelty, which they feel intensely, and which is frequently the occasion of a nervous trepidation in their vocalism interfering sadly with their success.

Possessed of some fragrant "weeds," a correspondent, the other day, entered a smoking carriage at Westland-row for Bray, anticipating a comfortable half-hour, contemplating the delightful and ever-varying scenery as he blew the odorous whiff from his lips. Imagine his astonishment when a lady of about — well, of a certain age, entered the smoking compartment. He, in the politest manner possible, informed her of her mistake, as he thought, but received back, in return, a glance of indignation that "froze the genial current of his soul," and, as 'twere, completely knocked the coal out of his pipe.

Now, this is just a specimen of the crassness and perversity with which some women are imbued. Their nearest approach to happiness lies in the thought that they are making somebody else miserable, and they take a cynical pleasure in watching the victim of their malice writhing in discomfiture. Indeed, to the honour of the sex be it said, this is not, by any means, a very numerous class: and, with all due respect, we think if their idiosyncrasies received less consideration these annoyances would be of less frequent occurrence.

The rumours that have been afloat for the past few weeks in reference to the secret marriage of the late Duke of Rutland are numerous and in several cases ridiculous; yet the *soupcçon* of romance attached to each story conveys a delightfully tintillating sensation which adds to its absurdity and improbability. Notwithstanding the laureate of our "old nobility" has been officially informed that his title will be disputed on the ground of a secret marriage, so that the dukedom which has fallen to the lot of Lord John Manners may prove anything but an enviable acquisition for some time to come.

Oculists and spectacle makers ought to be the most flourishing people in Dublin. At least anybody walking along Sackville-street, Westmoreland-street, or Grafton-street, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, any morning in the week, or any week in the year, would have sufficient presumptive evidence to that effect. It is between these hours the Corporation men, with their carts, make their peregrinations to hoist in the contents of the dust bins ranged along the footpaths of the above mentioned thoroughfares—a time when these streets are thronged with business people. Talk about the American blizzard! Why, if a slight wind prevails at the moment of emptying one of these bins, and a Yankee happens to be passing at the time, he won't have much to boast of. Often we were compelled to weep bitter tears through the negligence of those whose business it is to see that this scavenging is done at an earlier hour.

The guardians of the South Dublin Union deserve much credit for their treatment of a genius whom stern misfortune compelled to seek the shelter of their house. Among the inmates at James's Street is an individual named William Beatty, who is evidently a gentleman, although temporarily in receipt of poor relief. William Beatty sent to the guardians at their last meeting a letter couched in unexceptionable English, asking for a little assistance in order to enable him to leave the workhouse and earn a living for himself. His story was a touching one, and

an interview with the man himself confirmed the good impression which his communication had created.

There was something pathetic in his appeal to be permitted to paint the portrait of any member of the board, and everybody will be delighted to know that he has been granted liberty to return to a pursuit of his art, the portrait to be that of Sir George Owens. Who knows what artistic genius lies hidden in the soul of William Beatty? The workhouse may be sheltering an Irish Rubens; and if this should turn out to be the case, the citizens will think all the more kindly of Mr. Mooney, Capt. Boyd, and the other guardians of the South Dublin Union who have generously given Beatty an opportunity of displaying his talent as a painter.

The "divine Sarah" is a capricious specimen of the human family. This opinion of her is verified by the fact that she has just sold a delicate painting of herself which is enriched with all the light graces of Bastion Lepage's art, and which he presented to her as a token of admiration and gratitude. She found a purchaser for the picture at 40,000 francs, the filthy lucre being, we presume, a much more potent factor in this world than a mere painting by an admiring artist.

Madame Patti is essentially a woman. We read that, during the month or two she spent in Paris before starting on her South American tour, she spent her days in one continuous round of shopping, and her nights in deep study of millinery problems. She will wear, it seems, nothing but Parisian gowns. While admiring all the tendencies to neatness in ladies generally, we, at the same time, think Madame Patti, who has been such a success as a singer, might have devoted a little of her spare time to the alleviation of the troubles of her less fortunate sisters, and much less upon her own vanity.

Mr. Thornton, the fruit merchant and florist, of Grafton Street, writes to us, with reference to our remarks anent the introduction into Ireland of the pink satin shoes that have proved such a novelty at New York marriages, to the effect that these ornaments have been in use in Dublin for some time. In 1887 Mr. Thornton supplied them for some very fashionable weddings. Our informant also states that white satin shoes have been as much used as pink. We are decidedly glad to hear it; at the same time we should like to point out to Mr. Thornton and others that unless the public are made acquainted with the changing vagaries of fashion through the ordinary advertising mediums, it is hard for those interested to know that such things have ever even been dreamt of.

We notice that Messrs. Cook & Gaze are organising some very attractive tours on the Continent this season embracing as they do so many places of interest. But when making plans for our holidays we should not forget the various places of scenic and historic interest with which our own island abounds—places where mighty deeds have been accomplished, and where saints and sages have lived and died. Glengarriff, Killarney, Wicklow, Bective Abbey, near the ancient town of Trim; Melifont Abbey, and Monasterboice, not far from the interesting town of Drogheda; and Tara's famous Hill are

all places with histories and associations, and natural beauty that may well vie with those of any continental country. A holiday visit to some of these places costs comparatively little while it would afford healthful, and consequently beneficial, recreation to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives all the year round.

While on this subject we should like to know why our railway companies exhibit so little enterprise by keeping up during the summer and autumn months a tariff which must be prohibitive to a great many intending excursionists whose means are rather limited. We are sure that a reduction in the fares during the summer months would not mean any loss to the companies, but, on the contrary, we are convinced it would cause a great increase in the receipts of the year. A little energy and enterprise is all that is required.

The other evening a party, assembled at a well-known gentleman's house, was thrown into some confusion because, as was alleged by a super-sensitive unit present, three of the persons invited were suffering from ophthalmia. The host, one of the most punctilious hypochondriacs imaginable, became alarmed when the optics of the three offenders came within the focus of his eagle eye. Having failed in several attempts to get rid of his "infected" friends, he at last, through, to him, an exceedingly clever stratagem, managed his point. A contemporary having got scent of the little incident treated its readers next morning to an exhaustive and eloquent disquisition on sanitation generally, but more particularly on the immeasurable evils that accrue to society by those who are infected with contagious diseases being allowed to go in and out among the public.

But the most amusing part of the whole story has yet to be told. The host of the previous evening might have been seen on the morning after the sensational dinner party making his way to a certain medical man's abode in one of the city squares, dressed in Randolphian furs, and gazing at the passers by through smoked spectacles. Having arrived at the house he hurriedly informed the doctor of his unfortunate encounter of the previous evening. The doctor examined mine host's eyes, and, finding no trace of any disease, asked his patient who the gentlemen were. "So and so," replied the old man. "Ah, just what I expected; they are members of one club, and three or four nights ago there was a free fight there, in which six or seven men got ophthalmia badly in about five minutes." The poor old gentleman was astonished beyond conception, and, it is worth noting, he returned home without the aid of his smoked goggles.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

MUSICAL Dublin seems to have fallen asleep over the fact that Mr. Joseph Robinson is the greatest conductor Ireland has produced since Balfe. He is a man of the highest musical culture, a master of all the subtleties of the baton, and possesses a sensitive insight into the sublimest ideas of the great composers.

Yet, though, unfortunately, he is no longer young, and has spent his genius perfecting his choir in the finest works, he remains practically unsupported by a public which is so fond of extolling its own musical faculty in private circles.

The chorus of the Dublin Musical Society is one of the best in Europe.

Birmingham and the Crystal Palace may gather in their thousands to catch the vulgar imagination: but a mere numerical increase of indifferent singers cannot make a good chorus; and noise, no matter how exaggerated, can never become music. We then face the melancholy picture of Ireland's greatest conductor, and a cultivated chorus vainly appealing for support to the public in the city of Balfe and Wallace.

The funds of the Dublin Musical Society have been steadily falling; the production of the greatest works in the best style has overstrained the faculties of musical Dublin which now yearns after promenade concerts and musical At-Homes.

It is doubtful whether journalistic criticism is more valuable than the criticism of any private individual.

We do not aspire to the self-satisfied dogmatism of the daily papers, because we happen to express our opinions in type. But we do not anticipate contradiction in asserting that the concert of the Dublin Musical last week was one of the greatest of the few great events of the season.

Madame Nordica has worked hard since, as Miss Norton, she warbled the "Lost Chord" in the old Exhibition Palace. The regrettable illness of Mrs. Scott-Ffennell offered one of those valuable opportunities which seldom occur to bring a young artist to the front. Miss Mary Harris possesses a peculiarly sweet mezzo, and, despite her youth and excusable nervousness, came victoriously through the ordeal. Unfortunately, as she was not born in Sweden, and has not "studied in Italy," she must not expect support in her native city. Signor Novara sang his music respectably, but Mr. Charles Kelly would have infused more Celtic fire into "Rolling in Foaming Billows." Signor Novara declaimed the notes as if he were contemplating the Grand Canal. But the committee understand their public, and know that Mr. Charles Kelly's name would not look so attractive on the posters.

There were few defects in this concert. In Gounod's chorus the celestial band should have been further away; but, unfortunately, this would necessitate removing portion of the roof. The agonising suspense of waiting for the clang of the cymbals destroyed, to some extent, the artistic result. The reserved seats, with their customary good taste, made a rush for their carriages as soon as the voices ceased, and thus prevented the rest of the house from enjoying the beautiful *motif* which finishes the movement. We hope, the next time this occurs, the half-crown public, who are the most musical of the entire audience, will demonstrate their right to hear the concert to the end.

The arrangements for the convenience of the public were not altogether perfect.

A great number of the half-crown audience had to fetch their own chairs.

Surely, if we can get a chair for sixpence in Hyde Park, we should obtain the same privilege for half-a-crown in Dublin? If gentlemen elect to serve as stewards they should make themselves useful, and not merely attitudinize with the self-conscious airs of a Marquis in a penny novelette.

Attention should be called at once to the insolent neglect of Irish Artists by the gentlemen composing the Board of the National Gallery. Their tastes evidently do not lie in the direction of Modern Art. Whenever they have funds to spare, they send off a deputy to search the old curiosity-shops and auction rooms of England and the Continent, and this gentleman triumphantly returns with a time-stained Ghirlandajo or moth-eaten Padovino. Then there is rejoicing among the Archæologists who compose the Board, a dinner is probably given, and speeches made concerning the prize. This abuse of public funds they call—Enterprise! It never occurs to them that the living Artists of Ireland require some consideration.

The consequence is, that every Irish artist with a spark of genius or talent, fixes his hopes instinctively on London, New York, or Paris, any city, in fact, save the metropolis of his own country.

There are many schools of painting: the Dutch, Bolognese, Florentine, Umbrian, English, Scotch, and French, but no Irish. There is no Irish school of painting in a country presenting some of the loveliest landscapes in the world, villages, towns, and cities teeming with subjects for brush and pencil. It is not the fault of the people: they have produced, from time to time, artists like Maclise, Danvers and Mulready, and one of the greatest sculptors of modern times, Foley; but these men would seek in vain for encouragement from the Archaic Board in Leinster Lawn; they left their country, and enriched England and the continent with their genius. Irish artists, themselves, should form a protective association and insist on awakening the Leinster Lawn somnambulists.

At least one Irish picture should be bought every year from the Hibernian Academy and permanently hung in the large room of the National Gallery. One of the chief attractions in Edinburgh is its splendid gallery of Scottish painters, and even Manchester gives its walls to native artists. It is, therefore, time that public attention should be directed to the humiliating fact, that in the largest and best room of the National Gallery there is not one picture by an Irish artist. There are yards of canvas covered with the monstrosities of Jordaens, Lanfranco, Signorelli, and many others who worked at a time when art was merely toddling.

As a matter of fact, the visitors who attend the National Gallery walk round the large room apparently under a conscientious sense of duty, and then group about the few modern pictures in the smaller rooms.

Occasionally, half-a-dozen persons linger in the large room, but they are not archaic enthusiasts, they are simply sleepy, and may be generally seen, dozing in various recumbent attitudes on the ottomans.

It is generally known that Mr. William Wilkins is head master of the High School in Harcourt-street.

It is not so well known that Mr. Wilkins is a poet; in fact, no one, except Mr. Wilkins himself, has discovered that circumstance. The process which etherealised him was simple—he spent a holiday in London, and lodged with Algernon Swinburne. The atmosphere being saturated with the microbes of triplets and iambs, Mr. Wilkins caught the infection, and now, at any moment during his leisure hours, is liable

to an attack of poetic frenzy. He published a volume of poems, and devised an original method of publication.

He presents copies as school prizes to the scholars, and they have no choice but to accept. In this ingenious manner Mr. Wilkins forces his otherwise unsaleable work into circulation, and, in the truest sense of newspaper phraseology, "commands" a public.

DONNYBROOK.



THE SLEIGHING CARNIVAL.

"I DO wish you would give up going, Paula," said Mrs. Travis, glancing up from her sewing, with an anxious look on her fair, smooth brow.

"What! give up going?—now?" cried Paula Benson, in utter amazement; for at that very moment she was standing before the long, ebony-framed mirror, putting the last artistic touches to her becoming toilet for the much-talked-of trip to Bluffs City, some six or seven miles distant. "What can you be thinking about, Grace? I never heard such nonsense!"

"I'm thinking about the weather," retorted her sister, very emphatically. "See how cold and cloudy it has grown within the past two hours. We are sure to have a severe storm before night, and in crossing the river there is great danger of losing your way —."

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke in Paula's musical laughter, as the loud strins of a brass band, accompanied by the silvery sound of innumerable sleigh-bells, was borne to them on the still, frosty air. "Don't be an old foggy, Grace! Just listen! they are gathering for the carnival now. Why, I wouldn't miss that sleigh-ride for the world!"

Mrs. Travis sighed, and glanced anxiously through the window at the clouded sky.

"I'm sure I shouldn't want you to miss it, Paula, if I didn't fear it is going to be dangerous," she persisted. "But I know you will be caught in a blinding snow-storm, and I shan't have a moment's peace until you are safely home again."

"Foolish Grace," laughed Paula lightly. "There isn't the slightest danger; and, if there were, it would only make the carnival more exciting and enjoyable. Here comes Edgar for me now"—rushing merrily over to the window as she caught the jingle of silver bells close by, and saw a lovely little cutter, with a good-looking, stylish young fellow in it, draw up before the gate. "You needn't worry, Grace; he'll take good care of me."

And, in a flutter of excitement, she began to adjust her elegant wraps and the jaunty seal-skin cap which made her fair face look like a picture as she drew it low down over her snowy brow; and, as she did so, she was thiakiug, somewhat wickedly—

"It's only because I'm going with Edgar Parkhurst that Grace is so dreadfully afraid of a storm. If I hadn't quarrelled with Jack Meredith, and if he were to be my escort in this carnival instead of Edgar, she wouldn't have a word to say. Oh, I know all about it.

She sympathises with Jack, and would like to find some excuse for keeping me at home. But I don't care; danger or no danger, I *will* go, and if Jack is there I mean to show him of how little consequence he is to me."

So, compressing her lovely red lips until they looked like a mere scarlet line above her saucy chin, she threw a light good-bye to Grace, and ran out to the waiting sleigh, with a flush on her cheeks, and a brilliant sparkle in her starry, blue eyes, not altogether due to the frosty air, or to the pleasant anticipations of the ride.

But what a glorious ride it was! Dozens of elegant sleighs, filled with laughing, light-hearted pleasure-seekers, gliding miles over smooth, snow-covered roads, and the wide, frozen river beyond, to the jingle of bells and strains of sweet, inspiring music; then the splendid supper when they had reached their destination, and the merry dance that followed it. Paula smiled half contemptuously as she remembered Grace's advice of the afternoon.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," she said to herself, with a covert glance across the room, where Jack Meredith stood talking with two or three pretty girls. "It was worth risking a storm for, if only to let Jack see that I am not breaking my heart on his account. I've been flirting desperately with Parkhurst right under his very eyes; but," biting her pretty lip impatiently, "somehow he hasn't seemed to care very much about it, or even noticed it at all; and to think of his inviting Annette Lovett, when I was so sure he would come alone, if he came at all. 'Annette Lovett, of all girls!'—with an indignant flash of her brilliant blue eyes. "Why, she has tried from the very first to rival me in Jack's affections!"

The fires of jealousy burned fiercely in Paula's heart, although her pride was such that no outward sign of it could be detected. Every secret glance she stole at Annette's pretty brunette face, every glimpse she caught of handsome Jack Meredith bending over her, with admiration in his smiling brown eyes, only added to Paula's reckless gaiety, and made her flirt with Edgar Parkhurst more desperately than ever.

"I'll encourage him so much that he'll propose," she vowed to herself, defiantly, "and then I'll—I'll—yes, I will—accept him!" and she gulped down a tremendous sigh, which came within an ace of escaping her lovely coral lips.

But she was the gayest one of all that merry party when the imposing array of sleighs drove up before the wide and brilliantly lighted entrance of the hall to bear them homeward.

Couple after couple entered their respective vehicles, and as Paula stood for a few moments awaiting her turn, she saw Jack Meredith assist Miss Lovett into his elegant sleigh, drawing the warm robes about her with tenderest care. Paula's red lips were bright with smiles as she looked on with seeming indifference, standing there in the brilliant glare of the electric lights; but could her old lover have peered down into the depths of those laughing eyes, he would have seen the burning glitter of an inward fire, born, not of happiness, but of desperation.

A moment later she was seated by Edward Parkhurst's side, in their own dainty cutter, and, once more, to the music of fairy-like bells, the sleighing carnival swept out through the cold, late winter night.

"Oh, my!" called out a merry, girlish voice, somewhere in the crowd, "what a fearful snow-storm we are having to drive home in!"

It was true enough; and, half-laughing, half-shuddering, Paula remembered her sister Grace's warning.

"Poor Grace!" she exclaimed, with a touch of remorse. "She will be dreadfully worried about me. Do you know, Mr. Parkhurst, she tried to induce me to give up the carnival at the last moment, fearing this very storm."

"Did she?" laughed Parkhurst lightly. "Well, I guess it won't be much. We'll make the trip home easily enough."

He was thinking more of his lovely companion than the snow, which was falling in thick, blinding flakes all about them; indeed, he considered the storm rather as a "blessing in disguise," since it gave him an excuse for drawing Paula closer to his side, and clasping his arm about her for an instant, now and then, as he drew the wraps more snugly around her winsome little figure.

Absorbed in these pleasant duties, he unconsciously allowed his sleigh to fall behind the others, and by-and-by the sweet Babel of bells came back to them faintly through the storm and distance.

The young man's heart thrilled as he noticed how entirely alone they were, and, forgetting everything save the charming little coquette who had so bewitched him, he began telling her of his love, and, almost before Paula realized it, he had asked her to be his wife.

The girl trembled with excitement under all her rich, warm trappings. She had wished this thing to happen when, in the ball-room, she had seen Jack Meredith waltzing with Annette, and looking down into her pretty face with a lover-like expression in his brown eyes.

She had wished for it then, because she meant to be revenged upon him. She meant to, yet, before she was quite through with him; but, somehow, now that Edgar had really spoken, she was all at sea. What must she do? How should she answer him?

"I—I vowed to myself an hour ago that, if he proposed, I would accept him," she whispered to herself, with a sort of horrified, bewildered feeling in her heart, "and so I—I believe I will. It would be a glorious revenge on Jack."

"Well, Paula," broke in Edgar's low, loving tones upon her bewildered reverie, "haven't you thought about it long enough? What answer will you give me, dearest?"

Paula's half-frightened red lips had parted to speak her answer—and she had impulsively resolved that it should be "Yes"—when suddenly, terrified by the driving storm or impatiently taking advantage of the slackened reins, the horse began to rear and plunge, and the next instant he was dashing at full speed along the pathless, frozen surface of the river.

"By Jove!" cried Parkhurst, springing to his feet and pulling with all his strength upon the lines, "I forgot that we had reached the river. Don't be frightened, Paula," he added, turning toward her reassuringly.

Paula was frightened, but she did not say so; she only sat there with a white, white face and dilated blue eyes, thinking of Grace's warning, and feeling that she had rushed headlong to her doom.

Edgar did his best, but it was no use. The lines were jerked out of his strong hands, and he was pitched violently out upon the ice-covered river. And the horse dashed madly on, bearing Paula to her fate.

How it happened she never knew, but after a while she roused up, as if from a dream, to find

herself lying, stunned and cold, among the snow which had fallen thickly over the ice, and neither horse, sleigh nor driver anywhere in sight.

"Oh, Father in heaven save me!" she prayed despairingly. "I am lost—lost! I shall perish here, all alone, in this bitter storm."

She felt herself growing cold and numb, and soon that fatal drowsiness began to steal upon her. She lay down upon the snow and ceased to struggle against her terrible doom.

"Paula! Paula! wake up! For heaven's sake, rouse yourself, my darling! You are freezing—freezing to death! Do you hear me, Paula?"

She stirred a little, just conscious that she was being roughly shaken from her death-like sleep.

"Jack! Jack! it is Jack's voice," she murmured dreamily. "Am I in heaven?"

"No, Paula,"—and there was almost a sob in the strong, heart-thrilling voice—"but it is Jack who has come to save you. Wake up, wake up, my darling! You must not lie here and perish. You must live for my sake, Paula."

He lifted the half-unconscious girl to her feet and, gathering her up in his strong arms, bore her to his sleigh, which was waiting close beside them. She soon revived, and the presence of the man she loved brought her back to life sooner than any restorative could have done.

"How did you know, Jack?" she whispered faintly, as her benumbed senses returned to her.

"The horse dashed past us with the empty sleigh overturned and dragging at his heels. Then, of course, we knew that you and Parkhurst had been thrown out, and I was almost wild, Paula"—clasping her closer to his side—"as I pictured you lying helpless in the storm—perishing, perhaps. I at once gave Miss Lovett in charge of a friend and started back, determined to find you or die in the attempt. One of the other men volunteered to search for Parkhurst, and doubtless he, also, is safe by this time. Heaven directed me straight to you, and, you know the rest my darling"—with a passionate kiss upon the trembling red lips, which, strange to say, Paula never thought of resenting.

"After all, Jack," she said, after a little silence, "if Edgar turns up all right, I shall not be sorry for that runaway; for, Jack"—nestling closer to him—"he had just asked me to—to be his wife, and—and I was going to say, 'Yes'—just because of our quarrel, you know—when the horse took fright and started to run, and so—that ended it."

"Forever and forever," supplemented Jack, with tragic solemnity; "for you are never to say 'Yes' to that question from any living man but me. You understand *that*, Paula."

"Yes, Jack," the proud little beauty answered, humbly enough.

"But I see, now," went on Jack, with a merry little laugh, "I see the cause of Parkhurst's runaway. He wasn't paying attention to his horse, but to *you*—my future wife. Served him just right, the rascal!"

Parkhurst did "turn up all right," and a few months later there was a double wedding; for Edgar and Annette consoled themselves for their several disappointments by marrying each other.

And Grace Travis admits now that it is just as well her wilful sister, lovely Paula, did not take her advice that stormy day and give up the Sleighing Carnival.

CLYDE RAYMOND.



ROMANTIC NOTIONS.

GIRLS who read too many love stories are apt to have romantic notions of life, and look upon every good-looking young man as a sort of hero. Don't be so foolish, girls; talk to the young men you meet as unaffectedly as you do to the boy friends of your brothers, or, if you have no brothers, and, therefore, no brothers' friends, as you would to a neighbour's son. Do not imagine when you meet a gentleman that your conversation must be remarkable or unusual to be entertaining. The bearing of an intelligent and gracious gentlewoman is one always to be cultivated, but this should be every day behaviour. You should have no company manner. Assume no extra demeanour simply because you are in the society of a young gentleman instead of a young lady. Do not suppose that the strange gentleman you meet is a typical novel hero. He is no more a hero of romance than you are a heroine. You are both just plain, every day humanity. Don't get foolish notions that you are anything but ordinary clay, and try to act like the young person who figured as chief character in your last novel.

HINTS FOR THE HANDS AND FACE.

OATMEAL, used externally and eaten frequently, is very beneficial to the skin. Put a handful of it in a bowl, and over it pour a cup of boiling water. After a warm bath wash the hands and face in the starchy water that rises to the top of it. The continued use of it for a week and the wearing of gloves at night will soften and whiten the hardest and darkest of hands. In olden times the Roman ladies made use of poultices of bread and asses' milk, but we may use a mask of quilted cotton or chamois skin, wet in cold distilled water, with the same effect and benefit. Ladies with oily or greasy skins may use sparingly a few drops of camphor in the bath. Borax and glycerine combined are used with good effect by some people, while thoroughly disagreeing with others. Glycerine alone softens and heals, but if used too much will darken the skin and make it over sensitive. The borax obviates this, and has a tendency to whiten.

CARE OF THE NAILS.

THE care taken of the finger nails affects the handwriting. The long, almond-shaped nail is a great support to the middle finger, which guides the pen. It is said that people with imagination are apt to have long, taper fingers and beautiful finger nails. They have a handwriting in which the long strokes and down strokes cut into the lines above and below them. The heads of their capital letters are large. This handwriting shows order and impulse. When it has a marked downward movement this handwriting shows a tendency to melancholy. An aptitude for criticism is shown among people who bite their nails. These people are cynical and severe, uncharitable and bitter. They write a small, cramped, illegible hand. The good-natured critics are said to possess small, well-shaped nails, and their handwriting is somewhat angular. Diplomacy has a long supple hand

and a beautifully kept finger nail. The handwriting of a diplomatist looks like a snake crawling away.

A RUSSIAN RESTAURANT.

A RUSSIAN restaurant is an attractive place, on the whole. The waiters are all attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist, and are always men. There is generally a large barrel organ which gives out the latest airs. It is wonderful how much tea a Russian will drink. The writer entered one morning one of these restaurants with a young Russian. Tea was ordered, and one glass followed another with the Russian until he had drank seven. He said he had often drank eleven, and that fifteen were not too many for an old hand. The tea is drank alone, or with lemon, and the sugar eaten from the hand.

TO REMOVE PAINT.

IT is astonishing that some painters will persist in the barbarous practice of removing old paint from wood by scrubbing with sandstone and water, or, if many coats have accumulated on wood, by a process of firing; whereas an application of naphtha once or a few times will, in all cases, sufficiently soften it to allow it to be readily wiped off. Chloroform mixed with a small quantity of spirits of ammonia is also effective.

A CAT'S DUTY IN A POLICE OFFICE.

A USEFUL addition to the force of officers at a Brooklyn police station is a handsome tortoiseshell cat, as intelligent as she is mild and gentle. Her especial duty is to console lost children. When she sees a child crying she at once puts forth every effort to quiet it by jumping lightly into the little lost one's lap, and by fondling and caressing him she never fails to accomplish her purpose.



MISTRESS to new servant: we generally have breakfast at eight o'clock." New Help: "Well, mum, if I ain't down to it, don't wait."

PAT—"What is that ye are at, Biddy?" Biddy—"Shure its a bottle of hair-restorer I'm putting on my ould muff."

THE best shelter for a girl is her mother's wing, especially when she is disposed to be what the Frenchmen call a little "chic."

IN THE GLOAMING.—She—"I like your name, Hugh. It's so nice." He—"Indeed?" She—"But I'd like you better if you dropped your last 'h.'" He took the hint.

"I WONDER," said a young lady, "why Hymen is always represented as carrying a torch?" To which an old bachelor sneeringly responded—"To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry."

"I GENERALLY pick my company," said Mrs. Jones, haughtily.—"Yes, I am aware of it," replied Mrs. Smith, sarcastically; "but you

wait until after they have left your house, and then you pick them to pieces!"

WIFE, at breakfast—"I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favourable. What are the 'probabilities?'"—Husband, consulting his paper—"Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."

"PAPA," said a bright boy just home from a sleight-of-hand entertainment, "I wish I was a conjurer." "Why, my son?" "I would turn you into a rat, call up the cat, and would'nt I have fun."

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window of a party of "waits."—"Four," was the reply.—"Divide that among you," said a voice, as a bucket of water fell, "like the gentle dew," on those beneath.

"WELL, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher to one of her little pupils, "I understand there's a new baby at your house. What do they call it?" "Why," said Johnny, with childish frankness, "mamma calls it a little angel, but this morning papa called it a blessed nuisance!"

LONG TO BE REMEMBERED.—Wife (returning from matinee)—"Oh, it was too lovely! She had a pale Nile-green silk, with bands of passementerie down the front, and the grandest diamonds you ever saw. And when she died, in the last act, she rolled over four times; and every woman in the house was crying. I never enjoyed a play so much in my life."

A MAN who had foolishly ventured upon a verbal contest with his wife was met, as he was retiring from the scene, by his little son, who had just begun to study grammar.—"Papa," said the child, "what part of speech is woman?"—To which the father replied: "She isn't any part of speech at all, George—she's the whole of it."

SYDNEY Smith, the prince of diners-out, said, in one of his letters to Jeffrey, "Tell Murray that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham the day after he went. In carving a partridge I splashed her with gravy from head to foot; and, though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to affirm that not a drop had reached her! Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilised life."

SOME minstrels recently started on a tour, and advertised in a town to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor. Tickets reduced to sixpence." The hall was crammed, and the next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount the said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand.—"I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor!"—"Well," replied the treasurer, "didn't we reduce the tickets to sixpence so that the poor could all come?"

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WEEK ENDING 14th APRIL, 1888.

Her Majesty the Queen has greatly benefited by the change of air and scene, and expresses herself as being delighted with Florence. Her Majesty is also much pleased with the great courtesy that has been shown her there, and by the Italians generally.

The weather at Florence when the Queen arrived, and for some days afterwards was not fine; but has now become perfectly lovely, and the snow-storms spoken of in the papers are read of almost as impossible with such a lovely sky and warm weather.

Everyone sincerely hopes that the Queen's "holiday" will be an exceedingly beneficial one, so that she may on her return be enabled to go in and out among her people a little more frequently in order that a much needed stimulus may be given not alone to high-class society, but to needy tradesmen and those dependent upon them.

The question—Why does not the Queen visit Ireland? has often been lingering on the tip of our pen; and long ere this would have found publicity through these columns had we not been imbued with thought that there must be

some hindrance in her Majesty's way which we as public journalists fail to distinguish. We have no sympathy whatever with the miserable cant indulged in by those puerile individuals and public journals who are ever apprehensive of painful possibilities, and are always to be found only too eager to prophesy that such a visit would be fraught with evil and fatal consequences.

We, at any rate, have implicit faith in the genuine kind-heartedness of Irish men and women; and believe that, if her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria were to pay us only a flying visit, her reception in Dublin and throughout the provinces of Ireland would be of such a nature as to demonstrate once and forever the utter absurdity of the cruel and unpatriotic anticipations of those ultra-loyal Britons. Down deep in the heart of every Irish woman and, we venture to submit, man too, there exist feelings of devotion and loyalty to the person of the Queen that cannot be surpassed in her favourite England, or in her much-admired and fondly-loved Scotland. Whatever feelings of antagonism an Irishman may entertain towards her Majesty's political advisers, no sane person can with justice aver that such antagonism would be directed against a loved, devoted, and exemplary Sovereign.

Could we only feel assured that Queen Victoria will for certain pay us a visit this summer—a correspondent has written to remind us that a promise to that effect was given last year—no more pleasant duty than that of heralding the date and the arrangements could possibly be imposed upon us. Then we might expect a stir in fashionable circles; an influx of wealthy visitors; and an impetus to business—from the *modiste* to the humble carman—such as has not been the lot of Irishmen to enjoy for many years. At another time we may revert to this subject.

The King and Queen of Italy arrived at Florence on the 4th, where they met with a most enthusiastic reception.

Next morning at 11 o'clock they drove to Villa Palmieri to visit Queen Victoria. They were accompanied by the Prime Minister Crispi, General Paso, Aide-de-Camp to King Humbert,

and the Count and Countess Villamarina. They drove from Palazzo Pitti in two open carriages. The streets through which the royal cortège passed were crowded, and adorned with banners and hangings. Queen Margherite wore a black velvet mantle, trimmed with jet, and a gray bonnet with a crimson feather.

Queen Victoria, who was dressed in mourning, met her royal guests in the hall of the villa. The two Queens embraced, and King Humbert kissed her Majesty's hand. Then they entered the grand salon, where the English Court was assembled in full uniform.

Sir Saville Lumley and General Ponsonby were present at the reception. The visit lasted half-an-hour, and Queen Victoria presented the Prince and Princess Battenberg to the King and Queen of Italy.

At 2 p.m. of the same day the King and Queen of Italy received the Emperor and Empress of Brazil; and at 2.40 the King of Wurtemberg. Queen Victoria returned the visit of the Italian Royalties at 4.15, remaining twenty-five minutes at Palazzo Pitti. Later on they received the Queen of Servia and the Duke of Leuchtemburg.

The "course of true love" in the case of the Princess Victoria of Prussia and Prince Alexander of Battenburg is certainly running in its proverbial groove. Prince Bismarck, who seems to be extremely "touchy" upon the subject of royal betrothals, is making himself particularly disagreeable to the youthful lovers. We cannot judge of his motives, but we certainly sympathise with the young Princess, who, according to all accounts, is over head and ears in love with the handsome Prince. These Battenburgs seem to be particularly distasteful to certain ministers as well in England as in Germany.

The family history of the Battenburgs is interesting. They are descended in a direct line from a journalist named Hancke. He gained favour with the Grand Duke Constantine, who promoted Hancke's son in the army, and created him Count. Colonel Hancke was killed during the insurrection of the Poles in Warsaw, and left an orphan girl of five years of age. The child was sent to St. Petersburg by the Grand Duke to be educated by the State. Prince

Alexander of Hesse, brother of the Empress of Russia, gave up his career in Russia in order to espouse this young lady, with whom he retired to Darmstadt, where she received the title of Princess of Battenburg, and eventually became the mother of three princes, one of whom is the husband of Princess Beatrice.

In order to pass away her leisure time, the Tsarina, we are told, often makes dresses for her younger children, and sometimes takes their hats to pieces and trims them again to her own taste. At one time, when her Majesty was a Princess of Denmark, she always did those things herself.

A letter from Madrid states that there was an awful scare in the Palace the other day. His Majesty, the baby King, was missing. He had been left with his sisters to play with his toys, when something attracted them, and they ran off forgetting him. At length he was found sitting in a cupboard, which his Majesty had been graciously pleased to enter.

The Princess Christian, who is commendably noted for her philanthropy, is to be presented by the inhabitants of Windsor with a diamond and sapphire pendant, on the 14th inst., on which date her eldest son, Prince Christian Victor, attains his majority.

Viscount and Viscountess de Vesci and Colonel Guinness are at present sojourning at Cannes.

Lady Monckton declares that all the reports which are floating about with regard to her theatrical intentions are premature. She announces that it is her intention to take a theatre, but as yet she has entered into no arrangements. The main difficulty in her way is that there is no theatre vacant yet.

The beautiful Countess de Grey, who has, for some time past, been seriously ill, is now, we are happy to say, nearing convalescence. Since her marriage with the eldest son of the Marquis of Ripon, this lady, once better known perhaps as the Countess of Lonsdale, has been very little in public sight. Her friends regret this, but the Countess is unambitious and somewhat lethargic, while her husband cares more for sport than anything else.

The Marquis of Headfort has arrived at Headfort House, Kells, from Belgrave Square, London.

Viscountess Fielding gave birth to a daughter (prematurely) some days ago, at the Private Secretary's Lodge. Both are progressing favourably.

Lord Dufferin's resignation, although it created something like a shock in political circles at home, was looked upon as an approaching event in Government circles in India, both at Calcutta and Madras. Lord Dufferin is a family man as well as a statesman, and he had pressed upon him the growing necessity of deciding whether his daughters should go home to England or remain in the disadvantageous position, both socially and as respects their health, of continued residence in Calcutta. In order, therefore, to qualify for a pension—Lord

Dufferin is not a rich man—and for family reasons, he was induced to step down from the Viceregal throne in India to the humbler, but more acceptable, post of Ambassador at Rome.

The unexpected death of the Countess Dowager of Caledon, fourth daughter of the late Earl of Verulam, took place last week at Lyttenbanger Park, St. Albans, Herefordshire. The countess was in her usual good health until a week previous to her death, and after an illness of but a few brief hours she passed away. Her ladyship was for many years lady-in-waiting to the Queen. She was much beloved by the tenantry on the Caledon estate, whom she constantly visited, rendering her valuable aid and sympathy with a thoughtfulness unequalled. The widest sympathy is felt for the family in their sad bereavement.

Lady Cloncurry has given birth to a daughter at her London residence, 1 Deanery-street, Park-lane, and is progressing favourably.

The Hon. Walter Cecil Carpenter, Admiral in command at Queenstown, and Mrs. Carpenter, have had a succession of visitors at the Admiralty House. The Earl and Countess of Brownlow are at present their guests, enjoying the fine sea views of the harbour, and the beautiful scenery of the river Lee.

Sir Fenton Hort, Bart., and Miss Hort gave a most agreeable musical entertainment on Thursday at their residence, Merrion Square, East. There were several amateur performers, including Colonel Glennie and Miss Barrington. Miss Hort's recitation of a lively French piece was much applauded. Invitations have been issued for a second "At Home" on Thursday next.

Mrs. F. Clarke, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, has issued invitations for a dance on Thursday, the 12th inst.

The Funeral of the late Sir George Hudson, passing through some of the most picturesque scenery in the County Wicklow, was most impressive. The numbers of all classes who attended, and the mass of floral tributes, testified to the esteem in which the worthy Baronet was held throughout a long and honourable life. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now Sir Robert Hudson. He leaves two other sons, Edmond and Gilbert, and a daughter.

Miss Smyley's "At Home" on Friday last was a very pleasant re-union.

The fourth Cinderella Dance has been unavoidably postponed till the 16th inst., when it will take place in the Pillar Room, Rotunda, and the proceeds handed over, as usual, to the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund.

On Thursday last Emilie, daughter of James Lonsdale, Esq., J.P., The Pavilion, Armagh, was married to Reginald C. Saunders, Esq., late Bengal Civil Service, in the Cathedral, Armagh. The bride was given away by her father, and was attired in a handsome gown bodice and full Court train of rich moire silk, with sprays of orange blossom. The skirt was simply draped with *crepe de chine*, loops

of ribbon, and pearl passante; tulle veil, fastened with diamond stars (the gift of the bride's brother). She carried a bouquet of rich exotics. Her train was carried by her youngest sister, Miss Bertie Lonsdale, who was dressed in a white frock of Liberty silk and a large Gainsborough hat. The bridegroom's presents were a diamond half-hoop ring, diamond and emerald ring, gold brooch and bangles. The bridesmaids were Misses Anne, Nellie, and Hettie Lonsdale (sisters of the bride, and Miss Saunders (sister of the bridegroom), each wearing a brilliant buckle, the gift of the bridegroom, and were dressed in tailor-made dresses of gray Vienna cloth, with silver braiding, and wore hats of soft white silk, trimmed to match, and carried bouquets of white hyacinths and tulips, tied with long loops of white moire ribbon. After the service the wedding party proceeded to The Pavilion, where they were entertained at luncheon, and later in the afternoon the happy pair left, amidst a shower of rice and slippers, for Dublin, *en route* for the Continent. The bride's travelling dress was tailor-made sapphire blue cloth, with gold embroidery on white.

On the same day, in St. Peter's Church, London, Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., was married to Miss Constance Corbet, daughter of Sir Richard Corbet, Bart. The ceremony was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a costume of white striped satin, draped with lace, and diamond ornaments. She was followed to the altar by seven bridesmaids—the Misses Mabel and Gertrude Corbet, the Misses Maud and Nina Sutton, Miss Aleen West, Miss Gwendolen Lloyd, and Miss Stewart, of St. Fort. They were attired in white silk dresses, trimmed with gold braid, and white straw hats *en suite*. Each carried a bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley, and wore a diamond brooch in the shape of a true lover's knot, the gifts of the bridegroom.

Our readers will be glad to know that Miss Adelaide Mullen is to be married on Thursday, 26th April, in Clontarf Church, at 1.30 o'clock, to Mr. Henry Beaumont.

The afternoon Dance given by Mrs. Ferguson, 27 Up. Pembroke-street, on the 5th inst., was a very successful one. The dancers all seemed to appreciate the excellent music provided by Mr. Browne.

A very successful dance was given on Tuesday, April 3rd, by Mrs. Ryan, Burlington House. Many of the dresses worn by the ladies were conspicuous by their charming neatness and simplicity; and the dancing was kept up till an advanced hour to the excellent music of the Gasparro Brothers. The evening in every way proved a most enjoyable one.

Mr. John Augustus O'Shea is, we believe, engaged in writing a novel of Irish life from the humorous aspect, after the manner of Charles Lever.

The annual regimental races of the 16th Lancers came off on Saturday last, over the Fairy-house course, and were in every respect an unqualified success. The day was bright and warm, indeed, the first spring-like one of the season—the going was good, grief small, the

racing being much above the average of regimental meetings. Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and a distinguished party drove from the Viceregal Lodge to the course, where they found the Steward's Stand filled with the *élite* of Dublin Society. Colonel Maillard and the officers of the Queen's Lancers entertained in princely style the Viceregal party, as well as a large number of their friends, at luncheon, the menu of which was perfect, and all the arrangements admirable. There was just one thing to throw a little damper on the festive proceedings, and it was this: that for some years at least the famous Red Lancers will not hold their annual military racing re-union on Irish soil, as they leave Dublin next month for Aldershot.

The Regimental races of the 4th Dragoon Guards come off next Friday, over the Baldoyle course, only a short drive from Dublin. If the Royal Irish be only favoured with as fine weather as the 16th Lancers had for their races on Saturday last at Fairy House, an equally enjoyable day may be anticipated. The band of the regiment will perform, and the officers display their proverbial hospitality. The Lord Lieutenant and a distinguished party from the Viceregal Lodge, are expected to honour the races with their presence.

The following story is from the Curragh:—Officer to Dog-fancier—"How much do you want for terrier?" Dog-fancier—"Two pound, your honour." Officer—"I will give you thirty shillings if you can tell me his pedigree; how he was got." Dog-fancier—"Well, I'll not dispute with your honour for four half-crowns, and as to how he was got, that's plain enough. He was got by a porter out of a railway carriage."

A new way to Baldoyle has been discovered by a local genius. The route might answer if one were on his holidays, or otherwise not in a particular hurry to reach his destination. But it would never suit the thousands who flock to the Metropolitan Course from the city, many of whom delay their departure from Amiens-street till half-past twelve, and are then in nice time for the first event of the day. Glancing over the columns of last Saturday's *Sport*, we came across the programme of races to be run by the 4th Dragoon Guards over the Baldoyle Course, and at the tail of it the following announcement was made:—"Train arrangements—By the 7.40 a.m. from Kingsbridge, arriving in Limerick at 11 a.m.; the 9 a.m., arriving in Limerick at 1.15 p.m." This in neat, but there is scarcely a possibility that the cute people who usually patronise Irish race courses will book for Baldoyle by the Kingsbridge way.

Our readers are aware that an interesting Irish Exhibition of the various products will open early in June at Olympia, West Kensington; but we learn that it has not yet been decided what illustrious personage should be invited to open it. The subject will, however, be considered at an early meeting of the Executive Committee. An effort will be made to persuade the Queen to perform the ceremony, but there is not anything more than a hope that her Majesty will consent.

At this Exhibition the following Irish industries will be represented in thirteen departments: agriculture, textiles and manufactures, shipbuild-

ing and sea industries, machinery and engineering, mining and mineral products, brewing and distilling; paper, printing, bookbinding, etc.; scientific, chemical, and allied industries; education and science, furniture and decoration, women's industries and cottage industries, fine arts—historical and antiquarian. If the show only equals that made by our exhibitors at Manchester last year, Ireland will have every reason to be proud of it.

But the Executive Committee somehow don't seem to be going the right way about it. Instead of organising the business in Dublin by means of committees who would know at once where to look for exhibits, and could bring the best class forward, the whole thing is being done from London by means of printed invitations to parties in Ireland to apply for space. This was certainly not the way in which the Irish Section at Manchester was made a glorious success. The Royal Dublin Society were wisely entrusted with the matter, and in their hands was made a success worth feeling proud of; and many people are now asking in amazement—Why was not a similar course adopted in the matter of the Olympian Exhibition?

Here is the very newest thing out. There has been a contest in Utica, New York, which promises to make some of its inhabitants famous, though we scarcely wish to see it introduced to Dublin or to Ireland. For some time past a number of school-girls in Utica have been boasting that they could chew gum all day, and even keep it up in their sleep. Finally, one of them offered to meet any of her friends in a gum-chewing match for five dollars a side. The rules were that each contestant was to keep a chunk of the spruce-gum not smaller than a thimble in her mouth continuously, and that it should be chewed not less than once in two seconds.

Time was called at eight a.m., when four pairs of jaws met in as many carefully prepared pieces of gum. At noon No. 1 dropped out because of toothache, and the rest were given a dinner. The gum was held on one side of the mouth, and the aspirants for fame and money masticated their food on the other.

At four o'clock in the afternoon one of the young ladies, who had false teeth, was described in American parlance as "groggy," and half-an-hour later she dropped out as quietly as could be. By six o'clock a little girl with dimples was still smiling, while her opponent, with square jaws, wrapped in hot flannels, chewed vigorously. During the evening a number of popular airs were played on a piano, but even these could not keep the high cheek-bones of No. 4 from swelling in a horrible manner, and at ten p.m., after fourteen hours of steady chewing, she was compelled to retire.

At this point the Boulanger march was thumped out on the piano, while the little one with the dimples chewed ten minutes longer, and at ten past ten she retired with a record of fourteen hours and ten minutes and a purse of twenty dollars. It is added that she appeared as well as when she started, and expressed herself willing to meet any lady for five hundred dollars a side and—the championship of the world! What next?

The world is clearly progressing in ingenuity and cuteness—at least people in America are. An inventive genius in Washington has produced an opera-glass which beats anything in this line yet heard of, and is bound to become a prime favourite with a good many who have long been wanting something of the kind. This particular opera-glass serves also the purpose of a whisky flask, and so saves the bearer all the trouble of going out between the acts. There are three cylinders in the lorgnette. The centre one and the outer part of the two others are false. Half-a-pint of whisky or other liquor can be placed in this glass. A little tin tube extends into the centre cylinder, and when drawn partly out it opens the valve at its inner end. As many persons hold an opera glass with both hands, the deception is perfect, and the contents of the cylinder can be drunk to the last drop without detection. Doubtless they will be introduced here shortly. Why not?

The present Lord Mayor is noted not only for his oratory but also for the carefully selected phrases with which he turns his neatly-constructed sentences. At the High-Sheriff's dinner last week he, however, made a slight departure from his customary accuracy, and was guilty of an exaggeration greater than any ever committed by his colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party.

He gave a glowing account of the work done by the Corporation; but he attributed the unsatisfactory condition of the housing of the poor in the city to the Act of Union, because houses which were built for and destined to be used by one family only were now inhabited by twenty families. This we can readily understand, but are at a loss to account for the following statement, upon which his lordship appeared to found a considerable portion of his speech:—"Therefore, we see thousands of families occupying *one* house in Dublin!" Prodigious! Why the South Dublin Workhouse could not contain more.

Mr. J. M. Sullivan's first ballad concert was not too well attended. Miss Du Bedat was a soprano with much mechanical training, but she sings somewhat hard. No woman can hope to become a great artist who has not suffered deeply in mind and emotions. We advise Miss Du Bedat to fall violently and hopelessly in love; she will then understand the art of ballad singing. At present she is a good amateur, her enunciation, however, being too cloudy. Madame Joyce Maas is a singer of the first order. As the public had not been prepared beforehand for this artist, with the customary puff, they received her, at first, coldly; but she tore enthusiasm from them by her splendid singing of the "Three Fishers." We forgive her the change in the last phrase, sympathising with her desire to finish on a deep contralto note. Madame Antoinette Sterling will have to look to her laurels. Madame Maas, however, has one fault: she breathes too audibly. Mr. Charles Chillely sings fairly well, but his art consists in contrasting *forte* with *piano* passages. Mr. Collisson played his accompaniments and polish pieces with great taste; we recommend him for a special medal for his accompaniment of Bishop's exquisite lyric. There is no need to strew roses in the path of Papini. He alone should pack a house, and the musical public should flock to hear the most of him, now that the musical season is about to close.

Exquisites or mashers as it is now customary to style a certain class of gentlemen, are going from one extreme to another in the matter of dress. The changes of fashion in male attire are not as a general rule specially interesting, but it is worthy of note that amplitude is now to be the characteristic of masculine garb. Besides rougher fabrics are coming into vogue. Broadcloth gave way to fine twill, increasingly coarse qualities were adopted, and it seems, on the authority of our tailor, that this downward progression is still affected.

There are many people who will be interested in learning that Mr. Gladstone's habits are as Spartan as those of the late Emperor of Germany. When he is in London he usually sleeps on a small iron bedstead, and in the house which he occupied at Carlton House Terrace his room contained neither carpets nor curtains. The G. O. M., however, shares with the late Emperor the excellent appetite both for food and drink which characterised the warrior monarch. He eats heartily, has an almost perfect digestion, and can relish any kind of food, with the important exceptions of oysters and sweetbreads.

A rumour gained currency in the city during the week that Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., would be the new editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, as successor to the late Mr. Gray. But it seems hardly likely that T. P. would throw up the *Star*, where he is supreme, to place himself under a board of directors in Dublin, where he might not have so free a hand as he would desire. A later rumour asserts that it has been practically settled that Mr. Justin McCarthy will be the new editor, though it is possible that the appointment may not be made for some time. The office is said to be worth £2,000 a year, but as its duties would necessitate the presence of the chief of the staff in Dublin a good deal during the Parliamentary session, it is hardly likely that the latter gentleman would abandon his literary work in London, as well as absent himself from active Parliamentary business, for the honour of directing the Prince's-street journal.

"A Lover of the Muse" has kindly favoured us with a few ebullitions of his poetic feeling, in the shape of a small volume, entitled "Some Poetic Thoughts." We should have been pleased, had it been in our power, to recommend the gushing aspirant's book; but the fact is, we could not find in the entire volume one single thought worthy of the high-sounding title. We are afraid that the author's ambition to leave behind him "footprints on the Sands of Time" will scarcely be realised through the medium of his verse.

"The Golden Halcombes," of which we gave a preliminary notice a few weeks ago, has just been issued by Mr. Olley, of the Royal Avenue, Belfast. Mr. John Shaw, whose name is familiar to readers of the popular magazines, is the author, and right well has he accomplished the task of writing a novel at once creditable alike to his pen and his printer.

In ancient times there was poetic grace in every movement of the dancer; but in these degenerate days dancing, and more particularly waltzing has become a thing of motion without

any poetic elegance. Waltzing is the divinity of dancing; but, unfortunately, whenever it is now engaged in it is largely spiced with vulgarity. What, it may be asked, is waltzing? Not surely a meteoric flash from one end of a room to the other, or a helter-skelter rush here, there, and everywhere. Waltzing should be a gentle, gliding movement, having elegance of action and simplicity of motion as its guiding principles. Did the ladies have their own way it would, we are assured, be this; but in dancing, as in other things, feminine authority is conquered by the physical exuberance of the sterner sex, and thus it is that modern waltzing has a closer resemblance to a pedestrian contest than the "thing of beauty" which the fancy of poets has declared it to be.

The French government go the right way about getting their colonies populated. They lately issued an advertisement to the following effect:—"Wanted, for an island in the vicinity of Numea, which is peopled with French Emigrants, one hundred young women who wish to enter into the state of matrimony." The inducements set forth were that intended wives should not only be provided with a free passage, but receive from the government a *dot* of 100 francs each. In a very short time, as may readily be supposed, the hundred young women were found, and a ship was chartered by the government to convey them to their destination. This curious ship-load was composed of highly respectable girls, and let us hope the dreams of their ambition may be realised.

There is every probability that before long, lengthy accounts of both a divorce and breach of promise case will fill the daily papers. Members of the aristocracy are, we believe, involved in both. The divorce case referred to has already been entered at the Courts, and the breach of promise case is between a youthful sprig of nobility and a well-known professional beauty, whose heart, it is said, is "very nearly broken." After the case is decided the young lord intends to make a lengthened tour of America.

The profits of the forthcoming Irish Exhibition in London are to be devoted to Irish technical and commercial schools.

Our tram-conductors, who are a civil and obliging class of public servants, come across curious customers occasionally. Travellers by the Phoenix Park Line are familiar with the fact that on the return journey it is necessary, when the tram approaches the foot of Blessington St., that the conductor should run to the steps of a doorway near the corner and ascertain if the downward track is clear before bringing his car beyond the point at which the inward and outward bound vehicles can pass each other. The other day a country cousin who had been admiring the beauties of the Park, patronised the line for a journey cityward, and it so happened that the collection of fares was progressing when the tram reached the point we have referred to. The stranger tendered a half-sovereign, and at that precise moment the conductor flew towards the steps at the corner to ascertain if the road was open, without having had time to give the traveller his change. Quick as thought he was after him and nailed him, much to the consternation of the conductor, who had some difficulty in explaining to his irate passenger the reason

for his momentary departure from the platform. The incident was a funny one, and afforded much amusement to both "outsides" and "insides" on the tram.

In this quarter of the world we should know something of the quality of East winds, bringing with them, as they do, manifold dangers to the health of the aged and infirm, playing sad havoc with the chests and bronchial tubes of everybody exposed to them, nipping vegetation in the bud, and generally doing as much damage to the human race as they conveniently can. We might have added, "and making churchyards fat, too," but that follows as a matter of course. If, then, there is something not altogether displeasing in the misfortunes of other people, it is so far consolatory to know that the dreadful East wind is nowhere regarded as a harbinger of much good. Even in warmer lands than ours the easterly breeze is unwelcome, though not quite for the same reason that makes it abhorred here; and if we refer to the subject at all, it is only in the way of profound thankfulness that after a month of its dreaded presence daily and nightly, it would seem to have left us for a time. If it would only remain away till it was sent for, its visits here, like those of angels, would be few and far between.

It is amusing to read of a lazy or over-wrought *prima donna* getting her husband to rehearse her part for her, though we fancy that none but the *prima donna* "assoluta" would be permitted to shirk rehearsal in this way. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, however, in his amusing book, "The Prima Donna," says, or suggests, that it has been done. He further hints that there was a husband who, in his anxiety to relieve the *diva* of all engagements not absolutely necessary, came at length to persuade himself that he could sit for her portrait. Mr. Edwards' book contains many interesting incidents in connection with the lyric stage.

The vagaries of fortune, like those of fashion, are to the ordinary mortal incomprehensible. A humble farmer, named Maxwell, and his sister, a charwoman, have suddenly come in for a fortune of nearly £20,000.

We have come across some Australian statistics which tell us that the marriage rate in those colonies has not as a rule declined during the last twenty years. In New South Wales and Victoria the rate stood in 1884 at about the same level as in 1865, but in Queensland there was a drop from 13.27 to 8.91, and in South Australia a decline took place from 9.45 to 8.28. The statistics of both New South Wales and Victoria show considerable fluctuations during the intermediate years, and this is particularly the case with Victoria, where the marriage rate fell in 1879 as low as 5.79. Going back ten years, it seems that the marriage rate in all the colonies has increased, not very largely indeed, but still quite sensibly, with the exception of New Zealand, where the decline has been considerable.

Madame Marie Roze has been invited to sing at the Royal Opera House at the Hague before her departure to America and Australia. She has been offered 2,500 francs for each performance. Madame Roze has intimated that she will accept the offer if she is allowed to select the operas in which she is to appear.

It is a fortunate thing for Irish ladies that the police of this country are allowed to exercise a little judgment in their precarious avocation. We are impelled to acknowledge the intelligence of our social defenders, and to compliment them on the zeal and discrimination that actuates them in the discharge of their duties, by noting the latest item of serious news from Vienna. It seems that the other evening a policeman who was walking on his beat along the Kleine Neugasse, in that city, saw a young lady, in a very *decollete* toilette, standing at a ground-floor window speaking to some one in the street. The policeman immediately arrested her on a charge of offending against public propriety, and she was brought before the judge next morning. It was in vain she pleaded she was going to a ball, and was speaking to her *fiancee* at the time the constable passed. The official said he did not know much about dresses at balls, but the lady in appearing in hers at a street window, had certainly committed an offence against public propriety! She was sentenced to eighteen hours' imprisonment. There is a serious danger therefore—in Vienna, at least—in wearing very low dresses!

Nellie Sheridan, a handsome, fascinating Irish girl, married many years ago General R. D. Blake, of the English army. The General's family then disowned him, and he thereupon took with him to America his fair young bride. Fortunately the gallant soldier was wealthy in his own right, and consequently was in a position to establish, on a large scale, a millinery business in Mansfield, Ohio. Unfortunately the General, while on a visit to England, took ill and died, leaving, however, all his possessions to his bereaved wife, who did not long survive her husband. She died childless and intestate, and thereon hangs a tale which Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Corcoran, of Adgerton, County Longford, are now endeavouring to bring to a happy, and, to them, fortunate issue. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran, who were in very poor circumstances, were informed that they were the heirs-at-law of Mrs. Blake, and they hastily converted their meagre possessions into cash, and set sail for Matawan, where detailed information was obtained, which, they think, will establish their claim to some £300,000, left as residuary estate of Mrs. Corcoran's cousin, Mrs. Blake.

An enterprising compiler has been at the trouble of interviewing several distinguished actresses and noting the colour and shape of their hands. Mary Anderson's hands are, according to this authority, long and slender, with aristocratic fingers and almond-shaped nails. They are nervous and suspicious; the fingers move like the tendril flower fringes on a Madeira vine, and very few people's hands are permitted to clasp them. Sarah Bernhardt's hands are long, narrow, thin, and intensely nervous. She uses them all the time. On the stage they are part of her acting, and in conversation expresses more emotion than any feature, with the exception of the eyes. She has a peculiarly commanding forefinger, and when it points to the door the inmate of the room has to go at once. Lily Langtry has those delicately cut, proud patrician hands that are given to few, but whose touch thrills you to the lining of your overcoat with that exquisite indefinable ecstasy that follows the first chapter of a love affair.

They are not remarkably small, but are white as ivory. Madame Patti has ugly little hands, with swelling veins, thick fingers, and broad flat palms. Although there are no wrinkles on the diva's pretty face, her hands, sad to relate, are old and withered.

Mr. Corney Grain's latest song is entitled "What shall we do with our daughters?" The same question is engaging the attention of a noble array of persons with time on their hands who ventilate their opinions through the medium of the press. A very suggestive letter appeared in a contemporary the other day which tells how a young gentleman applied for the post of a shorthand clerk; but he didn't get it because his sister also applied and got the place at "a lower salary." Paterfamilias would, perhaps, prefer to maintain his daughter rather than his son, if there is not enough work for both. It is quite evident that there are two sides to the question of female labour.

The massage treatment of Dr. Mezger, of Amsterdam, is becoming quite a fashionable panacea for every ill to which royal and other classes of humanity are subject. Queens, princes, and princesses now go in pilgrimage to the abode of the worthy doctor, and in doing so it must be a relief to them to feel that they are as free in their movements as the poorest and meanest of people, as there do not seem to be any Sir Walter Raleighs among the Dutch at Amsterdam to keep a queen's foot out of the mud by the chivalrous device of spoiling a cloak. The inhabitants of that quaint old place seem to have a very solid endowment of native phlegmatic imperturbability. They allow royal visitors to go about as they like; do not make way for them in the streets; do not follow them or take off their hats to them; do not surround their hotels and huzzah them; they allow them to ride in tram-cars and pay the tram fares, the newspapers do not chronicle their movements; they are, in fact, treated as humble mortals should be. All this must be delightful to royal personages, bored to death with obsequious attentions when they go abroad elsewhere. The massage doctor, greatly to his credit, charges his royal patients precisely the same sum that he exacts from plebeian patients. All these conveniences considered, massage may fairly be expected to become a welcome and fashionable treatment.

We have heard of many kinds of secret societies; but until last week were unaware that there existed a body of men sworn to put to death any of their number who might be induced to enter into the bonds of holy wedlock. According to Charles Henry Hall, who appeared before a magistrate at Salford last week, such an association has a local habitation and a name. He was summoned to shown cause why he should not contribute to the maintenance of his wife, and the guileless young man imagined he could work upon the magistrate's feelings by stating, in mitigation of the charge, that he belonged to a secret society which allowed none of its members to marry, and he averred that if the other members knew he was married they would certainly put him to death. The representative of the law ordered Charles to pay 8s. a week towards the support of his wife, and advised him to take his chance of escape from the dread consequences of his own foolishness.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

The production of *Camille* at the Gaiety invites the discussion of a question of more general interest than the "greatness" or otherwise of Miss Lingard's acting. But, in the first place, note that the author, Alexandre Dumas, though known as the "younger" is, at the present moment, in his 64th year. His father, Alexandre Dumas the great, was a man of genius; Alexandre Dumas the less is a man of talent.

We should face this question of French plays without that inward tremor which is the last survival of the dark days of the Puritans. Those who condemn French plays on moral grounds are not, at all events, coerced into seeing them by any Act of Parliament on the statute book. But what right has one section of the public to dictate to another as to what it must and must not look at in the theatre? Truly, many well-intentioned citizens unnecessarily embitter their lives by voluntarily taking the morals of the entire community on their own shoulders. We quarrel with no opinions. All we ask is that we and every other man and woman should be allowed, as a matter of natural right, to form our own opinions on our own individual responsibility.

The plot of *Camille* runs, briefly, thus: She falls in love with Armand Duval; they retire to the country. His father visits Camille, informs her that his daughter is affianced to a sensitive Parisian who will break off the match if Camille does not forsake her lover. Camille consents, hiding her motive from Armand. He discovers the unselfishness of this motive when it is too late, and Camille dies of phthisis in his arms.

We will not discuss the morale of this play. For our part an artist is heartily welcome to depict any scene he pleases. We judge him by his art, and it is thus we judge Dumas the younger.

The play is soaked in the artificial atmosphere of the study from beginning to end. What is Dumas' *Camille*? A sentimental, moralising, philosophising woman of depraved life. She deliberately states that she never loved until M. Armand appears; she grows maudlin over a bunch of wild flowers; seizes every opportunity to inflict a moral dissertation on her hearers; delivers herself of platitudes which would beggar the repertoire of Dr. Johnson; and, while regretting on every opportunity her mode of life never becomes aware that it is possible to adopt an honester one.

As a dramatic creation she is a hopeless failure. No solitary occasion occurs when the curtain of her stilted refinement is torn aside, and we catch a glimpse of the woman of the boulevards. When Armand's father appears, and deliberately insults her, how does she act? Here was an opportunity for M. Dumas, if he had the commonest instincts of a dramatist, to give us a sight of the beast or bully in his heroine—to answer the demands of realism and, at the same time, throw his design into bold relief. But *Camille* replies to the plain speaking of old Duval with all the pride and all the refined manner of a highly bred woman, and the old gentleman whimpers over this unexpected nobility of soul. In fact, it is only incidentally we know the nature of *Camille*'s profession. Her bearing and mode of expression, from beginning to end of the play, is that simply of a well edu-

cated and well bred woman with a penchant for moral platitudes. We see no animalistic emotions, no sudden flashes of temper, no indication of familiarity with coarse conversation, no dark contrast whatever to relieve the exquisite angelic nature of this famous creation of M. Dumas. When she is with her lover they, naturally enough, indulge in the silly egotism characteristic of all lovers; but the ceaseless reiteration of the phrases—"I love you, Camille;" "You know how I love you, Armand;" however pleasant to those directly concerned, becomes extremely tiresome to an audience. There is realism in exhibiting a pair of lovers as a pair of bores to outsiders, but it is not the realism of good art. Though M. Dumas is an associate of that den of purists, the French Academy, he is not above the commonest form of stage clap-trap when he aims at bringing down the house with the curtain. Here is an instance: Camille says softly—"Good-bye, Armand, good-bye,"—then retiring up, cries *forte*—"for ever!" and down comes the curtain. This style of writing is similar to the cheap trick of singers who, no matter how badly they manage a song, invariably catch applause by finishing on a high note *fortissimo*.

So much for the play. We have no sympathy whatever with the cant about its morality. We do not doubt for a moment that M. Dumas wrote it to convey a sharp moral lesson. It bears that fact on the face of it. It is a fine idea to show that the most degraded human being, under certain circumstances, can exhibit nobility of character which would shed a halo round a bishop. Our business is with Dumas the dramatist, not Dumas the moralist. There is infinitely more immorality in the plays of Shakespeare, and those popular modern novels which find a hearty reception in the boudoirs of most well bred young ladies.

We are at a loss to discover the motive of the ferocious attack on Miss Lingard by the enlightened critics of the daily press. We are inclined to call it, at least, unchivalrous; but, of course, an actress challenges criticism, and must be content to take public attacks, though sometimes roughly expressed. It is true she is not a Modjeska; but, though she displayed none of that mysterious quality known as genius, she exhibited considerable talent, and on no occasion made herself ridiculous. She is a popular and well-known actress in America, and succeeded in London. There is no easier style of criticism than the "slashing." Every writer can earn a cheap reputation for cleverness by being abusive. Most people can chop wood with a hatchet; it is not everyone who can carve an ornament from the block.

Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper was also treated to a hailstone chorus; but, as a matter of fact, he is a fairly good actor. Though moderately subdued throughout, as becoming a man of good breeding, he was capable of brief but effective fits of emotion which did not verge on the melodramatic. He is no new actor, having been for many years a leading man in Mr. Wilson Barrett's company. Criticism of the kind referred to, not only hurts artists in their profession, in the most wanton manner, but must ultimately cause the public to doubt the leading of the press. To hurl anathemas at an actress because she compares unfavourably with those few great women of genius who appear at the rate of three in a century, is only a mode of exhibiting provincialism in the sulks.

DONNYBROOK.

MRS. MICHAEL GUNN AT HOME.

MRS. MICHAEL GUNN is at home in 69 Merrion Square. The Dublin public need no description of this lady, but for the benefit of our provincial subscribers, we may say, that she is of medium height, with brown hair and dark brown eyes, handsome face, and, probably, the finest figure in the city. Her hands and feet are small, and if the arms of the Milo Venus could be discovered they would be found less perfectly modelled than those of Mrs. Michael Gunn. The interviewer was received in the drawing-room which could seat over one hundred persons. The walls are ornamented with a high embossed dado of dead gold. The furniture is in various colours, with a sprinkling of tall palm ferns, and on a pedestal stands a beautiful white marble bust of Mrs. Gunn in her seventeenth year, thrown into relief by a background of dark purple velvet which drapes a folding screen. The fireplace is tessellated, with grating and andirons of brass.

Mrs. Gunn's manner, in general, is earnest, but when interested in any topic relating to the stage she becomes rapt in enthusiasm and oblivious of everything save the subject of her thoughts. She expresses her favourite ideas with emphasis; uplifting her left hand, with the forefinger extended, to punctuate her remarks in the air. But her most striking attitude of earnestness appears when she bends forward in her seat, doubles up both hands on her knees, and with her head a little to one side, marks every sentence with an emphatic nod. Her voice is usually soft and mellow, but capable of running the entire gamut of emotional expression. It is well known that she not only won enthusiasm in this city as a burlesque actress, but, last year, received the applause of a crowded house for the rendering of the tragic part of Azucena in the opera of *Il Trovatore*. She has a copious flow of ideas which she expresses in clear language, with an occasional Americanism; and is an accomplished French scholar.

"The primary reason of going on the stage," said Mrs. Gunn, "was the fact of having a step-father. I had a comfortable home in Brooklyn, New York, where I was born; but when my mother married again, I was not as happy as I desired. I was very young, barely fifteen, and perhaps over-sensitive. I went on the stage, however, with my mother's consent. My first engagement was in New York where I joined the late Mr. Sothorn's company.

"I acted with him as juvenile lead for two years. Training? Oh, I had no training whatever. I never studied acting, dancing, or elocution, but went straight from my home to the stage. I suppose I must have had some natural aptitude for it. The girls at school used to tell me I was born an actress. This, I think, was what first put the idea in my head. Well, I stayed two years in New York, but when I applied to London managers they said my American accent would be a bar to my success."

"It proved rather a recommendation in Dublin?"

"Yes. My next engagement was in Dublin. Mr. Gunn was about to run the pantomime of 'The Yellow Dwarf.' Now, you know, I was a comedy actress, and had not the faintest idea of pantomime. In fact, in America, pantomime is only associated with travelling booths; and when I was asked to play pantomime in Dublin I said—'Heavens, what a vulgar idea!' But a young artist must take what she is offered. I accepted the engagement. Shall I ever forget

my first rehearsal in the Gaiety? You see, I knew neither how to dance or sing, and all pantomime business was Greek to me. I cried throughout the whole rehearsal, and, I believe, cried all night when I went home. I was convinced I would be a lamentable failure. A gentleman intimately connected with the Gaiety, who was disgusted with my blundering during rehearsal, said to Mr. Gunn, 'Why did you bring that Yankee impostor here?' However, the Yankee impostor determined that, if she blundered her part, her costume, at all events, should be a success. When the first night came I almost fainted with nervousness. I was received with a round of applause, and from that night I seemed to become a Dublin favourite. I played for the following three years, and these, with my two years' career in New York constitute my entire appearance on the stage as a professional."

"Some of the public, Mrs. Gunn, are dissatisfied with the Gaiety programme for the coming season."

"Well, that is not Mr. Gunn's fault. There are fifty-two weeks in the year, and barely forty good companies on the road. We cannot create stars; we can only provide them with a sky, and if they refuse to shine, we cannot help it. Mr. Gunn is only too anxious to secure the best artists. Miss Mary Anderson on her last visit, promised to return this season, but now has changed her mind, and won't appear in the provinces at all. Madame Modjeska also promised to come, but she intends to recruit her health at the seaside. You see, we cannot pass a special coercion act for them. Then many good artists refuse to face the channel."

"Afraid of *mal de mer*?"

"Not at all. It is the trouble of bringing the properties that frightens them. Take Irving for instance. He only travels with Faust, and his properties are so heavy, some tons weight, that he will not ship them over the channel for a Dublin engagement. When you consider the weight of his Faust properties, it is no wonder some people think Irving a heavy actor. But this is *entre nous*. The public should make allowance for these difficulties."

"You have retired from the stage, permanently, Mrs. Gunn?"

"Yes! though I sometimes receive many tempting offers. Some time ago, for instance, I received a telegram from Paris asking me to take the part of Madame Favart. But domestic affairs completely fill my life. I sometimes appear on the concert platform, when persistently requested. I would rather go through an entire play than sing a ballad at a concert. I am afraid the public might think I was ambitious of posing as a great singer. Nothing is further from my thoughts. If I had been gifted with a fine voice I should strive to become a great singer; but my entire vocal training consisted of about six lessons from the late Mr. Blanchard of Dublin. I am always willing, however, to do whatever lies in my power for a charity. Now, I am organising a private concert, to be given in this room, for the benefit of the Coombe Hospital. Their funds are fearfully low at present, and it surprises me, that the well-to-do Dublin people should not support such an admirable institution. It is simply heart-breaking to contemplate all the money wasted in luxuries, and so many poor and helpless fellow creatures around us. Yes, whatever powers I possess shall always be at the disposal of a charitable purpose."



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER V.

I DID not even know that you had married again. You were known to our firm as Mr. Ransome. We lost sight of you when you changed your name to Greswold."

"I have been married—happily married for fourteen years, and the name of my wife was Fausset, Mildred Fausset, daughter of John Fausset, your client."

Mr. Pergament had taken up a penknife in an absent-minded manner, and was trifling with a very well-kept finger nail, a fine specimen of the filbert tribe, with his eyelids lowered in an imperturbable thoughtfulness, as of a man who was rock. But, cool as he was, George Greswold noticed that at the name of Fausset the penknife gave a little jerk, and that the outskirts of the filbert were in momentary danger. Mr. Pergament was too wary to look up, however. He sat placid, attentive, with fat eyelids lowered over washed-out gray eyes. Mr. Pergament at five and forty was still in the chrysalis or money-making stage, and worked hard nearly all the year round. His father, at sixty-nine, was on the Yorkshire moors, pretending to shoot grouse, and just beginning to enjoy the butterfly existence of a man who had made his fortune.

"Vixen Faux. Does not that sound to your ear like an assumed name, Mr. Pergament?" pursued Greswold. "Faux. The first three letters are the same as in Fausset."

And then George Greswold told the solicitor how his second wife had recognised his first wife's photograph as the likeness of a girl whom she believed to have been her half-sister, and how this fact threatened to divide husband and wife for ever.

"Surely Mrs. Greswold cannot be one of those bigoted persons who pin their faith upon a prohibition of the Canon Law as if it were the teaching of Christ—a prohibition which the Roman Church was always ready to cancel in favour of its faithful and elect," said the lawyer.

"Unhappily my wife was taught in a very rigid school of divinity. She would perish rather than violate a principle."

"But if your first wife were John Fausset's natural daughter—what then? The law does not recognise such affinities."

"No, but the Church does. The Roman Church could create a prohibitive affinity in the case of a cast-off mistress; and it is the privilege of our Anglican theology in its highest development to adopt the most recondite theories of

Rome. For God's sake be plain with me Mr. Pergament. Was the girl who called herself Vivien Faux John Fausset's daughter, or was she not?"

"I regret that I cannot answer your question. My promise to my client was of the nature of an oath. I cannot violate that promise upon any consideration whatever. I must ask you, as a gentleman, not to urge the matter any further."

"I submit," said Greswold, hopelessly. "If it is a point of honour with you I can say no more."

Mr. Pergament accompanied him to the threshold of the outer office, and the elderly clerk ushered him to the wide old landing-place beyond. The lawyer had been courteous, but not cordial. There was a shade of distrustfulness, or even suspicion, in his manner, and he had pretended to no sympathy with Mr. Greswold in his difficulties; but George Greswold felt that among those who knew the history of his former marriage there was not much likelihood of friendly feeling towards him. To them he was a man outside the pale.

He left the office sick at heart. This had been his only means of coming at the knowledge of his first wife's parentage, and this means had failed him utterly. The surprise indicated by that slight movement of the lawyer's hand at the first mention of John Fausset's name went far to convince him that Mildred's conviction was based on truth. Yet if John Fausset were Mr. Pergament's client, it was very odd that Mr. Pergament should be ignorant of the circumstances of Mildred's marriage, and the name and surroundings of her husband. Odd assuredly, but not impossible. On reflection it seemed indeed natural enough that Mr. Fausset should confide his secret to a stranger, and establish a trust with a stranger, rather than admit his family lawyer to his confidence. This provision for an illegitimate daughter would be an isolated transaction in his life. He would select a firm of approved respectability, who were unconcerned with his family affairs, with whom there was no possibility of his wife or daughter being brought into contact.

George Greswold drove from Lincoln's Inn to Queen Ann's gate, where he spent ten minutes with Mrs. Tomkison, and learned all that lady could tell him about his wife's movements, how she had had a long interview with Mr. Cancellor before she started for Brighton, and how she was looking very ill and very unhappy. Provided with this small stock of information he went back to the hotel and dined *tete-a-tete* with Pamela, who had the good sense not to talk to him, and who devoted all her attentions to the scion of Brockenhurst Joe.

When the waiters had left the room for good, and uncle and niece were alone over their coffee, Mr. Greswold became more communicative.

"Pamela, you are good, warm-hearted girl, and I believe you would go some way to serve me," he said quietly, as he sat looking at Box, who had folded his delicately pencilled legs in a graceful attitude upon the steel bar of the fender, and was blinking at the fire.

"My dear uncle, I would cut off my head for you—"

"I don't quite want that, but I want your loyal and loving help in the saddest period of my life—yes, the saddest; sadder even than the sorrow of last year; and yet I thought the pain of that was unsurpassable."

"Poor uncle George," sighed Pamela, bending over the table to take his hand, and clasping it fondly. "Command me in anything—you know how fond I have always been of you—almost fonder than of my poor father. Perhaps," she added, gravely, "it is because I always respected you more than I did him."

"I cannot confide in you wholly, Pamela—not yet: but I may tell you this much. Something has happened to part my wife and me—perhaps for life. It is her wish, not mine, that we should live the rest of our lives apart. There has been no wrong-doing on either side, mark you. There is no blame, there has been no angry feeling, there is no falling off in love. We are both the innocent victims of an intolerable fatality. I would willingly struggle against my doom, defy the Fates; but my wife has another way of thinking, and she makes her own life desolate and condemns me to a life-long desolation."

"She is now at Brighton with her aunt, Miss Fausset. I am going there to-morrow morning—to see her, if she will let me, perhaps for the last time. I want to take you with me, and if Mildred carries out her intention of spending the winter abroad, I want you to go with her as her companion and adopted daughter. I want you to wind yourself into her confidence and into her heart to cheer and comfort her, and to be a shield between her and the malice of the world. Her position will be at best a painful one—a wife and no wife—separated from her husband for a reason which she will hardly care to blazon to the world, perhaps will hardly confide to her nearest and dearest friend."

"I will do anything you tell me, uncle; go anywhere; to the end of the world, if you wanted me. You know how fond I am of aunt Mildred. I think I am fonder of her even than of my sister, who is so wrapped up in that dreadful baby that she is sometimes unendurable. But it seems so awfully strange that you and aunt should be parted," continued Pamela, with a puzzled brow. "I can't make it out one little bit. I—I—don't want to ask any questions, Uncle George—at least only just one question—Has all this mysterious trouble anything to do with Mr. Castellani?"

She turned crimson as she pronounced the name, but Greswold was too absorbed to notice her embarrassment.

"With Castellani? No. How should it concern him?" he exclaimed; and then, remembering the beginning of evil, he added, "Mr. Castellani has nothing to do with our difficulty, in a direct manner; but indirectly his presence at Enderby was at the root of the mischief."

"Oh, uncle you were not jealous of him, surely?"

"Jealous of him? I jealous of Castellani or any man living? You must know very little of my wife or of me, Pamela, when you ask such a question."

"No, no; of course not. It was absurd of me to suggest such a thing, when I knew how my aunt adores you," Pamela said hastily; but in spite of this disavowal she was lying awake half through the night tormenting herself with all manner of speculations and wild imaginings as to the cause of the separation between George Greswold and his wife, and Cesar Castellani's connection with it.

She went to Brighton with her uncle next day, Box and the maid accompanying them in a second-class compartment. They put up at an

hotel upon the east cliff, which was quieter and more exclusive than the caravanseries towards the setting sun, and conveniently near Lewes Crescent.

"Shall I go with you at once, uncle?" asked Pamela, as Mr. Greswold was leaving the house. "I hope Miss Fausset is not a stern old thing who will freeze me with a single look."

"She is not so bad as that, but I will break the ice for you. I am going to see my wife alone before I take you to Lewes Crescent. You can go on the Madeira walk with Peterson, and give Box an airing."

Mr. Greswold found his wife sitting alone in the spacious front drawing-room near the open piano at which Castellani had made such exquisite music last night. She had been playing a little, trying to find comfort in those grand strains of Beethoven which were to her as the prophecies of Isaiah, or the loftiest passages in the Apocalypse; seeking comfort and hope, but finding none. And now she was sitting gazing sadly at the waste of waters, and thinking that her own future life resembled that gray and barren sea, a wide and sunless waste, with neither haven nor shore in sight.

At the sound of her husband's footsteps entering unannounced at the further door she started up with her heart beating vehemently, speechless and trembling. She felt as if they were meeting after years of absence—felt as if she must go to him and fling herself upon his breast and claim him as her own again, confessing herself too weak and earthly a creature to live without that sweet human love.

She had to steel herself by the thought of obedience to a higher law than that of human passion. She stood before him deadly pale, but firm as a rock.

He came close up to her, laid his hand upon her shoulder, and looked her in the face, earnestly, solemnly even.

"Mildred, is it irrevocable? Can you sacrifice me for a scruple?"

"It is more than a scruple—it is the certainty that there is but one right course, and that I must hold by it to the end."

"That certainty does not come out of your own heart or your own mind. It is Cancellor who has made this law for you—Cancellor, a fanatic, who knows nothing of the length and breadth and divine power of domestic love—Cancellor, a man without a wife and without a home. Is he to be the judge between you and me? Is he who knows nothing of the sacredness of wedded ties to be allowed to break them—only because he wears a cassock and has an eloquent tongue?"

"It was he who taught me my duty when I was a child. I accept his teaching now as implicitly as I accepted it then."

"And you do not mind breaking my heart—that does not hurt you," said he growing angry.

His face was as pallid as hers, and his lips trembled, half in anger half in scorn.

"Oh, George, you know my own heart is breaking. There can be no greater pain possible to humanity than I have suffered since I left you."

"And you will inflict this agony, and bear this agony. You will break two hearts because of an anomaly in the marriage law—a rag of Rome—a source of profit to Pope and priest—a prohibition made to be annulled—for the good of the Church. Do you know how foolish a law it is, child, for which you show this blind reverence? Do you know that it is only a bigoted

minority among the nations that still abides by it? Do you know that in that great new world across the seas a woman may be a wife in one colony, and not a wife in another—honourable here, despised there? It is all too foolish. What is it to either of us if my first wife was your half-sister—a fact which neither of us can prove or disprove."

"God help me, it is proved only too clearly to me. We bear the mark of our birthright in our faces. You must have seen that, George, long before I saw Fay's portrait in your hands. Are we not alike?"

"Not with the likeness of sisters. There is a look which might be a family likeness—a look which puzzled me like the faint memory of a dream when first I knew you. It was long before I discovered what the likeness was and where it lay. At most it was but a line here and there. The arch of the brow, the form of the eyelid, an expression about the mouth when you smile. Such accidental resemblances are common enough. She was as much like César Castellani as she is like you. I have seen a look in his face that curiously recalls an expression of hers."

"George, if I were not convinced, do you think I would grieve you, and sacrifice all I have of earthly happiness? I cannot reason upon this question. My conscience has answered it for me."

"So be it. Let conscience be your guide, and not love. I have done."

He took both her hands in his, and held them long, looking in her face as he went on with what he had to say to her, gravely, without anger, but with a touch of coldness that placed her very far away from him, and marked the beginning of a life-long strangeness.

"It is settled then," he said, "we part for ever; but we are not going to air our story in the law courts, or fill latest editions of evening papers with the details of our misery. We don't want the law to annul our marriage upon the ground of a forbidden affinity, and to cast a slur upon our child in her grave."

"No, no, no."

"Then, though we are to spend our lives apart henceforward, in the eyes of the world you will still be my wife; and I would not have the lady who was once my wife placed in a false position. You cannot wander about the Continent alone, Mildred—you are too young and too attractive to travel without companionship. I have brought Pamela to be your companion. The presence of my niece at your side will tell the world that you have done no wrong to me or my name. It may be fairly supposed that we part from some incompatibility of temper. You need give no explanations, and you may be assured I shall answer no questions."

"You are very good," she faltered. "I shall be glad to have your niece with me—only I am afraid the life will be a dreary one for her."

"She does not think that. She is much attached to you. She is a frank, warm-hearted girl, with some common sense under a surface of frivolity. She is at my hotel near at hand. If you think your aunt will give her hospitality, she can come to you at once, and you and she can discuss all your plans together. If there is anything in the way of business or money matters that I can arrange for you—"

"No, there is nothing," she said in a low voice, and then suddenly she threw herself on her knees at his feet, and clasped his hand, and cried over it.

"George, if you will only say you forgive me before we part for ever," she pleaded. "Pity me, dear, pity and pardon!"

"Yes, I forgive you," he said, gently raising her in his arms, and leading her to the sofa. "Yes, child, I pity you. It is not your fault that we are miserable. It may be better that we should part thus. The future might be still darker if we did not separate. Good-bye."

He bent over her as she sat in a drooping attitude, with her forehead leaning against the end of the sofa, her hand and arm hanging lax and motionless at her side. He laid his hand upon her head as if in blessing, and then left her without another word.

"The future might be still darker if we did not separate."

She repeated the sentence slowly, pondering it as if it had been an enigma.

Miss Fausset expressed herself pleased to receive Miss Ransome as long as it might suit Mildred's convenience to stay in Lewes Crescent.

"Your husband has acted like a gentleman," she said, after Mildred had explained that it was George Greswold's wish his niece should accompany her abroad. "He is altogether superior to the common run of men. This young lady belongs to the Anglican Church, I hope."

"Decidedly, aunt."

"Then she cannot fail to appreciate the services at St. Edmund's," said Miss Fausset, and thereupon gave orders that the second-best spare room should be made ready for Miss Ransome.

Pamela arrived before afternoon tea, bringing Box, who was immediately relegated to the care of the maids in the basement, and the information that Mr. Greswold had gone back to Romney by the coast line, and was likely to arrive at Enderby some time before midnight. Pamela was somewhat embarrassed for the first quarter of an hour, and was evidently afraid of Miss Fausset, but with her usual adaptability she was soon at home, even in that chilly and colourless drawing-room. She was even reconciled to the banishment of Box, feeling that it was a privilege to have him anywhere in that prim and orderly mansion, and intending to have him clandestinely introduced into her bedroom when the household retired for the night.

She pictured him as pining with grief in his exile; and it would have been a considerable surprise to her could she have seen him basking in the glow of the fire in the housekeeper's room, snapping up pieces of muffin thrown him by Franz, and beaming with intelligence upon the company.

A larger tea-table than usual had been set out in the inner drawing-room, with two teapots and a tempting array of dainty biscuits and tea-cakes, such as the idle mind loveth. It was Miss Fausset's afternoon for receiving her friends, and from four o'clock upwards carriages were heard to draw up below, and well-dressed matrons, and smiling, silent daughters dribbled into the room and talked afternoon tea-talk, chiefly matters connected with the church of St. Edmund's, and the various charities and institutions associated with that temple.

It seemed very slow, dull talk to the ears of Pamela, who had been vitiated by sporting society, in which afternoon tea generally smelt of spent cartridges or pig-skin, and where conversation was sometimes enlivened by the handing round of a new gun, or a patent rat-trap for

general inspection. She tried to make talk with one of the youngest ladies present, by asking her if she was fond of tennis; but she felt herself snubbed when the damsel told her she had one of the worst districts in Brighton, and no time for amusements of any kind.

Everybody had taken tea; and it was nearly six o'clock when the feminine assembly became suddenly fluttered and alert at the announcement of two gentlemen of clerical aspect—one, tall, bulky, shabby, and clumsy-looking, with a large, pallid face, heavy features, heavier brows; the other, small and dapper, dressed to perfection in a strictly clerical fashion, with fair complexion, and neat auburn beard. The first was Mr. Maltravers, vicar of St. Edmund's; the second was his curate, the Honourable and Reverend Percival Cromer, fourth son of Lord Lowestoft. It was considered a good thing for St. Edmund's that it had a man of acknowledged power and eloquence for its vicar and a peer's son for its curate.

Mr. Cromer was at once absorbed by a voluble matron, who, with her three daughters, had lingered in the hope of his dropping in after vespers; but he contrived somehow to release himself from the syrens, and to draw Miss Fausset into the conversation, without waiting for an introduction. Miss Fausset, in the meantime, made the vicar known to Mildred.

"You have often heard me speak of my niece," she said, when the introduction had been made.

Mildred was sitting apart from the rest, in the bay window of the inner room. She had withdrawn herself there on pretence of wanting light for her needlework, the same group of azalias she had been working upon at Enderby, but really in order to be alone with her troubled thoughts; and now Miss Fausset approached her with the tall, ponderous figure of the priest, in his long threadbare coat.

She looked up and found him scrutinising her intently under heavy, bent brows. It was a clever face that so looked at her, but it did not engage her sympathy, or convince her of the owner's goodness, as Clement Cancellor's face had always done.

"Yes, I have heard you speak of Mrs. Greswold, your only near relative, I think," he said, addressing Miss Fausset, but never taking his eyes off Mildred.

He dropped into a chair near Mildred, and Miss Fausset went back to her duty at the tea table, and to join in the conversation started by Mr. Cromer, which had more animation than any previous conversation that afternoon.

"You find your aunt looking well, I hope, Mrs. Greswold?" began the Vicar, not very brilliantly, but what his speech wanted in meaning, was made up by the earnestness of his dark gray eyes, under beetling brows, which seemed to penetrate Mildred's inmost thoughts.

"Yes, she looks—as she has always done since I can remember—like a person superior to all mortal feebleness."

"She is superior to all other women I have ever met, a woman of truly remarkable power and steadfastness; but with natures like hers the sword is sometimes stronger than the scabbard. That slender, upright form has an appearance of physical delicacy, as well as mental refinement. Your aunt's mind is a tower of strength, Mrs. Greswold. She has been my strong rock from the beginning of my ministry here; but I tremble for the hour when her health may break

down under the task-work she exacts from herself."

"I know that she has a district, but I do not know any of the details of her work," said Mildred. "Is it very hard?"

"It is very hard, and very continuous. She labours unremittingly among the poor, and she does a great deal of work of a wider and more comprehensive kind. She is deaf to no appeal to her charity. The most distant claims receive her thoughtful attention, even where she does not feel it within the boundary line of her duty to give substantial aid. She writes more letters than many a private secretary, and, oh, Mrs. Greswold—to you as very near and dear to her—I may say what I would say to no other creature living. It has been my blessed office to be brought face to face with her in the sacrament of confession. I have seen the veil lifted from before that white and spotless soul; spotless, yes, in a world of sinners! I know what a woman your aunt is."

His low searching tones fell distinctly upon Mildred's ear, yet hardly rose above a whisper. The babble, lay and clerical, went on in the other drawing-room, and these two were as much alone in the shadow of the window curtains and the gray light of the fading day as if they had been priest and penitent at a confessional.

CHAPTER V—continued.

HIGHER VIEWS.

AFTER that interview with her husband—which in her own mind meant finality, Mildred Greswold's strength succumbed suddenly, and for more than a week she remained in a state of health for which Miss Fausset's doctor could find no name more specific than low fever. She was not very feverish, he told her aunt. The pulse was rapid and intermittent, but the temperature was not much above the normal limit. She was very weak and low, and she wanted care. He had evidently not quite made up his mind whether she wanted rousing or letting alone—whether he would recommend her to spend the winter at Chamounix and do a little mountain climbing, or to give herself up to complete repose at Nice or Algiers. "We must watch her," he said gravely. "She must not be allowed to go into a decline."

Miss Fausset looked alarmed at this, but her doctor, an acquaintance of fifteen years, assured her that there was no cause for alarm; there was only need of care and watchfulness.

"Her mother died at six and thirty," said Miss Fausset; "faded away gradually without rhyme or reason. My brother did everything that care and forethought could do, but he could not save her."

"Mrs. Greswold must not be allowed to fade away," replied the doctor, with an air of being infallible.

Directly she was well enough to go down to the drawing-room again, Mildred began to talk of starting for Switzerland or Germany. She had inflicted herself and her surroundings upon Lewes Crescent too long already, she told her aunt; and although Miss Fausset was very gracious and expressed herself delighted to have her niece, and reconciled even to Pamela's frivolity and the existence of Box in the lower regions, Mildred felt somehow that her presence interfered with the even tenor of life in that orderly mansion. The only person who made light of Miss Fausset's idiosyncracies, came to the house at all hours, stayed as late as he chose,

and disturbed the symmetry of the bookshelves, left Miss Fausset's cherished books lying about on all the tables, and acted in all things after his own fancy, was Cèsar Castellani. His manner towards Miss Fausset was unalterably deferential; he never wavered in his respect to her as a superior being; he was full of subtle flatteries and delicate attentions; yet in some ways were the ways of a spoiled child, sure of indulgence and favour. He never stayed in the house, but had his room at an hotel on the cliff, and came to Lewes Crescent whenever fancy prompted for two or three days at a stretch, then went back to London, and was seen no more for a week or so.

Mildred found that Pamela and Mr. Castellani had seen a great deal of each other during her illness. They had sung and played together, they had walked on the cliff—in sight of the drawing-room windows the whole time, Pamela explained, and with Miss Fausset's severe eye upon them. They had devoted themselves together to the education of Box, who had learnt at least three new tricks under their joint instruction; and who, possibly from over-pressure, had a way of snarling at and trying to bite Mr. Castellani whenever he had an opportunity.

"It is because he is such a horribly unmusical dog," explained Pamela. "He managed to creep up to the drawing-room the other day when Miss Fausset was at church, and Mr. Castellani came in and began to play, and that dreadful Box planted himself near the piano and howled piteously till I carried him out."

"My dearest Pamela, I don't think it matters what Box thinks of Mr. Castellani or his music," said Mildred, with gentle gravity, as she lay on the sofa in the back drawing-room with Pamela's hand clasped in hers; "but it matters a great deal what you think of him, and I fear you are beginning to think too much about him."

"Why should I not think of him, aunt, if I like—and he likes? I am my own mistress; there are few girls so independent of all ties, for really nobody cares a straw for me except you and Uncle George. Rosalind is wrapped up in her baby, and Henry is devoted to guns and fishing tackle. Do you think it can matter to them whom I marry? Why should I be sordid and say to myself, 'I have fifteen hundred a year and I mustn't marry a man with less than three thousand?' Why should I not marry genius if I like—genius even without a penny."

"If you could meet with genius, Pamela."

"You think that Mr. Castellani is not a genius?"

"I think not. He is too versatile, and too showy. All his gifts are on the surface. Genius is single-minded, aiming at one great thing. Genius is like still water and runs deep. I admit that Mr. Castellani is highly gifted as a musician of the lighter sort—not a man who will leave music behind him to live for ever. I admit that he has written a strange, attractive book. But I should be sorry to call him a genius. I should be very sorry to see you throw yourself away, as I believe you would if you were to marry him."

"That is what a girl's friends always say to her," exclaimed Pamela. "To marry the man one loves is to throw oneself away." And then blushing furiously, she added, "Pray don't suppose that I am in love with Mr. Castellani. There has never been one word of love between us—except in the clouds, by way of philosophical discussion. But as a fatherless and

motherless girl of advanced opinions I claim the right to marry genius if I choose."

"My dear girl, I cannot dispute your independence, but I think the sooner we leave this house the better; and the first thing is to make up our minds where we are to go."

"I don't care a bit, aunt, only you must not leave Brighton till you are a great deal stronger. You will want at least three weeks before you will be able to stand the fatigue of travelling," said Pamela, surveying the invalid with a critical air.

"We can travel by easy stages. I am not afraid of fatigue. Where shall we go, Pamela—Schwalbach, Wiesbaden, Vevay, Montreux, or the Riviera?"

"Oh, not Schwalbach, aunt. They took me there for iron, five years ago, when I had outgrown my strength. Switzerland is always lovely, of course; but I went there with Rosalind after her baby was born, and endured the dreariest six weeks of my existence. Brighton is absolutely delicious at this time of the year. It would be absurd to rush away from the place just when people are beginning to come here."

Mildred saw that the case was hopeless, and she began to think seriously about her responsibilities in this matter. A frank, impetuous girl, her husband's niece, eager to cast in her lot with a man who was obviously an adventurer, living sumptuously with hardly any obvious means, and who might be a scoundrel. She remembered her impression of the face in the church, the Judas face, as she had called it, in her own mind; a foolish impression, perhaps, and it might be baseless; yet, such first impressions are sometimes warnings not to be set at naught. As yet nothing had come of that warning; no act of Castellani's had shown him a villain, but his coming had brought about the misery of her life. Had she never seen him, she never might have known this great sorrow. His presence was a constant source of irritation—tempting her to questioning that might lead to further misery. Fay's image had been constantly in her mind of late. She had brooded over that wedded life of which she knew nothing—over that early death, which, for her was shrouded in mystery.

"And he could tell me so much, perhaps," she said to herself, sitting by the fire in the inner room, while Castellani played in the distance yonder between the tall windows that let in the gray eastern light.

"Her death was infinitely sad."

Those were the words which he had spoken of George Greswold's first wife—of Fay, her Fay, the one warm love of her childish years, the love that had stayed with her so long after its object had vanished from her life. That there was something underlying those words, some secret which might add a new bitterness to her sorrow, was the doubt that tortured Mildred as she sat and brooded by the fire while those lovely strains of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" rose in slow solemnity from the distant piano, breathing sounds of peacefulness where there was no peace.

Mr. Castellani had behaved admirably since her convalescence. He had asked no questions about her husband, had taken her presence and Pamela's for granted, never hinted a curiosity about this sudden change of quarters. Mildred thought that her aunt had told him something about her separation from her husband. It was hardly possible that she could have withheld all information, seeing the familiar terms upon

which those two were; and it might be, therefore, that his discretion was the result of knowledge. He had nothing to learn, and could easily seem incurious.

Mildred now discovered that one source of Castellani's influence with her aunt was the work he had done for the choir of St. Edmund's. It was to his exertions that the choral services owed their perfection. The vicar loved music only as a child or a savage loves it, without knowledge or capacity; and it was Castellani who chose the voices for the choir, and helped to train the singers. It was Castellani who assisted the organist in the selection of quaint and little-known music, which gave an air of originality to the services at St. Edmund's, and brought the odour of mediævalism and the smoke of incense into the Gothic chancel. Castellani's knowledge of music, ancient and modern, was of the widest. It was that which gave charm and variety to his improvisations. He could delight an admiring circle with meandering reminiscences of Lully, Corelli, Dussek, and Hummel, in which only the modulations were his own.

In these days of convalescence Mrs. Greswold's life fell into a mechanical monotony which suited her as well as any other kind of life would have done. For the greater part of the day she sat in the low arm-chair by the fire—a table with books at her side, and her work-basket at her feet. Those who cared to observe her, saw that she neither worked nor read. She took up a volume now and again, opened it, looked at a page with dreamy eyes for a little while, and then laid it aside. She took up the frame with the azalias, worked half-a-dozen stitches, and put the frame down again. Her days were given to long and melancholy reveries. She lived over her married life, with all its happiness, with its one great pain. She contemplated her husband's character—such a perfect character it had always seemed to her, and yet his one weak act, his one suppression of truth had wrought misery for them both. And then with ever-recurring persistency she thought of Fay, and Fay's unexplained fate.

"I know him so well, his wife of fourteen years," she said to herself. "Can I doubt for an instant that he did his duty to her; that he was loyal and kind; that whatever sadness there was in her fate it could have been brought about by no act of his?"

Pamela behaved admirably all this time. She respected Mildred's silence, and was not overpoweringly gay. She would sit at her aunt's feet working, wrapped in her own thoughts, or poring over a well-thumbed Shelley, which seemed to her to express all her emotions for her without any trouble. She found her feelings about César Castellani made to measure, as it were, in those mystic pages.

When Mildred was well enough to go out of doors Miss Fausset suggested a morning with her poor.

"It will brace your nerves," she said, "and help you to make up your mind. If you have really a vocation for higher life, the life of self-abnegation and wide usefulness, the sooner you enter upon it the better; mind I say if. You know I have given you my advice conscientiously as a Christian woman, and my advice is that you go back to your husband, and forget everything but your duty to him."

"Yes, aunt, I know; but you and I think differently upon that point."

"Very well," with a short impatient sigh.

"You are obstinate enough there, you have made up your mind so far. You had better make it up a little further. At present you are halting between two opinions."

Mildred obeyed with meekness and indifference. She was not interested in Miss Fausset's district; she had given no thought yet to the merits of life in a Christian community, among a handful of pious women working diligently for the suffering masses. Her only thought had been of that which she had lost, not of what she might gain.

Miss Fausset came in from the morning service at half-past eight, breakfasted sparingly, and at nine the *ne plus ultra* brougham, the perfection of severity in coach-building, was at the door, and the perfect brown horse was champing his bit and rattling his brazen headgear in over-fed impatience to be off. It seemed to be the aim of this powerful creature's life to run away with Miss Fausset's brougham, but up to this point his driver had circumvented him. He made very light of the distance between the aristocratic East Cliff and the shabbiest outlying district of Brighton, at the fag end of the London road, and here Mildred saw her aunt in active work as a ministering angel to the sick and the wretched.

It was only the old, old story of human misery which she saw repeated under various forms, the old, old evidence of the unequal lots that fall from the urn of fate—Margaret in her satin hung boudoir—Peggy staggering under the basket of roses—for some only the flowers, for others only the thorns—she saw that changeless background of sordid poverty which makes every other sorrow harder to bear, and she told herself that the troubles of the poor were very much worse than the troubles of the rich. Upon her life sorrow had come like a thunderbolt out of a summer sky; but sorrow was the warp and woof of these lives. Joy or good luck of any kind would here come as a thunderclap.

(To be continued.)

SLANDER.

WOMAN! hush! perhaps your neighbour
May be weak while you are strong;
She perchance may lean to folly,
Or perchance may stoop to wrong;
But there's something in her bosom,
Something sacred, pure, and grand;
Something that you may not fathom,
And you cannot understand.
Woman! cease your cruel slander,
Pure or base that human breast,
God who knows its deepest history,
Will be sure to judge her best.

Is it well, with petty slander
Thus to crush and wound and slight
One whose soul is sorely wounded
In the hottest of the fight?
Is it kind to brand another,
Judging thought and word and deed?
Is it wise to guess the burden
Of a tale you cannot read?
Woman! look within your bosom,
Are your garments pure and white!
Do you stand a moral Christian,
Sinless in the Master's sight?

Woman! hush! you cannot fathom
All a sister's heart may bear,
Of its sin, or of its sorrow,
Of its happiness or care.
Little do you know her follies,
Grave or simple, great or small,
Open lie to God's dear mercy,
Who shall see and judge them all,
Lay aside the stone, oh! woman,
If her soul is less than true,
In the sisterhood of nature,
You are only human too.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 10th April, 1888.

Money has been in active demand during last week, but with the settlement in the Consols account, and the return of a portion of the dividends to the Market, short loans are more abundant, and the quotation is no higher than 1 to 1½ per cent., and even three months' Bank bills are taken at 1½ per cent. Consols for money are quoted 100½-¾, and for the May account, 100½-¾. Two-and-a-half per cents, 96½-¾, and India Three per cents. 99½-¾.

English Rails have been dull for the whole of the week, but the late rise has been fairly maintained, and there is yet room for an improvement in some of the lower priced Stocks. Brighton A. 117½. Dover A. 102¾. Chatham, 21½. Great Easterns are a firm market at 67½. Caledonian, 102. North British, 106¾. Hull and Barnsley, 34.

Foreign Stocks are firm at a general advance on the week, and seem to be most in favour both for investment and speculation. Unified, 81¾. Greek, 73. Spanish, 68½. Russian of 1873, 93¾. Mexican, 37½. Perus, unchanged at 16½. Portuguese, 59¾.

Americans have recovered considerably, and an important advance is marked in the two Stocks we recommended in our last, viz., Milwaukeees and Norfolk, and Western Preference, the former then selling at 69¾ (now quoted at 72¾), and the latter 44 (now quoted at 46¾). Eries, 25¾. Lake Shore, 92½. Reading, 29¾. Louisvilles, 55½. Ontarios, 16½. Pennsylvania, 56.

Mines are a very dull market, especially for Diamonds, which we advised our readers to leave alone (certainly not buy them). Cape Copper, 70; De Beers, 44 (a fall of £3 per Share); Rio Tinto, 19¾; Viola, 1½; Mysore, 3½; Tocopilla, 5.

Miscellaneous Market shows very little change since our last, and no special feature to report on. Aerated Bread, 5¾; Hotchkiss, 15½; Suez Canal, 84¾.

The usual check to business came last week in the shape of the reported union between Alexander and the Princess of Germany, which, it is believed, would cause a rupture with the St. Petersburg Cabinet. Apart from this, business was more brisk than for some time past.

The Emperor of Germany's health seems, for the moment, to have been entirely forgotten, and the Market (for a time at least) appears no longer to regard this as an important factor. We rejoice to know that for the present his improvement is maintained.

Mr. Goschen's Conversion Scheme has been practically accomplished, although there appears to be a disposition amongst bankers to hold back until the last moment. The reduction of interest to 2½ per cent. will undoubtedly cause no small amount of misery to a large portion of small and cautious investors; but the Government is certainly justified in borrowing money on the most advantageous terms.

The next Monthly settlement in Consols takes place on the 4th of May, and the usual fortnightly account commences on the 10th inst.

It is stated that the total applications for the Uruguay Six per cent. Sterling Loan (of Four and a quarter Millions), amounted to over 25 Millions.

Telephone Shares have been in demand upon rumours of a scheme of Amalgamation, the conditions of which are now under consideration. If this is so, there is room for big rise in this class of security.

An advance in Egyptian Unified from 79¾ to 81¾ in one week is not bad business. Our friends must take profits like this, especially when dealing in the Foreign Market.

Spanish at 68½ are high enough in our opinion in view of the latest telegrams from Madrid, which speak of difficulties having arisen in the negotiations between the Minister of Finance and the Bank of Spain, which renders it probable that the financial operation lately decided upon, may not after be carried out.

Little Turks (Group 2, 3, and 4) are still moving upward, slowly but surely. We strongly advised a purchase at 13¾ (cum Div.) and they cannot be bought now under 14½ ex Div. We hope our friends have not overlooked them.

Investors should carefully watch the Railway Market. There are some cheap and improving properties to be picked up. Great Easterns we keep drawing attention to, and still think them a good purchase, and we should not be surprised if Metropolitan District Stock ought to be bought (present price, 31½).

Caledonian at 102 is a safe purchase, and (bar accidents) should go at 105 in a very short time.

Buy Norfolk and Western Preference at present price (viz., 46¾) if you happened to miss them last week, when we drew attention to them at to about 44. They are going points better, and if rumour is to be believed dividends may be resumed this year. The increase of traffic for last month is 67,530 dollars over the corresponding week of last year. We should not be surprised to see these Shares at 60 within the next six months.

There is to be a rise in Paraguay Land Warrants (present price about 10).

Have our readers followed the price of Suez Canal Shares? We mentioned them when under 81, and they are now selling at 84¾. Those sort of profits should not be missed.

Canadian Pacifics have been largely dealt in lately at prices ranging from 61½ to 63½, and our opinion is that they will eventually go much better. The basis of the arrangement for the surrender of its monopoly to the Government is a guarantee to the Company of 15 million dollars of 3½ per cent. Bonds, conditionally on the surrender to the Government of the 13,000,000 acres of land by way of security. This arrangement is regarded as likely to be

beneficial to the Company, which will be put in funds, to enable it to increase its earning capacity. This arrangement, however, is subject to the approval of the shareholders at their next annual meeting.

The latest reports of the Consolidated Esmeralda Mine are highly satisfactory. Total yield from 220 tons of ore, 1,375 ounces of fine gold, and 2,497 ounces of fine silver, with every prospect of richer deposits, as a greater depth is attained. Present prices about 8/-, at which they are a safe purchase.

Viola reports still satisfactory, prices unchanged.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. (Glasgow).—We thank you for your kind letter, which shall be attended to.

W. H. A.—They are safe to hold.

X. Y. Z.—We advise you to close, and invest in either Canadian or Natal Colonial Government securities.

NEMO.—We cannot recommend this class of security for investment.

J. F.—Your letter, though dated 8th inst., arrived too late to answer in present issue.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

No true and permanent fame can be found except in labours which promote the happiness of mankind.

Never in our estimate of human nature and human society should we forget the good which courts no public observation.

We should choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and we should have them always with us—preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "chamber of memory."

A degenerated heart means a degenerated intellect. This degenerated means not only bad disposition; it means biassed and depraved intellectual quality; inability everywhere. And this must of necessity be so, because of the unity of our nature.

A book is an embodied soul; a library is a collection of embodied souls. Every family ought to have a library. It ought to have not merely an interpreter of current events—a weekly paper or a magazine; it ought also to have an interpreter of the best intellectual life in the world—a library.

"He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut—he who would have the gain must take the pain." Right judgment is the kernel of the whole great nut of life, but it is to be gained only by pain and diligence, and the determination to know so much of the truth of things as we can get at.

The one primary necessity of all fine language is sincerity. Let a man utter what he honestly thinks or earnestly feels, and at once his diction becomes simple, clear, and even pure. The very effort to say what he means educates and refines his speech. On the other hand, if he be not sure of what he means or feels, if he tries to accommodate himself to what he supposes is expected of him, or if he more deliberately aims to convey a false impression, his language will be confused and obscure.



DR. PANT'S LITTLE SCHEME.

CHAPTER I.

"TALKING of money," said Mr. Max, "I am surprised Miss Annis has not been snapped up long ago. She has no end of cash."

"Who is Miss Annis?" asked Doctor Pant.

"A rich heiress. Her father left her all his money and property," was the reply.

"Young and good-looking, is she? Where does she live, and all the rest?" cried Doctor Pant.

"I will tell you all I know about her," said Mr. Max. "Her father was an old screw of a squatter, who lived ten miles from here. He never mixed in any society. Indeed, there was no society for him to mix in till a few years ago, when this place was first 'rushed.' His daughter I have never seen, as she never comes here. But I believe she has lived all her life at the station. I dare say she is young—twenty-two or twenty-three, perhaps. The father died about a year ago; and she, being an only child, got all his money."

"How much is she worth, then?" inquired the doctor.

"Fifty thousand pounds at the very least," said Mr. Max.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the doctor; and his eyes glistened with cupidity.

"Surely, if she were worth that, someone would, as you say, have snapped her up long ago."

"Why, as for that matter, she has scarcely any acquaintances. I doubt whether she has been in the company of any decent-looking young fellow in the whole course of her life. Why should not you try your luck, Pant? You are not bad-looking."

The two men were sitting in the coffee room of the hotel; and the doctor got up with a complacent smile, and looked at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Yes," said he, "I think I would stand a chance, but how about making her acquaintance? You say she goes into no society."

"She does not; but you know that doctors have chances which other men have not. She may catch the measles or something, and send for you."

"Very true," answered the doctor, "the measles are prevalent just now."

Doctor Pant was a new comer in the township—indeed there were very few who were not new comers. Less than three years before this conversation in the coffee-room, the town had been a lonely sheep-walk. The finding of gold had transformed it into a busy haunt of men. Doctor Pant, who had been in many places, thought that here at last he might find a rest for the sole of his foot in the shape of a good practice. Mr. Max was one of the local bankers, and knew every one for twenty miles round.

The measles had ceased to trouble the youngsters; months had slipped by, and Doctor Pant had not had the remotest chance of seeing the secluded heiress. If she had been ill, she certainly had not sent for him. But she had not escaped his memory. It seemed to him that such an opportunity of winning a fortune might

never come in his way again. Here was a rich young lady buried, as it were, in the bush, who would, he was sure, be only too glad to receive an offer from such an eligible person as himself. He imagined he had only to meet Miss Annis, and she would not be able to resist him. But the difficulty was how to meet her. From inquiries he had made, he was confident that no one in the town knew her even by sight. He could hear plenty about her riches, but nothing as to her personal appearance.

While he was planning how best to advance his little scheme of winning an heiress, a party of men proposed to him to join them in an emu hunt on the plains. They were to camp out for a night or two.

Though Doctor Pant detested sport, and hated camping out, yet the locale of the proposed hunt made him accept the offer joyfully. "I daresay I might have a chance of seeing how the land lies out there," he said to himself.

The emu hunt was a great success, though Doctor Pant did not think so. It had been miles away from the station where the heiress lived, and none of the party had been able to give him any information concerning the rich damsel, its mistress.

But fortune favoured him in the end. The hunters made a detour in the creek, which one of them reported as a capital place for a bath.

"We cannot be far from the home station here," remarked Dr. Pant to Mr. Max, who made one of the party.

"No; we are not a mile from it. I say, doctor, do you remember our little chat about Miss Annis? Now is your time to begin the siege; make your way to the house and form some plan to see its mistress."

"What could I say?"

"Oh, a dozen things! Tell her you are collecting for a mission and want a subscription; or that you heard she was ill, and called to prescribe for her. I daresay she is a shy, unsophisticated young person, and will believe anything you tell her."

"It would not be a bad idea, certainly, to make some excuse for calling, as we are so near."

The doctor and Mr. Max were dressing themselves after their bath. The other men were still swimming. Suddenly one of them cried out, "Max! Doctor! a snake has bitten me."

"It was Fred, one of Max's clerks, who cried out; and the whole party rushed to join him in time to see the snake glide away from the rushes on which he was standing. But it escaped while they looked for a stick to kill it."

"How fortunate it is that you are here, Pant," said one of the men, as the doctor began to examine the wound.

He did not speak for a minute or two; he had seen the snake, and knew what others seemed ignorant of, that the snake was perfectly harmless. Quick as lightning a plan had entered his head, and he resolved to keep his own counsel.

He dressed the wound with a very grave face. "Fred," he said, "Your life will be endangered if you return to the township this evening. You will have to stay here if there is no house in the neighbourhood. Does anyone know whether we are near any house?" he asked innocently.

"The station is the nearest residence I believe," said Mr. Max.

"Then," replied the doctor, "Fred had better be conveyed there at once, and I will accompany him. It is necessary that he should have some brandy, and I know all your flasks

are empty. Surely whoever lives at the station will have sufficient humanity to receive a sick man."

So Fred was carefully carried by his friends to the residence of Miss Annis.

Doctor Pant hurried on before to announce the approach of the wounded man. Things had happened most luckily for his little scheme for making Miss Annis's acquaintance.

He found a rambling kind of house, with verandahs all around, and open windows and doors. A lady who was sitting just inside one of the windows got up and came forward.

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, "could I see Miss Annis?"

"I am Miss Annis."

The doctor started. This lady was not the kind of person he expected to see. She was not handsome, and he was sure she was thirty, perhaps forty years old. But he must make the best of it.

"A gentleman from the township has been bitten by a venomous snake. I am a doctor, and I consider it dangerous to let him return home till to-morrow. Might I crave your hospitality for him?"

"Most certainly," said Miss Annis, "he is very welcome; but I trust his danger is not great?"

"Very great indeed."

CHAPTER II.

THREE days later Mr. Max met the doctor.

"Well," said the banker, "how does your little affair progress?"

"Capitally! It is all plain sailing now. But I must say that Miss Annis is not the shy young angel you represented. She seems shrewd enough; and she is not young—between thirty and forty, I should think."

"You don't say so! I did not think she was that. But perhaps she is faded, and looks older than she is. Anyhow, you are not so young yourself that you need grumble about her age."

"Fifty thousand pounds will make her youthful enough for a man even younger than I am," said the doctor. "But are you sure she has that much? Her money may be as much of a myth as her youth."

"Don't alarm yourself," replied the banker. "She has the cash. She doesn't bank with us, more is the pity; but I trust all that will be changed when you are master. You will surely give us your account. I was sorry I was not able to accompany you to the station; but, you see, Fred being unfit to return, I had to go home. I must say, doctor, you managed that affair splendidly. Fred was in no manner of danger. I saw the snake—and so did you."

Doctor Pant turned red. "Well, I did no harm," he said. "If this affair succeeds you may be sure I'll bank with you."

"You have not told me how you stand at present with Miss Annis," said the banker.

"Why, Markham and I have only just returned from the station, you see," and Doctor Pant laughed. "I could not pronounce him out of danger before last night; and, as it was necessary his medical man should be with him, I stayed on."

"And does Miss Annis live alone?"

"No, she has servants of course. And there's a girl there, a sort of companion," replied the doctor.

"I hope you are not going to send Fred a bill for your attendance," said Mr. Max, laughing. "The poor fellow has quite enough

to do with his money, He has two little orphan sisters to support."

"How could you imagine such a thing? I would never think of charging him," answered Doctor Pant, "He and I have an invitation for dinner at the station next Sunday, so I have not done him such a bad turn after all," and the doctor walked off.

"Perhaps," thought the banker, "You have done Fred a greater service than you imagine. He is a better looking chap than yourself, and much younger into the bargain. 'Tis he who may win the heiress."

Doctor Pant did not let the grass grow under his feet. Once he had got an introduction, he took care that Miss Annis should not have the chance of forgetting him. Once or twice a week he and Fred found their way to the station. Fred had been as warmly invited as the doctor himself. The latter was not displeased at this, as the bank-clerk devoted himself to Miss Annis's companion, an insipid-looking girl whom Miss Annis called Bella. Months rolled on; and Doctor Pant was surprised one day when the heiress told him she thought of spending the autumn in Melbourne and Hobart.

"She will be snapped up there if I let her go without saying something definite," thought the doctor. "But I must be certain whether she is as wealthy as people say before I commit myself."

He had a particular friend in Melbourne who had a position in the bank in which the heiress kept her account. To this friend he wrote asking for certain information. The reply was satisfactory. Miss Annis certainly had £50,000 hard cash.

"And all those splendid sheep and cattle, and the station into the bargain," thought the adventurous doctor. "By Jove! I'm a lucky fellow. I will go out to-morrow and propose."

He kept his word. It is not necessary to repeat all the flowery speeches he made to the heiress.

"You are sure it is not my money you want?" she asked.

"Your money! my angel," cried her admirer, "such a sordid idea never entered my thoughts. Do not imagine, I beseech you, that I am one of those mercenary adventurers who barter their dearest affections for filthy pelf."

Miss Annis could not resist such lofty sentiments; and she did not refuse him.

"As you are thinking of going to Hobart, might we not spend the honeymoon there?" asked the fortunate lover. "I could not bear to be separated from you for even a few weeks."

Miss Annis consented to name an early day, to the doctor's great delight. He did not keep his engagement secret. "Just what I was expecting," said Fred; "but, doctor, what is to become of Bella? I suppose Mrs. Pant will not care to keep a companion when she is married?"

"Certainly not," was the reply, "and I think, Fred, your attentions have been rather particular in that quarter. You should not raise hopes unless you were serious."

"I am serious enough. I will marry Bella, if she will have me. I am not much of a catch, certainly; but I expect promotion shortly."

Bella did not seem to mind his poverty a bit when he asked her.

"Don't speak about that," she said; "I never cared about money."

Doctor Pant put on a lot of airs on the strength of his engagement. "I intend to give

up practice when I am married, and perhaps live in Melbourne," he said to his confidant, Mr. Max.

"Do as you like," replied the banker, "I will not grumble if you only give us your account."

It only wanted a week to the wedding day when Doctor Pant, paying a visit to his fiancée, found a stranger at the station. "This is Mr. Edwards," said Miss Annis, "an old friend of my brother."

"Your brother!" exclaimed the doctor, "I did not know you had a brother."

"Yes," returned the reputed heiress, "I had a brother. He is dead."

Mr. Edwards looked at the doctor. "Did you not know the late Mr. Annis, who lived here?" he said.

Doctor Pant turned white. He actually trembled as he gasped out, "I thought that he was Miss Annis's father."

"No," returned the other, "he was Bella's father. Miss Annis was his sister."

"Bella's father. Is Bella your niece?" he exclaimed to Miss Annis.

"Yes," she answered, "she is my niece; but she had her own reasons for keeping her relationship secret from strangers."

Doctor Pant never knew how he got away, but he never went back. The night coach took him to Melbourne. He could not face the ridicule he was sure to get in the township. The only person to whom he revealed his humiliation was to Mr. Max.

"Only think of her asking me whether I was after her money. Such beastly deception," he said.

The banker did not give him much sympathy when he found that Fred was likely to be the lucky possessor of the real heiress and her fortune; he hastened away to congratulate him, and also to confide to Mrs. Max the total collapse of Doctor Pant's prospects.

Six months later, the disappointed schemer met his former confidential friend, the bank clerk.

"I thought you had married an heiress," said the latter.

Doctor Pant told him all.

"Then you were twice deceived," said his friend. "Old Annis was one of the richest men in the district. His sister inherited £20,000." Doctor Pant sprang to his feet.

"Stop," cried his friend. "You are too late now; I saw her marriage in the *Argus* last week. She married Mr. Edwards."

Fred became the husband of Bella, and has taken his two little sisters to live with him at the station. Of course he banks with Mr. Max, who confided to him the story over which he and Bella often laugh—of "Doctor Pant's Little Scheme."



LIFE AND ITS PRETENCES.

It is a miserable, pitiful, heart-racking life-labour to us pretending—ever pretending—to have that which we have not; pretending to be better educated and cleverer than we know ourselves to be; pretending to twenty virtues that we know we don't possess; pretending even to vices from which we are happily free; pre-

tending every day and every hour to fifty shams and cheats, and lying and humbugging, and straining to keep them up, and ever in an agony of fear lest they should topple down and expose us, naked and ashamed, behind the ruin. Pretending, ever pretending, till old nurse Death comes in to say it is bedtime, and, tired with our too long idle game, we lay aside the paper crown and the tinsel sword, and the rag train, and forget our big talk and our acting, and creep into the little narrow bed, and are not great personages any longer, but only simple little children, not now noisy, and absurd and naughty; and, perhaps, when we are lying there asleep the Great Father looks in on us and sees the wonderful heap of the cast-off tawdry scraps in which we childishly dressed ourselves up, and smiles and kisses us.

UP IN A BALLOON.

THE greatest elevation which has been attained by man is 37,000 feet—about seven miles—this height having been reached during a balloon ascent made by Glaisher. At this tremendous distance above the earth's surface physical exertion is found to be almost impossible, owing to the great rarefaction of the atmosphere.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A GENTLEMAN, about to close his summer house at Nahant, conceived what he considered a brilliant idea to ensure the daily inspection of every room in his villa during the winter by the old man in whose charge the establishment was to be left. Accordingly he said to the old man that he should leave all his clocks, one in each room, during the winter, and he desired that every one should be wound up at a regular hour each day. The old man concurred in the plan, and promised he would not fail.

The house was closed. The owner bragged a good deal about his scheme for having every room guarded against leaks, etc., and came to Boston. A week or two afterwards the gentleman thought he would take a run down to Nahant, and see how things were going.

When he arrived there he found his man, who was very glad to see him, and told him that he had wound each clock faithfully as he had directed. On entering the house the two proceeded to the rare drawing-room, and the astonishment of the owner may be better imagined than described when he saw ranged along in a row his thirteen clocks, which the old man had brought down to save himself the trouble of going all over the house every day.

CURIOUS STORY OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

A COMICAL incident occurred the other day on the Polish frontier. A lady had been making purchases in the town of Kattowitz, with the express purpose of smuggling them into Poland, bought among other items an alarm-clock, at a watchmaker's. Thinking lightly of the matter, she told the young watch-maker of her intention, and got him to ask his wife to tie the clock beneath what is now called a "figure-improver." The watchmaker, being fond of a joke, managed, while the lady was waiting for his wife, to set the alarm of the clock at the hour when the train was timed to be at the frontier station, Sesnowice, and then handed it to be fastened beneath his customer's dress. Well content with her bargain, the lady went off, arrived at the frontier, and passed the customs easily; but

just as she was again stepping into the railway carriage an awful noise burst forth, which quickly caught the attention of the officers. The lady had to dismount amidst the laughter of the bystanders, to disrobe, and to pay the fine of ten roubles for smuggling; while the tell-tale alarm was confiscated.

BRIC-A-BRAC CLEANERS.

A NEW occupation has been devised for women who have been delicately reared, but who by adverse fortune have been thrown upon their own resources. It is to clean bric-a-brac in the great mansions of New York. They are called bric-a-brac cleaners, and have brushes made expressly for their duties. The business requires a delicate touch, great care in handling the articles and excellent taste in arranging the articles.

SCIENCE OF THE BRAIN.

PAUL BROCA'S discovery that the brain is a congeries of organs, each having its special function, is being confirmed by later researches. Prof. Mathias Duval has had the opportunity of determining—by the post-mortem examination of eleven persons who, during life, had been accidentally deprived of the faculties of speech or the memory of words or certain letters of the alphabet—that the faculties of speech and memory of words reside in the second and third convolutions of the brain. In each case examined there had been injury or disease of these convolutions, destroying their functions. Comparing Gambetta's brain with that of the late Dr. Bertillon, an eminent statesman, Duval and Chudzinsky found that in the brain of the former the third or "Broca's convolution"—as the speech-centre is now called—is extremely developed, while in Bertillon's it is reduced to its most simple expression. Gambetta was active and loquacious; Bertillon reticent and retiring—the oratorical qualities of the two men were diametrically opposite, and this result is now seen to be due to the physical conformations of their respective brains.

TOO BOISTEROUS.

CAN you imagine a more disagreeable person than the strong man who, every time he shakes hands with you, squeezes your fingers to a pulp, or every time he meets you in the street catches the tenderest spot on your arm and pinches it until you wince? The man who slaps you on the back when he comes to sit down with you, ought to be treated to the same dose, and I think there ought to be framed a general statute to provide for the punishment of the big men who seize every opportunity to make themselves intolerable to men with less muscle than they have.

IN TOKEN OF AMITY.

HAND-SHAKING had a practical origin. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, when two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, chanced to meet, offered each to the other the strong right hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk or other weapon of war—each did this to show that the hand was

empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain and strives to aim him a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right, and pretending to be on good terms with him.

THE LASSO.

THE LASSO has, we are told, been adopted by a gang of robbers in Paris. They assume the step and manner of policemen, and ply their nefarious business exclusively in the open air. The lasso is used with such dexterity that the traveller is unable to raise an alarm, and is thus robbed of everything of value with comparative ease.

WHAT WE SHOULD EAT.

IN the matter of eating, the notion accepted by thousands that we must leave the table hungry is nonsense and rubbish. An ascetic is as bad as a glutton, and both by their conduct pave the road to disease and disability. Dr. Coan didn't think much of vegetarians. He believed we were born to eat meat. For consumptive people he recommended pure air, milk, butter, starchy food, stimulants, and food rich in fats. People with liver complaints must let sugar, starchy food, and fats alone. Nervous people should take fish, meat, and milk. Folks in the professional line and brain workers must have lots of meat, fish, milk, and vegetables.



SHE—"Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hand." He—"Well, now, if my little wife will eat that cake with her own dear little mouth I will be satisfied."

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman as he stepped into a drug shop. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

"MY DEAR," said Mrs. Lilton to her husband, "why do they so often put 'appraiser' after an auctioneer's name?"—"Because, madam, an auctioneer is always a praiser of the goods he sells."

At a party a young lady began the song, "The autumn days have come. Ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start at five thousand," cried an auctioneer present.

"You see," said a lawyer, in summing up a case where one party had sued the other on a transaction in coal; "you see, the coal should have at once gone to the buyer."—"Not so," interrupted the Judge; "it should have gone to the cellar."

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a man of his better half, referring to a particularly good-looking housemaid of his own selection. "She hasn't struck me yet," replied Mrs. T., meekly, "but she has done almost everything else."

YOUNG MAN: "I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise; you remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family"—Old Man: "Young man, that was sentiment, this is business."

LITTLE FANNY looked intently at her mother for some time, then she said, "Mother, you ain't a girl, are you?" "No, Fanny." "What are you?" "I'm a woman." "You were a girl once, weren't you?" "Yes, Fanny." "Well, where is that girl now?"

JUDGE: "You were caught in the act of taking a valuable fur out of a shop window. This has occurred several times before now. Do you admit having committed these robberies?"—Prisoner: "Well, your Honour, you see I have had an influenza for the last few days, and my doctor recommended me to take something warm every morning!"

JOHNNIE, a bright boy of six years, while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat being much the worse for wear and very much repaired, turned quickly to his mother, and asked, "Ma, is pa rich?"—"Yes—very rich, Johnnie; he is worth two millions and a half. He values you at one million, me at one million, and baby at half a million!"—Johnnie, after thinking a moment: "Ma, tell pa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes."

GRANDFATHER: "What! You fallen in love with Signora Fontalba, the actress at the Pantheon Theatre!"—Grandson (excitedly): "Yes, grandpa, and if you have anything to say against the lady you had better wait till I am out of the room."—Grandfather: "I say a word against her! Why, my dear fellow, I was over head and ears in love with her myself when I was your age!"

A VERY slight error of fact or practice will sometimes result in a serious mistake. This was recently illustrated in a school where a pupil—who had been impressed with the force and value of double letters, such as "double o" in "fool," "double e" in "heel," etc.—was called upon to read the touching poem exhortatory of early rising, beginning—"Up, up, Lucy; the sun is in the sky!" Surprise, which soon gave place to hilarity, was occasioned when the pupil read the line, "Double up, Lucy; the sun is in the sky!" thus giving it a significance by no means contemplated by the poet.

HE TOOK FIVE COPIES.—"Paper, sir!" he called, as a dignified, stately old gentleman passed the corner.

No notice.

"All about the fire, sir?"

No notice.

"All about the war in Europe!" continued the lad, as he followed along.

No notice.

"All about the scandal!" shouted the boy, at the top of his voice.

"What! scandal!" exclaimed the old man, as he halted. "You may give me five copies, my son!"

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WEEK ENDING 21st APRIL, 1888.

It is expected that her Majesty the Queen will leave Florence on the 22nd inst. for Berlin, arriving there on the 24th.

Her Majesty the Queen will not hold a Levée this year. The next Levée by the Prince of Wales will be held next week, at St. James's Palace, London, and his Royal Highness will hold two more later on in the season.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has invited the King and Queen of Italy to visit her at Windsor Castle at an early date. Their Majesties have promised to avail themselves of the invitation.

The Prince of Wales attended the Craven Meeting at Newmarket on Wednesday, and on Thursday the Princess and her daughters arrived in London for the season.

With a benevolence that animates her in a special manner, and which is generally recognised, her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry paid a visit to the City of Dublin Hospital in Baggot-street at the close of last week, where she went through the several wards

and had a cheery word to say to the suffering inmates, who, it is needless to say, were greatly delighted with her affability and condescension. The hospital is in a condition of great efficiency, which her Excellency specially acknowledged by the following memorandum in the visitors' book:—"It has given me great pleasure visiting this hospital, and seeing how comfortable the patients seemed in every way, and also the clean and excellent appearance of the nurses."

Among the ladies and gentlemen present to welcome her Excellency on the occasion were—The Dowager Lady Butler, Mrs. Paget Butler, Harcourt-street; Mrs. T. Power, Mrs. Brabazon Smith, Miss Percival, Mrs. and Miss Croly, Mrs. Hawtreys Benson, Miss Geale, Miss Caulfield, Mrs. Jonathan Hogg, Mrs. Stanley, Miss Fry, Miss Fitzgerald, Sir Robert Jackson, and the medical and surgical staff of the hospital.

There is a pardonable flutter of excitement in fashionable circles anent the forthcoming Vice-regal full-dress ball, postponed from the 16th of March last in consequence of the death of the Emperor of Germany. This big event will now take place on Thursday, 26th inst., the hour fixed for the commencement of the festivities being half-past ten o'clock. It is an open secret that their Excellencies intend making this ball one of the grandest that has ever taken place in the Castle, and the desire to participate in its delights will, of course, be correspondingly strong. Mr. Alfred Manning and other high-class *costumiers* are busily engaged in preparing some lovely toilettes for the ball, but not so much as might be expected is being done in this way, as the dresses made for the event which was fixed to come off on the 16th March, for St. Patrick's Day, are in perfect readiness for the forthcoming occasion. It may be mentioned that Mr. Manning is at present making costumes for her Excellency and some of the ladies of the Court, to be worn at Punctestown next week.

The Hereditary Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who was on his way to England to visit his sister, the Duchess of Albany, has fallen a victim to scarlatina, and lies in a very precarious condition at the Schloss of Bentheim, in Hanover. As he is the only son of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, his illness is the cause of great anxiety.

Hampden House, Green-street, London, the property of the Duke of Abercorn, has been taken for the season by the Duke of St. Albans.

Lord and Lady Drogheda, after a long tour in Australia, have returned to their London residence. His lordship, who is chief steward of the Punctestown Meeting, is expected at his family seat, Moore Abbey, Monasterevan, county Kildare, this week, in order to make the preliminary arrangements for the race meeting, which annually claims his presence.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. William Burke, son of the late Sir Thomas and Lady Mary Burke, of Marble Hill, County Galway, and Miss Coralie Power-Lalor, youngest daughter of the late Edmond James Power-Lalor, Esq., D.L., of Long Orchard, County Tipperary.

Major and Mrs. Hayes had a very agreeable "At Home" on Wednesday afternoon, at their residence, Aylesbury Road. The amateur music was excellent, and contributed much to the entertainment of the numerous guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Black gave a very pleasant dance at their residence, Blackheath, Clontarf, on Thursday last. Dancing was kept up with great spirit to an early hour next morning.

Mrs. O'Donnell's dance, at her residence, Leeson Street, came off on Friday evening, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the young and numerous guests.

Sir Fenton and Miss Hort's second afternoon reception, at their residence, Merrion Square, on Thursday, was enlivened by very good music and singing, the chief performers being Miss Hort and Colonel Glennie on pianoforte and violin, and Major Hamilton and Miss Barrington, both pleasing singers; Miss Florence Steele, a talented young elocutionist, convulsed the audience with laughter by her very clever recital of a humorous Irish piece.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between a learned Doctor of Divinity of Evangelical views, and a fair widow who resides in the Pembroke township.

At the marriage of Marcus Beresford Armstrong to Rosalie Cornelia Maude, which took place last week at Rossory church, Enniskillen, the bride's four youthful sisters were the bridesmaids and formed a charming group. The bride herself wore her travelling dress, gray, with gray bonnet and feather. Owing to a recent bereavement the wedding guests were confined to the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom, and numbered thirty-six.

A marriage is arranged between Major Charles Murray Alexander, 4th Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, second son of the Rev. Samuel Alexander, Termon, Co. Tyrone, and Mary Anna Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert William Lowry, Esq., D.L., Pomeroy, Co. Tyrone.

A marriage will shortly take place between Mr. Llewellyn Walker, fourth son of Mr. Henry Walker, late of Scarborough, and Miss Emily Richardson, daughter of Mr. Joseph Richardson of Springfield, Lisburn and Belfast.

An interesting wedding took place last week at a fashionable church in Dublin, the fair fiancée of a captain in a dashing Irish regiment, met with a serious accident, necessitating the amputation of a leg, during her lover's temporary absence in India; but the gallant son of Mars came back to claim his promised bride, to whom he felt doubly bound by her misfortune and his own high sense of honour. We hope such an instance of affection and fidelity will meet its due reward.

Dr. Tanner, M.P., has at last entered into the bonds of holy wedlock. Numerous rumours have from time to time been floating about in regard to the versatile doctor's matrimonial intentions, and we heartily felicitate him on the consummation of the main intention, which took place on Saturday, at the residence of the bride in Cork. The ceremony was private, and the doctor and his bride (Miss Webb), left Cork by the 2.10 train on their honeymoon.

Among the most successful private balls given recently in Dublin was that at Mrs. Reddington's, 37 Mountjoy Square, on the 10th inst. There were over two hundred guests. The ladies dresses were regarded as particularly handsome, and the enjoyment was general. Mr. Mervyn A. Browne's excellent band supplied the dance music.

In Limerick, at the close of last week, a grand masonic ball was given by Ancient Union Lodge, 13, in the Athenæum, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion. This was the first ball given by this Lodge for ten years, and it eventuated in a brilliant success, the *élite* of the county being present. Dancing was carried on till a late hour next morning. Mr. Mervyn A. Browne's string band from Dublin played an attractive programme. The following committee had charge of the arrangements:—Captain Mark Manville, W.M.; George S. Browning, M.D., S.W.; Rev. W. S. Seymour, Chaplain; Thomas D. Atkinson, J.P.; S. D. Vere; D. V. Hunt; C. B. Barrington, P.M.; Frank Fosbery, P.M.; J. G. Murphy, P.M.; J. O'G. Delmege; Peter Fitzgerald; and F. G. M. Kennedy, P.M., Hon. Secretary.

A ball given recently by the Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, in their

palatial dwelling of the Rue St. Florentin, has been described as "a dream of fair women." At eleven o'clock the rooms were filled with a dazzling array of feminine loveliness, encompassed by a scintillation of costly jewels, and with *le tout Paris élite*, the sombre blackness of whose attire served to throw into relief the delicate tint of the sumptuous dresses. Paris, although recognising no monarch at the present time, admits the sovereignty of the Baroness Alphonse as queen of hostesses, and she wields her sceptre with a fascinating dignity, and a grace unequalled. The ballroom was a perfect picture, hung with *vieux bleu* silk damask, lighted by electric light, reflected on the art gems of Greuze, Watteau, and other masters, that adorn the walls, corbeilles of orchids and roses placed in every available corner, and spreading their fragrance on the already perfumed air. Such a display has not been seen in Paris for many years, and the beautiful presents that were distributed at the close of the dancing amongst the ladies were carried away with pride and triumph.

The Royal Artillery at Carlisle Fort are having a pleasant time of it. A ball was recently given by the officers in one of the large barrackrooms, which was tastefully decorated with flags for the occasion. The gallant sons of Mars were one and all delighted with the genial and merry company of a large party of young ladies. Our correspondent says the evening was the happiest ever spent in the old fort, and he accounts for this successful gathering by the "fairy-like dancing, the bewitching smiles, and the charming society of the pretty visitors." The dancing was carried on until five in the morning.

The ladies Beatrice and Constance Butler have arrived at the Castle, Kilkenny.

Minnie Palmer, who is under contract for five years in London and the provinces, will arrive in England early next month.

Many of the leading members of the medical profession in Dublin have signified their intention of being present at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, on May 2nd, when Sir James Paget will preside.

The famous Cleveland beauty, Miss Jennie Chamberlain, who created such a *furor* in Europe some time ago, is now living in apartments at Stillman House, in Cleveland. She lives quietly, seldom goes out, and receives but few visitors.

The Saturday Sales at 34 Rutland-square, in aid of the Distressed Irish Ladies Fund are well attended. On Saturday last a large sum was realised. Mrs. Power-Lawlor was unavoidably absent on that occasion, but her place was ably supplied; and the ladies who so efficiently help in the good work deserve the highest praise for their unselfish and disinterested labour on behalf of their less fortunate sisters. We wish this deserving movement every success.

Mary Anderson has at last given a public denial to the report that she has contracted a matrimonial engagement in England. She considers the report calculated to injure her from a professional point of view—therefore, the denial.

The Americans, it seems, have a certain prejudice against actresses who are married or engaged to be married, and Miss Anderson, above all things, wishes to keep herself right with her countrymen. A contemporary declares that the denial is obviously dictated by motives of professional expediency, and not by any wish or hope of concealing a fact of which every one is aware.

Miss Josephine Dillon, who took a leading part in the recent oratorio at Westland Row, is a pupil of Dr. Joseph Smith. She is shortly to make her début on the operatic stage, and is likely to become a leading soprano in the Carl Rosa Company. We shall watch her career with the greatest interest, and need scarcely say that we wish her every success.

The salary of Miss Ellen Terry's niece, Miss Minnie Terry, aged six years, who is to play the part of Mignon in a dramatised version of "Boots's Baby," has, we understand, been fixed at £10 per week.

Miss Long, a Swede, the compatriot of Jenny Lind and Sigridson, who can play on the violin with the most marvellous execution and expression is about to appear before the London world in a concert.

The young lady who was fined 12s. on Saturday, at the Bray Petty Sessions, for running her tricycle on the footpath will, perhaps, learn thereby to have a little respect for the law. All the same, we think the policeman might have shown a little more consideration for the lady, seeing that the high roads in the vicinity of Bray are anything but what they ought to be, from a cyclists point of view. We deeply sympathise with the young lady, and quite understand the inclination begotten of fatigue which prompted her to get off the rough roadway on to a surface more congenial to her health-giving pursuit.

On the subject of the great national steeple-chase carnival, to be held on the well-known Kildare grounds on the 24th and 25th inst., and at which their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry will be present, it may interest a good many to be assured that the entries are numerous, and that many of the best horses in the country—all being Irish—will be engaged. The only drawback is found in the circumstance that out of eighteen subscribers to the Prince of Wales' Plate, which will be run for on the first day, no less than eleven subscribers have paid forfeit.

While referring to racing matters at Punchestown, we may add that we have good authority for mentioning that Frigate, which was so unfortunate in several Grand Nationals, is regarded as looking like winning the coveted Prince of Wales' Plate, which is a race that in the sporting world is looked forward to with the greatest interest. For the Conyngham Cup on the second day there will be a large field.

Mr. Drewett, representing the Irish Exhibition in London, is at present in Dublin, and intending exhibitors would do well to interview him at the establishment of Mr. Edmund Johnston, 94 Grafton Street, where he has promised to offer advice and give all information respecting the coming great Irish Exhibition.

The Dublin Hospital Flower Mission began its useful work on Tuesday. Last year 18,026 bouquets were distributed among the hospitals on the south side of Dublin. Many of our lady readers will be glad, we are sure, to help in this good work. All parcels of flowers should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., South Dublin Hospital Flower Mission, Episcopal Chapel, Upper Baggot Street.

It is really a question whether most of the ailments that afflict humanity have not their origin in wettings, lighter or heavier as the case may be, aggravated by the saturated clothing being worn until the natural heat of the body evaporates the moisture. This is the common occasion of lung and chest diseases, and of many others which tend to shorten existence, and in a climate such as ours the simplest exercise of common sense would dictate the avoidance of so great a danger. We are now in the natural season of showers, and of cold showers too, which should be guarded against. Umbrellas are undoubtedly useful in this respect, and we shall use no disparaging word with regard to them, but they are unfortunately not everything required to shield the body from a heavy rainfall, as while the head and shoulders may be protected by their use from the downpour, the extremities are freely exposed to it, and often from this cause serious injury to the health is sustained.

So far as we can see, there is but one way in which to avoid the dangers arising from wettings, and that is by a sensible indulgence in the use of waterproofs—but, mark you, waterproofs of genuine quality, and not of the brown paper pattern which we have seen exposed for sale in some very pretentious concerns across the channel. Strolling through Sackville Street the other day, our attention was attracted by a display of waterproof goods in Messrs. J. W. Elvery and Co.'s establishment, (the Elephant House), and through sheer curiosity we made an inspection of them. A strict regard for the verities compels us to state that a more attractive stock of first-class goods of their kind has never been seen in Dublin, than that which in this speciality Messrs. Elvery are now presenting to the notice of their customers. There are waterproofs in every variety—for yachting, riding, shooting, fishing—in fact, for every possible pursuit in which the rain, from above or the brine of the sea can catch you—and at prices too which cause one to wonder how such high-class goods can be sold at such modest figures.

The ladies will be interested in learning that Messrs. Elvery are preparing a special department for their accommodation in the selection of waterproof goods; and we may whisper to them that we have just seen in the Elephant House a collection of the loveliest costumes in waterproofs that it would be possible for the female heart to desire. They must be seen to be admired, and, once examined, they will inevitably be added to the wardrobe. We have only space further to direct attention to the firm's extensive display of lawn tennis requisites, which are replete in every particular.

It may be regarded as an incontrovertible fact that of all men living the average citizen of Dublin knows least about the attractive features of the capital to which he belongs. Familiarity

with the general outlines of a thoroughfare may dim his eye to its peculiar beauty, and he sees nothing in it to wonder at or admire; but the intelligent foreigner or the country visitor is not so oblivious to the artistic surroundings of the Dublin streets and squares through which he saunters. One of the most attractive of these places is Grafton Street, a thoroughfare of business as well as fashion which presents in a more marked manner than perhaps any other locality in the capital a kaleidoscopic view of city life in its various phases that cannot be equalled elsewhere.

Why do we select Grafton Street as the locality with which to commence a series of references to noted places in our city life? The answer is obvious. Although narrow in its dimensions, it is a great artery through which the fashion and wealth of Dublin are constantly passing, and it is besides, as a business mart, not alone one of the most important, but at the same time one of the oldest in the city. What is more remarkable is the continuity of so many well-known names over the doors of the principal establishments in that ancient quarter. There are at the present time at least a dozen merchants doing business there whose ancestors were in the same line and in the same houses a hundred and fifty years ago, and we can enumerate at least twenty firms in the thoroughfare who have had an unbroken succession of trade in various classes of merchandise from father to son for more than a hundred years.

This is something to feel proud of, and the houses in question pardonably regard it as a distinct feather in their business plumage. There is something so thoroughly respectable in old firms of this kind—one, in fact, feels such confidence in them that no guarantee is required of the excellence of their wares, and a real pleasure is derived from the simple act of dealing with them. But before going further it may be necessary to dispel a delusion that is somewhat generally entertained in the city, to the effect that, being the fashionable quarter, prices are at least thirty per cent. higher there than elsewhere. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a rule it may be accepted that the goods in Grafton Street warehouses are of a superior class, just as they are in all the Dublin large houses; and inquiry and comparison will make the fact clear that one may buy as cheaply there as in any other part of the city.

On a pleasant afternoon at this time of year, a stroll down Grafton Street is interesting and instructive. Lay the time between three and five o'clock, and you will see within that couple of hours more beautiful women than you possibly thought that even Dublin possessed. Their features are generally lovely and their dresses perfection, while the grace of their movements makes one feel proud of his countrywomen. The bustle is perhaps greatest at some half-dozen well-known establishments, and notably at those of Switzer's, Brown, Thomas & Co.'s, Manning's, Barnardo's, Cranfield's, Graham's, Taaffe & Coldwell's, and some others. The standing strings of carriages on either side of the way betoken an active business proceeding within doors, and altogether the picture is one of the pleasantest to be seen in the city. It gives assurance of healthy life, and of a vitality which we should all desire to see more general in our midst.

But to see Grafton-street between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, when the crowds from the Gaiety are passing through it in a northern direction, and other crowds streaming from the Queen's, Rotunda, and many places of amusement, are progressing as carefully as may be in a southern orbit, with a constant succession of cabs whirling at a dangerous pace through the narrow street, is to look at this famous old thoroughfare in what many citizens regard as its most attractive aspect. How serious accidents are avoided in the dangerous crush is really marvellous, for jarveys only too often drive recklessly, and yet, with rare exceptions, the citizens steer clear of actual contact with these dangerous vehicles, whose speed is but seldom checked by the policemen on duty, these officials not, as a rule, objecting to the lively pace of eight miles an hour, if the sporting owner of a smart outsider should desire to come down the street in that rattling fashion.

One who was present at a pretty little comedy which came off a few evenings since in a comfortable residence on the South Circular Road narrates it to us as nearly as possible in the following fashion. It is altogether about winks, and what came of indulgence in the practice. We will premise that there are at least two kinds of them—the ordinary wordly, wicked wink, and the involuntary tremor of the eyelid of the man who has weak eyesight to blame for his apparent levity. More people than one would suppose are troubled with this curious malady, and the results are apt to be a little awkward sometimes. But to the story.

There is a worthy old gentleman resident in the locality in question who has a daughter and—an involuntary wink. When he is talking politics he winks at a furious rate, and to a person unaware of his infirmity it would be somewhat difficult to tell whether he was in dead earnest or quite the other way. He talks theology too, and then by those who do not know him he appears to be a hardened old scoffer, while in reality he is a very religious man. At the close of last week the young lady had a visitor—a nice young man, who wished to appear very knowing indeed. Presently the old gentleman came into the room and made himself agreeable. He sat down opposite the visitor and commenced to wink at him. The young gentleman was rather surprised—there was nothing in the conversation that seemed to call for such an extraordinary demonstration, and the thought flashed across his mind that his host was intoxicated. However, he resolved to humour him, and accordingly returned wink for wink. The situation was becoming lively.

Curiously enough that did not seem to please the old gentleman, who grew sulky, and soon afterwards said, "Good night," in quite a freezing manner. When the visitor was about to take his leave, the young lady explained matters as they conversed in the hall, and he understood why the *pere* had got so crusty. Forgetting that the visitor knew nothing of his infirmity, he naturally enough concluded that the young fellow was poking fun at him, and he has intimated to his daughter that he does not desire his company at the family residence again.

Davy Stephens attended the Grand Ball at the Town Hall, Kingstown, on Wednesday evening last, where he met many of his friends and introduced his new Oriental dance.

On Monday evening the 9th inst., the first annual meeting of No. 1991, Victoria Habitation of the Primrose League was held in the Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown. The attendance was large, and a Ruling Councillor, twelve Executive Councillors, an Hon. Secretary and Treasurer for the ensuing year were appointed.

The first series of performances for the present season of the Kingstown Amateur Dramatic Society will be given on Wednesday and Friday, 2nd and 4th of May, in the Town Hall, Kingstown, when the charming Comedy of Ruth's Romance, will be played.

The Kingstown Private Subscription Ball, will take place on Friday evening the 20th inst., in the Town Hall. Mr. Liddell will supply the music; Mr. Maguinness of the Anglesea Arms Hotel the supper; and the D. W. and W. Railway Co. will run a special train to Dublin at 3.20 a.m., on Saturday, for the convenience of those residing there.

The annual regimental races of the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, which came off on Friday last, over the Baldoyle Course, were favoured with fine, if not brilliant sunshiny weather, only one shower falling on the smart dresses of the ladies present. A large number of the upper ten, including his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar accepted the invitation of Colonel McCalmont, and officers of the 4th, whilst the fair sex almost outnumbered the sons of Mars. The racing was only of a medium description, the field being small; the band played delightfully an attractive programme; a sumptuous luncheon by Mr. Murphy of Nassau Street was partaken of by some six hundred guests; and all the arrangements of the stands and course were simply perfect.

On Saturday, over the prettily situated Cork Park course, the 4th Hussars held their annual regimental race meeting, which in every respect was attractive and interesting. The officers dispensed hospitality broadcast, invitations having been sent to all Cork society and many others residing elsewhere.

The great German betrothal question, which has for some time been prominently before the public, and which has in a great measure threatened to disturb the peace of already greatly agitated Germany, reminds one of the fact that the Princess Victoria of Prussia, attained her twenty-second year on the 13th inst. If the Princess has to wait until everything in the East is settled to the satisfaction of the Czar Alexander, it is not improbable that she will live and die in single blessedness.

The forthcoming Irish Exhibition to be held at Olympia, Kensington, on June 4th, promises to be extremely interesting, and should teach Londoners something of the arts and industries which flourish in the sister island. An Irish industrial village, with replicas of the ruins of the celebrated Blarney Castle and the ancient round towers will be erected on the grounds, which cover an area of twelve acres. A model farm-yard and homestead and a complete working dairy of about 100 cows will illustrate the methods of our agriculture; and a stud of

hunters and carriage horses will show English people what Ireland can do in the way of horse breeding. The extensive hall of Olympia, the largest in Great Britain, will be devoted to the display and sale of industrial and art products, all "properly and exclusively Irish." The undertaking is largely and influentially supported. The Council includes the Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Lathom, the Marquis of Ormonde, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Ernest Hart, Mr. Justin McCarthy; Lord Arthur Hill is the Hon. Sec.

The leading drapers are already showing new patterns of "washing" materials—gowns of which are to be very much worn during the coming summer—which are, in some cases, almost rich enough to be mistaken for silken and woollen goods. To match these new cottons, galons, and trimmings of all kinds have been introduced, and the rage for glittering effects has inspired the manufacturers with all kinds of new ideas, and ladies are no longer confined to silver, steel, gold, and copper, as every shade and tone is now produced in tinsel.

A picturesque pelisse is at present on view in Madame Kate Reily's establishment in London. It has a full fishue of black lace close drawn up to the throat, and is only fitted for evening wear, or to use as a wrap in a close carriage; but on a slight figure it is singularly becoming. It is all fulled, and is drawn in to the waist by a girdle, which is itself made of the silk fulled. The cloak is entirely made of shot silk, of a dark nameless colour, and the large outer cloak, which falls away from the figure at each side like great sleeves, is lined with vivid flame-colour.

Amongst the novelties in spring bonnets may be noted one which has a crown of fine black crinoline, bordered round the brim with a full edge formed of violets. High in front more violets are placed, their deep purple colour being thrown into relief by a careless handful of small red rosebuds, daintily set upright in a mass of pale green leaves. Narrow black velvet strings come from the centre of the bonnet at the back.

The hats for young ladies also bear the stamp of originality in design and construction. One of the prettiest description is made in a very fine pale gray straw, turned up on one side to display a lining, also of straw, but of a darker shade of gray. Then the crown is most delightfully trimmed with smart bows of dead white ribbon and clusters of dark violets, arranged so that they form a kind of trail passing down the front of the crown.

Since the appearance of the short note in our issue of last week on the subject of Royal visits to Ireland, or rather the absence of them, we have been favoured with the opinions of several correspondents on this matter, which we will briefly refer to here. In the first place we may mention that they are all written in terms of warm approval of the note which called them forth, while there is a general consensus of agreement that it would be impossible at present to induce her Majesty to so alter her summer and autumn arrangements as to permit of her paying a visit to Ireland, where, as we all know, she would be most cordially welcomed by every section of the community.

But with regard to the Prince and Princess of Wales. There seems to be no earthly reason why their Royal Highnesses should not come to this country some time during the summer or autumn. We are too close to Punchestown to hope for their presence on the stand in Kildare on the 24th and 25th inst., where, it goes without saying, they would be received with a thundering *cead mille failthe*, the reverberations of which would be heard for many a mile; but if it were known that they would come westward in August—say for the great National Horse Show of the Royal Dublin Society—the good effected by the bare announcement would be enormous. Some sceptical people among us may ask—How?

As an example, in this way among many. We are now somewhat more than three months from the date of the Ball's Bridge event, and between this time and then, the pleasant summer temperature being with us, the more important portions of Dublin would be renovated and renewed, and made to look as fresh as paint and other adornments could make them. Now if anyone will just think of the expenditure involved in this apparently trifling preparation for a Royal visit, they will see that it means the continuous employment for several months of a small army of painters, decorators, carpenters, and others of the skilled industrial classes, very many of whom are at present either wholly without work or only partially engaged on precarious jobs which bring to them not much in the way of either profit or credit, but who, in trade parlance, would "feel their feet" with a three or four, or possibly a six months' engagement.

In another way matters would brighten in view of a Royal visit to the Irish capital. We will not be accused of writing fulsomely, or of inditing twaddle when we say that the personal popularity of the Prince and Princess of Wales in this country transcends that accorded to any other members of the Royal Family. His *bonhomie* and frankness of manner suit the Irish people, from the peer to the peasant, down to the ground, and in many ways it is a thousand pities that he is not more frequently among us; while as regards his charming consort, one has only to look at her to love her. And she is even better than she looks, which is saying a great deal.

In any case their coming would do a world of good to Dublin in particular, and that the city stands in need of a lift from some direction will be readily admitted all round. Our hotels want more guests, and a Royal visit would supply them. Our numerous and well-appointed private lodgings in the city and suburbs want inmates, and these, too, would be forthcoming in sufficient numbers to make their owners happy, while a general gladness would be diffused around. By all means let public opinion manifest itself in a general desire for a visit from our future King and Queen during the coming summer or autumn, and we are satisfied that they will not resist the invitation.

A lady who is still in the front rank of French ballet dancers recently celebrated her 90th birthday. Her manager has magnanimously promised her a benefit if she lives to be a hundred.

We almost envy the people of Florence. They bask in the blaze of Royalty, and find a ready market for all their goods. Bournemouth, in England, also seems to be favoured with Royal and fashionable throngs, whilst San Remo has become a haunt for the wealthy. Of course we cannot in the matter of climate in the winter season compare with either of these fortunate localities: but in the summer the sun from heaven shines as sweetly, the air is as brisk and invigorating, the scenery is as charming, and the people as deserving here as there.

Yet, Ireland, with all its romantic associations, its humorous and witty peasantry, and its scenery of matchless beauty, is sadly neglected. Our *modistes*, merchants, shopkeepers, and manufacturers realise this more vividly than we can pourtray it, and the feeling of despair, as season after season goes by without leaving behind it any genial, generous reminiscences, is growing upon them and eating like a vile cancer at the very foundations of the commercial and social prosperity of the country.

Our watering-places are neglected. And why? Is it, we wonder, because they are Irish? Facilities are at the command of visitors. Bray offers an invitation; Warrenpoint and Rostrevor, with their beautiful range of ever-green mountains, their winding streams, superb lochs, their palatial hotels, and their matchless adaptation for the health or pleasure seeker, open wide their doors; Bangor, with all its native beauty, and other places too numerous to specify here, is deserted even by our own people for some foreign strand.

How can Ireland prosper under such conditions? Will not royalty and the attendant wealthy throng think once of our fair, Green Isle, and order the helmsman to steer towards us? Will not our own people, at least, spend their odd pence at home instead of giving it to enrich those who do not, in the least, extend to them a generous reciprocity? But until Irish men and women, who yearly flock to England, Scotland, and Paris, for their holidays, realise the injustice they do to their own country we cannot expect royalty or other representatives of the fashionable world to look upon our land with a generous and mindful favour.

The danger attending rice-throwing at weddings has once more been painfully exemplified by an alarming accident which recently occurred at a Liverpool marriage. After the ceremony, when the carriages were being driven away, showers of rice were thrown at the bridal party. The horses drawing a carriage containing four bridesmaids were startled and dashed off, and turning a corner quickly the carriage overturned. The ladies were quickly rescued, but not before each of them had received a severe shock.

A London portrait-painter is now exhibiting a picture which has provoked a good deal of speculation. It contains two figures—one, that of a swarthy Indian Rajah, covered with jewels; the other a tall and beautiful English girl, of eighteen, in a pink dress, her hair gathered behind in a ribbon, and falling loose again. The Rajah is smiling the smile of proud possessorship, and the girl is looking with a somewhat bewildered air at her future lord. They are, we understand, real people. The lady is a daughter of an English chemist, and her parents

have consented to her marriage with the Rajah, who after the ceremony will take her out to his dominions.

Now that the photographic album has well-nigh become an obsolete instrument of social torture, the album of our youth, in which our friends are asked to write original "sentiments," or to make original sketches, is once more coming into vogue.

A change in the style of wearing the hair is approaching. The pointed coiffure on the top of the head, which, though it suits some faces to perfection is not by any means universally becoming, has been a good deal modified, and the style of arrangement is creeping gradually down lower and lower on to the neck again.

Travellers on the Continent will be pleased to learn that, in consequence of improved steam and railway communication, London is said to be now within four days of Athens.

"Anti-Bachelor," in a sensible letter, vigorously defends a certain class of young men in Dublin against the strictures we recently passed on behalf of the marriageable female portion of the community, upon the growing evils of bachelorism. Our correspondent thinks we have hit the bachelors very hard. We are decidedly glad to hear it, as it was our intention to make them feel the injustice of their conduct towards desirous and eligible young ladies.

Of course we did not for a moment lose sight of a much greater evil—an evil which will undoubtedly lead those who persist in it into a future of chequered aspirations and loneliness—the evil which springs from a love of giddiness and display on the part of marriageable young girls in Dublin. To the domestically inclined young man the numerous gewgaws of attire, the light and frivolous conversation, the airs and finery assumed by the majority of girls in humble stations of life are simply appalling. He would sooner enjoy his crust alone and in quietness than wed such an artificial and uncongenial creature. Every man, gifted with ordinary intelligence (and young ladies ought to note this carefully) knows that a girl given to show and coquetry would never make a sensible, homely helpmate, and consequently the men abstain, wisely, we think, from rushing headlong to their own destruction. Many cases in which Dublin young men have gone to the country, tired out with the frivolous, flighty nature of their female acquaintances in the city, in search of a wife are known to us. When spoken to on the subject, the reply of these men invariably is:—"Marry a Dublin girl? No, thank you. They are exceedingly amusing, and all that sort of thing; but, all the same, unsuited for the graver duties of life."

"Anti-Bachelor" takes the part of city clerks, who, he thinks, could not be expected to marry on their miserable salaries. Of course we sympathise with that poorly paid and intelligent class, though at the same time we believe, and experience has taught us the grand secret, that when a tradesman or a clerk secures the affection of and marries a sensible and well brought up girl, he soon begins to find that it is much cheaper to keep two than it is to provide for the wants of one. It is a strange incongruity, certainly; but it is true, nevertheless.

LA REVEILLE.

THE oratorio performance at the Church of St. Andrew, Westland-row, was crowded, scarcely a seat in the vast edifice being unoccupied. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was rendered with great artistic effect. Mrs. Scott-Ffennell made her attack half a tone sharp, but quickly settled into tune. Even the most experienced artists are uncertain of their first notes. Mrs. Lawlor is a cultured soprano, capable of rendering oratorio music with refined pathos: her runs were taken without a fault. She was, in fact, the finest voice of the evening, her tone being clear and resonant. Mr. Vincent O'Brien shines better in solo than concerted music. He was very good in No. 7, "Et incarnatus est." Numbers 7 and 8 were riven with beautiful effect, Dr. Smith playing the accompaniment, and particularly the prelude to the tenor solo, with the finest taste. His playing of the introduction to No. 11 was listened to with rapt attention by the vast audience. Mr. Archer seemed very nervous, and, perhaps, did not do himself justice; most of his shakes were involuntary. The second part of the performance was devoted to Sullivan's Festival Te Deum, a work which proves that the great Irish-English composer can provide profounder music than the *Mikado*, when he pleases. No. 2, Soprano Solo and Chorus, was so beautiful that we would gladly have heard it repeated. Miss Josephine Dillon sang correctly, taking her high notes well; but her pronunciation is defective. She sings "hend" for "hand," "end" for "and." She should take lessons in elocution. The chorus performed admirably. The sopranos deserve special mention for the latter part of chorus No. 9 in Mozart's Mass. Mr. Joseph Seymour is an energetic conductor, and seemed as fresh at the end as at the beginning. Dr. Joseph Smith played in the most cultivated manner, and is too well known to need mention. His cantata "St. Kevin" is a clever and scholarly work, and deserved more favourable mention than that bestowed upon it by the English press. We can particularly recommend the bass solo—"Why did he leave those scenes, &c." to Irish amateurs, as a beautiful and pathetic melody.

We, at one time, thought that the Boy-stood-on-the-burning-deck school of reciters had exhausted the resources of elocution. We had not then heard ADELAIDE DETCHON. To the Dublin public the advent of this young American elocutionist is nothing short of a marvellous revelation. In vain we explore the dictionary for adjectives beautiful enough to pile at her feet. We still stand amazed in the glamour of the golden spell she cast around us. It was natural that the entire audience should have sprung to their feet, carried away from conventional decorum, and wafted a yell of ecstasy around the new and lovely genius. We were ignorantly under the impression that Tennyson's abstruse rhapsodies were un-recitable. Adelaide Detchon has arrived to set that problem free, and which of us is dull enough ever to forget her rendering of "The Charcoal Man:" that wonderful resonant cry, "CHARCOAL," followed by its faint and distant echo, "Charcoal." When she returns again to this city we call on the citizens to assemble in their thousands.

Mr. J. M. Sullivan's Second Concert was better attended than the first. The Dublin Quartet Union, composed of cultivated singers, are always a welcome addition to any concert. We did not care for Mr. Thorndike. He forces

his tone. Miss Adelaide Mullen was, also, somewhat of a disappointment. She takes her time too fast, and her manner lacks repose. She stands on her toes for crescendo passages. This may be due to extreme nervousness, or to the habit of singing to the vast audiences who crowded Mr. Collisson's St. James's Hall concerts. Mr. Collisson, besides being our only Impresario, is, without doubt, the best accompanist we have. Stagey songs like "The death of Nelson" do not suit Mr. Bapty, we prefer him in love melodies. It was impossible to do more than stare at Mdle. Jeanne Douste's fingers. Her grace bears a startling resemblance to that of Mr. Charles Hallé and she is almost as fine a pianist. The mechanical manipulation of the pianoforte works of the Slavonian composers is excruciatingly difficult, but the new generation, as Mdle. Douste proves, are equal to it. We expect a crowded house for Mr. Sullivan's third concert. It will probably be the last appearance this season of that splendid violinist, Papini, and Madame Mary Davies who is, perhaps, the greatest of living ballad singers.

The First Concert (ninth season) of the Dublin Amateur Orchestral Union, on Tuesday night, was deservedly crowded. What the Dublin Musical Society is in the vocal world, that the Orchestral Union is in the instrumental. As citizens of Dublin we are proud of the Orchestral Union, and congratulate the accomplished performers and Mr. Telford upon their success. Master Archie Rosenthal was one of the sensations of the evening. When he appeared we were prepared for a display of considerable manual dexterity; but were astonished to find that he was not only master of the art of fingering, but possessed of the sympathetic sensitiveness of the true musician. The two movements from the *Sonata Pathétique* could scarcely have been better rendered, and the audience will not soon forget the delicacy with which he played one of the best known of Mendelssohn's "Songs with words." Mr. Melfort D'Alton sang, very nicely, a beautiful song, "The Floweret" by Schumann. We are at a loss to know what to say concerning the apotheosis of the banjo. It looked very picturesque in two rows. Its defective sounding board makes it a comparatively useless instrument: and it can only be effective, if at all, when multiplied fiftyfold. We confess, with a suspicion of humiliation, that the banjo band was not unwelcome; but one performance of the Boulanger March should have sufficed. It was rather discounted by "La Mandoline" played previously by the strings, pizzicato. We now come to the band, and save an occasional error in the brass, we find no fault. It was simply a stupendous task to attempt the Beethoven symphony, but a successful one. No greater effort could be made, even by the finest orchestra the world over; for the Beethoven symphonies are the highest revelations of music ever achieved by the human mind. We regret that space will not permit us to dwell on this subject; we hope in future that the Orchestral Union will perform one of the immortal nine in its entirety, and that the audience will carefully study the work beforehand, and read an exhaustive memoir of Beethoven, in order to intelligently realise, and more fully enjoy the work of the band. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. W. H. Telford, who conducted throughout without a score.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

SOME time ago we found it necessary in the interests of the public to check the pompous boasting of Mr. Charles Dawson. We want no sixpenny Napoleon Buonapartes in this country. We place no fantastic value on intellectuality. The man who can make a good pair of boots is as useful in our eyes as he who speechifies about public affairs. The Lord Mayor, at the High Sheriff's banquet, covertly insinuated that IRISH SOCIETY was a political organ. We defy him to point out a single paragraph in these columns with a political tendency. Is there to be nothing in the world but politics?

The Lord Mayor professed to revile the recent "open letter" as an "anonymous" production. As ex-editor of the *Weekly News*, he is well aware that Irish journals have not yet adopted the French custom of putting authentic signatures to articles. The charge of anonymity comes badly from the man who indicates this journal, but has not the moral courage to mention it by name. If he is so distressed by the cloak of anonymity, he can obtain the authentic name of the writer of the "open letters" by return of post on application to this office.

We have no personal animus against Mr. Charles Dawson or the Lord Mayor. Mr. Charles Dawson's late lecture on Banking we hope to see printed and circulated, at a popular price, throughout the country, with the Lord Mayor's initial speech as preface.

Economic readers are aware that the working capital of a bank mainly consists of its deposits, which represents the savings of the poorer classes. The main profits of a bank consist of the difference between its interest on these deposits, and the discount charged on bills to merchants and traders. The notion that the original shares (which may or may not be paid up in full) are the working capital of a bank, is to a great extent fallacious. Yet it is the shareholders who obtain the best part of the profits. It is obviously the policy of a bank, worked on behalf of shareholders, to give the lowest possible interest on deposits, and charge the highest possible discount on bills. In other words, on one hand they discourage the thrift of the working classes, on the other obstruct the enterprise of private traders. As the Lord Mayor pointed out, Irish bankers would do well to take a leaf out of the ledgers of Scottish banks.

In Scotland a young man who desires to start in business can obtain capital on the signatures of two reliable sureties.

It is this noble policy which has made Scotland—a comparatively barren country—one of the most enterprising and prosperous communities in the world. Scottish bankers began by trusting to the honesty of their fellow countrymen, and they can now proudly boast that they have not been deceived.

But Mr. Dawson, like many others, casts long eyes on the million of useless note issue in the Bank of Ireland. He seems to be unaware that there are other banks authorised to issue Bank of Ireland notes; yet the united power of all these banks cannot force the useless million into circulation. We should be glad to know, clearly and definitely, from Mr. Dawson, how he proposes to solve the problem: we will be happy to afford him space for a letter on the subject. It is impossible to force a further note issue on a community which has enough for its purposes. Has Mr. Dawson studied the history

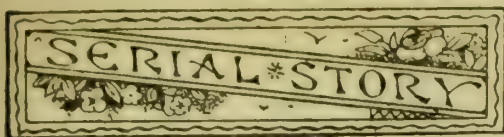
of the greenbacks in the States? What is the use of flooding the country with a paper issue which will return as fast as it is issued? Mr. Dawson has confounded the meaning of the terms *money* and *wealth*. Money can be produced to a practically unlimited extent: wealth, we regret to state, is the product of different conditions.

The Dublin Amateur and Artists' Society Exhibition closes on the 24th of this month. It is a mistake to charge a shilling entrance. The Hibernian Academy, a much superior exhibition, charges one shilling in the daytime, and the public go to the penny evening view.

We commend the moral to the Committee in Molesworth Street. The best exhibitors of the "Amateur and Artists" are Mr. Williams and Miss Mary K. Benson. The latter is a very clever artist, and her picture—"Our River Liffey," is worthy a place in a larger gallery. Irish artists should devote themselves more to local studies. Why go to Italy and Switzerland when Ireland can satisfy the cravings of the most exacting artistic soul? Are the fishermen of the Bay of Naples more worthy of study than the fishermen of Howth? If so, we should be glad to hear in what respect?

Whenever Mr. Henry Doyle, of the Anti-National Gallery, has a letter to write on the subject of the pictures in Leinster Lawn, he usually addresses it to the Editor of the *London Times*. His object is to administer to the devouring interest which Belgravia and the Aesthetes of Seven Dials take in the Dublin Gallery. His attitude towards the local press of this city is one of haughty indifference, befitting a man who daily communes with the shades of Fra Angelico and Domenichino. He has been lately stalking the precincts of Christie and Maeson, and found a prize. It is "in reality" a portrait of Richard Burke, a person whose title to immortality rests on the fact that he was son to his father. "Will you allow me to inform you," writes Mr. Doyle to the *London Editor*, that this portrait "is, no doubt, rightly attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds." Mr. Doyle has no doubt on the subject, and proves it by asserting that "the figure varies considerably from" another portrait of the same man. He triumphantly continues: "This apparently unknown picture seems never to have been varnished or touched since it was painted, and to have been much neglected, two small holes being knocked in the canvass." For this picture, which is so authentic because so unlike another one; which has never been varnished or touched, and has two small holes in it, Mr. Doyle paid £141 15s. public money. "I need hardly say," he writes, "I should not have grudged a higher sum for it." The assertion was unnecessary. But what the public have seriously to consider is: that the funds of the National Gallery are at the disposal of a man who never hesitates to use them in order to flourish himself in the *London Times* as a profoundly astute connoisseur. This state of things is nothing short of a farce. The constitution of the National Gallery, we are informed, does not admit the purchasing of the works of living artists. All we need say on this point is, the sooner such a rule is rescinded, the better. But, in any case, there are thousands of splendid modern pictures which the public would gladly welcome in place of the canvasses which now make the National Gallery look like an old curiosity shop.

DONNYBROOK.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER V.—continued.

HE saw that her aunt knew how to deal with these people, and that underneath Miss Fausset's hardness there was a great power of sympathy. Her presence seemed everywhere welcome, and people talked freely to her, unbosoming themselves of every trouble, confident in her power to understand.

"Me and my poor husband calls your aunt our father confessor, ma'am," said a consumptive tailor's wife to Mildred. "We're never afraid to tell her anything—even if it seems foolish like—and she always gives us rare good advice. Don't she, Joe?"

The invalid nodded approvingly over his basin of beef-tea—Miss Fausset's beef-tea—which was as comforting as strong wine.

In one of the houses they found an Anglican Sister, an elderly woman, in a black hood, to whom Miss Fausset introduced her niece. There was an old man, dying by inches, in the next room, and the sister had been sitting up with him all night, and was now going home to the performance of other duties. Mildred talked with her about her life for some time, and heard a great many details of that existence which seemed to her still so far off, almost impossible, like a cold pale life beyond the grave. How different from that warm domestic life at Enderby, amidst fairest surroundings, in those fine old rooms where every detail bore the impress of one's own fancy, one's own pursuits, a selfish life perhaps, albeit tempered with beneficence to one's immediate surroundings, selfish inasmuch as it was happy and luxurious, while true unselfishness must needs surrender everything, must refuse to wear purple and fine linen and to fare sumptuously so long as Lazarus lies at the gate shivering and hungry.

Her aunt almost echoed her thoughts presently when she spoke of her goodness to the poor.

"Yes, yes, Mildred, I do some little good," she said almost impatiently. "but not enough—not nearly enough. It is only women like that Sister who do enough. What the rich give must count for very little in the eyes of the Great Auditor. But I do my best to make up for a useless girlhood. I was as foolish and as frivolous as your young friend, Pamela, once."

"That reminds me, aunt, I want so much to talk to you about Pamela."

"What of her?"

"I am afraid that she admires Mr. Castellani."

"Why should she not admire him?"

"But I suspect she is in danger of falling in love with him."

"Let her fall in love with him—let her marry him—let her be happy with him, if she can."

There was a recklessness in this kind of counsel which shocked Mildred, coming from such a person as Miss Fausset.

"My dear aunt, it is a very serious matter. George gave me Pamela to be my companion and my friend. I feel myself responsible for her happiness."

"Then don't interfere with her happiness. Let her marry the man she loves."

"With all my heart, if he is a good man, and if her uncle has no objection. But I know so little about Mr. Castellani and his surroundings."

"He has no surroundings. His mother and father are dead. He has no near relatives."

"And his character, aunt—his conduct—what do you know of those?"

"Only so much as you can see that I know of them. He comes to my house, and makes himself agreeable to me and my friends. He has given valuable help in the formation and management of the choir. If I am interested in a concert for a charity, he sings for me, and works for me like a slave. All his talents are at my service always. I suppose I like him as well as I should like a favourite nephew, if I had nephews from whom to choose a favourite. Of his character—outside my house—I know nothing. I do not believe he has a wife hidden away anywhere; and if Pamela marries him she can make her intention public in good time to prevent any fiasco of that kind."

"You speak very scornfully, aunt, as if you had a poor opinion of Mr. Castellani."

"Perhaps I have a poor opinion of mankind in general, Mildred. Your father was a good man, and your husband is another. We ought to think ourselves lucky to have known two such men in our lives. As to César Castellani, I tell you again I know no more of him than you—or very little more—though I have known him so much longer."

"How long have you known him?"

"About fifteen years."

"And how was he introduced to you?"

"Oh, he introduced himself, on the strength of the old connection between the Faussets and the Felixes. It was just before he went to the University. He was very handsome, very elegant, and very much in advance of his years in manners and accomplishments. He amused and interested me, and I allowed him to come to my house as often as he liked."

"Do you know anything about his means?"

"Nothing definite. He came into a small fortune upon his mother's death, and ran through it. He has earned money by literary work, but I cannot tell you to what extent. If Miss Ransome marries him I think she may as well make up her mind to keep him. He belongs to the butterfly species."

"That is rather a humiliating prospect for a wife—rather like buying a husband."

"That is a point for Miss Ransome to consider. I don't think she is the kind of girl to care much what her whim costs her."

The brown horse, panting for more work, drew up in front of Miss Fausset's house at this juncture, fidgetted impatiently while the two ladies alighted, and then tore round to his mews.

"You've had a handful with him to-day, I guess, mate," said a humble hanger-on, as Miss Fausset's coachman stretched his aching arms. "He's a fine 'oss, but I'd rather you drove 'im than me."

"I'll tell you what he is," replied the coachman; "he's too good for his work; that's his complaint. Dodging in and out of narrow streets, and makin' mornin' calls upon work'ouse paupers don't suit him."

The time had come when Mildred had to make up her mind where she would go, and having all the world to choose from, and just the same hopeless feeling that Eve may have had on leaving Eden, the choice was a matter of no small difficulty. She sat with a Continental "Bradshaw" in her hand, turning the leaves and looking at the maps, irresolute and miserable. Pamela, who might have decided for her, clearly hankered after no paradise but Brighton. Her idea of Eden was a house in which Castellani was a frequent visitor.

It was too late for most of the summer places, too early for Algiers or the Riviera. Pamela would not hear of the Rhine or any German watering place. Montreux might do, perhaps, or the Engadine; but Pamela hated Switzerland.

"Would it not do to spend the winter in Bath?" she said. "There is very nice society at Bath, I am told."

"My dear Pamela I want to get away from society, if I can; and I want to be very far from Enderby."

"Of course. It was thoughtless of me to suggest a society place. Bath, too, within a stone's throw. Dearest aunt, I will offer no more silly suggestions. I will go anywhere you like."

"Then let us decide at once. We will go to Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore. I have heard that it is a lovely spot, and later we can go on to Milan or Florence."

"To Italy! That is like the fulfilment of a dream," said Pamela with a sigh, feeling that Italy without César Castellani would be like a playhouse where the curtain has gone down and all the lights are out.

She was resigned, however, and not without hope. Castellani might propose before they left Brighton, when he found that parting was inevitable. He had said some very tender things, but of that vaguely tender strain which leaves a man uncommitted. His words had been full of poetry, but they might have applied to some absent mistress, or to love in the abstract. Pamela felt that she had no ground for exultation.

It was in vain that Mildred warned her against the danger of such an alliance.

"Consider what a wretched match it would be for you, Pamela," she said. "Think how different from your sister Rosalind's marriage."

"Different! I should think so, indeed. Can you imagine, aunt Mildred, that I would marry such a man as Sir Henry Mountford, a man who has hardly a thought outside his stable and his gunroom? Do you know that he spends quite a quarter of every day in the saddle-room, allowing for the wet days, on which he almost lives there? I asked him once why he didn't have his lunch sent over to the stables, instead of keeping us waiting a quarter of an hour, and coming in at last smelling like a saddler's shop."

"He is a gentleman notwithstanding, Pamela, and Rosalind seems to get on very well with him."

"As the husband is the wife is, don't you know, aunt. You and uncle George suit each other because you are both intellectual. I should be miserable if I married a man who had done nothing to distinguish himself from the common herd."

"Perhaps. But do you think you could be very happy married to an accomplished idler, who would live upon your fortune—who would have everything to gain, from the most sordid point of view, by marrying you, and of whose fidelity you could never be sure?"

"But I should be sure of him. My instinct would tell me if he were really in love with me. You must think me very silly, aunt Mildred, if you think I could be deceived in such a matter as that."

In spite of Pamela's confidence in her own instinct, or, in other words, in her own wisdom, Mildred Greswold was full of anxiety about her, and was very eager to place her charge beyond the reach of César Castellani's daily visits and musical talent. She felt responsible to her husband for his niece's peace of mind; doubly responsible in that Pamela's interest had been subordinated to her own comfort and well-being.

She had other reasons for wishing to escape from Mr. Castellani's society. That instinctive aversion she had felt at sight of the unknown face in the church was not altogether a sentiment of the past, a prejudice overcome and forgotten. There were occasions when she shrank from the Italian's gentle touch, a delicate white hand hovering for a moment above her own as he offered her a book, or a newspaper; there were times when his low sympathetic voice was a horror to her; there were times when she told herself that her self-respect as a wife hardly permitted of her breathing the same air that he breathed.

Innocent and simple-minded as her closely-sheltered life had kept her, in all thoughts, ways, and works unlike the average woman of society, Mildred Greswold was a woman, and she could not but see that César Castellani's feelings for her were of a deeper kind than any sentiment with which Pamela Ransome's charms had inspired him. There were moments when his voice, his face, his manner told his secret only too plainly; but these were but glimpses at the truth, hurried liftings of the curtain which the man of society let drop again before he had too plainly betrayed himself. He had been careful to keep his secret from Pamela. It was only to the object of his worship that he had revealed those presumptuous dreams of his, and to her only in such wise as she must needs ignore. It would have seemed self-conscious prudery to rebuke indications so subtle and so casual; but Mildred could not ignore them in her own mind, and she waited anxiously for the hour in which she would be well enough to travel. She had all her plans made, had engaged a courier—a friend of Miss Fausset's Franz—and had arranged her route with him—first Northern Italy and then the Riviera. She wanted to make Pamela's exile as bright and as profitable to her as she could. The life she was arranging was by no means the kind of life that Clement Cancellor would have counselled. It would have seemed to that stern labourer a life of self-indulgence and frivolity. But the time for the higher ideal would come by and by perhaps, when this sense of misery, this benumbed feeling of indifference to all things, had worn off, and she should be strong enough to think a little more about other

people's sorrows and a little less about her own.

Mr. Maltravers urged upon her the duty of staying in Brighton and working as her aunt worked. He had been told that Mrs. Greswold was a woman of independent fortune, and that she had separated herself from a husband she fondly loved upon a question of principle. It was just such a woman as this that Samuel Maltravers liked to see in his church. Such women were the elect of the earth, predestined to contribute to the advancement of clerics, and the building of chancels and transepts. The chancel at St. Edmund's was a noble one, needing no extension, its only fault being that it was too big for the church. But there was room for a transept, the church had been so planned as to allow of its ultimate cruciform shape; and that transept was the dream of Mr. Maltravers' life. Scarcely had Mrs. Greswold's story dropped in measured syllables from Miss Fausset's lips than Mr. Maltravers said to himself, "This lady will build my transept." A woman who could leave a beloved husband on a question of principle was just the kind of woman to sink a few superfluous thousands upon the improvement of such a fane as St. Edmund's. Every seat in that fashionable temple was occupied. More seat-room was a necessity. The hour had come, and the—woman.

Mr. Maltravers endeavoured to convince Mrs. Greswold that Brighton was the one most fitting sphere for an enlightened woman's labours. Brighton cried aloud for a Christian sister's aid. It had all the elements in which the heaven-born missionary delights. Wealth on the one side—deepest poverty on the other. Fashion in the foreground; sin and misery behind the curtain. Brighton was a Pagan Rome in little. With the advanced civilisation, the over-refinement, the occult pleasures, the art, the luxury, the beauty, the burning of the Seven-hilled City, Brighton had all the corrupting influences of her Pagan sister. Brighton was rotten to the core—a lovely simulacrum—a Dead Sea apple—shining, golden, doomed, damned.

As he uttered that last terrific word, Mr. Maltravers sunk his voice to that bass depth some of us can remember in Bishop Wilberforce's climatic syllables; and so spoken, the word seemed permissible in any serious drawing-room, awful rather than vulgar.

It was in vain, however, that the incumbent of St. Edmund's strove to convince Mildred that her mission was immediate, and in Brighton—that in his parish, and there alone, could her loftiest dreams find their fulfilment.

"I hope to do some little good to my fellow creatures by-and-bye," she said meekly, "but I do not feel that the time has come yet. I am incapable of anything except just existing. I believe my aunt has told you that I have had a great sorrow—"

"Yes, yes, poor wounded heart, I know, I know."

"I mean to work by-and-bye—when I have learned to forget myself a little. Sorrow is so selfish. Just now I feel stupid and helpless. I could do no good to anyone."

"You could build my transept," thought Mr. Maltravers, but he only sighed, and shook his head, and murmured gently, "Well, well, we must wait, we must hope. There is but one earthly consolation for a great grief—I will say nothing of heavenly comfort—and that lies in labouring for the good of our sinning, sorrowing fellow creatures, and for the glory of God—for

the glory of God," repeated Mr. Maltravers, hanging on his transept. "There are some mourners who have left imperishable monuments of their grief, and of their piety, in the churches of this land."

Upon the evening on which Mr. Maltravers had pleaded for Brighton, Miss Fausset and her *protege* were alone together during the quiet half hour before dinner; the lady resting after a long day in her district, a composed, quiet figure, in fawn-coloured silk gown and point lace kerchief, seated erect in the high-backed chair, with folded hands and eyes gazing thoughtfully at the fire; the gentleman lounging in a low chair on the other side of the hearth, in luxurious self-abandonment, his red-brown eyes shining in the fire-glow, and his red-brown hair throwing off glints of light.

They had been talking, and had lapsed into silence, and it was after a long pause that Miss Fausset said,

"I wonder you have not made the young lady an offer before now."

"Suppose I am not in love with the young lady?"

"You have been too assiduous for that supposition to occur to me. You have haunted this house ever since Miss Ransome has been here."

"And yet I am not in love with her."

"She is a pretty and an attractive girl, and disposed to think highly of you."

"And yet I am not in love with her," he repeated with a smile which made Miss Fausset angry. "To think that you should turn match-maker, you who have said so many bitter things of the fools who fall in love, and the still greater fools who marry—you who stand alone like a granite monolith, like Cleopatra's needle, or the Matterhorn, or anything grand and solitary and unapproachable—you to counsel the civilised slavery we call marriage."

"My dear César, I can afford to stand alone, but you cannot afford to surrender your chance of winning an amiable wife with fifteen hundred a year."

"That for fifteen hundred a year," exclaimed Castellani, putting away an imaginary fortune from the tips of his fingers with airy insolence. "Do you think I will sell myself—for so little?"

"That high-flown tone is all very well, but there is one fact you seem inclined to ignore."

"What is that, my kindest and best?"

"The fact that you are a very expensive person, and that you have to be maintained somehow."

"That fact shall never force me to marry where I cannot love. At the worst, art shall maintain me. When other and dearer friends prove unkind, I will call upon my maiden aunts, the Muses."

"The Muses hitherto have hardly paid for the gardenias in your buttonhole."

"Oh, I know I am not a man of business. I lack the faculty of pounds, shillings, and pence, which is an attribute of some minds. I have scattered my flowers of art upon all the high-ways instead of nailing the blossoms against a wall and waiting for them to bear fruit. I have been reckless, improvident, granted; and you out of your abundance have been kind. Your words imply a threat. Your kindness cannot go on for ever."

"There are limits to everything."

"Hardly to your generosity, certainly not to your wealth. As you garner it that must be inexhaustible. I cannot think that you would

ever turn your back upon me. The link between us is too tender a bond."

Miss Faussett's face darkened to deepest night.

"Tender do you call it," she exclaimed. "If the memory of an unpardonable wrong is tender—" and then interrupting herself she cried passionately, "César Castellani, I have warned you against the slightest reference to the past. As for my generosity, as you call it, you might be wiser if you gave it a lower name—caprice—caprice which may weary at any moment. You have a chance of making an excellent match, and I strongly advise you to take advantage of it."

"Forgive me, if I disregard your advice—much as I respect your judgment upon all other subjects."

"You have other views, I suppose, then?"

"Yes, I have other views."

"You look higher?"

"Infinitely higher," he answered, with his hands locked above his head, in a carelessly graceful attitude, and with his eyes gazing at the fire.

He looked like a dreaming fawn. The large, full eyes, the small peaked beard, the close cut hair upon the arched forehead were all suggestive of the satyr tribe.

The door opened, and Pamela came smiling in, delighted at seeing that picturesque figure by the hearth, self-conscious, yet happy.

- CHAPTER VI.

THE TIME HAS COME.

THREE days later Mildred and her young companion started for Italy. The doctor declared that the departure was premature. Mrs. Greswold was not strong enough to undertake such a fatiguing journey. But modern civilization has smoothed the roads that lead over the civilised world, and for a lady who travels with a maid and a courier journeys are rendered very easy; besides, Mildred had made up her mind to leave Brighton at any hazard.

The hour of parting came for Pamela and Castellani, and although the young lady took care to remind him at least a dozen times a day of that impending severance, not one word of the future, or of any cherished hope on his part, fell from his lips. And yet it had seemed to Pamela that he was devoted to her; that he only waited for the opportunity to speak. It seemed to her also that he felt the pain of parting, for he had an air of deepest melancholy during these farewell days, and talked only of saddest themes. He was in Lewes Crescent nearly all day long, he played the mournfullest strains—he had the air of a man oppressed with a secret sorrow; but never a word of love or marriage did he breathe to Pamela. He pressed her hand gently, with an almost paternal affection, as she leant out of the carriage which was to take her to the station, and bade him a last good-bye.

"Good-bye!" she half sang, half-sobbed, in the darkness at the back of the hired landau, as they drove bumping down St. James'-street. "Good-bye summer, good-bye everything."

She did not even glance at Hannington's autumn fashions as they drove up the hill. She felt that life was no longer worth living for, or dressing for.

"He never could have cared for me," she thought, as she dropped her silent tears upon

Box's v-shaped ears, "and yet he seemed—he seemed! Does he seem like that to every girl, I wonder? Is he all seeming?"

After this came a leisurely journey, and then long, slow weeks of a luxurious repose amidst fairest surroundings—a life which to those who have lived, and fought the great battle, and come wounded but yet alive out of the fray, is the life Paradisaic; and for the fresh, strong soul panting for emotions and excitements, like a young bird that yearns to try the strength of his wings, this kind of languid existence seems like a foretaste of death and nothingness. Mountains and lakes were not enough for Pamela—the azure of an Italian sky, the infinite variety of sunset splendours, the brightness of a morning heralded by a roseate flush on snow-capped hills—all these were futile where the heart was empty. Mildred's maturer grief found some consolation in these exquisite surroundings; but Pamela wanted to live, and that magic circle of mountains seemed to her as the walls of a gigantic prison.

"It was so nice at Brighton," she said, looking along the burnished mirror of the lake with despondent eyes, tired of the mystery of those reflected mountains, descending into infinite depths, a world inverted, "so gay, so cheery—always something going on. Don't you think, aunt, that the air of this place is very relaxing?"

The word relaxing is the key note of discontent. It is a word that can blight the loveliest spots the sun ever shone upon. It is the speck upon the peach. Be sure that before ever he mentioned the apple, Satan told Eve that Eden was very relaxing.

"I hope you are not unhappy here, my dear Pamela," said Mildred, evading the question.

"Unhappy, oh, no indeed, dear aunt, I could not be otherwise than happy with you anywhere. There are lots of people who would envy me living on the shore of Lake Maggiore, and seeing those delightful mountains all day long—but I did so enjoy Brighton—the theatre the Pavilion, always something going on."

The two ladies had their own suite of apartments in the hotel, and lived in that genteel seclusion which is the privilege of wealth as well as of rank, all over the world. Pamela envied the tourists of Cook and Gaze, as she saw them trooping into the *table d'hôte*, or heard their clatter in the public drawing room. It was all very well to sit in one's own balcony gazing at the placid lake while the rabble amused themselves below. One felt one's superior status, and the advantage of being somebody instead of nobody; but when the rabble danced or acted charades, or played dumb crambo, or squabbled over a game at nap, they seemed to have the best of it somehow.

"I almost wish I had been born a vulgarian," sighed Pamela one evening, when the tourists were revolving to the Myosotis waltz banged out on an elderly cast-iron grand in the salon below.

Mildred did all she could in the way of excursioning to enliven the dullness of their solitary life; but the beauties of nature palled upon Pamela's lively mind. However the day might be occupied in drives to distant scenes of surpassing loveliness, the ever-lengthening evenings had to be spent in the Louis Quatorze salon, where no visitors dropped in to disturb the monotony of books and work, piano and pet-dog.

For Mildred, too, those evening hours seemed unutterably long, and as autumn deepened into

winter, her burden seemed heavier to bear. Time brought no consolation, offered no hope. She had lost all that had made life worth living. First the child who represented all that was brightest and fairest and gayest and most hopeful in her life; next the husband who was her life itself, the prop and staff, the column around which every tendril of her being was entwined. There was nothing for her in the future but a life of self-abnegation, of working and living for others. The prospect seemed dark and dreary, and she knew now how small a margin of her life had been devoted to God. The idea of devoting herself wholly was too repellant. She knew now that she was very human, wedded to earthly loves, and earthly happiness, needing a long purgation before she could attain the saintly attitude.

She thought of Enderby every night as she sat in silent melancholy beside the hearth, where a solitary log crumbled slowly to white ashes on the marble, and where the faint warmth had a perfume of distant pine woods; she thought of Enderby and its widowed master. Was he living there still, or was he, too, a wanderer? She had heard nothing of his movements since she left England. Pamela had an occasional letter from her sister, but the only news in Rosalind's letters was of the extraordinary development—intellectual and otherwise—of the baby, and the magnitude of Sir Henry's bag. Beyond the baby and the bag, Lady Mountford's pen rarely travelled.

Mildred thought of that absent husband with an aching heart. There were times when she asked herself if she had done well—when she was tempted to total surrender—when the pen was in her hand ready to write a telegram imploring him to come to her—or when she was on the point of giving her orders for an immediate return to England. But pride and principle alike restrained her. She had taken her own course, she had made up her mind deliberately, after long thought and many prayers. She could not tread the backward path, the primrose path of sin. She could but pray for greater strength, for loftier purpose, for the grand power of self-forgetfulness which makes for heaven.

Christmas came and found her in this frame of mind. There were very few tourists now, and the long corridors had a sepulchral air, the snowy mountain tops were blotted out by mist and rain. For Pamela Christmastide had been a season of much gaiety hitherto—a season of new frocks and many dances, hunting and hunt balls, and the change was a severe test of that young lady's temper. She came through the ordeal admirably, never forgot that she had promised her uncle to be his wife's faithful companion, and amused herself as best she could with Italian music and desultory studies. She read Mr. Sinnett's books, studied Bohn's edition of Plato's dialogues, addled her youthful brain with various theories of a far-reaching kind, and fancied herself decidedly mediumistic. That word mediumistic possessed a peculiar fascination for her. She had looked at César Castellani's eye-balls, which were markedly spherical—seemed as it were reflecting surfaces for the spirit world unseen by the commonalty, a sure indication of the mediumistic temperament. She had seen other signs, and now in this romantic solitude, sauntering by the lake in the misty winter air, just before sundown, she fancied herself almost in communion with that absent genius. Distance could not

separate two people when both were eminently mediumistic.

"I believe he is thinking of me at this very moment," she said to herself one afternoon at the end of the year, "and I have a kind of feeling that I shall see him—bodily—very soon."

She forgot to reckon with herself that this kind of feeling could count for very little, since she had experienced it in greater or less degree ever since she had left Brighton. In almost every excursion she had beguiled herself with some pleasant day-dream. Castellani would appear in the most unlooked for manner at the resting place where they were to lunch. He would have followed them from England at his leisure, and would come upon them unannounced, pleased to startle her by his sudden apparition. In absence she had recalled so many tender speeches, so many veiled hints of love; and she had taught herself to believe that he really cared for her, and had but been withheld from a declaration by a noble dignity which would not stoop to woo a woman richer than himself.

"He is poor and proud," she thought.

Poor and proud. How sweet the alliteration sounded.

She had thought of him so incessantly that it was hardly a coincidence, and yet it seemed to her a miracle when his voice sounded behind her in the midst of her reverie.

"You ought not to be out of doors, Miss Ransome, when the sun is so nearly down."

She turned and faced him, pale first with infinite pleasure, and then rosy to the roots of her flaxen hair.

"When did you come?" she asked eagerly. "Have you been long in Italy?"

"I only came through the St. Gothard last night, and came straight here. I have not seen Mrs. Greswold yet. She is well, I hope."

"She is not over well. She frets dreadfully, I am afraid. It is so sad that she and uncle George should be living apart, and nobody but themselves knows why. They were the most perfect couple."

"Mrs. Greswold is a perfect woman."

"And Uncle George has the finest character. His first marriage was unhappy, I believe; nobody ever talked about it. I think it was only just known in the family that he had married in Italy when he was a young man, and that his wife had died within a year. It was supposed that she could not have been nice, since nobody knew anything about her."

"Rather hard upon the dead lady to be condemned by her husband's silence. Will you take me to your aunt?"

"With pleasure. I think she ought to be charmed to see you, for we lead the most solitary existence here. My aunt has set her face against knowing anybody, in the hotel or out of it. And there have been some really charming people staying here, people one would go out of one's way to know. Have you come here for your health?"

"For my pleasure only. I was sick to death of England and of cities. I longed to steep myself in the infinite and beautiful. Those indigo shadows upon the mountain yonder—with that bold splash of orange shining through the gorge—are worth the journey, were there no more than that; and when the wintry stars glass themselves in the lake by-and-bye, ah, then one knows what it is to be the living, acting element in a world of beauty. And to think that there are men and women in London grop-

ing about in the fog, and fancying themselves alive."

"Oh, but there are compensations—theatres, concerts, dances."

"Miss Ransome, I fear you are a Philistine."

"Oh, no, no; I adore nature. I should like to be above those common earthly pleasures—to journey from star to star along the planetary chain, rising at each transition to a higher level, until I came to the spirit world, where—This is the hotel, and we are on the second floor. Would you like the lift?"

"I never walk when I can be carried."

"Then we will go up in the lift. I used to think it rather good fun at first," said Pamela with a sigh, remembering how soon the rapture of the ascent had begun to pall.

Mildred received the unexpected visitor with marked coldness; but it was not easy to remain persistently cold while Pamela was so warm. Mr. Castellani was one of those provoking people who refuse too see when they are unwelcome. He was full of talk, gay, bright, and varied. He had all the social events of the past three months to talk about. Society had witnessed the most extraordinary changes—marriages—sudden deaths—everything unlooked for. There had been scandals too, but these he touched upon lightly, and with a deprecating air, professing himself so sorry for everybody.

Mildred allowed him to talk, and was, perhaps, a little more cordial when he took his leave than she had been when he came. He had prevented her from thinking her own thoughts for the space of an hour, and that was something for which to be grateful. He had come there in pursuit of Pamela, no doubt. He could have no other reason. He had been playing his own game, holding back in order to be the more gladly accepted when he should declare himself. It was thus Mildred reasoned with herself; and yet there had been looks and tones which it was difficult for her to forget.

"He is by profession a lady-killer," she argued; "no doubt he treats all women in the same way. He cannot help trying to fascinate them, and there are women like Cecilia Tomkison who like to have sentimental speeches made to them."

She persuaded herself that the looks and tones which had offended meant very little. For Pamela's sake she would like to think well of him.

"You have told me about a great many people," she said, as he was leaving them, "but you have told me nothing about my husband. Did you hear if he was still at Enderby—and well?"

"He was still at Enderby up to the end of November, and I believe he was well. I spent three days at Riverdale, and I heard of him from Mrs. Hillersdon."

Mildred asked no further question, nor did she invite Mr. Castellani to repeat his visit. Happily for his own success in life he was not the kind of person to wait for invitations.

"I am staying in the hotel," he said. "I hope I may drop in sometimes—to-morrow even? Miss Ransome is good enough to say she would like to sing some duets with me."

"Miss Ransome knows I have not been receiving any visitors," Mildred answered with a touch of reproachfulness.

"Oh, but Mr. Castellani is an old friend. The people you avoided were strangers," said Pamela eagerly.

Mildred made no further protest. Few men

would have accepted a permission so grudgingly given; but Castellani stopped at no obstacle when he had a serious purpose to serve; and, in this case, his purpose was very serious, for life or death, he told himself.

He came next day, and the day after that, and every day for four or five weeks, till the first flush of precocious spring lent beauty to the landscape and softness to the sky.

Mildred submitted to his visits as an inevitable consequence of Pamela's folly; submitted, and by-and-bye fell into the habit of being amused by Mr. Castellani; interested in his talk of men and women, and of books, of which he seemed to have read all of any mark that had ever been written. She allowed herself to be interested; she allowed herself to be soothed by his music; she let him become an influence in her life, unawares, caught by a subtlety that had never been surpassed by anybody of lesser gifts than Satan; but never for one moment of her life did this presumptuous wooer beguile her into a thought that wronged her absent husband. Her intellect acknowledged the tempter's intellectual sway, but her heart knew no wavering.

(To be continued.)

FATHER.

DOES anyone care aught for father?

Does anyone think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders
The cares of the family come?
The father who strives for your comfort,
And toils on from day to day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
And his dark locks are turning to gray.

Does anyone think of the house bills
He's called upon daily to pay?
Clothes bills, school bills, bread bills,
There are some kinds of bills every day.
Like a patient horse in a treadmill
He works on from morn until night;
Does anyone think he is tired,
Does anyone make his home bright.

Is it right, just because he looks troubled,
To say "He's as cross as a bear?"
Kind words, little actions of kindness,
Might banish his burden of care.
'Tis for you he is ever so anxious,
He will toil for you while he may live:
In return he will only ask kindness,
And such pay is easy to give.

The bad fortune of the good turns their faces up to heaven, and the good fortune of the bad bows their heads down to the earth.

Fear is a bad habit often formed in childhood and continued in a chronic form during life. It is cured only or mainly by its opposite—courage.

This is the law of benefits between men: The one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other never to forget what he has received.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

The future welfare and happiness of a boy depend on the surroundings of his youth. When he arrives at that period in his life when he is obliged to choose some profession or line of business to follow, it is important that he should take no false step; and, if he has cultivated a taste for any particular branch, the choice of a profession or business will be made more easy.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 17th April, 1888.

Money ruled firmer last week, owing to the Settlement, and the three months' bills are quoted, $1\frac{1}{8}$ – $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Consols are $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lower on the week and are now $100\frac{3}{4}$ to 101. New $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cents., $99\frac{3}{4}$ – $\frac{7}{8}$. Two-and-a-half per cents., $96\frac{1}{2}$. And India Three Per Cents., $99\frac{1}{4}$.

English Rails have been a firm market, and in some cases, an advance has been established, but for the moment we should prefer to wait and see the course of events on the Continent before giving any advice as to purchasing. Since we wrote last week, events have not tended to improve our Markets, or inspire confidence. Boulanger is again to the front, and the latest reports as to the Emperor of Germany's health are anything but satisfactory. Brighton A have been at $118\frac{1}{2}$, but are now no better than $117\frac{3}{4}$. Dover A, $102\frac{3}{4}$. Chatham, $20\frac{3}{4}$. Great Easterns, $66\frac{3}{4}$. Caledonian, $102\frac{1}{4}$. North British, $106\frac{3}{4}$. Hull and Barnsley, $33\frac{1}{2}$.

Foreign Stocks have not maintained their advance, and the reason is not difficult to explain. As advised last week, we told our readers to take quick profits when dealing in this Market; and we still think that they are best left alone just now. There will be a very good chance of getting in at lower prices than what are now ruling. Unified are quoted at $80\frac{1}{2}$. Greek, $72\frac{3}{4}$. Spanish (which we said should be sold at $68\frac{1}{2}$) are now $67\frac{1}{2}$ (and have been lower still). Russian of 1873, $93\frac{3}{8}$. Mexican $36\frac{5}{8}$ (New 6% Loan) 5 premium. Perus, 17. Portuguese, $59\frac{3}{8}$.

Americans remained dull for the greater part of the week, but closed firmer. They are still at the mercy of Wall Street speculators, who must find it a profitable game to drop them the moment London is a buyer. We cannot think that this sort of thing can last for ever, and are still of opinion that this Market is going better generally. Eries are quoted 25. Lake Shore, $91\frac{1}{4}$. Milwaukee, $72\frac{1}{4}$. Readings, $29\frac{3}{4}$. Louisville, $55\frac{5}{8}$. Ontarios, $16\frac{5}{8}$. Norfolk and Western Preference, $47\frac{1}{4}$. Pennsylvania, $56\frac{1}{4}$.

Mines.—The gamble in the Diamond Market continues, and our readers will do well to stand still and watch the fun. De Beers went down with a run from 44 to 38, and to-day are back again to about 43, but four or five pounds a day either way is nothing for this manipulated stock. Cape Coppers, firm and still advancing, are now quoted at 75. Rio Tinto, $19\frac{1}{4}$. Violas, $1\frac{1}{2}$. Mysore, $3\frac{3}{8}$. Tocopilla, 5/-. Consolidated Esmeralda, 9/- (New Emma Shares have advanced suddenly from $4\frac{1}{6}$ to $7\frac{1}{6}$, and are reported to be going better. The shares are £1, with $16\frac{1}{6}$ paid up).

Miscellaneous Market is inactive, and with hardly any change to report. Aerated Bread, $5\frac{1}{4}$. Hotchkiss, $15\frac{3}{8}$. Suez Canal, $84\frac{1}{4}$. Bryant & May, $13\frac{1}{4}$. Hudson's Bay, 21.

The traffic receipts of the Suez Canal on Friday last amounted to 210,000 francs, against 200,000 for the corresponding day of last year.

The premium on Gold at Buenos Ayres (which practically regulates the Market for Cédulas) after falling from 50 per cent. to under 45, is now quoted firmer at 45.50.

Messrs. Morton Rose and Co., offer for public subscription £346,000, seven per cent. Permanent Debenture Stock of the Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso Transandine Railway Company, (being part of a maximum amount of £691,000). This Debenture Stock is a first charge upon the Railway and also upon the Argentine Government's Guarantee of Interest for 20 years. The ordinary Share Capital of the company is £500,000, which has been already issued, and on which 50 per cent. has been paid up. The issue price is £125 per £100 Stock.

Mr. Goschen's Conversion scheme has met with more success than even he himself expected. The total number of assents up to Wednesday last, amounted to nearly 450 millions, leaving only something like 90 millions to be dealt with.

Telephone Shares continue to be bought, and if we are not very much mistaken, will go much better.

We were not very far wrong in our predictions of last week, both in the Foreign and American Markets. Just now we would enjoin great caution in dealing, in fact it might be safer to do nothing until more reliable reports are to hand as to the real state of the Emperor's health.

Americans for the moment look firm; and were it not for Foreign complications we should have a strong fancy for them. Norfolk and Western Preference "still" firm, and better since we drew attention to them. They have risen from 44 to $47\frac{1}{4}$, but will eventually go 10 points better.

Ontarios a very firm market as things go, and no harm can be done by holding this Stock.

The following is taken from the *New York Herald*, which is not afraid to speak out very plainly upon the methods used by Jay Gould to enrich himself at the expense of others. After expressing a wish that justice may yet overtake him, it goes on to say, that "The war upon Gould becomes a public duty in this, that no business system, no social system in fact, can endure where the career of such a monster is possible. Monster is a terrible word, and reads as if written in anger. But what other word so cold, so impressive, so true? It is a monstrous thing to buy judges; to pollute justice by degrading it to dishonest gains; to lead venal creatures on the bench into crimes which result in their impeachment; to purchase legislators, and boast that it was done without regard to politics; to aim even to control the Supreme Court; to dictate nominations to the presidency, and deal with the majestic franchises of a nation as though they were the watered shares of one of his swindling railways; to be the ally, and in time the successful unpunished partner of the infamous Tweed; to subsidise newspapers, wreck railways and carry off as plunder the invested savings of widows and orphans; to lead a long career of crime succeeding crime, tolerated alone because of its success. All these things Jay Gould has done. Because he has done them he stands condemned as a monster

to the highest vengeance of civilisation, the contempt and scorn of mankind. What other punishment will follow, as followed in the case of Tweed—imprisonment, restitution, flight, exile, bankruptcy—will depend upon the re-awakened sense of public duty on the part of those who administer the laws.

Gouldism is the most powerful alliance of crime, cunning, and wealth that ever combined to prey upon society and destroy a commonwealth. We do not war upon a man so much as upon a system. War is no pleasure to the *Herald*. For Jay Gould we have no unkindness. But we must either stand by and assent to this man's crimes, condone them by silence, and thus violate the solemn duty of an independent journal to the public, or expose them to public condemnation and bring their author to the punishment of the law. Nor is the war hopeless. A man like Gould only succeeds through the apathy and ignorance of the people. Be it our duty to arouse the people from this apathy and remove their ignorance. When it is known that whatever business interest this man touches becomes criminal, that his presence in a board of management means robbery, that his calling in Wall-street is as well known as the calling of the burglars under the surveillance of Inspector Byrnes, that to be associated with him in business is presumptive evidence of engaging in criminal acts, with criminal knowledge and intent—when this is thoroughly understood the taint will be upon Jay Gould, as it was upon one stricken by the plague in the olden days, and the people will pass him by with shuddering lips and downcast eyes as one whose touch means death."

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P.—We generally give the weekly return of the mine you refer to. Esmeralda Consolidated are regularly quoted on the Stock Exchange. You will also see the prices in the *Evening Standard* and *Financial News*. The *Money Market Review* will answer your requirements, and the *Financier* will be found very useful.

CAUTION.—We have given our advice on this matter previously.

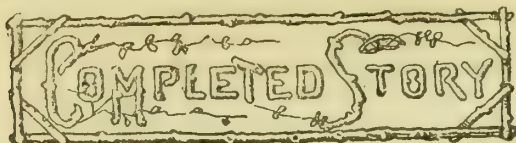
A. L.—They were under 45 when we recommended them, and cannot advise them at present price.

ENQUIRER.—We should prefer to reply to your enquiry by letter. Send in a stamped and directed envelope.

J. F.—You can sell at present prices, or be paid off at par (unless you give your consent to the Conversion Scheme).

SPECULATOR.—The price you name is quite nominal. There is nothing doing in these Shares at present.

Let us be careful only of the quality of our work—that it be thorough, genuine, simple-hearted, the best that is in us, the best that can come out of us. And above all, let us leave success to God, who is a just task-master.



NETTA'S MISTAKE.

IT was a lovely autumn evening, some twenty years ago, when Janetta Dwyer gathered her dainty skirts about her to ascend a stile leading from one field to another, on the sunny slopes of Dalkey. A young man hastening from the opposite direction appeared on the scene, as she reached the top.

"Just in time, Netta," said he, raising his cap. "I am off for a row on the bay, and want you to come with me. Now don't say no," as he saw her gently shake her head.

The girl looked at her watch, then across the silvery surface of the water in which the azure of a cloudless sky was brilliantly reflected. What was she to do? To accept the invitation, was to yield a point she dearly liked to guard; yet, the temptation was strong, for boating was her favourite pastime. "It is rather late, and I wanted to read my book," glancing at the volume she held. "However," with an arch little smile, "I can enjoy that quite as well on the water, and the afternoon is such a delicious one, that I think I will come, just for an hour or two," she answered slowly. "But I must return and tell mother before we start."

"Thanks, Netta," said the young man, "I will accompany you to assure Mrs. Dwyer of your safe return in good time for dinner," and springing over the stile, he walked with her to her home.

Half-an-hour later, a well-built little boat was gracefully skimming the water, propelled by a pair of strong arms, while Netta's white hands held the tiller.

Philip Knowles and Janetta Dwyer were engaged to be married, at least, so people generally understood them to be, but, saucy Netta could neither be brought to acknowledge the engagement, nor to accord the young man the slightest hope of its fulfilment. On his side there was a deep and unwavering attachment, ever since, as a big boy (for he was eight years her senior), he had been her attentive cavalier, guiding her over cliff and hill in many a summer ramble. When a child, Netta had been very fond of her boy friend, but as her footsteps crossed the mysterious threshold that leads into early womanhood, she became coy and reserved, keeping him at a dignified distance, and ignoring the rumour that circulated freely in the circle of both their families, that they were early promised to each other.

Philip was now twenty-six, and Netta eighteen. She was an heiress in her own right, for her grandmother, passing over two elder girls and a boy, had bequeathed her entire fortune to the little dark-eyed Netta—grandma's special favorite. This knowledge was kept from Netta until she was about sixteen, lest it should spoil her—her father had said—and now that she was aware of the fact, the young lady did not seem at all elated by it.

"I wish Grandma had left her money to you, Myra," she said to her elder sister one day, in the morning room, as they were talking over the recent revelation. "Or, better still, to papa, then we could all have shared the benefit, and I should not have to bear the burden."

"You are a strange girl, Netta," replied her

sister, "very few people would be inclined to call forty-thousand pounds a 'burden.' It would be a very acceptable one, at least, to many, but you are not like anybody else, you have such singular ideas."

"I could never be led to prize money more than happiness," said Netta, "and if being an heiress spoils one's peace of mind, I for one, do not value the position."

"It is a pity you were elected for it," said Myra. "Is Philip Knowles included as one of the peace-destroying elements? Most girls would be proud to accept him as a husband."

A smile, half scornful, half tearful, and wholly defiant, passed over Janetta's face as she rose to leave the room, saying: "We will not discuss him, Myra. I must go and pay my morning visit to poor old Mrs. Taylor; a peep into her neat little white-washed cottage will be a refreshing change from the overwhelming honours you have regaled me with," and Netta passed out with a strangely troubled look on her face.

"I cannot make her out, she is a perfect enigma to me," said Myra to herself, when her sister left the room. "I thought she would have been pleased with my news."

Netta's decided avoidance of her childhood companion became apparent to all, and to none more so than Philip himself. He was greatly pained, and sought many opportunities to win back the sunny smiles that she seemed now to distribute to all but him.

It was truly a red-letter-day in his existence, on which we have introduced them to the reader. When had Netta conceded so much before? Two whole hours alone by themselves on the water! "I will tell her all that is in my heart now," thought the young man, "and she must hear me. Then I shall know what has changed her."

The sunshine seemed to have shared its brightness with the young girl on this particular afternoon. She was her old, merry self once again, and apparently forgot the disturbing thoughts that had hitherto prevented her enjoyment of Philip's society.

"How delightful," she exclaimed, as her fingers toyed with the silken cords, "I should like to shut my eyes and sail on for ever, forgetting the nasty, troublesome world, where everything is at sixes and sevens."

"It should not be a nasty, troublesome world to you, Netta," Philip answered, "your lot has been cast in very pleasant places; you are a favoured individual."

"Am I," questioned the young lady, a little bitterly, "Then I wish fortune had conferred her favours on one who could appreciate them. In my opinion poor people lead much happier lives than the rich."

"That all depends on the use you make of riches," said the young man gravely. "It may be turned into a great blessing or the reverse; wealth is a God-given power to those who hold it rightly."

"Mercenary," said Netta to herself, and the hot blood rose to her neck and face, while the suspicion of a tear gathered in her eye, at this, to her, painful confirmation of her worst fears.

"It is time to turn back," she exclaimed, quite petulantly, but Philip only smiled, as drawing in the oars, he came and sat beside her. "There's just breeze enough to carry us gently along," said he, opening a large umbrella which he had lying in the boat; "And now, Netta, if you will listen to me, I have something very important to say." Then, before the girl could object

to these mildly authoritative proceedings, he had begun to tell her of his love, and asked her to be his wife—"Give me but a hope, Netta, darling," he said, as he noticed, with pain, the impatient twitch of the shoulders away from him. "Do not tell me I am shut out from your love. I will wait, aye, for years, if you bid me, only let me call you mine at last."

A tell-tale blush suffused the girl's cheek, and a tremor was in her lips that might have told Philip Knowles all he longed to know, had he only seen it, but the head was averted, and not until Netta had fully regained her self-possession did she turn, to say with sarcastic bitterness—"It is but a mockery to ask for what has been given you long ago, I can hardly be regarded as a free agent, my consent is immaterial until the time chosen by my father, and then I can but bow to his wishes."

"Never!" exclaimed the young man, "I am sorry that you have ever heard anything about that promise, but unless I win your heart, Netta, I shall not claim your hand," then—in a softened tone—"You will believe me, darling, when I say—" but the sentence was not finished, for catching his hand in nervous terror, Netta cried out—"Oh! Philip where are we?" She had just become conscious of the gloom that had replaced the glowing brightness of the afternoon for the dull gray sunset that had followed the cloudless day was fast merging into night, and as far as eye could reach, nought but the blue waters could be seen.

Sadly blaming himself for his want of vigilance, Philip seized the oars, turned the boat's head and pulled vigorously against the fast-ebbing tide, hoping to come within sight of the coast line ere the twilight had faded—but the hope was futile; they had drifted too far.

"It is hardly safe to row on," said he, regretfully slackening his efforts; "we might be moving in the wrong direction and find ourselves farther off than ever. Netta darling, do not give way." As he saw the poor girl bury her face in her hands, with a shudder, as if trying to shut out the appalling prospect of a whole night in an open boat on the sea. "It may not be so bad as we fear," he continued; "Some fishing-boat or returning yacht may pick us up, and, in any case, when the tide flows we shall be carried landwards again." Thus Philip tried to soothe her; but Netta had her own terrifying thoughts to battle against.

"What will they say at home?" she asked, "Mother will be so frightened, she will think we are lost—Oh I wish we had not come out at all; and something very like a sob escaped her. In another moment the oars were lying in the boat, and her hands were held in a firm but tender clasp. "Netta, trust me," the young man's voice trembled with emotion; "I will do my best to repair the mischief I have done by my carelessness, not a shadow of blame shall rest on you. See, darling, taking up a warm shawl, which she had the forethought to bring with her. "I will wrap this around you, and make as comfortable a bed as I can with the cushions, for you to lie and rest on. Think no more of danger, God will take care of us and bring us safely back, but you must be brave, my Netta, for many hours may pass before we can hope for a change."

The night wore on, and in that lonely death-like isolation Janetta Dwyer learned more of the true character, the noble self-forgetfulness of Philip Knowles than under other circumstances, she might have learned in a lifetime.

Wrapped in her warm shawl with his coat for a pillow, the girl watched the upright form, dimly distinct, in the gray shadowy light, and her heart recognised the great true love that lulled her fears, and gave her a sense of security in the midst of unknown dangers.

"Hark," she said, starting up after about an hour's perfect silence, in which Philip thought she was asleep. "I hear a sound, do you?"

Philip was intently listening—"Yes," said he, "It must be the Mail Packet from Holyhead. Now we shall find our course, by following the track of the Steamer, she will bring us safely into the harbour."

The silvery streak of morning dawn was just appearing above the eastern horizon, and soon revealed against the brightening sky a dark object became visible. The plash of the mighty paddles broke distinctly on their ears, then with a glad heart Philip once more put his strength to the oars and rowed away from the approaching steamer and the light.

They gave her a wide berth as she passed, but the friendly line of foam formed an unerring guide. It was a long and wearisome pull; but with the now flowing tide in their favour the harbour was reached at last, and the little boat safely landed.

One bright morning in the early spring, a gentleman and lady stood together on the poop of the Mail Packet, as she steamed majestically out of Kingstown harbour, watching the swell as it whirled and rolled in their rear, forming a road-way of foam across the softly-swelling waves.

"Philip," said the lady, "we will gaze on the blue waters of the Mediterranean and sail through the crystal streets of Venice, but what can compare with the loveliness of our own dear bay?"

"Nothing," said he, smiling fondly into the upturned face—"No southern views are likely to obliterate the memory of the place where we had such a trying but happy experience. It will always be the prettiest spot in the world to me, Netta—for there I first learned that you loved me though you tried to hide it, even when those tell-tale eyes were watching me with such patient trust."

"But you have never told me," he continued, "what your reason was for refusing to listen to my love, or to give me any hope of having you for my wife. Tell me now, Netta dear, I am curious to know."

"It was because I believed you valued my money, not myself," said the young wife, shamefacedly; "I wronged you Philip, basely wronged you, but Myra is answerable for the misconception."

"Your sister Myra? How is that darling," returned her husband.

"She told me," continued Netta, "that our father was under some obligation to yours, and that your marriage with me was a compact made to clear off that obligation when it was found that I inherited my grandmother's fortune."

"And you believed that silly story," said Philip, "Why, Myra must have listened to some idle gossip, for she like yourself, was kept in ignorance of the real facts. But I will tell you all now my love, and you shall judge for yourself, which I desired most—the paltry thousands or my little wife."

"Your grandmother and my grandfather," he went on to say, "were lovers in their youth. She jilted him, however, for your grandfather, who was a wealthy man, but her conscience

reproached her so much that she sought to make reparation for the wrong, by befriending the family of her old lover. To her generosity my father owes the splendid education that has enabled him to rise to the high position he now occupies. So you see the obligation is the other way, dear. Not content with this demonstration of her good will, the whimsical old lady in her later years, devised a plan for enriching her favourite grandchild, and Arthur Knowles' grandson, in a manner most gratifying to her feelings. It ran thus:—To you she bequeathed all her property subject to one condition, namely, your marriage with me—failing this, the money was to be equally divided between us, each getting twenty thousand pounds. You were such a child Netta, when the old lady died, that no one dreamed of bringing you in to hear the will read. Many wondered why Mr. McIntyre, her lawyer, insisted on my being present, and when the contents were made known, I remember feeling heartily ashamed of my position. Your father spoke very kindly to me about it afterwards, and promised his hearty concurrence should we both be inclined to fulfil the conditions of the will. I begged and obtained a promise from him that you should be kept in ignorance of these conditions, but the report of our pre-arranged union got circulation from some other source, and was nearly proving fatal to our happiness."

Netta looked up, as her husband ceased speaking, with a tearful but radiantly happy gaze into his honest manly face—"And so," she said, "while I was mentally accusing you of the most mercenary motives, you were actually forfeiting twenty thousand pounds for my sake"—then passing her hand through Philip's arm, Netta drew him closer to the bulwarks to take one more long, loving look at the wide expanse on which she had drifted out of all her difficulties, and learned the worth of a true and loyal heart.

DORA DESMOND.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN,—The Lord Mayor, on a recent occasion, lamented that it had become the fashion to abuse the Corporation. It is a fashion we deplore. It shows a diseased condition of the public mind. The Corporation should be above criticism; their actions should never be questioned.

You are, for most practical purposes, the local parliament of this city. We regret that the Press should devote whole pages to the vapid speeches of the House of Commons, which have in general only an indirect interest for the citizens of Dublin; and restrict the reports of your meetings, which more directly concern us, to a few frugal paragraphs.

Gentlemen, under your fostering care the mortality of Dublin steadily heads the list of most other European cities. It is something to be in the first rank, even in the matter of the death-rate. Other cities endeavour to lower their mortality by every resource known to sanitary science. This, you acutely conceive, is a thriftless policy. The money which would have to be expended on the purification of the Liffey, you can add to the Lord Mayor's salary. In fifty years this salary, exclusive of interest, amounts to £150,000, a sum which might pos-

sibly go some distance towards solving the Liffey problem. But to deprive the Lord Mayor of a salary would be to sink Dublin to the level of a provincial town like Belfast. This would be too degraded a descent to admit of discussion. A metropolis must be distinguished over provincial cities by the pomp and splendour of its Mayoralty.

If we eliminate the ermine robes, the three thousand salary, and the glittering gold coach, we become a mere community of everyday citizens, bereft of all taste for the spectacular sublime.

We understand from a recent revelation that the Corporation are obstructed in their street-paving by the deliberate wilfulness of the Gas Company. Gentlemen, you must submit to the Gas Company. It is politic; it is economical. By surrendering to the Gas Company you are conscientiously relieved from the necessity of spending money on drainage and paving. You can always silence malcontents in this manner: you have no control over the Gas Company, *ergo*, you have no control over the streets.

There may possibly be some among you who hold gas shares: it is obviously wiser for such shareholders to favour a company which pays dividends in preference to a Corporation which pays none. The Lord Mayor possesses some wild notions as to the superiority of the electric light. Gentlemen, he is young and ardent, and liable to conceive the fantastic notion that a Lord Mayor should be of use to the public. Bring your influence to bear upon him in private. Demonstrate to him the folly of making enemies of his colleagues for the sake of the general public. If he remains obdurate, threaten to confine his Mayoralty to one year, and he will probably see the necessity of secreting his private convictions from public view. The adoption of the electric light means the placing of the Irish metropolis on the same footing as English towns: in other words, the base surrender of the prerogative of national insularity.

Gentlemen, we congratulate you upon the foresight with which you refused to take advantage of the offer of the landlord of Queen's Square who desired to hand over to you the interest in his lease for a nominal sum. To turn this desolate tract into a pleasure ground for the children of the poor, would be to rear them in the habit of idle recreation unbefitting the future of those who have to live by labour. No man can set a limit to the audacity of the artisan class once they are encouraged with the privileges of their social superiors. The children of the poor cannot learn too soon that they were born to work: play and fresh air are the exclusive monopoly of the children of aldermen and councillors. Nay more, the Rev. Dr. Malthus demonstrated, that the poverty of a country is traceable to over-population. What, therefore, can be more philanthropic and more logical than to surround the poor with everything calculated to increase the mortality of their too numerous progeny? Any other treatment would be a culpable neglect of the welfare of the general community, tending to recruit the ranks of pauperism with a surplus of beings for whom there is neither food nor work. It is, then, your duty as fathers, not only of the city, but of well-to-do families, to encourage the overcrowding of tenement houses, and severely restrict the area of public playgrounds.

Nor should the laudable alacrity with which you postpone "the consideration of the report of the Artisans' Dwellings Committee" be over-

looked. There must be no haste in this matter. Already the tenants begin to murmur at the rise of rental, and to think that, because similar houses are obtainable in Belfast for three shillings per week, they should not have to pay eight shillings in Dublin: as if the privilege of living under the paternal government of the Dublin Corporation was not cheap for the extra five shillings.

The Postponement Policy, in fact, is one which you exercise with consummate skill. Several weeks ago, on account of the death of a colleague, you did not hesitate to postpone the entire public business for a week. Without doubt, you extended a similar pathetic sensitiveness to your private employments—you closed your public houses, and shut up your timber yards. Such is the invariable custom in all great public departments. For instance, when an official of the General Post Office dies, all his colleagues are sent to mourn for a week at home, and the ordinary routine of delivery and postage of mails suspended.

We trust you will always assume this attitude towards the public time; and never allow the affairs of the community to triumph over your private sentiments.

I am, Gentlemen,
With profound respect,
E. MCN.



"SIZES" IN WEARING APPAREL.

IT is astonishing to observe how few people understand the common rules of measurement in purchasing wearing apparel. For instance, a man will buy a coat that is a "size" too small or too large. A "size" smaller or a "size" larger is what he probably needs, but he does not know what a "size" is. Well, a "size" in a coat is an inch, a size in underclothing is two inches, in a shirt half an inch, in shoes one-sixth of an inch, pants one inch, gloves one-fourth of an inch, and in hats one-eighth of an inch. Very few purchasers ever understand the schedule named.

YOUNG GIRLS' LOVE.

A YOUNG woman's knowledge of the ways of the world is—in the absence of proper training—generally small, and often largely tintured with the false sentiment so commonly taught by novels—a kind of reading which, too much indulged in, rarely fails, in a girl of nervous temperament, to occasion over-stimulation of the emotional feelings. With such a one, love—often fixed on an unworthy object—becomes an exaltation, blinding her to all impediments and measures of prudence. So marriage is entered upon without befitting consideration. Reaction surely follows. The romantic dreams previously indulged in fade away with the dawn of the bare realities of life. Love disappears, leaving behind chronic unhappiness. Let not any young woman encourage the idea that love will prove all in all to ensure happiness in married life. It is but one of the adjuncts. And she will act wisely who, before bestowing her hand "for better or worse," looks to secure additional reasonable guarantees for connubial bliss.

HOW THE EMPEROR FREDERICK LIVES.

THE Emperor's life now is very simple and regular, says the Berlin Correspondent of the *Standard*. On rising at about half-past seven o'clock he drinks a cup of peptonised chocolate, recommended by Professor Lexden. Two hours later he breakfasts, chiefly on fish, poultry, and sometimes cavier, to which he is rather partial. His hour for dining will appear primitively early. It is one o'clock. Dinner consists of soup, fish, and a joint, with always one sweet dish. At four His Majesty drinks a cup of coffee, taking it, when the weather is fine, in the Rotunda of the Orangery. Supper is served at eight o'clock, and consists generally of meat or poultry. The Emperor drinks very little wine. On the other hand, he drinks a good deal of milk, sometimes qualified with a little whisky. His Majesty also drinks a mineral water, which is brought fresh daily from the watering-place of Hall in Upper Austria, and which is said to exercise a very beneficial influence on his health. After two or three experiments with massage, that treatment has been given up for the present, as it seemed to fatigue his Majesty too much.

THE MANUFACTURE OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

THE contract of Messrs. de la Rue for the supply of stamps amounts to £100,000 a year. It is said that the profitable nature of the contract—for it is known to be profitable—is due to important discoveries in chemical and mechanical science, following immediately after the contract was concluded. The firm not only supply the Government, but have a practical monopoly of the stamp contracts of nearly all the Colonial Governments. The machinery and stamp paper are locked up under double and triple keys, and are nightly guarded jointly by the representatives of the Government and the contractors, until the machinery is set in motion the next day.



WE presume tailors are generally successful in love affairs—They know so well how to *press a suit*.

ON the marriage of Miss Wheat it was hoped that her path would be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed.

AT a recent fire some one sent a telegram to the owner, who was away, saying: "Premises on fire; what shall we do?" The answer came prompt:—"Put it out!"

ISAAC: I wants to write my name upon your heart, Rebecca, but it vash so hard ash glass.—Rebecca: "Vy don't you try, Isaac, to write your name on my heart wid a five-hundret dollar diamond ring, eh?"

FLOOR-WALKER (pigeon-toed)—"Walk this way, madame." Customer (Irish woman)—"Walk that way, is it? arrah, be off wid yez, now, shure me fate would trow me down, ef I tried it."

"ARE you superstitious?" "Not very. Why?" "Do you believe it is a sign of death when a dog howls under your window at night?" "Yes, if I can get my gun before the dog gets away."

"WHY is it, Clara, that you never play with little Fanny Smith?" Clara—"What is the use of cultivating the society of girls who have no marriageable brothers? It is just time thrown away."

My dear," said a wife to her husband, as she was looking over the newspaper, "what are *preferred* creditors?" They are the—the—the creditors who never send in their bills. Leastways, that's the kind that I prefer."

VERY shortly after the death of his first wife a Scotch laird made arrangements for a second marriage, and on asking his son to be present on the occasion, the latter replied, "he regretted he was unable to attend, in consequence of the recent death of his mother."

THE quarrel between the newly-wedded couple was working up into a regular row, when he said: "When you begin to talk nonsense I hold my tongue."—But it was too bad of her to say: "If I were guided by the same rule with regard to you I should never speak at all." Then the battle began again.

SCALED!—A leading minister of New York was preaching from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." He was very much annoyed by people leaving the church during his sermon, and finally stopped and said, "That's right brethren—as fast as you are weighed pass out!" The exodus stopped.

HOSTESS to young Mr. Sissy—"You will kindly favor us with some music, will you not, Mr. Sissy?" Young Mr. Sissy—"Well—aw, I'm not quite my usual self to-night, Mrs. Hobson; but I will—aw, sing a little if you like." Hostess (graciously)—"O, thanks, you are so kind. Even a little of your singing, Mr. Sissy, goes a great way, you know."

HE PROVED HIS LOVE.—Irate Father—"You remember you wanted to marry that book-keeper of mine about a year ago?" Daughter—"Yes, father." "A pretty sort of man you picked out. He has decamped with my whole fortune." "You remember, father, that you told him he could not have me until he got rich, don't you?" "Of course, the young—" "I have just received a letter from him from Spain saying that he is rich now, but is perfectly willing to marry a poor man's daughter."

A LITTLE Frenchman rushed into his watch-maker's on a hot day and impetuously said: "Ah, mon cher M. Fergusonne, why you have no feex my watch?" "What's the matter with it now?" was asked. "Mahter weez 'im? Mahter weez 'im? Mahter weez 'im?" blustered the little fellow. "Do you not remember dzat I am a musique teachair?" "Certainly, Professor." "Vell, dzen, what for you 'ave your repairroor make my watch run sixty minutes in one hour? Shall I stand dze dreadful tortiure of do-ra-mi a full dreadful hour weez heveray pu-pill? Dzat would be trop terreeble in dis wedthair. 'Ave dze kindness to make 'im go an hour in forty-five minutes."

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WEEK ENDING 28th APRIL, 1888.

Her Majesty the Queen, if nothing unforeseen occurs, will return to Windsor Castle at the end of this week.

The Princess of Wales, who has ever retained an affectionate regard for her native land, has appointed Monday, May 14th as the day on which she will open the Anglo-Danish Exhibition in London. All the materials for a typical Danish village are on their way from Copenhagen, and visitors from this country to the Irish Exhibition in June, will be able to compare the Danish village with the Irish one at Olympia.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry, with a brilliant party, attended Punchestown Races this week, and took the keenest interest in the contests for the various events. It will afford satisfaction to everyone in Ireland to know that her Excellency is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and that she derived immense pleasure from her visit to the historic plains of Kildare. For this occasion the toilette worn by the noble lady was specially prepared at Mr. Manning's in Grafton Street, and it goes without saying that it was universally admired.

During the week their Excellencies have been entertaining liberally at the Viceregal Lodge. At the close of the previous week they invited the Bishops and principal clergy who had been engaged in the deliberations of the Synod, and on a later evening they varied their guests by a considerable infusion of the military element. As all-round hosts it is generally admitted that their Excellencies are among the best that have occupied the Viceroyalty for the past fifty years, and, perhaps, the best thing they have done in this way is to be found in the circumstance that the old and exclusive judicial set are not found around the Viceregal mahogany as formerly, thus enabling others long neglected to get an invitation to the noble feasts and other enjoyments provided by the munificence of Lord Londonderry.

The alarming news from Berlin leaves little hope of another prolongation of the Emperor Frederick's life. The only consolation which the friends of the existing *regime* in Germany have in contemplating the crisis which the Emperor's disease has taken, is that he has once before been almost past hope, and yet got the best of his struggle with death. Most men die well, the doctors tell us, but to carry on a prolonged struggle with the King of Terrors, under the circumstances to which the Emperor Frederick so cheerfully submits, is to die as heroically as Socrates died. Since the last scenes in the life of President Garfield, who lay for many weeks in the grasp of death, the civilized world has been moved by nothing more pathetic than the calm heroism of the Imperial patient in the sick chamber at Charlottenburg.

The Duchess of Abercorn is taking the keenest interest in the courts set aside for Irish Industries at the Glasgow Exhibition, and is collecting the best specimens of each kind of woman's work from Donegal, Londonderry, Tyrone, Leitrim, and Fermanagh. Her Grace will go herself to superintend the final arrangements.

She has able coadjutors in Lady Rosse in King's County, Lady O'Neill and the Hon. Anne O'Neill in Down and Antrim, Miss King-Harman for Roscommon, and Mrs. Richard Bagwell for the South of Ireland.

The Duke of Marlborough returns to the United States in June, it is said, to continue his wooing of a young and very wealthy American widow. The Churchill's have a partiality for American ladies.

The Countess of Donoughmore, Lord Suir-dale, and Mr. Lewis and Lady Mary Lloyd have arrived from England at Knocklofty, Clonmel.

The Earl de Montalt and the Ladies Maude are residing at present at Dundrum House, Cashel, but will proceed to London early in May for the season.

We regret to hear that young Lord Louth has been in delicate health during the winter, he is at present residing at Louth Hall.

The Earl of Rosse and the Hon. G. L. Parsons have left Ireland for London.

Lord Fitzgerald completed on the 18th inst. the 50th year since he was called to the bar, having entered the profession on the 18th of April, 1838. He was Solicitor-General and Attorney-General for Ireland, and Justice of the Queen's Bench; in 1882 he was created Lord of Appeal in Ordinary.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Farrell and Miss Power left Merrion Square early last week for Bath, and will probably remain there till the end of May.

An engagement has taken place between an English gentleman and the youthful daughter of a late High-Sheriff.

An engagement has taken place between a gentleman of position and property residing in the North of Ireland and an attractive young lady of the County of Wicklow.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Captain Walter Blake Butler, 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, eldest son of Mr. Nicholas Butler, Walterstown, Co. Clare, and Elizabeth Clara, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Cornelius Creagh, of Dangan, Co. Clare.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Loftus Tottenham, and the Hon. Alice Somerville, will take place at Frant, Sussex, on the 30th inst.

Stella, daughter of Major Dawson, J.P., of Nolanville, Ballymahon, Co. Westmeath, was married on Wednesday last to William Graham, M.D., Superintendent of Armagh County Asylum, in the Presbyterian Church, Emperor's Gate, South Kensington.

Theodore Roberts, Esq., M.A., the second son of the late Junior Fellow of Trinity College, was last week married to Miss Mary Welldon, daughter of the late Rev. E. J. Welldon, at All Saints' Church, Ashbochy, Suffolk.

On Wednesday last week the marriage of the Rev. T. Liddesdale Palmer, A.B., youngest son of the late Ven. Archdeacon Palmer, LL.D., with Miss Agnes Lane, eldest daughter of John B. Lane, Esq., J.P., of 32 Lower Leeson-street and Kilbogget House, Co. Dublin, took place at St. Peter's Church, Dublin. The wedding was a quiet one, only some twenty or so of the immediate relatives and friends receiving invitations. Mr. Lovell supplied the breakfast.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Marion Griffin, only daughter of the late Edward Lysaght Griffin, Esq., of Violet Hill, County Wicklow, with Major Charles Wingfield (2nd Dorsetshire Regiment) second son of the late Captain Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Wingfield, took place on Tuesday last week, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. The bride wore a very rich dress of cream moire, covered with Irish point lace, with ornaments of diamonds and pearls. The bridesmaids, six in number, were attired in pretty dresses of cream-coloured nun's veiling and yellow silk, cream hats, with daffodils and posies of the same, and gold brooches ornamented with a bee, the gift of the bridegroom. The newly-married pair left subsequently for Paris. The bride's travelling dress was composed of chestnut brown cloth, trimmed with Moorish passementerie.

St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, was filled with a large congregation on Thursday last week, to witness the wedding of Mr. Charles B. Balfour (Scots Guards) with the Lady Nena M'Donnell, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Antrim, of Glenaim Castle, Co. Antrim. The bride was attired in a very handsome dress of white satin trimmed with beautiful Brussels lace (her mother's gift); she wore sprays of orange blossom in her hair. Her ornaments included a superb diamond necklace and large diamond star, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids wore pretty dresses of white poul de soie, with full vests of white lesse, the coat bodices being lined with coral pink silk; also drawn pink tulle hats trimmed with pink ribbon and flowers. They carried bouquets of pink azaleas intermixed with ivy and fern. The bride and bridegroom subsequently started for Ashby St. Ledgers in Northamptonshire. The bride's travelling costume was of gray alpaca, trimmed elaborately with steel passementerie, the white velvet vest being also embroidered in steel, gray hat trimmed with white.

The Archbishop of Dublin and Lady Plunket have had a series of "At Homes." The clergy

of Dublin and their wives were fully represented, and on two occasions they were honoured by the company of her Excellency Marchioness of Londonderry and their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Weimar.

Lady Edward Guinness gave a dance on Thursday night at her residence, Stephen's Green. The rooms were thronged with "country cousins" in town for Punchestown.

Lady Martin is not entertaining at present owing to the death of a relative.

Mrs. Peter O'Brien, wife of the Right Hon. the Attorney General, has sent out cards for a ball on the 1st of May at her residence, 41 Merrion Square, East, which was formerly occupied by Lord Fitzgerald, and is one of the best houses for a dance in Dublin.

Mrs. Herrick, 52 Upper Mount Street, gives a dance on Monday evening 30th April, for which numerous invitations have been issued and accepted.

Mrs. Walpole gave a very smart ball on the 19th inst., at her residence, 25 Merrion Square, North, which was well attended.

Mrs. Head, 7 Fitzwilliam Square, East, was at home on the 20th inst., when a large number of the upper ten of Dublin society responded to her invitation. A wealth of flowers was displayed, and the arrangements were admirable.

Last Friday the last of the private subscription dances for which Kingstown has now deservedly got so good a name, took place in the Town Hall. The attendance was large—three hundred—more than half of whom journeyed down from Dublin, returning to town by special train in the early hours of Saturday morning. The decorations of the vestibule, staircase, and ball-room were very pretty, the orchestra being one mass of lovely flowers. The long corridor was divided into little alcoves, arranged with seats and lighted with Japanese lanterns, affording a cool and refreshing retreat in the interval of the dances. Liddell's band was in attendance and played a delightful selection of dance music. The supper arrangements were perfect, under the charge of Mr. Maguinness, of the Anglesea Arms Hotel, who is well known as a most successful caterer, and invariably gives satisfaction. The Hon. Mrs. Dillon and her daughter looked to the floral decorations of the supper table, which were pronounced by all present to be lovely. Where all the flowers came from is a marvel. In a word, the ball passed off with the greatest *clat*, thanks to the energetic committee that managed it.

We regret to learn of the death recently, at Bournemouth, of the Lady Victoria Kirwan. Her ladyship was the third daughter of George, Marquis of Hastings, and Barbara, in her own right, Baroness Grey de Ruthven. Lady Victoria Kirwan was born in 1837, and married in 1857, John Stratford Kirwan, Esq., of Moyne, county Galway, nephew of Viscountess Netterville. Mr. Kirwan was High Sheriff for the

county Lonford. Lady Victoria, who was so named after her godmother, the late Duchess of Kent, mother of her Majesty the Queen, leaves a son and three daughters to mourn her loss.

A dance of a most enjoyable nature was given last week at the residence of Edward Hamilton, Esq., 14 Ailesbury Road, Merrion. Mr. Mervyn Browne furnished the music.

Mrs. Gibson Black gave a pleasant dance at her residence, Blackheath, Clontarf, on Monday evening last, Mr. Liddell supplied the music.

On Monday evening, April 30th, a ball will take place at the residence of Mrs. Herricks, 52 Upper Mount Street.

Mrs. Michael Gunn has left her residence, 66 Merrion-square South, for a visit of a fortnight's duration to London.

It is authoritatively stated that in addition to the bands of two Irish regiments, the band of the Royal Irish Constabulary will also attend the Irish Exhibition in London. This musical treat ought to be appreciated by Londoners.

The 2nd Batt. of the Coldstream Guards held a Ladies' Dinner on Friday evening last week. This species of entertainment is deservedly popular among the gallant sons of Mars. The music was supplied by the regimental band.

We have before now called attention to the stingy and parsimonious spirit manifested by the military garrisoned in Dublin. We can hardly give credit to the specious statement that the Duke of Cambridge has issued orders forbidding entertainments by military officers, on the ground of insufficiency of means at their disposal. We should imagine the annexation of Wimbledon Common ought to suffice his Royal Highness without seeking to deprive Dublin society of one of its most enjoyable recreations, which has seldom been lacking since Lever wrote "Charles O'Malley."

Mrs. Thomas Turbett, of Scripplestown, Finglas, will have a performance of amateur theatricals at her residence on the 1st May. The piece selected is Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

One would think it was the happy privilege of M.P.s only to appear publicly in Dublin and London within the space of twenty-four hours; but, it appears, Mr. Liddell, the well-known dance musician, performed at a public ball in London till 4 a.m., caught the 7 a.m. train from Euston, and appeared at 9 p.m. the same day at a dance held in the vicinity of Fitzwilliam-square.

An exhibition of "Irish Pictures," by Miss Jane Inglis, is now opened at 32 A George's Gallery, Hanover Square, London.

Madame Marie Carroll is, we believe, going to scent all her dresses and bonnets this summer with a scent of her own concocting, the freshest, sweetest thing imaginable. Several wild flowers are used in the combination, and she is calling it the "Wild Flower Bouquet."

During Mr. Irving's provincial tour in September, Miss Ellen Terry will, it is stated, take a well-earned holiday, and her place will be taken by her sister, Miss Marion Terry.

Kingstown has not so many attractions to boast of that it can afford to lose even one, yet, what to many persons was an attraction, namely, promenading the Carlisle pier during the arrival of the Mail boats, is now a thing of the past. No one except on business is now allowed inside the gates leading to the pier, an ever-watchful Cerberus zealously guards them, and the public, like the Peri at the gates of Heaven, are not deemed worthy to pass those iron portals. The reason assigned for this new regulation is, that the work of disembarking the mails, passengers, and luggage was impeded by lookers on. *Non me credo.* The number of pier promenaders was never, will hardly ever be, if you will, so large as to interfere with either the Post Office officials or the servants of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. We fancy, however, we do know the reason why the new order has been issued, and it is this. Many theatrical companies disembark at Kingstown, and the pretty actresses do not like being seen immediately rising from a three hours bed of sickness—it takes them at a disadvantage they think, first impressions, they argue, are everything: and so to please the ladies of the stage the public are excluded from the Carlisle Pier, especially on Sundays. "This is the milk in the cocoanut."

The Glenageary and Kingstown Lawn Tennis Club, which only sprang into existence last year, was formed under rather unfavourable conditions as to weather, owing to the long continued drought of the spring of 1887; but it has, nevertheless, made giant strides, and is at the present moment a pronounced success, a large number of members having already joined. The committee one and all worked with a will during the non-playing season, not only completing seven grass courts, but also ordering the construction of an asphalted one, by the contractor for the Fitzwilliam Club. This court is almost finished, and should prove a decided acquisition. The Club evidently has a prosperous future in store for it, a large number of candidates for admission being up for ballot on the day of the general meeting, the 5th of May. It might be as well to mention that the committee have very wisely determined to strictly limit the number of members, so that the courts may not be overcrowded, and there seems every prospect that at an early date the reply to those seeking admission will be, "courts full," "only standing room." The committee of this young Tennis Club are to be congratulated on the success they have already attained, and there is no doubt they have supplied a want long felt in Kingstown and its immediate vicinity.

We note with pleasure the annual meeting of hon. secretaries of Irish Lawn Tennis Clubs at the Fitzwilliam Clubhouse, Wilton-place, the meeting being convened by the hon. secretary of the Fitzwilliam Club for the purpose of arranging inter-club matches during the coming season. Among those attending were:—A. Graves, H. A. Robinson, E. E. Knox, and Master Courtenay, Fitzwilliam Club; C. P. Brett, Lansdowne Club; F. O'Carroll, Wilton Club; H. R. Jones, Dublin University Club; A. M. Rogers, Tritonville Club; C. J. Cooper,

Civil Service Club; J. R. Raphael, Pembroke Club; Walter Scott, Mount Temple Club; J. C. Benson, Primrose Club; Owen Wynne, Kingstown and Glenageary Club. Mr. O'Carroll, of the Wilton Club, having been moved to the chair, the hon. secretary of the Fitzwilliam Club read the minutes of the last meeting of hon. secretaries, which were duly confirmed.

Master Courtenay reported that he had attended the annual meeting of representatives of lawn tennis clubs held in London a short time since, at which the regulations for the management of inter-club meetings were discussed and approved of; and on the motion of Mr. Graves, seconded by Mr. Raphael, it was resolved—"That with reference to inter-club matches arranged at the present meeting, Ayres' championship balls of the current season shall be used in every inter-club match." Upwards of sixty inter-club meetings were arranged.

The following are some of the more immediate fixtures made at the last meeting of the secretaries of the Irish Lawn Tennis Clubs:—April 26, D. U. L. T. C., 2nd team, v. Fitzwilliam, 2nd team. April 28, D. U. L. T. C., 1st team, v. Fitzwilliam, 1st team. April 28, Fitzwilliam, 3rd team, v. Wilton, 2nd team. April 28, Mount Temple, 1st team, v. Pembroke. May 1st, Wilton, 1st team, v. D. U. L. T. C., 1st team. May 2nd, Wilton, 2nd team, v. D. U. L. T. C., 2nd team. May 5, D. U. L. T. C., 3rd team, v. Fitzwilliam, 3rd team.

After a very successful week with "False Lights," Mr. Wright's clever company, now occupying the boards of the Queen's Theatre, are presenting this week a highly realistic drama entitled, "L.S.D.," which is sufficiently attractive to crowd the house nightly. The Wright family is an extremely clever one, and all of them possess histrionic talent in a remarkable degree. The piece now being produced has a splendid plot well worked out, and is sufficiently sensational to satisfy the cravings of the most exacting. While the mountings are capital, the acting of the entire cast is worthy of the highest praise, and altogether a most enjoyable evening may be spent in witnessing the entertainment at the Queen's. On Monday next the Children's Comic Opera Company, already favourably known here, will appear at this theatre in "Les Cloches de Corneville."

When we have got properly into the month of May we shall probably witness the beginning of the summer tourist season from this side in the direction of the Cumberland Lakes. This will be encouraged by the circumstance that Messrs. Wells & Holohan, Laird & Co.'s agents in Dublin, have placed steamers on the line between the Liffey and Morecambe, which is within a few miles of the Lake district. Previously Silloth was the nearest point for that quarter, but the long sea distance deterred many from availing themselves of that route. Now, however, that Morecambe can be reached directly and rapidly from Dublin, we may expect to see the line liberally patronised by tourists and other travellers.

Quite recently the wife of a man in humble circumstances, named Patrick Ward, of Lagunna, Ardara, County Donegal, gave birth to three male children, all of whom with their mother

are doing well. This is the fourth confinement of Mrs. Ward, who first gave birth to one daughter, then twin sons, next twin sons, and now triplet sons.

We are now in the season of singing birds, as well as of the time when city sparrows build their nests. An old composer wrote a ditty which affirmed that "little birds in their nests agree," but it is clear that that respected author knew nothing whatever of the habits of the city sparrow, which for persistent impudence and quarrelsomeness may fairly claim the cake. Standing under the Westmoreland-street portico of the Bank of Ireland a few mornings ago, during a heavy rain shower, were several people who suddenly heard a great chattering and racket above their heads. We were among them, and looking up saw about a dozen of the feathered tribe indulging in a pitched battle over a single piece of straw or hay. As soon as one bird succeeded in capturing it the others pounced upon him, and thus that straw changed ownership at least a dozen times within the space of a few minutes. We left, convinced how like they were to human wranglers who fight and agitate over a little straw while there are hundreds near at hand. It has been so from the beginning, and will probably continue so to the end.

An elopement of a sensational nature has taken place from Armagh, the gay Lothario being a married man about 45 years of age. He leaves a wife and one child behind him, while the partner of his flight leaves behind a husband and four children. They were traced to Newry, from whence it is said they left for America.

The St. George Aid Society, recently formed in this city, held their first annual dinner in the Molesworth Hall, on St. George's Day, Monday last, Mr. Lovell catered in his well-known style.

Here is a story, for the truth of which we can vouch. It has hitherto been the custom to ascribe to mashers the most infinitesimal proportion of intelligence; but a case which came under our immediate notice the other day, while not at all creditable to the principal actor, shows that there is a latent ingenuity in the heads of some singular "youths" who aspire to be dudes of the first water.

In a café in Sackville-street, on the day in question, sat a middle-aged young man, elegantly dressed, engaged in the modest occupation of discussing a cup of tea and a roll. Finishing his humble repast, he sauntered out and strolled in a dignified way southward, until he reached the Burlington in St. Andrew-street, when, after giving a furtive glance around, as if to make sure that nobody saw the manoeuvre, he sidled into the hall-way of that establishment, drew forth a tooth-pick, and stood coolly looking about him with a most contented appearance, as if he had just dined heartily and well off the savoury edibles in that celebrated restaurant.

We understand that the Brighton Square Lawn Tennis Club intend holding their opening Club Dance for the present season at the Antient Concert Rooms, on Wednesday, 9th May next. The Gasparro Band will supply the music. All particulars may be had from the Hon. Sec., Mr. Bloomer, 29 Moyne Road.

It is a cheering task to welcome a stranger, especially on its advent to the world, and in happier times than the present in Ireland the coming of the first born of an old house was the signal of general rejoicing among the tenantry of the family. Something like a return to this pleasant state of things was witnessed a few days ago at Barbavilla House, Collinstown, the occasion being the birth of Miss Gladys Lyster-Smythe, the first child of Captain and Mrs. Lyster-Smythe. A deputation of the tenants and labourers belonging to the estate presented a beautifully illuminated address to the happy father and mother, together with a handsome silver bowl for Miss Gladys, in which the health of the little stranger was pledged by all present. Mrs. Lyster-Smythe warmly thanked the deputation, and requested them to convey to the tenants and labourers her appreciation of the welcome she received on her return home, and of the beautiful gift presented to her infant daughter.

In the evening a huge bonfire was lighted, which was kept replenished far into the night, the glare from which was visible for many miles. A social gathering took place in a building adjacent to the house, where dancing and singing were engaged in until an early hour in the morning. The health of Mr. Henry Matthew Smythe, the landlord, who forgave the tenants considerable arrears and also reduced their rents, was received with ringing cheers. Captain Smythe and Captain Litton were the recipients of hearty greetings, and returned thanks in speeches suitable to the occasion.

City hotels are pretty well filled in consequence of the great Punchestown event, and a pleasant stir of business is prevalent in many parts of the city. We have just now among us a considerable contingent of sporting gentlemen from Belgium, France, and Italy, who are just as regular in their attendance at the famous Kildare gathering as the season comes round, while many faces familiar at Aintree when the Grand National is being decided were also among the interested groups who watched the performances of the runners for the Prince of Wales's Plate and the Conyngham Cup. Carmen, too, have enjoyed the sports while reaping liberal profits from them, the number of outsiders from the city doing the whole distance having this year been more numerous than usual.

There have been Punchestowns with larger attendances on the part of the general public than that of 1888, and, it may be added, on some occasions better running and greater excitement, but there have been few in connexion with which more general enjoyment has been obtained by those who were present. The Great Southern Company ran their trains with regularity and quickness, and without the occurrence of any accident, and, what is equally satisfactory, without the painful crush in over crowded carriages with which the public journeying to the racing grounds in Kildare in previous years were only too painfully familiar.

The magnificent painting of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, which is at present on view in the gallery of Mr. Cranfield, is one of the features of the Dublin season, and should be seen by all who have admiration for the noble in art. This great work is, as our readers know, from the brush of Mr. Thaddeus, who was favoured with

special sittings by the Pontiff for the picture. There is a rumour that it is likely to be purchased on private account; but if the negotiations with this object should fail, it will probably be disposed of on the Art Union principle, in which case there would be an extensive rush for tickets.

At the private view in London, of Mr. Menpes' Japanese pictures, the ladies each wore an almond blossom. Mrs. Oscar Wilde, in a neat dress of blue grey—which, by the way, is the most artistic wear just now—and a hat of the same colour, which was a work of art in itself, was the connoisseur of all eyes. In certain circles of London society Mrs. Wilde leads the way in every thing pertaining to dress and style.

The latest manœuvre of the Tram Company will not, we think, serve their interests. They have had posted up in a prominent position in each car, a bill to the effect that the parent or guardian of each child over six must pay full fare for it. Now we consider this a hard and unjust rule, and for this reason—If a family party take their seats in a tram for the purpose of being conveyed to the Park or to Dollymount, the cost of the ride will be severely felt by the pater who has to pay full fare for perhaps five children besides himself and his wife. This sum on the outward journey would amount to one shilling and ninepence, and if the tram be availed of on the return, the cost of the day's outing for tram fare alone will mount up to three shillings and sixpence. This sum, we submit, is much too high and beyond the means of many well-to-do and respectable families. Why, may we ask, do the responsible managers of this company not do as is done in other places—viz.: charge half fare for each child under twelve years of age? No person could object to such an order as that, but many will certainly be found to take exception to the latest promulgation.

However, the public are not as gullible, nor money as plentiful, as the directors of this monopoly seem to think. We have already seen some correspondence on the subject. One writer suggests reprisals; and perhaps they may be indulged in, for the habitual overcrowding of cars, especially when Jupiter Pluvius is in the ascendant, is becoming rather inconvenient to the person who pays for a seat, and who very often, just to oblige the Tram Company, is sat upon. We hope Mr. Anderson will put this matter right without delay, as the order complained of will be anything but a remunerative one.

We witnessed rather a pretty sight the other evening, and as we should like to see a greater development of the health-giving and pleasant exercise we give space to the little picture. Upon a road in one of our suburbs four children, all evidently belonging to the same family, were careering merrily along on 'cycles, the central figure being that of a bright little girl, who laughed and chatted with an elder brother. A little way behind there trotted a beautiful little dog doing his level best to keep up with the party.

A "Bachelor" writes to us regarding some of the customs of shop people. He says: "One cannot go in to buy a shirt, a pair of gloves, or a tie, without being pestered with the repeated 'Nothing else, sir?' 'This is the latest, sir,'

and then follows a lot of pressing servility which is 'sickening. For my own part, whenever I enter a shop for anything, I make up my mind what I am going to have, and nothing more, and I have vowed that the first assistant who says to me 'Nothing more?' will have uttered the truth. It is characteristic of the bachelor that he never buys a thing until he absolutely requires it, and then he wants to get it without any humbug, and I think it is time that shop-keepers were coached up to this trait in human nature."

A good story has been sent to us, and, although this is not a story-telling paper, we tell it as 'twas told to us. A gentleman, well-known in Dublin society, rather too frequently indulges in the "cup that cheers," and, in his case, unfortunately, also "inebriates." His wife never fails to rate him soundly on such occasions. In fact she will not allow a drop of spirituous liquor in the house, and the usual morning headache of her better half cannot be allayed until he goes out for his cure. On a recent occasion, however, he made bold to bring home with him from his club a bottle of whisky, having got a waiter to make it up in a neat parcel. How to dispose of it to escape the eyes of his wife would have been a problem in his sober moments, but now it was a hazy mystery. He decided, however, to face it out by bringing a doll for the baby girl, and so purchase his peace. Next he decided to bury the bottle in the garden till next morning. After going through the deception as well as he could he made for the house, bent on pleasing his wife and little daughter. Unfolding the treasure before them he was suddenly horror-stricken to find that it was the bottle of whiskey, and not the doll. He had, in his muddled state, buried the doll instead of the bottle. He purchased his peace, but it was, we believe, a piece of his wife's mind.

Miss Cora Belle Fellowes has written a novel. Like many other aspiring authors, she has found out that it is one thing to write a book and another matter to induce the public to buy it. Miss Cora, however, hit upon a plan by which she has been enabled to dispose of her publication. She has created a sensation by marrying a Sioux Indian, known as "Chaska." At the marriage he was dressed in citizens' clothes, and made, we believe, a good appearance. The lady presented him with a gold ring, bearing the inscription, "Cora to Chaska," and the Indian was highly pleased with the gift. After the dance, which was an ordinary affair, lasting all night, the couple retired to their new home.

We have come across a curious statement which is here given for what it is worth. It is asserted that "if a woman paints her face, and if a person who has been eating cloves breath upon that paint, it will turn black." We think that, if a woman uses rouge, or powder, or any patent preparation whatever, she would consult her own dignity by testing the truth of the above remarkable statement by eating some cloves, painting the back of her hand, and breathing upon it: because it might be embarrassing to have her face turn black—under certain circumstances.

No. 79 Merrion Square, the residence of Judge O'Brien, is watched night and day by two stalwart members of the Dublin force.

We heartily sympathise with the objects and aims of the Early Closing Association, and are glad to see that some of our most influential shopkeepers warmly support the movement. To young girls, and young men as well, the injurious effects of the late hours system are manifold; and the deputation appointed to wait upon employers to further the interests of the Association have full power to point out the needless injustice it inflicts upon their class. We sincerely hope that those shop proprietors who have not up to the present consented to the very moderate demands of their assistants may soon be brought to as clear a sense of their duty as they undoubtedly have of their rights.

But while ladies needlessly delay their shopping to a late hour it is only to be expected, that some shopkeepers will remain antagonistic to their assistants' Association. Some men are naturally mercenary, and to conquer a natural inclination is a more difficult matter than one would imagine; but if those whose duty it is to do the "shopping" could only be brought to a sense of their duty to their fellows, late hours would soon become a thing of the past. We, therefore, appeal to all our lady readers to do their shopping early, and to impress upon their friends the necessity of doing likewise.

It is not certain whether the divided skirt will ever become popular with our ladies. Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated French artist, wears, however, a natty cut-away coat, and a pair of trousers while studying her subjects. It is reported that she makes a very neat-looking young man, but her sex is betrayed by her dainty boots, and her unmasculine walk.

The latest recruits to the Women's Trades Unions are the "Scientific Dressmakers"—that is the women holding certificates of the Scientific Dressmaking Association. In England these form a numerous body, and as they have been more methodically trained than the ordinary dressmakers, their services are in considerable demand. While times are good, therefore, they are banding themselves together to preserve, if possible, their advantageous position.

A charming mania, and one which is not the least likely to induce any one to put a stop to it by a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, has recently been developed by Mr. George Law, an American millionaire. At a dinner given in New York by him the other day, his order, that on the plate of each of his guests there should be placed a beautiful ring, with an emerald stone set in diamonds, of the value of a thousand dollars, was carried out to the letter.

None but those who have had experience can properly estimate the value of a thoroughly good wife. A Welsh clergyman's lines have fallen in pleasant places, and he has a—treasure of a wife. She has not only nursed her husband during his illness, but occupied his pulpit until he recovered.

English ladies resident in India have made a new departure in the shape of what is called "Purdah parties." These are strictly confined to women and children, and members of the harem and zenana of native families are largely invited. At a recent Purdah party at Bombay, given by the wife of Mr. Justice Scott, at which

one hundred and twenty native ladies were present, the feature of the entertainment was a series of *tableaux vivants* illustrating scenes of English history. The actors were all children—six English, two Parsees, and two Mahomedans, and the story of each tableaux was explained in Hindostani. One native lady, gaily attired in silk and jewels, is reported to have said on the occasion that, although she had been to a good many Aumashas in her life, she had never witnessed such a delightful nautch as this! The Purdah party deserves to become an institution; it suggests a British ladies' conquest of India.

Matrimony by advertisement is now becoming quite a common mode of transacting that important business of life. Our daily contemporaries seldom appear without half-a-dozen or so terribly inviting-looking appeals from matrimonially inclined clients of both sexes. In Paris we believe there are no less than one hundred and twenty four bureaux for the purpose of bringing together and clinching the contract between those who are desirous of entering into the bonds of wedlock. We have not yet reached that acme of organization, and sincerely hope the day may be far distant when all the romance of courtship and the uncertainty of "love's young dream" shall have become a thing of the past.

An unfortunate American who had a fancy for an English wife, advertised for one. He soon had numerous candidates from amongst whom he selected one who attracted him by the extreme pathos and simplicity of her letter, backed up as it was by a photograph which represented her to be a young and handsome woman. He accordingly secured a passage and made arrangements to have the marriage ceremony carried out on her arrival in New York. The day came and the woman also; but not the woman of the photograph.

However, the aspirant for the Yankee's hand and heart proved conclusively that she was the woman with whom he had through the post entered into a solemn contract. Being a man of honour, or, rather, having an exalted idea of honour, he carried out his agreement and was married to the woman. He soon found out the mistake he had committed and is now making inquiries through a solicitor in England as to the truth of some of his better half's statements regarding her family connections, which, if found to be untrue, he hopes may release him, through the medium of the divorce court, from his once sweetly anticipated, but now deeply regretted union. However, as we have no sympathy with the man, we simply reproduce his case here as a warning to those who may be tempted into replying to any of those walk-into-my-parlour advertisements.

There is a pathetic and touching story told of Miss Kate Bishop, the actress. It is said that her only sister, before going to America to be married, locked a silver bracelet on Miss Bishop's arm and took the key with her. The unfortunate young lady never reached America, as the ship went down with all hands. The key of the bracelet is now with the drowned girl, and her sister wears the sad memento day and night in memory of her upon whom she lavished so much affection.

The fashion in ladies' boots changes almost just as often as that of their hats and bonnets. The style at present in much demand is the square toe, broad sole, and flat heel—at least, we are glad to see ladies, in the matter of boots, are beginning to exercise a little common sense.

A handsome China woman has at last been discovered. Her name—Ug Yee Yam—is said to sound when pronounced like the music of the spheres—and her beauty is declared to be only partially described by the word "celestial." This lady has been found in San Francisco, where society has simply gone wild over her. She is pestered with all kinds of attentions and, it is stated, several millionaires are already worshipping at her shrine.

The Woman's Rights cause is said to be espoused only by ladies with masculine tendencies, coupled with a deep-seated love of notoriety. Our experience of the advocates of Woman's Rights is not of such a nature as would lead us to confirm the first part of that statement; although we believe the second part of it cannot be gainsaid. Mrs. James Bennett has long been known as one of the most strenuous and practical agitators for the recognition of the rights of her sex. In a brilliant peroration at the close of a recent speech she declared that "If she goes to heaven after death and finds women there to be in the same condition of subordination to men, she will quit!" Nothing would, perhaps, be more congenial to the inhabitants of that sphere, for if Mrs. Bennett were allowed to descant in her usual style, heaven would be but a poor place for some people. However, if ever she reaches that celestial land, and we sincerely hope she may, a great gulph which lies adjacent will no doubt be her excuse for remaining.

LA REVEILLE.

The Musical and Literary Re-Union, which took place at Christ Church, Leeson Park, on the evening of Tuesday week last, was well attended and successful. Dr. T. R. G. Jozé conducted. Mrs. McMullen sang "The Song for me" and "The Better Land," but seemed to want feeling or expression, and indeed the same remark applies to Mr. W. L. Campbell's two songs. The readings given by the Rev. J. A. Jennings were very justly applauded and encored: without them the evening might have proved dull. Mr. C. D. Harris's song, "Alabama Blossoms," was amusing and met with an encore.

The Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society takes place on Thursday, 26th inst., in the Leinster Hall, and it goes without saying that the occasion will be one of the most fashionable festivities of the season. The Horticultural Spring Exhibition is universally regarded as the most beautiful of the year, and it is invariably availed of by the ladies of Dublin as a promenade for the initial display of the Spring and early Summer fashions of the year. The musical programme prepared for Thursday is an inviting one. The band of the Liverpool Regiment will play a number of operatic and other selections, and Mr. Mervyn Browne's excellent string band will perform on the orchestra stage during the afternoon. It is needless to add that the magnificent hall is bound to present a splendid appearance.

We have seldom seen such a densely packed house as that which crowded to the third and last of Mr. J. M. Sullivan's ballad concerts. Hundreds had to be content with standing room, even in the balcony. We were glad to see this, for Mr. Sullivan has proved himself a clever and indefatigable *impresario*, and has given us concerts equal to the best of London or Paris. He spares neither time or expense to place the first artistes in the world before the Dublin public, and deserves to be warmly supported. So enthusiastic was the applause when Madame Mary Davies appeared, that she stood several minutes bowing acknowledgements. Of her singing it is surely unnecessary to speak. She is unrivalled as a ballad singer, and to sing a simple ballad effectively, is perhaps, one of the highest efforts of vocal art. She has a perfect mastery of pathos and delicate humour, and phrases with exquisite refinement. The Dublin Quartet Union do not practice enough. Their time and expression require considerable cultivation. Mr. Henry Beaumont is an unequal singer, he sometimes sings well, and at other times badly. Mr. Charles Kelly was not successful in "The Lost Chord." We do not blame him, the organ was out of tune. But he was at home in "Simon the Cellarer," his singing rousing the house to a pronounced encore. Signor Papini came almost direct from Mr. Joseph Robinson's At-Home concert, and played "Grande Sonate in D," by Rust, dated 1795, and consisting of six movements. It is a curious old composition written to exhibit every resource of the instrument. We thought the repetition of the Giga subject too frequent; and Signor Papini scraped occasionally on the low notes of the G string. But his memory is marvellous, and his execution, on the whole, very wonderful.

The afternoon concert of the pupils of the Royal Irish Academy of Music took place on Monday in the Convocation Hall of the Royal University. We cannot understand why the Senate excluded the Orchestral Union; it is surely a more "educational body" than the Academy of Music. It is evident that the Academy has made little progress since the last public concert.

The pianofore playing of Miss Louie Hogg and Miss Josephine Bennett was very fine. Both these young ladies perform with considerable fire, considering their years. Miss Adelaide Craig is also a first-rate pianist, but of a different type. She evidently possesses a dreamy temperament, and instinctively oscillates with the rhythmic movements. The violin class performed a very poetic piece, "Serenata amorosa," by Herr Roeder, the new professor. Their playing was good. Of the singing we would rather not write, but we have a public duty to perform. It was one of the most decided exhibitions of incompetence we ever attended. Miss Connolly and chorus essayed a psalm by Mendelssohn, and Mr. Joseph Robinson had to arrest them in order to set the time right. Miss Wann attempted a very beautiful song, "Rolando," by Carlo Amati. Mr. Robinson accompanied on the piano, and Dr. Jozé on the harmonium. Both played divinely, but Miss Wann entirely marred the effect. Miss Goulding is recognised as a clever celloist, but there was no support for her instrument, which persisted in slipping from her grasp at every bar. The united wisdom of the Council of Thirty-three was not equal to the simple task of

devising a prop for the violoncello. It is indeed time that public attention was fastened on the rapid degeneracy of the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

Mrs. Joseph Robinson gave an At-Home Concert at her residence, 15 Upper Merion St., on Saturday. At 5 o'clock the concert opened with the quartet, "My gentle harp," by Miss Maxwell, Miss Emerson, Mr. D'Alton, and Mr. Horan. Mrs. Robinson and Signor Papini played a duet for piano and violin—"Andante and Rondo," by Dussek. Miss Dora Maxwell sang the aria with introductory recitative, "Ave Maria," by Joseph Robinson. Miss Emerson, who is well known as an earnest contralto, sang "The Three Students" (J. Robinson). Signor Papini played a violin solo, "Reverie," by Vieuxtemps. Miss Kathleen Beatty and Miss Maud White were very successful in a pianoforte duet, "Sur un thème de Beethoven," by Saint-Saens. Some of the artistes who performed at this very successful concert have been selected to represent the musical ability of our country at the forthcoming Irish Exhibition in London. We fully expect that they will uphold the fame of the land of Moore and Balfe.

Mr. Arthur A. Rambaut, M.A., Assistant Astronomer Royal, Dunsink, delivered his lecture on "The Moon," in the Town Hall, Blackrock, last Friday, to a crowded and intensely interested audience. This is the second of the three popular Spring lectures inaugurated by the Blackrock Permanent Improvement Committee, who deserve the warmest praise for their efforts to cater for the amusement and instruction of the inhabitants of that splendid township. We regret that these Spring lectures should be limited to three in number; we have no doubt that the inhabitants could bear the strain of six at least. The Assistant Astronomer's lecture was charged with invaluable information, but was perhaps occasionally a little too technical. This, however, is really a confession of ignorance on our part in these days when every schoolboy calculates the distance of stars, and discourses of positive and negative electricity with easy familiarity. An instantaneous photograph of the audience was taken with the magnesium flash light. We expect the more nervous will be evolved from the negative with a startled appearance. The third lecture of this series is on "Paris," by T. C. Semple, F.R.G.S., and will be illustrated by over 100 magnificent lime-light views.

Rathmines Young Men's Association held their annual concert on last Monday evening in the Schoolhouse, Upper Rathmines. Mrs. Murphy opened the proceedings with an earnest effort to draw melody from the inevitable tuneless twanging piano that perpetually haunts Dublin suburban entertainments. Praise must be given to the Rev. J. A. Jennings for his readings, though he was not at his best in "Bob Scatterby's Religion"—a prose piece which bears a close resemblance in plot and detail to G. R. Sims' "In the Signal Box." Miss M'Guckin (sister of the famous tenor) sang "Sunshine and Rain" with effect. Four young men who modestly designated themselves the "Apollo Quartet Club" also added to the enjoyment of the evening. Mr. Geo. Horan conducted with his customary ability.

The Concert Room of the Rotunda is nightly the scene of Col. Dyke's mystical entertainment. The programme includes some capital ventrilo-

quial and illusive items, including the decapitation of a living person.

The success which attended the initial production of the "Elijah" at St. Peter's Church, Phibsboro, augurs well for the performance of the "Creation," which is announced for next Monday evening at the same place.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.

If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp.

No joys are always sweet, nor flourish long, but such as have self-approbation for their root, and the Divine favour for their shelter.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.

Do to-day's duty, fight to day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them:

That which lays a man open to an enemy, and which strips him of a friend, equally attacks him in all those interests that are capable of being weakened by the one and supported by the other.

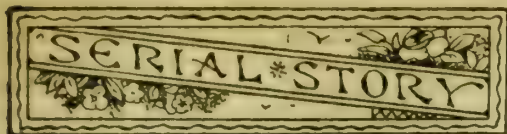
The divinest attribute in the heart of man is love; and the mightiest, because the most human, principle in the heart of man is faith. Love is heaven; faith is that which appropriates heaven.

The chief characteristic of a girl should be truth. Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same. It is this quality more than any other that commands the esteem and respect and secures the confidence of others.

Whoever finds himself hampered in action by want of time, and sits down to discover the reason why, will soon perceive that he is in bondage to himself, either through idling, or self-love, or want of power, or that he has allowed himself to submit to some moral or mental or friendly tyranny.

Justice demands more than a conscientious private life. It claims of its followers that they sacrifice something of self for social welfare; that they endeavour to suppress unfair and inequitable conduct as far as they can; that they protect the feeble, instruct the ignorant, and encourage the wavering, and that they devote at least a part of their time, intelligence, and energies to the service of their country.

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness and folly; made to feel his need of God; to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER VI.—continued.

CÉSAR CASTELLANI had seen a good deal of life, but as he had assiduously cultivated the seamy side it was hardly strange if he lacked the power of understanding a good and pure-minded woman. To his mind every woman was a citadel, better or worse defended, but always assailable by treason or strategy, force or art, and never impregnable. Mrs. Greswold was his Troy, his Thebes, his ideal of majesty and strength in woman. So far as virtue went upon this earth he believed Mildred Greswold to be virtuous; proud too, not a woman to lower her crest to the illicit conqueror, or stain her name with the shame of a runaway wife. But it had been given to him to disturb a union that had existed happily for fourteen years. It had been given to him to awaken the baneful passion of jealousy, to sow the seeds of suspicion, to part husband and wife. He had gone to work carelessly enough in the first instance, struck with Mildred's beauty and sweetness—full of sentimental recollections of the fair child-face and the bright streaming hair that had passed him like a vision in the sunlight of Hyde Park. He had envied the husband so fair a wife, so luxurious a home, with its air of old-world respectability, that deep-rooted English aristocracy of landed estate, which to the foreign adventurer seemed of all conditions in life the most enviable. He had been impelled by sheer malice when he uttered his careless allusion to George Greswold's past life, and with a word blighted two hearts.

He saw the effect of his speech in the face of the wife and in the manner of the husband; saw that he had launched a thunderbolt. It was with deepest interest he followed up his advantage; watched and waited for further evidence of the evil he had done. He was a close student of the faces of women, above all when the face was lovely. He saw all the marks of secret care in Mrs. Greswold's countenance during the weeks that elapsed between his first visit to Enderby and the charity concert. He saw the deepening shadows, the growing grief, and on the day of the concert he saw the traces of a still keener pain in those pale features and haggard eyes; but for an immediate separation between husband and wife he was not prepared.

He heard at Riverdale of Mrs. Greswold's departure from home. The suddenness and

strangeness of her journey had set all the servants talking. He found out where she had gone, and hastened at once to call upon his devoted friend Mrs. Tomkison, who told him all she had to tell.

"There is some great domestic misery—an intrigue on his part, I fear," said the glib Cecilia. "Men are such traitors. It would hardly surprise me to-morrow if I was told that Adam was maintaining an expensive *menage* in St. John's Wood. She would tell me nothing, poor darling; but she sent for Mr. Cancellor, and was closeted with him for an hour. No doubt she told him everything. And then she went off to Brighton."

Castellani followed to Brighton, and his influence with Miss Fausset enabled him to learn something, but not all. Not one word said Miss Fausset about the supposed identity between George Greswold's first wife and John Fausset's *protegee*; but she told Mr. Castellani that she feared her niece's separation from her husband would be permanent.

"Why does she not divorce him?" he asked, "if he has wronged her."

"He has not wronged her—in the way you mean. And if he had she could not divorce him unless he had beaten her. You men made the law, and framed it in your own favour. It is a very sad case, César, and I am not at liberty to say any more about it. You must ask me no more questions."

Castellani obeyed for the time being; but he did ask further questions upon other occasions, and he exercised all his subtlety in the endeavour to extract information from Miss Fausset. That lady, however, was inflexible, and he had to wait for time to solve the mystery.

"They have parted on account of that first marriage," he told himself. "Perhaps she has found out all about the poor lady's fate, and takes the worst view of the catastrophe. That would account for their separation. She would not stay with a husband she suspected; he would not live with a wife who could so suspect. A very pretty quarrel."

A quarrel—a life-long severance—but not a divorce. There was the difficulty. César Castellani believed himself invincible with women. The weakest, and in some cases the worst, of the sex had educated him into the belief that no woman lived who could resist him. And here was a woman whom he intensely admired, and whose marriage life it had been his happy privilege to wreck. She was a rich woman—and it was essential to his success in life that he should marry wealth. With all his various gifts he was not a money-earning man, he would never attain even lasting renown by his talents. For when the good fairies had endowed him with music and poetry, eloquence and grace, the strong-minded, hard-featured fairy called Perseverance came to his christening feast, and seeing no knife and fork laid for her, doomed him to the curse of idleness. He had all the talents which enable a man to shine in society, but he had also the money-spending talent, the elegant tastes and inclinations which require some thousands a year for their sustenance. Hitherto he had lived by his wits—from hand to mouth; but for some years past he had been on the look out for a rich wife.

He knew that Mildred Greswold was three times richer than Pamela Ransome. The fortunes of the Faussets came well within the region of his knowledge: and he knew how large a fortune John Fausset had left his daughter, and how entirely that fortune was at her own dis-

posal. He might have had Pamela for the asking, Pamela, with a paltry fifteen hundred a year, Pamela, who sang false and bored him beyond measure. The higher prize seemed impossible; but it was his nature to attempt the impossible. His belief in his own power was boundless.

"She cannot divorce her husband," he told himself; but he may divorce her if she should wrong him, or even seem to wrong him: and the most innocent woman may be compromised if her lover is daring, will risk much for a great coup, as I would."

He thought himself very near success in these lengthening afternoons in the beginning of February, when he was allowed to spend the lovely hour of sundown in Mrs. Greswold's salon, watching the sunset from the wide plate-glass window, which commanded a panorama of lake and mountain, with every exquisite change from concentrated light to suffused colour, and then to deepening purple that slowly darkened into the blackness of night. It was the hour in which it was deemed dangerous to be out of doors, but it was the loveliest hour of the day or the night, and Mildred never wearied of that glorious outlook over lake and sky. She was silent for the most part at such a time, sitting in the shadow of the window curtains, her face hidden from the other two, sitting apart from the world, thinking of the life that had been and could never be again.

Sometimes in the midst of her sad thoughts Castellani would strike a chord on the piano at the other end of the room, and then a tender strain of melody would steal out of the darkness, and that veiled tenor voice would sing some of the saddest lines of Heine, the poet of the broken heart, sadder than Byron, sadder than Musset, sad with the sadness of one who had never known joy. Those words wedded to some tender German melody always moved Mildred Greswold to tears. Castellani saw her tears, and thought they were given to him; such tears as yielding virtue gives to the tempter. He knew the power of his voice, the fascination of music for those in whom the love of music is a part of their being. He could not foresee the possibility of failure. He was already admitted to that kind of intimacy which is the first stage of success. He was an almost daily visitor; he came upon the two ladies in their walks and drives, and contrived, unbidden, to make himself their companion; he chose the books that both were to read, and made himself useful in getting library parcels sent from Milan or Paris. He contrived to make himself indispensable, or at least thought himself so. Pamela's eagerness filled up all the gaps, she was so full of talk and vivacity that it was not easy to be sure about the sentiments of her more silent companion; but César Castellani's vanity was the key with which he read Mildred's character and feelings.

"She is a sphinx," he told himself; "but I think I can solve her mystery. The magnetic power of such a love as mine must draw her to me, sooner or later."

While César Castellani flattered himself that he was on the threshold of success, Mildred Greswold was deliberating how best to escape from him and his society for ever. Had she been alone there need have been no difficulty; but she saw Pamela's happiness involved in his presence, she saw the fresh young cheek pale at the thought of separation, and she was perplexed how to act for the best. Had Pamela been her daughter she could not have considered her feelings more tenderly. She told herself that Mr.

Castellani would be a very bad match for Miss Ransome, yet when she saw the girl's face grow radiant at the sound of his footsteps; when she watched her dulness in his absence, that everlasting air of waiting for somebody which marks the girl who is in love, she found herself hoping that the Italian would make a formal proposal, and inclined to meet him half way.

But the new year was six weeks old and he had not even hinted at matrimonial intentions, so Mildred felt constrained to speak plainly.

"My dearest Pamela, we are drifting into a very uncomfortable position with Mr. Castellani," she began gently. "He comes here day after day as if he were your fiancée, and yet he has said nothing definite."

Pamela grew crimson at this attack, and her hands began to tremble over her crewel-work, though she tried to go on working.

"I respect him all the more for being in no haste to declare himself, aunt Mildred," she said rather angrily. "If he were the kind of adventurer you once thought him he would have made me an offer ages ago. Why should he not come to see us? I'm sure he's very amusing and very useful. Even you seem interested in him and cheered by him. Why should he not come? We have no one's opinion to study in a foreign hotel."

"I don't know about that, dear. People always hear about things; and it might injure you by-and-bye in society to have your name associated with Mr. Castellani."

"I am sure I should be very proud of it," retorted Pamela; "very proud to have my name associated with genius."

"And you really, honestly believe that you could be happy as his wife, Pamela?" asked Mildred gravely.

"I know that I can never be happy with anyone else. I don't consider myself particularly clever, aunt, but I believe I have the artistic temperament. Life without art would be a howling wilderness for me."

"Life means a long time, my dear. Think what a difference it must make whether you lead it with a good or a bad man."

"All the goodness in the world would not make me happy with a husband who was not musical, not John Howard, nor John Wesley, nor John Bunyan, nor any of your model Johns. John Milton *was*," added Pamela rather vaguely, "and handsome into the bargain, but I'm afraid he was a little *dry*."

"Promise me at least this much, Pamela. First, that you will take no step without your uncle's knowledge and advice; and next, that if ever you marry Mr. Castellani you will have your fortune strictly settled upon yourself."

"Oh, aunt, how sordid. But perhaps it would be best. If I had the money I should give it all to him; but if he had the money, with his artistic temperament, he would be sure to lavish it all upon other people. He would not be able to pass a picturesque beggar without emptying his pockets. Do you remember how he was impressed by the four old men on the church steps the other day?"

"Yes, but I don't think he gave them anything."

"Not while we were with him, but you may be sure he did afterwards."

After this conversation Mrs. Greswold made up her mind on two points. She would arrange for a prompt departure to the neighbourhood of Lucerne or Montreux, whichever might be advised for the spring season; and she would

sound Mr. Castellani as to his intentions. It was not fair to Pamela that she should be kept in the dark any longer, that the gentleman should be allowed to sing duets with her, and advise her studies, and join her in her walks, and yet give no definite expression to his regard.

Mildred tried to think the best of him as a suitor for her husband's niece. She knew that he was clever; she knew that he was fairly well born. On his mother's side he sprang from the respectable commercial classes; on his father's side he belonged to the art-world. There was nothing debasing in such a lineage. From neither her friend Mrs. Tomkison nor from Miss Fausset had she heard anything to his discredit, and both those ladies had known him long. There could therefore be no objection on the score of character. Pamela ought to make a much better marriage in the way of means and position; but those excellent and well-chosen alliances which the wisdom of friends forces upon the rebellious heart of youth are sometimes known to result in evil; and, in a word, why should not Pamela be happy in her own way?

Having thus reasoned with herself, Mildred watched for an opportunity to speak to Castellani. She had not long to wait for it. He called rather earlier than usual one afternoon when Pamela had gone out for a mountain ramble with her dog and her maid, to search for those pale and premature flowers which bloom with the first breath of spring. Castellani had seen the young lady leave the hotel soon after the mid-day meal, armed with her alpenstock, and her attendant carrying a basket. She had fondly hoped that he would follow and offer to join her expedition, to dig out baby ferns from sheltered recesses, to hunt for mountain crocus and many-hued anemones; but he observed her departure, *perdu* behind a window curtain in the reading-room, and half an hour afterwards he was ushered into Mrs. Greswold's drawing-room.

"I feared you were ill," he said, "as I saw Miss Ransome excursionising without you."

"I have a slight headache, and felt more inclined for a book than for a long walk. Why did you not go with Pamela? I dare say she would have been glad of your company. Peterson is not a very lively companion for a mountain ramble."

"Poor Miss Ransome. How sad to be a young English Mees, and to have to be chaperoned by a person like Peterson," said Castellani, with a careless shrug. "No; I had no inclination to join in the hyacinth hunt. Miss Ransome told me yesterday what she was going to do. I have no passion for wild flowers or romantic walks."

"But you seem to have a great liking for Miss Ransome's society," replied Mildred gravely. "You have cultivated it very assiduously since you came here, and I think I may be excused for fancying that you came to Pallanza on her account."

"You may be excused for thinking anything wild and foolish, because you are a woman and wilfully blind," he answered, drawing his chair a little nearer to hers, and lowering his voice with a touch of tenderness. "But surely—surely you cannot think that I came to Pallanza on Miss Ransome's account."

"I might not have thought so had you been a less frequent visitor in this room, where you have come—pardon me for saying so—very much of your own accord. I don't think it was quite delicate or honourable to come here so

often, to be so continually in the society of a frank, impressionable girl, unless you had some deeper feeling for her than casual admiration."

"Mrs. Greswold, upon my honour I have never in the whole course of my acquaintance with Miss Ransome by one word or tone implied any warmer feeling than that which you call casual admiration."

"And you are not attached to her, you do not cherish the hope of winning her for your wife?" asked Mildred, seriously, looking at him with earnest eyes.

That calm, grave look chilled him to the core of his heart. His brow flushed, his eyes grew dark and troubled. He felt as if the crisis of his life were approaching, and so far augury was unfavourable.

"I have never cherished any such hope, I never shall."

"Then why have you come here so often?"

"For God's sake do not ask me that question! The time has not come."

"Yes, Mr. Castellani, the time has come. The question should have been asked sooner. You have compromised Miss Ransome by your meaningless assiduities. You have compromised me, for I ought to have taken better care of her than to allow an acquaintance of so ambiguous a character. But I am very glad I have spoken, and that you have replied plainly. From today your visits must cease. We shall go to the Engadine in a few days. Let me beg that you will not happen to be travelling in the same direction."

Mildred was deeply indignant. She had cheapened her husband's niece—Gilbert Ransome's co-heiress—a girl whom half the young men in London would have considered a prize in the matrimonial market; and this man, who had haunted her at home and abroad for the last seven or eight weeks, dared now to tell her that his attentions were motiveless, so far as her niece was concerned.

"Oh, Mildred, do not banish me," he cried, passionately. "You must have understood. You must know that it is you, and you only, for whom I care; you whose presence makes life lovely for me, in whose absence I am lost and wretched. You have wrung my secret from me. I did not mean to offend. I would have respected your strange widowhood. I would have waited half a lifetime. Only to see you, to be near you—your slave, your proud, too happy slave. That was all I would have asked. Why may not that be? Why may I not come and go, like the summer wind that breathes round you, like the flowers that look in at your window—faithful as your dog, patient as old Time? Why may it not be, Mildred?"

She stood up suddenly before him, white to the lips, and with cold contempt in those eyes which he had seen so lovely with the light of affection when they had looked at her husband. She looked at him unfalteringly, as she might have looked at a worm. Anger had made her pale, but that was all.

"You must have had a strange experience of women before you would dare to talk to any honest woman in such a strain as this, Mr. Castellani," she said. "I will not lower myself so far as to tell you what I think of your conduct. Miss Ransome shall know the kind of person whose society she has endured. I must beg that you will consider yourself as much a stranger to her as to me, from to-day."

She moved towards the bell; but he intercepted her.

"You are very cruel," he said; "but the day will come when you will be sorry that you rejected the most devoted love that was ever offered to woman in order to be true to broken bonds."

"They are not broken. They will hold me to my dying hour."

"Yes, to a madman and a murderer."

CHAPTER VII.

NOT PROVEN.

MILDRED stood speechless for some moments after those words of Castellani's looking at him with kindling eyes. "How dare you?" she cried at last. "How dare you accuse my husband—the best, the noblest of men?"

"The best and noblest of men do strange things sometimes, upon an evil impulse, and when they are not quite right here," touching his forehead.

"My husband, George Greswold is too high a mark for your malignity. Do you think you can make me believe evil of him, after fourteen years of married life? His intellect is the clearest and the soundest I have ever found in man or woman. You can no more shake my faith in his power of brain, than in his goodness of heart."

"Perhaps not. The George Greswold you know is a gentleman of commanding intellect and unblemished character, granted. But the George Ransome whom I knew seventeen years ago was a gentleman who was shrewdly suspected of having made away with his wife, and who was confined in a public asylum in the environs of Nice as a dangerous lunatic. If you doubt these facts, you have only to go to Nice, or to St. Jean, where Mr. Ransome and his wife lived for some time in a turtle-dove retirement, which ended tragically. Seventeen years does not obliterate the evidence of such striking circumstances as those in which your husband was concerned when he was Mr. Ransome."

"I do not believe one word—and I hope I may never hear your voice again," said Mildred, with her hand on the electric bell.

She did not remove her hand till her servant, the courier, opened the door. A look told him his duty. Castellani took up his hat without a word; and Albrecht deferentially attended him to the staircase, and politely whistled for the lift to convey him to the vestibule below.

Castellani made the descent like Lucifer when he fell from heaven.

"Too soon; too soon," he muttered to himself. "She took the cards out of my hands—she forced my hand, and spoiled my game. But I have given her something to think about. She will not forget to-day's interview in a hurry."

Albrecht, the handiest of men, was standing near him working the lift.

"Where is your next move to be, Albrecht?" he asked in German.

The noble-born lady had not yet decided, Albrecht told him; but he thought the move would be either to Davos, or to one of the villages on Lake Lucerne.

"If I pretended to be a prophet, Albrecht, I should tell thee that the honourable lady will go neither to Davos nor Lucerne; but that thy next move will be to the Riviera, perhaps Nice."

Albrecht shrugged his shoulders in polite indifference.

"Look here, my friend, come thou to me when madame gives thee the order for Nice, and I will give thee a Louis for assuring me that I

prophecied right," said Castellani, as he stepped out of the lift.

Mildred walked up and down the room, trying to control the wild confusion of her thoughts, trying to reason calmly upon that hideous accusation which she had affected to despise, but which yet had struck terror to her soul. Would he dare to bring such a charge—villain and traitor as he was—if there was not some ground for the accusation, some glimmer of truth amidst a cloud of falsehood?

And her husband's manner; his refusal to tell her the history of his first marriage; his reticence, his secrecy; reticence so out of harmony with his boldly truthful nature; the gloom upon his face when she forced him to speak of that past life; all these things came back upon her with appalling force, and even the veriest trifles assumed a direful significance.

"Oh, my beloved, *what* was that dark story, and why did you leave me to hear it from such false lips as those?"

And then with passionate tears she thought how easy it would have been to forgive and pity even a tale of guilt—unpremeditated guilt, doubtless, fatality rather than crime—if her husband had laid his weary head upon her breast and told her all; holding back nothing; confident in the strength of a great love to understand and to pardon. How much easier would it have been to bear the burden of a guilty secret, so shared, in the supreme trustfulness of her husband's love. How light a burden compared with this which was laid upon her; this horror of darkly groping backward into the black night of the past.

"I will know the worst," she said to herself; "I will test that scoundrel's accusation. I must, must, must know 'all.' I will take no step to injure him, my best beloved. I will seek no help, trust no friend. I must act alone."

Then came another and more agonising thought of the hapless wife—the victim.

"My poor Fay, my loving sister, what was your fate? I must know."

Her thoughts came back always to that point—"I must know all."

She recalled the image of that unacknowledged sister, the face bending over her bed when she started up out of a feverish dream, frightened and in tears, to take instant comfort from that loving presence, to fling her arms round Fay's neck, and nestle upon her bosom. Never had that sisterly love failed her. The quiet watcher was always near. A sigh, a faint little murmur, and the volunteer nurse was at her side. Often on waking she had found Fay sitting by her bed, in the dead of the night, motionless and watchful, sleepless from loving care.

Her childish affection for Fay had been one of the strongest feelings of her life. She who had been all loving duty to the frivolous, capricious mother had yet unconsciously given a stronger love to the companion who had loved her with an unselfish devotion which the mother had never shown. Her love for Fay had been the one romance of her childhood, and had continued the strongest sentiment of her mind until the hour when for the first time she knew the deeper love of womanhood, and gave her heart to George Greswold.

And now these two supreme affections rose up before her in dreadful conflict; and in the sister so faithfully loved and so fondly regretted she saw the victim of her still dearer husband.

Pamela's footsteps and Pamela's voice in the corridor startled her in the midst of those dark

thoughts. She hurriedly withdrew to her own room, where the maid Louisa was sitting intent upon one of those infinitesimal repairs which served as an excuse for her existence.

"Go and tell Miss Ransome that I cannot dine with her. My headache is worse than it was when she went out. Ask her to excuse me."

Louisa obeyed, and Mildred locked the door upon her grief. She sat all through the long evening, brooding over the past and the future, impatient to know the worst.

She was on her way to Nice with Pamela and their attendants before the following noon. Albrecht, the courier, had scarcely time to claim the promised coin from Mr. Castellani.

Miss Ransome repined at this sudden departure.

"Just as we were going to be engaged," she sobbed, when she and Mildred were alone in a railway compartment. "It is really unkind of you to whisk one off in such a way, aunt."

"My dear Pamela, you have had a very lucky escape, and I hope you will never mention Mr. Castellani's name again. He is an utterly bad man."

"How cruel to say such a thing—behind his back too. What has he done that is bad, I should like to know?"

"I cannot enter into details: but I can tell you one thing, Pamela. He has never had any idea of asking you to be his wife. He told me that in the plainest language."

"Do you mean to say that you questioned him about his feelings—for me?"

"I did what I felt was my duty, Pamela. My duty to you—and to your uncle."

"Duty!" ejaculated Pamela, with such an air that Box began to growl, imagining his mistress in want of protection. "Duty! It is the most hateful word in the whole of the English language. You asked him when he was going to propose to me—you lowered and humiliated me beyond all that words can say—you—you spoilt everything."

"Pamela, is this reasonable or just?"

"To be asked when he was going to propose to a girl—with his artistic temperament—the very thing to disgust him," said Pamela in a series of gasps. "If you had wanted to part us for ever you could not have gone to work better."

"Whatever I wanted yesterday, I am quite clear about my feelings to-day, Pamela. It is my earnest hope that you and Mr. Castellani will never meet again."

"You are very cruel then—heartless—inhuman. Because *you* have done with love—because you have left my poor uncle George—heaven alone knows why—is no one else to be happy?"

"You could not be happy with César Castellani, Pamela. Happiness does not lie that way. I tell you again, he is a bad man."

"And I tell you again I don't believe you. In what way is he bad? Does he rob, murder, forge, set fire to people's houses? What has he done that is bad?"

"He has traduced your uncle—to me, his wife."

Pamela's countenance fell.

"You—you may have misunderstood him," she faltered.

"No, he was plain enough. He slandered my husband. He let me see in the plainest way that he had no real regard for you, that he did not care how far his frequent visits compromised either you or me. He is utterly base and vile

Pamela—a man without rectitude or conscience, or even gentlemanlike feeling. He would have clung to us like some poisonous burr if I had not shaken him off. My dear, dear child," said Mildred, putting her arm round Pamela's reluctant waist, and drawing the girlish figure nearer to her side, to the relief of Box, who leaped upon their shoulders and licked their faces in a rapture of sympathetic feeling, "my dear, you have been treated very badly, but I am not to blame. You have had a lucky escape, Pamela. Why be angry about it?"

"It is all very well to talk like that," sighed the girl, wrinkling her white forehead in painful perplexity. "He was my day-dream. One cannot renounce one's day-dream at a moment's warning. If you knew the castles I have built—a life spent with him—a life devoted to the cultivation of art. He would have *made* my voice, and we could have had a flat by Queen Anne's Gate, and a brougham and Victoria, and lived within our income," concluded Pamela, following her own train of thought.

"My dearest, there are so many worthier to share your life. You will have new day-dreams."

"Perhaps, when I am sixty. It will take me a lifetime to forget him. Do you think I could marry a country bumpkin, or anyone who was not artistic?"

"You shall not be asked to marry a rustic. The artistic temperament is common enough nowadays. Almost everyone is artistic."

Pamela shrugged her shoulders petulantly, and turned to the window in token that she had said her say. She grieved like a child who has been disappointed of some jaunt looked forward to for long days of expectation. She tried to think herself ill-used by her uncle's wife; and yet that common sense, of which she possessed a considerable share, told her that she had only herself to blame. She had chosen to fall in love with a showy, versatile adventurer, without waiting for evidence that he cared for her. Proud in the strength of her position as an independent young woman with a handsome fortune and a fairly attractive person, she had imagined that Mr. Castellani could look no higher, hope for nothing better, than to obtain her hand and heart. She had ascribed his reticence to delicacy. She had accepted his frequent visits as an evidence of his attachment, and of his ulterior views.

And now she sat in a sulky attitude, coiled up in a corner of the carriage, with her face to the window, meditating upon her fool's paradise. For seven happy weeks she had seen the man she admired almost daily, and her own intense sympathy with him had made her imagine an equal sympathy on his part. When their hands touched, the thrilling vibration seemed mutual; and yet it had been on her side only, poor fool, she told herself now, abased and degraded in her own self-consciousness, drinking the cup of humiliation to the dregs.

He had slandered her uncle—yes, that was baseness, that was iniquity. She began to think that he was utterly black. She remembered how coldly cruel he had been about the hyacinth hunt yesterday; how deaf to her girlish hints; never offering his company; colder, crueller than marble. She felt as if she had squandered her love upon Satan. Yet she was not the less angry with Mildred. That kind of interference was unpardonable.

She arrived at Nice worn out with a fatiguing journey, and in a worse temper than she had ever sustained for so long a period, she, whose

worst tempers hitherto had been like April clouds. Mildred had reciprocated her silence, and Box had been the only animated passenger for the remainder of the journey.

The clever courier had made all his arrangements by telegraph, and Mrs. Greswold and her companion were driven to one of the hotels on the Promenade des Anglais, where all preparations had been made for their reception, a glowing hearth in a pretty drawing-room opening on to a balcony, lamps and candles lighted, maid and man on the alert to receive travellers of distinction. So far as a place which is not home can put on an aspect of homeliness the hotel had succeeded; but Mildred looked round upon the white and gold walls, and the satin fauteuils, with an aching heart, remembering those old rooms at Enderby, and the familiar presence that had first made them dear to her, before the habit of years had made those inanimate things a part of her life.

She was at Nice; she had taken the slanderer's advice, and had gone to the city by the sea, to try and trace out for herself the mystery of the past, to violate her husband's secret, kept so long and so closely, to rise up after years of happiness and peace, like a murdered corpse exhumed from a forgotten grave.

She was here, on the scene of her husband's first marriage, and for three or four days she wandered about, or drove about the strange busy place aimlessly, hopelessly, no nearer the knowledge of that dark history than she had been at Enderby Manor. Not for worlds would she injure the man she still fondly loved. She wanted to know all; but the knowledge must be obtained in such a way as could not harm him. This necessitated diplomacy, which was foreign to her nature, and patience, in which womanly quality she excelled. She had learnt patience in her tender ministrations to a frivolous and often fretful invalid, during those sad slow years in which pretty Mrs. Fausset had faded into the grave. Yes, she had learnt to be patient and to submit to sorrow. She knew how to wait.

The place, delightful as it was in the early spring weather, possessed no charms for her. Its gaiety and movement jarred upon her. The sunsets were as lovely here as at Pallanza, and her only pleasure was to watch that ever-varying splendour of declining day behind the long dark promontory of Antibes; or to see the morning dawn in a fresh colour above the white lighthouse of Villefranche. St. Jean! It was there he had lived with his first wife—with Fay. The bright face, pale, yet brilliant, a face in which light took the place of colour; the eager eyes; the small sharp features and thin sarcastic lips, rose up before her with the thought of that union. He must have loved her. She was so bright, so interesting, so full of vivid feelings and changeful emotions. To this hour Mildred remembered her fascination, her power over a child's heart.

Pamela was dull and out of spirits. Not all the Tauchnitz novels in Galignani's shop could interest her. She pronounced Nice distinctly inferior to Brighton; declined even the distraction of the opera.

"Music would only make me miserable," she exclaimed petulantly. "I wish I might never hear any again. That hateful band in the garden tortures me every morning."

This was not hopeful. Mildred was sorry for her, but too deeply absorbed by her own griefs to be altogether sympathetic.

"She will find someone else to admire before long," she thought somewhat bitterly. "Girls who fall in love so easily are easily consoled."

She had been at Nice more than a week, and had made no effort—yearning to know more—so know all—yet dreading every new revelation. She had to goad herself to action, to struggle against the weight of a great fear—the fear that she might find the slanderer's accusation confirmed instead of refuted.

Her first step was a very simple one, easy enough from a social point of view. Among old Lady Castleconnell's intimate friends had been a certain Irish chieftain called The O'Labacolly. The O'Labacolly's daughter had been one of the reigning beauties of Dublin Castle, had appeared for a course of seasons in London with considerable *clat*, and in due course had married a Scotch peer, who was lord of an extensive territory in the Highlands, and of a more profitable estate in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. Lord Lochinvar had been laid at rest in the sepulchre of his forbears, and Lady Lochinvar was a rich widow, still handsome, and still young enough to enjoy all the pleasures of society. She had no children of her own, but she had a favourite nephew, whom she had adopted, and who acted as her escort in her travels, which were extensive, and as her steward in the management of the Glasgow property, in which she had a life interest. The Highland territory had gone with the title to a distant cousin of Lady Lochinvar's husband.

Mildred remembered that Castellani had spoken of meeting Mr. Ransome and his wife at Lady Lochinvar's palace at Nice. Her first step, therefore, was to make herself known to Lady Lochinvar, who had wintered in this fair, white city ever since she came there as a young widow twenty years ago, and had bought for herself a fantastic villa, built early in the century by an Italian prince, on the crest of a hill commanding the harbour.

(To be continued)

THE LONG JOURNEY.

WHEN our feet become heavy and weary
On the valleys and mountains of life,
And the road has grown dusty and dreary,
And we groan in the struggle and strife,
We halt on the difficult pathway,
Glance back over valley and plain,
And sigh with a sorrowful longing
To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleasures,
And seasons of joy and delight,
While before all is doubting and darkness,
And dread of the gloom and the night;
All bright sunny spots we remember—
How little we thought of them then!
But now we are looking and longing
To rest in those places again.

But vain of the vainest is sighing,
Our course must be forward and on;
We cannot turn back on our journey,
We cannot enjoy what is gone.
Let us hope, then as onward we travel
That oases may brighten the plain—
That our road be beside the sweet waters,
Though we may not begin it again.

For existence for ever goes onward—
From the hill to the mountain we rise,
On, on, o'er invisible summits,
To a land in the limitless skies.
Strive on, then, with courage unshaken—
True labour is never in vain—
Nor glance with regret at the pathway
No mortal can travel again.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 24th April, 1888.

The money Market is easier, and owing to the large amount of floating capital short loans are offered as low as $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The rates charged by the Banks for Loans to the Stock Exchange for this week's settlement range from 1 to 3 per cent. The New $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cents. are $99\frac{1}{4}$; $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. $96\frac{1}{2}$. India 3 per cents. $99\frac{1}{2}$.

English Rails are quoted in most instances lower than when last we wrote. The only exception being in Metropolitan Districts which have advanced to $33\frac{3}{4}$. Brighton A $116\frac{1}{2}$; Dover A $101\frac{3}{4}$; Chatham 20 $\frac{3}{8}$; Great Easterns 66; Caledonian $101\frac{3}{8}$; North British $105\frac{3}{4}$; Hull and Barnsley 32.

Foreign Stocks are lower on the week, which is not to be wondered at, considering the disturbed state of France, and the continued bad reports from Berlin. Unified, $81\frac{3}{8}$; Spanish, $57\frac{7}{8}$; Russian, 1873, $93\frac{1}{2}$; Mexican, $36\frac{7}{8}$; Perus, $16\frac{3}{4}$; Portuguese, $59\frac{1}{8}$.

Americans a firm and improving Market. More strength has been shown in this department than for some time past. We were in favor of them last week, and (bar accidents) have no cause to alter our views. Eries, $26\frac{1}{8}$; Lake Shore, $93\frac{1}{4}$; Milwaukee, $73\frac{3}{8}$; Reading, $11\frac{1}{2}$; Louisville, 57; Norfolk Pref., $47\frac{1}{4}$; Denver Pref., 51; Ontarios, $16\frac{3}{4}$; Pennsylvania, $16\frac{1}{4}$.

Mines have been neglected, but a slight recovery has taken place in Diamonds to which we attach no importance. Cape Coppers are better at $71\frac{1}{2}$; De Beers, $40\frac{1}{2}$; Esmeralda, 7/-; New Emma, 6/-, 7/-; Bratsberg, 5/-, 6/-.

Miscellaneous Market, steady without much change, Aerated Bread; $5\frac{3}{8}$; Hotchkiss, $51\frac{1}{8}$; Guinness, $29\frac{3}{4}$; Allsopp, $11\frac{1}{4}$; Suez Canal, $84\frac{1}{2}$.

The issue of £3,500,000, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Incubated Stock of the New South Wales Government, repayable at par on the 1st September, 1918, is announced, and is likely to be over-subscribed. The issue price is £102 per cent.

The latest news from Berlin is more assuring; but the Markets do not respond (as they undoubtedly would), owing to the renewed disturbances in Paris.

Brokers are complaining sadly of the stagnation of business, and no wonder, when the public refuses to come forward and relieve them of securities, which they bought in anticipation of a general scramble by investors.

It is reported that Mr. Grace's contract with Peru will be accepted when Congress meets at Lima in a few weeks time. If so (and we have no reason to doubt it) a sharp rise may be anticipated, but our advice would be small profits and quick returns, especially in Perus.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres has declined from 45.75 to 44.60 per cent.

This may be a good opportunity of taking profits on Cedula. The tip is going round to buy them, but at the advance which has taken place during the last few weeks, we should prefer to realise.

Americans are just now the best Market. We have persistently drawn attention to some of these cheap Stocks, and believe that there is room for an important advance.

The New Loan for Uruguay still remains at about 2 premium, which, in our judgment, is altogether a fictitious price. We have no fancy for this class of security, and would not hold it at anything like its present price.

The Directors of the New Explosives Company, after increasing the reserve fund, have declared a dividend of 3s. per share, free of income tax. These shares will go better. Present price $6\frac{1}{2}$.

The following cable has been received from the Viola Mine for the week ending 14th inst.: Ore smelted 490 tons. Lead produced 165 tons. Silver produced 3,085 oz.; value 18,500 dols.

Mysore Gold Shares remain dull, but will improve by-and-by. It would be folly to sell at present prices.

Having taken leave of Cape Copper Shares at something over £70 per share, we would draw attention to the £1 shares of the Bratsberg Copper Mine, now selling at about 5/6. There is here a margin for profit, and we should not be surprised to see them selling at more than double the above price within the next few months. The reports from this mine are very satisfactory, and sufficient money is now being earned to warrant the announcement of a dividend at no distant date. We advise a purchase at present figure.

The gross earnings of the New York Central Railway, for the quarter ending March 31st, showed an increase of over 63,000 dollars, and for the six months, ending March 31st, an increase of more than 1,000,000 dollars.

Honduras Bonds at present price, viz., $12\frac{1}{2}$, are worth locking up. Trade in this American Republic is improving; and all that is wanted is the influx of capital into the country to develop its mining and agricultural wealth. Seldom have these Bonds been lower in the Market, and at to-day's quotation no harm could possibly result from a purchase.

Attention has lately been drawn to the price of Denver Preference Shares when they were selling at something like 48, owing, no doubt, to the issue of 3,000,000 dollars of first mortgage bonds at 5 per cent. The actual dividend paid on this stock last year was $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in cash, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in scrip, which, as the price at which the shares are now selling (about 51), will yield something over 9 per cent. per annum. We would draw the attention of our readers to this security, which, to those who have a fancy for Americans, may be regarded as one of the cheapest on the list.

One of the most favourable symptoms in the American Market is, that several of the Dividend Paying Stocks are said to be selling much above their value. We like to hear this, and would decidedly recommend a purchase in preference to a sale.

Metropolitan District Railway Stock are now quoted $33\frac{3}{4}$. We drew attention to them a fortnight since when the price was only $31\frac{1}{4}$, and should the present negotiations for the working of the line by electricity be carried through, this Stock must see a much higher figure. The saving in working expenses is estimated at 50 per cent., to say nothing of the improvement in the atmosphere of the line should this arrangement be carried out.

Ontarios are steadily improving, the making-up price to-day being $16\frac{3}{4}$.

Lake Shores at 93 are still a cheap Stock, paying 4 per cent. dividends regularly. On their merits these shares should be worth at least par to 105.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.H.L.—We have already advised a purchase of Mexican Central First Mortgage Bonds.

VIOLA.—We publish the latest reports from time to time.

COPPER.—The shares of the Bratsberg Mine are as good as any we know for the moment. See this week's issue.

BELFAST.—The shares you mention are not quoted on the Stock Exchange.

ROSCOMMON.—We have not had time to refer, but 103, or about that price, is as high as we can remember for some considerable time past.

H.S.—Close your account at once, and in future only deal with respectable Brokers.

DOUBTFUL.—Present price 15 to $15\frac{1}{2}$.

We are wanting the strength we need for the discovery of truth as yet unknown, because we do not rest enough in truth that we know. "Rest in the Lord." The greatest things are known already.

Hypocrisy, though it may be concealed for a time will sooner or later discover itself; it is often with difficulty that the hypocrite can preserve his mask entire, and when detected, to what shame and disgrace is he reduced!

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words, or by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back terrible charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso therefore can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart.



A RED CROSS NURSE.

THE field of Gravelotte. A battalion of Prussian infantry stood firm, immovable, amid the death-dealing hail. One form in the front rank was looking backward anxiously. He was tall, fair, and beautiful. Suddenly his countenance brightened. A young woman was standing in an ambulance wagon waving her handkerchief at him. It was his betrothed, Louise Ernst, who had followed him to the wars. He kissed his hand to her—immediately his hand flew to his head; blood spurted over his face; he fell.

Louise screamed, leaped from the wagon, and strove to make her way forward. It was impossible. A soldier lifted her into the wagon again, and it moved rearward.

It was a great battle. That day amid shot and shell man's heroism conquered death. Timid men forgot their usual fear and were recklessly brave. Cannon boomed and musketry rattled; and patriots fell in whole ranks to rise no more. The air, full of the smoke of burning gunpowder, was hot and suffocating. The noise of exploding firearms, pealing bugles and hoarse voices, was distracting.

Toward night Louise Ernst found her lover, threw herself upon his form, believing him dead, and until midnight lay upon his breast, with aching eyes she could not close, heart that beat by fits and starts, hands feeling as heavy as lead as she pushed back the blood-stained curls from that marble brow, and ever and anon pressing her blue lips against his ice-cold cheek. Her reason was tottering on its throne, made dizzy by whirling thought and passion; her heart was breaking.

In the distance lights flared up, flashed about, and went out again. The clear notes of bugles occasionally awoke the stillness of the battlefield. From above the moon looked down with pale pity, and the stars tried to dart hope into her wounded heart. Carrion birds flew screaming overhead. A groan now and then sounded near her. But she was oblivious to everything except that pale, drawn face upturned to hers.

Presently a crawling form approached her. It was that of a dark-faced, gaunt man, in tattered civilian attire. He stooped over every body and picked its pockets with his long, shaking hand. When he arrived at Louise's side he pushed her roughly out of his way, and commenced searching the pockets of her lover. She was paralyzed with amazement—could neither speak nor move.

The villain took a locket from Karl Neuman's neck. When she saw this the girl started up with a wild shriek, and tried to grasp the souvenir. The thief leaped back in alarm.

"Give me that locket, you rascal!" she screamed in anguish.

Her eyes gleamed. Her form shook with grief and rage. The fellow ran off taking the keepsake with him. The beautiful maid bounded after him, groaning; but she had not much strength, and after going about a hundred yards, sank down exhausted by the side of another body. The miscreant gave vent to an exultant laugh and ran on.

Again there was silence on the field of battle. The devoted girl lay as one dead—she was dazed with grief. Her face was white, with features drawn as during the last agony. Her long, thick hair lay in disorder about her.

The poor girl was awakened from her stupor by a commanding voice at some distance.

She sighed, shuddered, passed her hand over the body beside her, then looked around. A light, surrounded by moving figures, about a hundred yards off, met her sight. She murmured feebly,—

"I think Karl's body is over there. I thought he was here until now. I must go to him."

Sergeant Hunsaker, grim as Mars, was superintending the burial of some of his late comrades. Fifteen bodies had been thrown into a shallow pit, and were now being covered with earth.

Just as this work was done, the patter of footsteps was heard. Turning, the soldiers saw Louise running toward them, her eyes shining in the lantern light, hair and dress in disorder.

"Where is Karl?" she cried. "What have you done with him? Why are you silent? You cannot, surely, have buried him already? Speak, my good sergeant! I see that you know. Tell me."

Hunsaker lowered his massive head, and coughed in a smothered way.

"Tell me, sergeant, as you love your fair daughter whom you praise so much. Oh, be not afraid! I can bear it."

The soldier raised his compassionate eyes to her pleading face.

"I know not, Louise," he said, lowering his head again.

She cast herself at his feet, and raised her voice in prayer to him.

"Oh, Hans, that is not true! I know it by your face, for you are not used to deceit. Fear not for me. I know my Karl is dead. I only wish to kiss him good-by. Do tell me, I pray you!"

The strong man could not speak for a minute; his heart was full. He raised the maiden tenderly, and pointed to the mound of earth they had just thrown up.

"There," he replied huskily, turning his face away.

Louise gasped, staggered, took two steps toward the grave, stopped, and put one hand to her heart, the other to her head. The sergeant approached her; he thought she was going to fall. But she turned around, and raised her quivering face toward the sky, with despairful gaze. Her bosom heaved; her frame shuddered. Then her voice sounded, faint, weary, weak, as of one dying,—

"Never will I see my Karl again until we meet above. It is awful! Oh, that I might be taken to him!"

As she spoke the lantern light went out; clouds obscured the moon; the darkness became intense; scarce anything could be seen; nothing could be heard but the wail of Louise Ernst.

"Oh, why am I thus chastened?"

A slight gleam of moonlight pierced the moving clouds and fell on Louise's face. The soldiers listened with bowed heads. Tears streamed from eyes that had that day blazed in battle.

"Ah, it seems hardly possible that this affliction should come upon me!"

She started suddenly. Her brows became knit in thought.

"Oh, could it be possible that it is not so?"

The clouds, that had been moving slowly, were now sent aside as by the sweep of an Almighty arm, and the moon was revealed, bright, calm, majestic.

Louise's face changed in expression instantly; it shone with joy.

"No! no! no! He is not dead! My beloved is alive!"

The soldiers thought that her mind had given way.

"Dig him up!" she cried to them, appealingly.

They all looked at their leader. He raised his hand; he was about to expostulate. Louise did not allow him.

"What!" she cried. "You will not save him? You surely will not suffer him to die thus? Dead? No, indeed! Come, my good sergeant, hurry! No use? How cruel you are! Well, then, I will uncover him, for Heaven and my heart assure me that he is not dead, but lives!"

She wheeled about, took several steps forward on the mound, fell upon her knees, and plunged her slender fingers into the loose soil.

Some of the men moved toward her. Hunsaker waved them back.

"Wait!" he whispered, while great tears rained from his steel gray eyes.

Then he addressed Louise. She had already torn away about a cubic foot of earth, and touched, with her bleeding hands, a brass button. Her arms moved like thought.

"We will help you, Louise, if you wish."

There was no answer, and the sergeant was afraid to say more, for the maid was now like a wild spirit. The dirt flew out on either side of her in showers. The perspiration rolled down her face in streams. She worked with an ecstatic, mad energy.

"How was it," asked one of Hunsaker, "that she found Karl's body at the first move, and she did not see us bury him?"

"Love," whispered the sergeant.

He had not heard the question. He was thinking of something else. The man, however, took this whispered ejaculation for an answer. And perhaps he was right—"God is Love."

In another minute the face of Louise's lover was cleared of earth. The lantern light flickered over its ghastly beauty. She uttered a scream of joy, and kissed again those cold, pinched lips, then went on with her work. The sergeant again came forward to assist her. She ordered him off.

"Go away!" she exclaimed. "I, alone, will save him!"

It was not long before she had uncovered the greater part of his form. Then she put her hands under his neck and shoulders, and with superhuman strength, born of excitement, dragged him out of the pit. Laying him down gently she kissed him again, and with a hysteric sob of happiness, her head upon his bosom, swooned away.

After they had tried for some time, in vain, to resuscitate her, Hunsaker lifted her in his strong arms and bore her off the battlefield. Before leaving the spot one of the men asked if they would bury Karl's body again.

"No," answered the kind soldier; "poor Louise may want to see him when she recovers. We can inter him some other time."

And so Karl's life was saved, for he was not dead; but searching failed to find him. His existence was buried in oblivion.

An interval of twelve years.

A comfortably furnished parlour in New York. Seated at a sewing machine is a sad-faced, middle-aged maid.

She suddenly stops her work with a slight ejaculation, and quick paling of her wan face. She has heard a peculiar rap at the parlour door. She calls in a tremulous voice—

"Come in."

The door is opened from without. A servant girl is revealed.

"The gentleman, ma'am, wished to knock himself."

"Ah!"

The attenuated woman rises, shuddering. Her eyes are fixed, with an expression of yearning, horror, hope, and fear mixed, upon a man who passes the girl and advances toward her. He is tall, blonde, beautiful, although pale and hollow-eyed as from sickness, and is devouring her with great, blue, loving eyes.

She staggers, grasps a chair, murmurs, "Is it you, Karl?" Then, with a radiant look of happiness, falls upon his broad breast. "Is it really you?" she asks again, looking up through a veil of tears.

"It is I, Karl Neuman," he answers, kissing her again, "come to make you my wife; as I promised to do before that awful battle. I have been demented for twelve years. The wound on my head took away my memory. I cannot tell you what I have been doing during that time. My mind came back to me in a country town in Germany. A great doctor had met me in the woods. He said I was like a wild animal. He captured me, discovered what was wrong, performed an operation on me, and memory and reason were restored. I searched for you, found that you had come to the New World, and here now am I."

Next week gay wedding bells brighten the faces of two faithful lovers. They are married now and happy. And so truly ends this true story, every detail of which is taken from life.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE GAS COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN,

You are the most popular body in Dublin. The citizens return an almost idolatrous gratitude for your brilliant services. Your portraits are hung in every dwelling, from the highest mansion to the humblest cottage; and, for our part, we regret that it is your portraits only that are so hung. What is the reason of this universal enthusiasm? Gentlemen, it is because you have placed the public advantage before your private interests; your sole thought, from your incorporation, has been to sacrifice time, money, health, in order to illuminate this city in a manner becoming the famous beauty of its principal streets.

There is no doubt that the public implicitly believe your statement, that you have undercharged the Corporation for the street lighting. The experience of every private householder fully confirms this view.

We have watched with interest your friendly combat with the Corporation. We have observed that several days have elapsed from the first debate in the Corporation to the latest letter of your secretary; and we have not heard any one rash enough to insinuate that you have taken advantage of this time to renovate the "governors" which are alleged out of order.

The candid manner in which you have hastened to accept the challenge of the Corporation has struck us with admiration.

But you naturally object to allow the Corporation to select three hundred governors of their own choosing. These three hundred represent three thousand lamps, and in a large city like this, it is not unlikely that such a trifling number should occasionally be out of order.

You rightly assert that a governor is a delicate scientific instrument liable to work independently on its own account, and run up a large bill against the citizens, in defiance of your desires; and, furthermore, that it is the metres with governors which are always in a hurry to go wrong. We sympathise with the distress which this eccentricity on the part of a delicate scientific instrument must occasion you; and we are sure that you are extremely anxious to discover an instrument less likely to cause you to charge the public for gas that was never consumed.

We have no doubt that you will defeat the Corporation with the same facility with which you ousted the electric light.

We well remember the wonderful energy with which you grappled with the electric light: how you adopted improved burners, and fixed up a row of splendid lamps in the centre of Westmoreland Street, and along O'Connell-Sackville Street, which elicited wild enthusiasm from the citizens, and filled foreign visitors with admiration. For once, gentlemen, you shewed us Dublin by lamplight, and we were proud of the view. The city looked like an Irish Paris. But when the electric light retired, the improved burners and the giant lamps disappeared. You had demonstrated your resources, and were satisfied. We trust the citizens were equally satisfied.

Some persons are thoughtless enough to assert that a large percentage of the street accidents which occur at night, are due to defective light at the crossings, and should, therefore, be placed to the debit of your account. This means that you are nothing better than a gang of murderers, an assertion, in which we, of course, can not concur. If a child who has been sent of a message miscalculates the distance of vehicles, and in crossing a street falls mangled under the wheels of a dray, that circumstance is assuredly not the fault of defective lamps, but rather of the mother who thoughtlessly sent her child out after dark. If an old gentleman gets crushed under a cab, you are surely not to be held responsible for the impaired vision which is one of the lamentable accompaniments of old age? No, gentlemen, you have enough care on your shoulders, in your efforts to increase the yearly dividend, without troubling yourselves concerning the personal safety of the citizens after nightfall.

In conclusion, gentlemen, rest assured that the pretty dramatic quarrel between you and the Corporation will quickly subside from public view. They have been considerate enough to give you ample warning and sufficient time to repair any of those delicately eccentric governors which may be out of order. As long as there are members of the Corporation financially interested in the Gas Company we do not apprehend an explosion of any consequence; and the general interests of the two bodies are too identical to admit of a destructive collision.

Your history as private and public caterers is above reproach, you have never taken a base

advantage of your monopoly. You never overcharge your bills, never! If anything you are always anxious to undercharge.

We cannot, therefore, believe those who assert that you are nothing more or less than a nest of social brigands living on the helplessness of your fellow-citizens.

I am, gentlemen,

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD McNULTY.



POLITENESS OF THE JAPANESE.

TALKING of politeness, the Japanese have that article in their composition to a very extraordinary extent. Men are always excessively polite to one another. They bend their backs and bow their heads, and put their two hands back to back between their knees, and have a great time. But the most amusing thing is to see two old ladies in Japan meeting one another on the street. The street is empty, we'll say, and they catch sight of one another three or four blocks apart. They immediately begin to make obeisance at one another, and they keep bending and bowing at short intervals until they come together, when they make that peculiar hiss by drawing in their breath and keep on saying "Ohayo" for about two minutes.

A PRETTY FRENCH GIRL.

ONE of the prettiest girls I saw in France was selling flowers on the grand balcony. Her beauty won her many buyers as well as admirers. Her hair was as dark as the raven's wing, her eyes flashed and softened by turns, her features were as clean as from a sculptor's chisel, her cheeks red as roses. However she might be addressed she answered with a smile, a melodious laugh of pleasure following if she were pleased, a frown clouding her face but adding to her beauty if she would reprove. But she did not lose the evenness of her temper.

"I do so want to sell all ze genteelmen flowers," she would say in broken English, with a delicious French accent that stole right through the hearts and into the pocketbooks of some American gentlemen I knew, and to whom she often turned during the evening, "but I want them to buy for their own goot, not mine. I love ze flowers. They are sweet flowers, lovely flowers," and her face ran red with blushes like her roses.

I gave up thinking of her when I heard next morning that she had a husband whom she regularly whipped twice a day.

A COSTLY DINNER PARTY.

ONE of the most unique of the many private dinners given this season at Delmonico's, in New York, took place recently. On the plate of each guest, and attached to the menu, was a beautiful ring, with an emerald stone, set in diamonds. The rings cost 1,000 dols., and, as there were eight guests, the menus, with their novel attachments, must have cost over 8,000 dols. The host was George Law, a street railway magnate, and several times a millionaire. The guests at this dinner were, says Galignani, not so greatly surprised, because Mr. Law is

known to spend considerably over 100,000 dols. a year on jewellery. Very nearly all of this he distributes among his acquaintances.

FINDING THE SUN IN A STORM.

THERE have been frequent losses of life this winter through persons losing their way either in the snow or in the fog. At night, of course, there is no other course to adopt but that of reaching some shelter if possible. But during the day, while the sun is still in the sky, the right direction may be gained by a simple means of determining the position of the sun. This, according to an American paper, consists of placing the point of an knife-blade or a sharp lead-pencil on the thumb-nail, which will cast a shadow directly from the sun, no matter how thick the snow or fog is.

A FORTUNE IN A FILTER

LAST December the French State came into a large fortune left it by an old man named Meyer, who said in his will that he had no relatives. When the inventory of Meyer's goods and chattles was being made a stone filter was thrown aside because broken and unfit for any use; but the other day, when it was being carried away as rubbish, a bundle of papers fell out. On examination they were found to be debentures and other stocks, payable to bearer, and, at the present state of the stock market, worth £12,000.

EXERCISE AND BATHING.

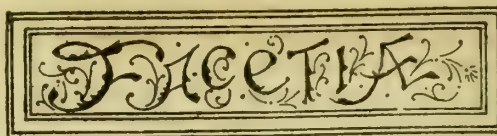
IF you are melancholy and listless, just see what fresh air and cold water can do for you. Take a daily tramp of from two to four miles. Add to this dumb-bells, frequent baths, and wholesome mental occupation, and the melancholy must be very deeply rooted to remain. As the season advances the out-door exercise may be taken in a more fascinating form still, by daily work in the garden—not just aimless pottering about, but good honest digging, hoeing, and raking. Speaking of bathing, a great many of us really cannot endure the shock of a very cold bath in winter, and yet we are apt to feel enervated after a warm one. A very invigorating combination is to bathe in very warm water, really as hot as is endurable; then, when thoroughly warm, to pour cold water all over one, and follow this with a brisk rub all over with a coarse towel. It puts the skin all in a glow, and materially increases the circulation. And such a bath tends to decidedly improve the complexion, a consideration which vain folk must not lose sight of.

A DELICIOUS GINGER-BREAD.

BEAT together a quarter of a pound of butter with a little amount of brown sugar; add one gill of sour milk, a pint of treacle, three beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, and half as much each of allspice and cinnamon. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of baking soda in the milk, and stir in as much flour as will make a batter as for a cake—about one and a half pounds. When nearly done, brush over the top with a little beaten egg mixed with milk. Return to the oven and finish the baking.

TO AVOID DEAFNESS.

NEVER let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back toward the window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.



"I AM going to leave, mum." "What for? I am sure I have done all the work myself in order to keep a girl." "Well, mum, the work's not done to suit me."

GUEST:—"Have you a fire-escape in this house?" Landlord:—"Two of 'em, sir." "I thought so. The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing."

THE following toast was proposed at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

HE:—"What a lovely fan you have, Miss Edith!" She:—"Yes; papa gave it to me. It came from Paris, and is hand-painted." He: "Indeed! And how nicely it matches your complexion!"

MRS NUCOYNE:—"Yes, it was an awful disease; it reely got to be an epidermis in our neighborhood; and I was so frustrated by it I had to spend two weeks at the seashore to recapitulate."

MISS MEACHLOWKSCDIQVZ has disappeared from her home in Sing Sing, and her friends are in great uneasiness about her. It is feared she has shut herself up somewhere and is trying to pronounce her own name.

STRUGGLING HUSBAND: "You were always fond of books, Minnie. What can I give you for your birthday?"—Innocent Dear: "Give me a cheque-book, darling. Whenever I sign your name I shall think of you."

CURATE (visiting a poor cabman down with bronchitis):—"Have you been in the habit of going to church?" Poor Cabby (faintly):—"Can't say I hev, sir; but"—(eagerly)—"I've druv a good many parties there, sir!"

OLD GENTLEMAN, to boy on twelfth birthday—"I hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue." Boy, politely returning compliment, totally unconscious of sarcasm—"The same to you, sir."

MR. FEATHERLY (to Miss Fizzletop, his partner, who has failed to play a trump): "I see you have a very poor hand, Miss Fizzletop."—Miss F. (a novice at the game): "I wish you would confine your attention to the cards, Mr. Featherly. You are positively rude."

"I'LL have to ask you for an increase in my salary," said a clerk to his employer last week. "Why, you had an advance the first of the year." "I know, but you see my wife is attending some cooking lectures and cooking according to receipts."

TRAMP (to partner):—"Did the old man give you anythin' Bill?" Partner:—"Naw." "What did you say to him?" "I asked him if he couldn't help a poor man who was out o' work, and he said he could give me some work. Times seems to be gettin wuss every day."

"LAY off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said a landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "The last time I was here I left off my overcoat. I did not feel it when I went out, and I have not felt it since."

"Why don't you wheel the barrow of coal along more lively, Tim?" asked a coal dealer of his hired man, "It's not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ay, master," quoth the man, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but I am not."

AN old lady, who had lived very many years with her husband, and was never known to quarrel, was asked how they were always so happy and good tempered. She replied, "You see, my dear, I always feed him well. When I was young I won his heart, and now I am old I have won his stomach, and so he is never cross."

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally her, for the amusement of her company, upon the fantastic ornaments of a huge pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this? You are quite an artist. How did you do it?" "Indade it was meself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth mum."

A NUMERICAL MISUNDERSTANDING.—Mormon Elder (to shoe dealer)—"I want to get a pair of boots for my wife." Shoe-dealer—"Yes, sir. What number, please?" Mormon Elder—"Seventeen." Shoe-dealer—"Seventeen? Great Brigham, sir, we haven't shoes that large!" Mormon Elder (sternly)—"I am not speaking of the number of the shoe, sir, but of the number of the wife."

YOUNG MAMMA (to her brother-in-law, who is also the family doctor): "By-the-by, Alexander, I'm so glad you've come. I wished to talk to you about baby. I can't understand why he doesn't speak yet. Surely he ought to by this time." Alexander: "Well, ye see, Ann, ye just talk the very highest o' English, an' my brither John, again, he just talks the vara braidest o' Scotch; an' the puir bairn, ye see, it hasna just made up its mind which side o' the house it'll tak till."

KNEW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE. Scene—Scotch railway station. Ticket collector, in making his collection, finds an old gentleman fumbling in his pockets for his ticket. Ticket Collector—"Tickets, please!"

Old Gentleman—"I'm just lookin' for it." Ticker Collector—"Well, I'll look in again in a few minutes. See and have it ready then."

Ticket collector returns shortly, but the old gentleman is still hunting for it.

Ticket Collector (suddenly)—"Why, you have it in your mouth, man!"

Old Gentleman (giving him the ticket)—"Oh, so I hae! Here you are!"

Another gentleman in the carriage, as the train moves on, to first gentleman—"I'm afraid you're losing your memory, sir."

"Nae fear o' that—nae fear o' that! The ticket wis a fortnicht auld, and I wis jist sookin' the date aff 't!"

Tableau.

IRISH SOCIETY

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WEEK ENDING MAY 5th, 1888.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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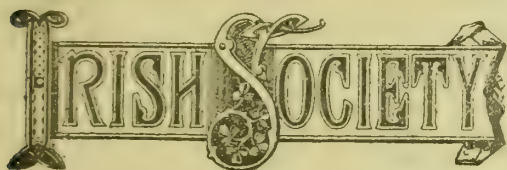
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WEEK ENDING 5th MAY, 1888.

Her Majesty the Queen has now reigned some 18,700 days, and out of that extended period the total time allotted to residence in Ireland has been only eighteen days.

The Queen was welcomed by the Berlin Bourse in a most appropriate manner—even the quotations rose to greet her.

Her Majesty's reception in Germany has been of such a cordial character—a cordiality which no amount of influence on the part of the Empress could have brought about—that it at once disposes of the absurd stories which found their way into some of the newspapers as to the probability of a feeling of coolness pervading the Berliners on the recent occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to her eldest daughter. The Crown Prince, who was credited with the determination of openly showing his contempt for Prince Henry of Battenberg and all the family, was, perhaps, the most demonstrative in his welcome of his august grandmother, and the cordial greetings exchanged between the ruler of these realms and the Imperial Chancellor prove that Bismarck does not regard our Queen as that dangerous match-maker which some would have us believe was his estimate of her.

The only thing which has marred the visit of the Queen-Empress to the German capital is the unhappy condition of the Emperor, or "our Fritz," as Frederick the Third is still called in the English Court.

The Queen's visit to Berlin has been a theme upon which, in some quarters, much rancorous criticism has been spent. The visit was prompted, we are told, by a desire to see the Emperor of Austria, to arrange with him for the renewal, in a modern form, of the old Triple Alliance; but the true cause of her Majesty's visit to Berlin was a desire to see her daughter and son-in-law. Queen Victoria was also very desirous of knowing whether her daughter's jointure in the event of the Emperor's death was properly secured.

The Emperor, however, has again made a wonderful recovery which we hope may be of such a nature as to prolong a valuable life, and one upon which the peace and welfare of more nations than one depends.

It is to be hoped that the Queen's recent journeyings has created within her a desire to see more of her own country and people than has been her wont for some years back. Fashionable circles are in much need of the stimulus which her Majesty is alone able to give.

Her Majesty has given £200 for the benefit of the poor at Florence.

All crowned heads are not terrors to the world. When the King of Spain declares war he is simply spanked by his nurses until he becomes reasonable and will take his milk.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry left Kingstown for England on Tuesday evening, per Mail Steamer "Ulster," Captain Slaughter.

Quite lately his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant paid a visit to the new Science and Art Museum and National Library Buildings in the rear of Leinster House, Kildare Street, the works in connection with which he inspected with much interest, and before leaving expressed his great admiration of the beauty of the Museum, the exterior of which is now finished.

The Glasgow Exhibition will be opened on Tuesday next by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Scottish aristocracy have therefore been thrown into a flutter of excitement. Sir Archibald Campbell will entertain the Royalties, the Duke of Hamilton having, for some reason best known to himself, declined to do so. Sir Archibald's party will include the Buccleuchs, the Argyles, the Abercorns, the Lothians, the Stairs, the Napiers of Ettrick, and the Colville's of Culross.

The Exhibition, it is expected, will be an unprecedented success, and the Provost, Sir James King, has, we believe, made up his mind not to decline a baronetcy, should the honour be offered to him.

Are we to have any cheap excursions from Dublin to Glasgow this year? We have not yet seen any intimation to that effect; but we hope either of the Companies plying between Dublin and Glasgow will, without delay, move in the matter.

A quiet but fashionable marriage was solemnized last week at the church of St. Bartholomew, Clyde Road, Dublin, the bride being Annie, the accomplished daughter of the late Rev. Morris Reade, and the groom, Captain Grantham, of the 2nd Suffolk Regiment, eldest son of Colonel Grantham, of West Keal, Lincolnshire. A select invited company witnessed the ceremony.

An engagement has taken place between Mr. Moore, of Barne, county Tipperary, and a young English lady, Miss Morgan, of Brampton.

A marriage is arranged, and will take place early in May, between Mr. Macfarlane, late member for Carlow, and Miss Fanny Robson, of Lexham Gardens, South Kensington.

At the close of last week a marriage, which was witnessed by a fashionable congregation, was solemnised in St. Barnabas' Church, Kensington, the bride being Lily, daughter of Mr. Harrison Hayter, of Kensington, and the bridegroom Mr. Hanna, younger son of the late Samuel Hanna, Esq., R.M., of Tanaghmore, County Down. The arrival of the bridal party was eagerly awaited by the expectant crowd of ladies, who unanimously declared that the turnout was positively lovely.

The bride wore a dress of white corded silk, draped with Honiton lace, with long Court train, a tulle veil, and orange blossom wreath, and she carried a large bouquet of choice lilies of the valley. The dresses of the five bridesmaids were of white delaine, striped with silk, and trimmed with white ribbon and velvet, tan gloves and gold brooches, on which the letter "H" was set in pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and each young lady carried a bouquet of yellow tulips. After the wedding *déjeuner* the newly-married pair left for a few days' tour in Warwickshire, preparatory to embarking for South America.

What ladies would regard as "a really nice wedding," has just been solemnised in the parish church of Altadesert, Pomeroy, County Tyrone, the contracting parties being Major Charles Murray Alexander, 4th Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Miss Loury, eldest daughter of Robert W. Loury, Esq., D.L., J.P., Pomeroy House. Captain Cole Hamilton, R.N., acted as best man, and the bridesmaids were Miss L. Loury (sister of the bride), the ladies Muriel and Mary Stuart, Miss Dorinda Loury, Miss Rushe, and Miss Toler (cousins of the bride,) and Miss Muriel and Miss E. Alexander (nieces of the bridegroom). The town of Pomeroy was *en fete*, being handsomely decorated with floral arches and handsome flags.

The bride wore a white satin dress, with train and panels of watered silk, trimmed with tulle and Carrickmacross lace, garlands of orange blossoms and ornaments of pearls. The bridesmaids wore dresses of ecru serge and Gainsborough hats trimmed with daffodils, and carried lovely bouquets in artistically-made baskets. They also wore pearl brooches, these and the bouquets being the gifts of the bridegroom. The wedding presents were numerous and handsome. On their departure from the railway station for Dublin *en route* to England to spend the honeymoon, hearty cheers were given for Major and Mrs. Alexander, showers of rice being thrown after the newly-wedded pair.

A marriage is arranged between Mr. Francis Richards, son of Mr. Richards of Elm Bank, Surrey, and Kathleen, daughter of Colonel Pilkington Blake, of Thurston: the ceremony will take place in June.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Reginald G. O. Tupper, R.N., her Majesty's ship *Boadicea*, son of the late Captain C. W. Tupper, formerly 7th Royal Fusiliers, and grandson of the late Sir Wheeler Cuffe, Bart., of Leyrath, County Kilkenny; and Miss Emily C. Greer, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General H. H. Greer, C.B., formerly of the 68th Regiment, of the Grange, Moy, County Tyrone.

A marriage has also been arranged between Captain Walter Blake Butler, 2nd battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, eldest son of Mr. Nicholas Butler, J.P., Walterstown, County Clare, and Elizabeth Clara, youngest daughter of the late Cornelius Creagh, of Dangan, County Clare.

A few evenings since, Major and Mrs. Hayes gave another "At-Home" at their town residence, which was well attended by guests

desirous of hearing high-class music. A number of very beautiful songs were rendered by several ladies in most artistic fashion, rendering the *re-union* thoroughly enjoyable.

A new knight has been enrolled in the ranks of the illustrious Order of St. Patrick in the person of the Marquis of Ormonde. The ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Hall at the Castle, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant performing the investiture as Grand Master of the Order.

Following the ceremony at the Castle their Excellencies gave a dinner party at the Lodge, at which the new knight and a distinguished company were entertained. The band of the Black Watch supplying the music during dinner.

The full-dress ball (postponed from St. Patrick's Day) given by their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry at the Castle on Thursday night was an event to be remembered in viceregal and fashionable circles in Dublin. The scene was one of surpassing beauty, the glittering jewels of many of the loveliest of Ireland's daughters shining resplendently under the brilliant light which flooded St. Patrick's noble hall. One feature of the memorable festival was the circumstance that those honoured with invitations enjoyed the rare privilege of witnessing the installation of the Marquis of Ormonde as a Knight of the illustrious Order of St. Patrick.

The dancing was incessant and the enjoyment of the most genuine kind. The ball was opened with a country dance, which was gone through in a spirited way—her Excellency having as partner Colonel Dease, the Chamberlain, while his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant had her Serene Highness of Saxe-Weimar as his *vis-a-vis*.

Mr. Liddell's Viceregal Band was in capital form, and played a splendid selection of dance music with scarcely any intermission from shortly before eleven o'clock up to five next morning. Our corpulent and good-humoured friend, the *chef* had a number of sweetly-pretty new things in his portfolio, from Lecocq, Czibulka, Bucalossi, Meissler, and others, and his staff played them well—so well, indeed, that it was impossible to resist their strains, and accordingly many gentlemen of mature age were found essaying valses and quadrilles who would have been much more comfortably engaged in looking on. But it was all owing to the excellence of Liddell's band.

The Hon. Mrs. Netterville Cahill gave an agreeable musical entertainment at her residence in Pembroke Road, on Saturday, the 14th, which was numerous and fashionably attended.

Lord and Lady Emly have been detained at Naples, but will shortly leave for Rome. Lady Emly is the bearer of a jubilee offering from the ladies of Limerick to the Pope, and will request an audience to present it.

Mrs. Pigott gave a most enjoyable dance at her residence, 78 Harcourt street, on Tuesday evening, April 24. The spacious rooms were thronged with guests, and dancing was carried on with great spirit until an early hour. Mr. Wooley furnished excellent music.

The last of the series of afternoon receptions given by the Archbishop of Dublin and Lady Plunket took place on Wednesday.

Mrs. John Murphy gave a pleasant dance on Tuesday evening at her residence, Avondale, Blackrock.

At Mrs. Head's dance two charming young relatives were considered the belles of the evening.

At Mrs. Walpole's cotillon party, amongst those most admired were Miss Armitage-Moore and Miss Rachel Saunderson.

The newly-appointed Provost of Trinity College was formerly one of the best chess players in Ireland, or, indeed, in the United Kingdom, though the exigencies of a brilliant and successful career induced him long since to abandon the serious practice of it.

By the death of Mrs. Wills last week, at her residence, Wellington Road, at the great age of 97, a link with the last century has been broken. This venerable lady was a charming letter writer, and took a lively interest in literary subjects. She was the mother of W. G. Wills, the well-known dramatic writer. She was a niece of the Right Hon. C. Kendal Bushe, and nearly related to Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have arranged to sail from England on the 24th of May.

The Mount Temple Tennis Club easily defeated the Pembroke at Palmerston Park on Saturday last, the Mount Temple scoring all the events save one.

The gown worn by her Excellency at St. Patrick's Ball was supplied by Mr. Manning of Grafton-street, and looked very lovely. Our lady readers will be interested in learning that it was composed of blue moire silk, velvet, and tulle, specially dyed to match her Excellency's magnificent set of turquoise ornaments. The bodice was of moire trimmed velvet, and the front of the skirt moire, with trimming at tail; front drapery and bell-pull sashes at side of velvet; tulle back.

Very few new dresses were supplied for St. Patrick's Ball, these having been already furnished for the original event fixed for the 17th ult., and as they were kept in reserve for Thursday night last, very little additional was required. It is satisfactory, however, to know that Dublin houses profited largely by the ball, the only regret being that such festivities are not more numerous.

The dreadful east wind could not, of course, be expected to spare the ladies who attended the ball, and who, on their return, were more or less exposed to its withering influence. We have heard of these fashionable doctors whose list of patients has been considerably extended in consequence of the merciless action of that horrible wind, which penetrated the closest wraps and coverings, and which closed carriages could not exclude.

After the ball we have naturally a season of dulness affecting costumiers, caterers, musicians,

and a small army of industrious people who thrive exactly in proportion as there is a stir in fashionable life. We cannot expect a ball of the magnitude of the Castle gathering every week in the year, but a great deal might be done by people of means and position in the city in the way of imitating it, even at a long distance, thus giving encouragement to trade and employment to a great many very deserving people.

The 11th Hussars, the Cherries, were favoured with perfect weather for their regimental races on the 28th ultimo. If the racing was not A 1, all the arrangements were; and Colonel Veulst and his officers entertained in princely style. Visitors from Dublin journeyed comfortably down by a train (special) at noon, and were back in Dublin before the Angelus bell rang, having spent an agreeable day, at all events those who had spotted the winners.

On Tuesday evening a most enjoyable Concert and Recital was given in the Grand Orange Hall, Rutland Square, the proceeds being devoted to the foundation of a library. A large and appreciative audience attended, and the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. T. A. Chambers, must be congratulated on the success of the undertaking. It would be invidious to comment upon the artistes individually, but we must admit that the attractions of the evening were Mrs. Aery Jacob, in *Golden Love*; Mr. Grindley's laughing song and stump speech; Mr. Ainsworth, in *Tom Bowling*; and the *Combat Scene* from "The Lady of the Lake," in which Mr. James Glasco, as *Roderick D'hue*, and Mr. Charles W. Wheeler, as *Fitz James*, exhibited elocutionary talent of the highest order.

The Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren of Lodge XXV, will hold a ball in aid of the building fund of the Masonic Orphan Boys' School, on Friday, 11th May, 1888, in the New Leinster Hall, under the patronage of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry, their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar, and their Graces the Most Worshipful the Grand Master and the Duchess of Abercorn, who have signified their intention of being present. The number of tickets issued will be strictly limited, and can only be obtained through members of the order. The Right Worshipful the Deputy Grand Master has granted permission to all brethren attending the ball to wear the Masonic garb and decorations to which their rank in Masonry entitles them, and it is hoped that brethren will avail themselves of this permission.

Queens have hobbies just like other people. The Queen of Portugal's favourite is that of making pottery. She can, not only mould the ware, but also paint and glaze it. That of Queen Olga, of Greece, is spinning silk. Her Majesty is very domestic, and often attends to household duties.

Land has declined in value in the United Kingdom and Ireland as we all know, but it will take some time longer to get down to the rates of land lately sold in Georgia. Eleven lots, comprising 5,300 acres, lately fetched £10 2s. Some sold at eight shillings a lot, less than a halfpenny an acre. Georgia was founded by the famous General Oglethorpe, and named after

George the Second. The land sold was uncleared land.

A Paris paper is responsible for the following figures. There are in London 2,428 wives who have deserted their husbands; 2,371 husbands who have left their wives; 4,750 divorced couples; 191,020 pairs living apart; 510,512 families pretending to be happy; 1,050 happy a degree; and only 6 really happy. A triumph for bachelors.

The Soldiers' Institute, at Conyngham Road, deserves all the encouragement that we civilians can give to it, its object being the mental and moral improvement of the troops in garrison, very many of whom have benefited largely through its beneficent agency. In its aid a sale of work will take place in the Institute on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of May, commencing at one o'clock in the afternoon, and continuing up to nine o'clock each evening. Contributions of plain and fancy needlework, fruit, flowers, vegetables, and all kinds of saleable goods are asked, and these, we have no doubt, will be cheerfully forwarded to Mrs. Packard at the Institute.

There will be a refreshment stall on the occasion, and military bands, as well as the band of the Royal Irish Constabulary, will attend each day and evening. Among the ladies who have kindly promised to preside at stalls are the Lady Blanche Granville-Smith, Mrs. Kidston, wife of Colonel Kidston of the Black Watch; the Misses Colin Campbell, Miss Hughes, of Kiltiernan, and others. The sale should be a highly successful one.

We desire to draw the attention of our speculative readers who are interested in Stock Exchange News to the accuracy of our predictions for the last few weeks, especially as regards the American Markets, which have, in nearly every instance, turned out as we had anticipated. We congratulate those of our readers who have taken our advice, and hope they will make it known to their friends that our "Hints to Investors" can be acted upon with comparative safety and at the same time almost certain advantage.

Sarah Bernhardt has gained fresh laurels it appears in Lisbon, where she is now playing her piece "L'Aveu," that was brought out at the Odeon a few weeks ago. The King and Queen personally testified their appreciation of her acting by presenting the tragedienne with a sapphire and diamond ring.

Miss Wardell, who made her *debut* in America, has taken for her stage name Ailsa Craig. This, our readers are no doubt aware, is the name of a rocky island in the Firth of Forth. Miss Wardell is Helen Terry's daughter.

Showers of jewels, floral tributes, and bouquets enclosing golden *billet-doux* are showered nightly at Madame Patti in South America, where she is at present touring.

Punch's definition of an agent, "as a gent who acts for another gent," is not sufficiently comprehensive when applied to the matrimonial agent who acts on behalf of ladies in search of husbands, as well as of gentlemen in search of wives. That matrimony contracted through an agency is not always satisfactory, however, is

proved by a case lately decided in the Divorce Court. The lady who applied unsuccessfully for a dissolution of her marriage, owned to having been introduced to her husband by a matrimonial agent, who only charged a trifle of a hundred guineas commission for his services. The lady had a fortune of £5,000, and the gentleman to whom the agent introduced her was, according to her own account, represented to be a person of aristocratic environment, who would come into a fortune some day. As a matter of fact he was a bus driver.

Next week's issue will contain an account of an interview with the young American prima donna, Marie Decca, who appeared at the Italian Concert on Saturday last at the Leinster Hall.

The complimentary concert to Mr. Edward Dyas, the well-known accompanist, took place on Friday evening in St. Thomas' Parochial Hall, Marlborough Street, and was well attended. The programme comprised items by Wagner, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Bizet. Miss Fennell sang well, and has a future if she works.

Sir Morell MacKenzie brings a heavy indictment against the *Times* correspondent at Berlin. In reply to that gentleman's congratulations and offers of humble service, Sir Morell writes:—"From the beginning of November until March you thought you would best serve your interests by pleasing the military party in Berlin, and you therefore systematically depreciated me in your telegrams to the *Times*." Sir Morell MacKenzie, after exposing the manner in which Mr. Charles Lowe, the correspondent in question, cooked his reports, continues: "When, contrary to your expectation, the Crown Prince became Emperor, and I arrived at Charlottenburg in attendance on his Majesty, you thought it would suit your interests better to be friends with me, and accordingly wrote me a letter of congratulation, in which you said, 'I place my services at your disposal.' I, however, declined to receive you. I am not surprised that you should have continued your former conduct." Mr. Lowe's reply to this is not satisfactory.

Donnybrook Young Men's Association held a dramatic entertainment last week in their Schoolhouse, Beaver's Row. The performance was in every way satisfactory. The pieces produced were—Cheyne Smith's "Happy Pair," and the comedietta, "Dearest Mamma." In the latter, Messrs. Bendon, Scott, and Wright, acted intelligently; Mrs. W. Moore as the mother-in-law was competent, while Miss O'Hea and M. K. Jeremy filled their parts in a satisfactory manner.

Mr. W. Alymer Kelly's concert came off on Saturday evening last in the Coffee Palace. The trio, "The Magic-wave Scarf," was given by the Messrs. Mawhinny and Kelly and Miss Dora Maxwell, with good effect. Mr. W. S. North secured an encore for his interpretation of the "Death of Nelson." A pretty blonde, Miss Helen Conway, ably portrayed the part of Constance, from Sheridan Knowles' "Love Chase." Master Wildrake was taken by Mr. F. Williams. Miss Edith Smythe lacked expression in Molloy's "Thady O'Flynn," but was more successful in a subsequent song. Mrs. Ellis Cameron's Sleep-walking scene, from Macbeth was recited in too sepulchral a key.

The Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Leinster Hall last week was a double success, both in the number of visitors to the hall during the afternoon and in the magnificence of the floral exhibits. Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry were among those present, and the pleasures of the promenade were largely added to by the musical performances given by the band of the Liverpool Regiment, and by Mr. Mervyn Browne's excellent orchestral string band.

The toilettes were simply superb, and a fairer and even more attractive show than the exotics were the lovely women who thronged the hall, apparelled in the newest and most bewitching of Spring costumes. Certainly male visitors paid them more attention than they did the flowers, and in this, with all due respect to the gardeners, the gentlemen exhibited excellent taste.

Mr. Frederick Villiers' lectures on his war experiences have proved extremely interesting, and we trust he will repeat them in Dublin, where he has made a good impression as a graphic *raconteur* of scenes on the field of battle. Many would be glad of the opportunity of hearing him again.

At Mr. Villiers' first lecture in the Metropolitan Hall, Mr. J. A. Scott, editor of the *Irish Times*, and ex-President of the Irish Journalists' Association, occupied the chair, and in introducing the war correspondent made an extremely happy little speech which interested all who heard it. Certainly, on any subject in which the Press is concerned, Mr. Scott is the right man in the right place.

The work just done by the Lord Mayor in the populous district of Oxmanstown—one of the most backward quarters of the city—that of opening the splendid block of artisans' dwellings recently erected there by the Corporation, is a step in the right direction which the citizens will cordially approve of. They are situated near the Royal Barracks, and convenient to Kingsbridge, and are handsome four-storied blocks of red brick, consisting of three structures, the first of which covers an area of 16,250 square feet, and possesses a shop at each of its four corners, with residential apartments, six treble-roomed dwellings, and fifty-four single-roomed dwellings.

All through, the apartments are comfortably constructed. The rooms run from side to side on each storey, and are divided by a concreted corridor which is lighted by gas lamps with reflectors. All the rooms are nine feet high, except the basement, which has a height of eleven feet. The rents are extremely moderate, and much lower indeed than the sums paid for rooms in wretched and unsanitary tenement houses in the heart of the city.

But one of the best features of the buildings remains to be described. At a considerable height, overlooking all the surrounding dwellings, and affording a splendid panoramic view of the city, is a flat concrete roof, asphalted on the surface, and having the full area of 16,250 square feet, to which all occupants of the block have access. It will form an excellent and safe playground for children, and in good weather will afford an agreeable lounge for the tired artisan

after his hard day's work. The only other similar flat roof in Dublin available for purposes of recreation is to be found in connection with Jervis Street Hospital.

We would offer a suggestion to the cricketers of Dublin. Why should they not invite the Australian Eleven to try conclusions in the Irish capital. The Antipodean team arrived in London at the close of last week, and some of them are either of Irish birth or descent.

It is to be regretted that the date of the Amateur Athletic Championship at Ballsbridge clashes with that of the first day of the Fitzwilliam Tennis Tournament. This is a mistake which it might not yet be too late to remedy, and in the interest of both events we recommend a consideration of the matter to those directly interested.

The absurd custom indulged in by certain "sets" of brainless young men in Dublin who persist in wearing yellow leather boots and think it nice—possibly because it is odd—is one not to be commended. It is only equalled by the effeminate habit indulged in last summer by the same foolish clique, who aped a spurious athleticism by donning cricket and lawn tennis outfits after business hours, apparelled in which, and with racket or bat in hand, they often afforded much amusement to the citizens as they sauntered up and down Grafton-street and the adjacent thoroughfares.

The Water Wags' programme for 1888 will interest many persons who take delight in aquatic contests. The races will be run round the Club Course at Kingstown, and are certain to attract many visitors to the "premier township." The next event is fixed for Saturday, 5th May, when the fourth race will come off. On the 12th there will be a cruise to Dalkey Island; on the 19th the fifth race will take place, and the sixth race is down for the 26th inst., which will exhaust the May fixtures.

Mr. Robert Martin, at one time an Irish landlord, and at the present moment a talented comic song writer, has just completed a new ditty for Miss Nelly Farren, which she will sing in the coming tour of the London Gaiety Company, who possesses Mr. Walter Raynham, of Dublin, as Stage Manager.

In addition to the *artistes* from Ireland at the musical festivals to be given at Olympia during the continuance of the forthcoming Exhibition, this country will also furnish one representative of note to the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, commencing on the 25th of June next, when Mr. Barton McGuckin will divide the tenor honours with Mr. Edward Lloyd. The first work performed will be "Israel in Egypt," and the chorus, which will number 4,000 voices, will be selected from the principal choirs in the United Kingdom.

Can anyone inform us if the London and North Western Railway Co. intend to run a special excursion for the opening of the Irish exhibition? Our representative frequently inquired at the offices, Grafton Street, where the usual answer of "No official information" invariably was returned.

It is said that the mysterious author of the "New Antigone," who has studiously veiled his identity and authorship, is Father Barry, a young Irish Catholic priest, who is tolerably well known as a successful preacher.

Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., is the owner of sixty thousand acres in Down and Antrim, and is so popular as a benevolent landlord that his recovery from his recent illness is a source of joy and gratitude to all the tenants on his estates.

The tenantry on the Ballynatray property have presented the Hon. Charles William and Mrs. Moore-Smythe a most touching address of condolence on the death of their only son, and express their gratitude for the considerate kindness they have uniformly received at their hands.

They were most warmly thanked by Mr. and Mrs. Moore-Smythe, who expressed the sincere wish that the good feeling which had always existed between them and their tenants should be maintained.

It is not generally known that the late Vincent Wallace, the composer of the most popular English Opera of the day, namely, "Maritana," served for many years as violinist in the orchestra of the old Theatre Royal, Dublin. While filling this humble situation he wrote this opera, which he sold to Pyne and Harrison's Company for the paltry and miserable sum of ten shillings. The work was produced with such success that Pyne and Harrison pocketed £42,000. Thus genius is rewarded.

The Lawn Tennis Championship of Ireland will take place on Monday, 21st May, and five following days, at Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.

The ladies entry will include, we understand, the Misses Dod, the Misses Watson, the Misses Steedman, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Bryan, and Miss Bracewell, all of whom are well known as the best of the English lady players, while the Emerald Isle will be represented by the Misses Langrishe, Miss C. Butler (who at present holds the Ladies' Championship of Scotland), and others.

The gentlemen's entry will, we believe, include among the English players Mr. E. Renshaw (the present champion of Ireland), Mr. H. F. Lawford (ex-champion), Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Grove, the Hon. P. Bowes-Lyon, Mr. A. J. Stanley, and others, and it is hoped that Mr. W. Renshaw will accompany his brother to play in the double events. The Messrs. Hamilton, Campion, Chaytor, Mahony, Boyd, and others will represent Ireland. The entry, it is expected, will be one of the largest on record.

The Irish Exhibition, in Addison Road, London, will not be ready before the second week in June. It is expected that the opening ceremony will be performed by the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry, who will be supported by many of the most distinguished and illustrious people of Ireland, and, for this occasion only, by several of Mr. Parnell's followers. With the view of giving the show a good start, a number of Irish celebrations are to be held in London during the opening week.

Colonel Kenelm Murray will shortly be gazetted to the command of the First Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, besides being a powerful politician, has within the past few months become an important individual in the social world. Although Mrs. Endacott, the wife of the United States Minister for War, declares there is no truth in the rumour that her daughter, who has just attained her twentieth year, is about to be married to Mr. Chamberlain, whose heart and hand it seems were offered to this charming young lady during his visit to the United States, we have every reason to believe that such an event will take place at an early date. Miss Endacott will be Mr. Chamberlain's third wife.

The Duke of Marlborough has, in anticipation of his marriage with Mrs. Hammersley, a wealthy American lady, recently spent large sums of money on Blenheim, £20,000 alone being expended on orchid houses and their contents. The Duke hopes to be successful in his wooing, and for the honour and glory of the old house, we hope he may.

On Saturday, July 7th, the Lawn Tennis Championship of All England takes place at Wimbledon.

We have a neat little romantic story from Wales this week. Miss Williams, a rich heiress, of Abergavenny, was some time ago, completely captivated by the superior charms of a groom bearing the suggestive name of Lovey, and having submitted to his wiles, in due course became his wife. After the ceremony had been performed, and while yet the joy of the bride at her conquest of the loveable Lovey was surging through her heart, word came that the amorous swain had not confined his addresses to her, but that he had been playing the part of a gay Lothario elsewhere. It seems that he had been for some months previously paying much attention to a young housemaid to whom, only that the heiress turned up so opportunely, he would have been married on the day that saw him united to Miss Williams. The jilted housemaid has intimated her intention of at once commencing an action against her recreant knight, in the hope that a jury of her countrymen will award her satisfactory damages.

Mr. Lovey's parents have taken the part of their son with a vengeance, as his mother on being interviewed by the jilted housemaid, answered her queries by douching her with cold water in the hope, perhaps, of cooling her ardour. Lovey, senior, declared to a friend that "e aint a going to do no more work now that he's son's married a heiress." We hope Miss Williams will not live to repent having married Lovey, junior.

A young lady writes to us from the neighbourhood of Pembroke Road, complaining that, in attending "afternoons," a good many people in Dublin are acquiring the habit of "commencing to pussy-cat" when any person begins to play on the piano. We quite agree with our fair correspondent that this gross vulgarity, born of ill-manners and absence of delicate feeling, ought to be peremptorily put an end to, as it directly tends to turn musical parties into

musical farces, and besides, it is not over complimentary to either the hostess or to the lady or gentleman performing. A reason may perhaps be assigned for this "latest fashion." And we have heard it urged that conversation will not be heard while the piano is in motion. Of the good taste of those who offend in this way, there is nothing to be said, but leading entertainers should repress the practice sternly. One effort will do it.

We understand that, on the advice of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, Lady Colin Campbell declined an offer of five thousand dollars to give two lectures in America.

It is calculated in the *Alliance News* that if all the British victims of drink in a year were interred at one time and in one place, there would be a funeral procession stretching from Land's End to John O'Groats, 640 miles long. The question, however, arises, are there enough undertakers in Great Britain to bury these unfortunates at the one time—if not, the figures of the *Alliance News* go for nothing. We hope that it will never come to pass, that undertakers will have to refuse orders owing to press of business.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

We hope our readers have read the letter of "Delta," in a recent issue of the *Freeman*, on the Royal Irish Academy of Music. That letter makes a specific and serious charge against the Academy, and one to which they had better make a satisfactory reply, unless they wish to lie under public suspicion. The Academy of Music cannot afford to ignore it. Of late years they have been falling, as an educational body, in the estimation of the public.

Their last public concert was, as "Delta" points out, a humiliating display of inefficiency. The orchestra mainly consisted of professors and the artists of the theatres and music halls, whilst the vocalism fell below the standard of an ordinary ladies' school. "Delta's" charge is, that at the organ examination in May last two pupils were pronounced equal—Miss M'Intyre and Miss Patterson; but that Miss Patterson, for some unexplained reason, was subsequently awarded the gold medal and organ scholarship, Miss M'Intyre being ignored.

We await the explanation of the Academy of Music; and, apart from this incident, we ourselves must declare, that the Academy, up to the present, has been pursuing a policy of retrogression. We do not blame the professors, and hope that Mr. Joseph Robinson and Herr Roeder will yet rescue the vocalism from the abyss of mediocrity into which it has fallen; but we are, without any doubt whatever, of the opinion that the Council are an assemblage of incapables. There are thirty-three members on the Council. How many usually attend the meetings? Judging by results the united wisdom of the Thirty-three must be of a feeble character. We wonder the individual members, for their own sakes, seeing that their names are publicly printed in the prospectus, do not bring more energy and ability (if they possess any) to bear on the government of what ought to be the premier musical academy of Ireland. We strongly suspect that most of the committee are merely ornamental ciphers. If they cannot, in future,

produce a better concert than their last, the sooner the public grant is stopped the better. On that occasion, it was pity alone prevented the audience from hissing the performers off the platform.

The majority of the Council are mostly old men who are naturally out of touch with the electric conditions of modern life. We do not blame them for their age, as the fact of being old does not constitute a crime; but we consider that the interests of the Academy would be better served by half-a-dozen young men who are thoroughly awake to the ever-changing nature of the times in which we live. Old men with the best intentions are apt to be fussy and dogmatic, producing confusion in place of regularity, and pertinaciously advocating theories that have been long exploded.

As a specimen of the astute manner in which the Academy is governed by its thirty-three wise men, we may state: that some time ago there was a notice posted up requesting pupils to leave immediately after their lessons, and side by side with this hung a proclamation insisting on pupils remaining an hour after their lessons, in order to profit by the lessons of other pupils. This is a kind of fugue with two subjects interlaced; no wonder the cleverest pupil was bewildered as to which was which. As far as we can see, it means a difference of opinion among the Council: one portion starting a melody, while the other starts another a few bars behind; but the result is not as harmonious as an admirer of John Sebastian Bach would desire.

Yet again: on the prospectus (which the Council "will feel obliged" by being circulated,) we read, that "attendance in the Italian class is obligatory." We know that the demands on the abilities of the pupils are sometimes laborious, but we are astounded to find that they are expected to attend a class which has no existence. Why, the weird "Spectre's Bride" was only a joke compared with this phantom Italian class.

Picture the assembled pupils listening to a lecture on Italian grammar from an invisible professor! Gentlemen of the Council, the Psychical Society perform marvellous feats, but in the matter of the invisible Italian professor, you put them entirely in the shade.

We advise the occult thirty-three to set up a conjuring show at the Rotunda: it would assuredly be more successful than their government of the Academy of Music. Nor must we omit to mention the sad necessity of a professor of elocution: a want patent to a long-suffering public forced to listen to the most atrocious mouthing of the English language, by the Academy vocalists who seem to make no difference between the production of vowels and consonants.

Nevertheless, we cannot agree with "Delta" as to the Coulson bequest. £20,000 is inadequate to found an academy. A rival academy would, no doubt, be of the greatest advantage to the public, but it would require more funds than the sum mentioned in Miss Coulson's will. The council, however, would be rash to suppose that they are presented with this money merely to increase the salaries of the professors, and found a few additional scholarships.

The public will watch their career, in future, with increased interest, and demand the council either to waken up, or give place to more energetic men.

DONNYBROOK.

LA REVEILLE.

THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL SOCIETY.—The performance of the *Spectre's Bride* in the New Leinster Hall, was not the success we anticipated. The house was not more than half filled. Trinity College contributed about twenty voices to the chorus, the remainder, with the orchestra, being outsiders. We regret that the result of the public performances of the University should be so unsatisfactory, for they invariably select a programme which should appeal to the most musical of audiences. The orchestration of Dvorak's cantata sometimes rises above criticism; but it is regrettable that voices and instruments blend from beginning to end. One or two movements of a solely instrumental nature in the body of the work would be of great advantage. The University chorus was extremely outweighed by the band, being frequently inaudible. It would require three times the number of vocalists to do justice to this great work. Miss Adelaide Mullen shewed considerable declamatory powers, but still retains the fault of obvious physical exertion. Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Oldham were equal to their parts. The chorus was, as we have said, numerically weak, and, we must add, artistically so in the fugal movement. We hope the University Choral Society will give another performance of this work—with an augmented chorus.

SULLIVAN'S ITALIAN CONCERT.—In point of numbers the audience of last Saturday at Mr. Sullivan's Italian Concert, in the New Leinster Hall, was one of the largest ever seen in this city. Even the orchestra platform was crammed, the artists having to force their way on. It seemed as if the performers would have to stand on the piano. Universal disappointment was felt at the absence of Signor Foli; and the gallery sustained an intermittent chorus of "Foli out!" to the end of the concert. Mdle. Marie Decca, however, generously undertook to supply songs in place of Signor Foli, as well as those for which she was programmed. Her singing embraced almost every style of melody, from the "Old Folks at Home" to Gounod's "Ave Maria." In the first-mentioned, a well-known old negro melody, the great American soprano deeply moved the vast audience, and she herself left the platform with tears in her eyes. In the duet from "Lakmé" with Signor Ravelli, her dramatic phrasing was splendid. She was wildly encored for every item; the public being, as usual, anxious to obtain double value for their money. We need not write of Signor Ravelli. He and Signor De Anna are seated, side by side, in the hearts of the Dublin public. He sang the first verse of "Let me like a soldier fall" twice, ending on the high C to the delirious delight of the gallery. Mdle. Dinelli, though young, is already in the first rank of violinists. We specially note her exquisite obbligato to the popular serenata of Gounod. Mr. Collisson never played better. We voice the opinion of musical Dublin when we say that we are proud of his genius. The public will regret to hear that Mr. Sullivan has been confined to bed with illness for the past ten days.

MISS ROMOLA TYNTE'S RECITALS.—Miss Romola Tynte's Recitals and Tableaux Vivants took place on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, at the Antient Concert Rooms. On Friday evening the hall was inconveniently crowded; the attendance on Saturday afternoon

was full, but not so dense. Miss Tynte was applauded in every piece, and created a deep effect in "The Captive," a poem by Mrs. Power O'Donoghue. Miss Tynte was dressed in the archaic costume which she has made familiar to the Dublin public, and looked strikingly picturesque on a stage beautifully arranged with exotics and fairy lamps. The tableaux vivants, seen through a gauze curtain and under lime-light, had a delightful and unique effect. They were arranged by Sir Thomas Jones, P.R.H.A. The comic singing of Mr. Pollett was intensely funny, and Mrs. Pollard's humorous recitations made the house shake with laughter.

PHIBSBOROUGH ORATORIO.—The Oratorio "The Creation" at St. Peter's Church, Phibsborough, on Monday evening, was in every respect a splendid success. We exceedingly regret that unusual pressure on our space this week necessitates a brief notice of what was one of the most important events of the musical season. Though the night was extremely inclement, every seat in this large church was occupied. We congratulate Father Whitty, whose energy is phenomenal, and the other clergymen and gentlemen, on the success. Miss Mary Harris did not tarnish the laurels she won side by side with Nordica. The other soloists were equally successful. The chorus was almost perfect, and the organ-playing of Mr. Frank Manly very artistic.

MISS ADELAIDE DETCHON AT HOME.

THE art of Adelaide Detchon ranks side by side with the music of Beethoven, or the most ethereal arrangements of abstract fancies which Shelley ever placed in verbal rhythm. In person, she is a material realisation of her wonderful art: delicately modelled, but possessed of physical health and the intellectual joyousness of the creative artist who has seen the dreams of her solitude welcomed with delight by the world.

Her face is peculiarly beautiful, with dark arched eyebrows, strangely emotional eyes, and a small sensitive mouth, which seems specially formed for uttering the sweetest music. After a preliminary career in the fashionable drawing-rooms of notables like the Rothschilds, Duchess of Edinburgh, Duke of Cambridge, O. W. Holmes, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Robert Browning, and the famous Parisian salon of Madame Adam, Miss Detchon appeared in Edinburgh. The Scotch audiences at once enthusiastically accepted her as a new revelation. At one of her performances the professors and students of the University of Edinburgh presented her with a decoration, as a token of her distinguished position in intellectual art. The decoration is a magnificent Maltese Cross in gold, with a floral ornament of diamonds. On this extraordinary occasion the grave professors in their robes lined either side of the platform, and Miss Detchon advanced to receive the splendid decoration and address, under a great laurel arch held over her by the enthusiastic students. That night these same students dragged her carriage home, through streets crowded with applauding thousands, and Miss Detchon made a speech from the balcony of her hotel.

"The success of my art so far," said Miss Detchon, "is gratifying. But I have not yet reached its limits. When I first began to think of appearing in my public recitals, my friends

ridiculed the notion. But I had my own dream, and was determined to realise it. For a long time, when appearing in private drawing-rooms, I felt I was not doing justice to my ideas, and concluded that my resources could not be developed except by an appeal to the great public."

"You ventured, then, and succeeded?"

"I ventured," replied Miss Detchon, "but I have not succeeded in pleasing myself. I am gratified with having demonstrated some of my theories, but I feel that there is immeasurably more to be done."

"What name have you for your art, Miss Detchon?"

"I have no name for it as yet. It is the result of gradual development. From my earliest years I seemed to have an idea that the human voice was capable of wonderful things. I have a volume of exercises composed by myself, and probably unintelligible and useless to every being but myself. They are the result of study and reflection. I have also thought deeply on what is called grace of movement, and tried to discover the law of nature which underlies it."

"And what do you call this law?"

"I call it the *law of opposition*."

Here Miss Detchon rose and illustrated her meaning. By throwing out her right hand, and moving her head, at the same time, in the opposite direction, she was, at once, posed in the most graceful attitude.

"See!" she said, "that illustrates the law. Now, see, here is the ungainly effect."

Again throwing out her hand, as if beckoning, Miss Detchon allowed her head to move in a similar direction, and the effect was not artistically satisfactory.

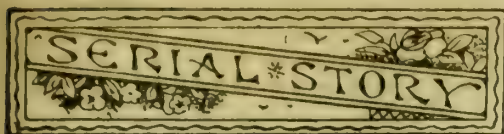
"I have become convinced of the truth of this law," observed Miss Detchon, "by careful study of statuary and movements of animals. But in order to externalise feeling through motion, the body and limb should be perfectly flexible and under the control of the will."

"You study breathing scientifically?"

"Yes. That is an absolute necessity. I make a practice of deep breathing. I have observed that deep breathers are great workers."

Miss Detchon receives frequent offers of professional engagements from America, Australia, and France. When she has leisure she intends to write a work on her theory concerning the mystery of the grace of motion, and another on the culture of the voice in its bearings on her own original and beautiful art.

Miss Adelaide Detchon is, in fact, a new power in the world of Art. We have often consolately wondered: If the higher arts of the human mind were exhausted by music, sculpture, painting, and literature? For years we have travelled in the ever-widening circle of these things; when, suddenly, there appears among us a young American girl, little more than a child in years and appearance, with large dark blue eyes, instinct with vivid mental life, and before her magic the horizon of Art widens. With one of the most wonderful voices ever possessed by human being, she distils emotional poetry through the songs of birds; inspires with music the ripple of the rivulet; gives articulate life to all the sights and sounds of universal nature; captures the tragic resonance of the fierce soldier with the indomitable dash of genius; and extracts from the murmur of the infant the delicate flavour of its wonder-bound mind. The problem of the limited circle is solved, and a new art is added to the intellectual treasures of the world.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ismael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

WITH this view she wrote to lady Lochinvar, recalling the old friendship between the O'Labacolly and Lady Castleconnell, and introducing herself on the strength of that friendship. Lady Lochinvar responded with Hibernian warmth. She called at the Westminster Hotel that afternoon, and not finding Mrs. Greswold at home, left a note inviting her to breakfast at the Palais Montano next day.

Mildred promptly accepted the invitation. She was anxious to be alone with Lady Lochinvar, and there seemed a better chance of a *tête-à-tête* at the lady's house than at the hotel, where it would have been difficult to exclude Pamela. She drove to that fair hill on the eastward side of the city, turning her back upon the quaint old Italian town, with its narrow streets of tall houses, and its Cathedral dome, with tiled roof glistening in the sunlight, like an inverted pudding basin of red and yellow crockery. The two little semi-Moorish horses toiled slowly up the height with the great lumbering laudau, carrying Mildred nearer and nearer to the bright blue sky, and the snow-line glittering on the edge of the maritime alps. They went past villas and flower gardens, hedges of pale and yellow roses, and hedges of coral-hued geraniums, palms and orange trees, shining majolica tubs and white marble balustrades, statues and fountains, oriel windows, and Italian cupolas, turrets and towers of every order, while the sapphire sea drooped lower and lower beneath the chalky winding road, and the jutting promontory that shelters Villefranche from the east wind, came nearer and nearer above the blue.

The Palais Montano was almost the highest of all the villas, and almost the furthest from Nice. The Italian prince had aspired after Oriental rather than classic beauty. His house was long and low, with two ranges of Moorish windows, and a dome at each end. There was an open loggia on the first floor, with a balustrade of white and coloured marble; there was a gallery above the spacious tessellated hall, with a delicately carved sandal-wood lattice behind which the beauties of a harem might be supposed to watch the entrances and exits below. The house was fantastic, but fascinating. The garden was the growth of more than half a century, and was supremely beautiful.

Lady Lochinvar received the stranger with a cordiality which would have set Mildred

thoroughly at ease under happier circumstances. As it was she was too deeply engrossed by the object of her visit to feel any of that shyness which a person of retiring disposition might experience on such an occasion. She was grave and preoccupied and it was with an effort that she responded to Lady Lochinvar's allusions to the past.

"Your mother and I were girls together," she said, "at dear old Castleconnell. My father's place was within a drive of the castle, but away from the river, and one of my first pleasant memories is of your grandfather's gardens and the broad, bright Shannon. What a river! When I look at our stony torrent beds here, and remember that glorious Shannon."

"Yet you like Nice better than county Limerick?"

"Of course I do, my dear Mrs. Greswold. Ireland is a delicious country—to remember. I saw a good deal of your mother in London before his Lordship's death, but after I became a widow, I went very little into English society. I had found English people so narrow-minded. I only endured them for Lochinvar's sake; and after his death I became a rover. I have an apartment in the Champs Elysées, and another *pièce de terre* in Rome; and now and then, when I want to drink a draught of commonplace, when I want to know what the hard-headed, practical British intellect is making of the world in general I give myself a week at Claridge's. A week is always enough. So, you see, I have had no opportunity of looking up old friends."

"I never remember seeing you in Upper Parchment-street," said Mildred.

"My dear, you were a baby at the time I knew your mother. I think you were just able to toddle across the drawingroom the day I bade her good-bye, before I went to Scotland with Lochinvar—our last journey, poor dear man. He died the following winter."

The butler announced the dejeuner, and they went into an ideal diningroom, purely Oriental, with hangings of a dull pale pink damask interwoven with lustreless gold, its only ornaments old Rhodes salvers shining with prismatic hues, its furniture of cedar and ebony.

"I am quite alone to-day," said Lady Lochinvar. "My nephew is driving to Monte Carlo by the Cornice road and will not be back till dinner time."

"I am very glad to be alone with you, Lady Lochinvar. I feel myself bound to tell you that I had an *arrière pensée* in seeking your acquaintance, pleasant as it is to me to meet any friend of my poor mother's girlhood."

Lady Lochinvar looked surprised, and even a little suspicious. She began to fear some uncomfortable story. This sad-looking woman—such a beautiful face, but with such unmistakable signs of unhappiness. A runaway wife, perhaps; a poor creature who had fallen into disgrace and who wanted Lady Lochinvar's help to regain her position, or face her calumniators. Some awkward business no doubt. Lady Lochinvar was generous to a fault, but she liked showing kindness to happy people, she wanted smiling faces and serenity about her. She had never known any troubles of her own, worse than losing her husband whom she had married for his wealth and position, and saw no reason why she should be plagued by the troubles of other people. Her handsome countenance hardened ever so little as she answered.

"If there is any small matter in which I can be of service to you—" she began.

"It is not a small matter; it is a great matter—to—to a friend of mine," interrupted Mildred, faltering a little in her first attempt at dissimulation.

Lady Lochinvar breathed more freely.

"I shall be charmed to help your friend, if I can."

The butler came in and out, assisted by another servant, as the conversation went on, but as his mistress spoke to him and to his subordinate only in Italian, Mildred concluded they knew very little English, and did not concern herself about their presence.

"I want you to help me with your recollections of the past, Lady Lochinvar. You were at Nice seventeen years ago, I believe?"

"Between November and April, yes. I have spent those months here for the last twenty years."

"You remember a Mr. Ransome and his wife, seventeen years ago?"

"Yes I remember them distinctly. I cannot help remembering them."

"Have you ever met Mr. Ransome since that time?"

"Never."

"And you have not heard anything about him?"

"No, I have never heard of him since he left the Asylum on the Road to St. André. Good Heavens, Mrs. Greswold, how white you have turned. Pietro, some brandy this moment—"

"No, No! I am quite well—only a little shocked, that is all. I had heard that Mr. Ransome was out of his mind at one time, but I did not believe my informant. It is really true then. He was once mad."

"Yes he was mad; unless it was all a sham, a marvellously clever assumption."

"Why should he have assumed madness?"

Lady Lochinvar shrugged her portly shoulders, and lifted her finely arched eyebrows with a little foreign air which had grown upon her in foreign society.

"To escape from a very awkward dilemma. He was arrested on suspicion of having killed his wife. The evidence against him was weak, but the circumstances of the poor thing's death were very suspicious."

"How did she die?"

"She threw herself—or was thrown—from a cliff on the other side of the promontory which you may see from that window."

"Might she not have fallen accidentally?"

"That would have been hardly possible. It was a place where she had been in the habit of walking for weeks—a path which any stranger might walk upon in the daylight without the slightest danger. And the thing happened in the broad day. She could not have fallen accidentally. Either she threw herself over, or he pushed her over in a moment of ungovernable anger. She was a very provoking woman, and had a tongue which might goad a man to fury. I saw a good deal of her the winter before her death. She was remarkably clever, and she amused me. I had a kind of liking for her, and I used to let her tell me her troubles."

"What kind of troubles?"

"Oh, they all began and ended in one subject. She was jealous—intolerably jealous—of her husband, suspected him of inconstancy to herself if he was commonly civil to a handsome woman. She watched him like a lynx, and did her utmost to make his life a burden to him, yet loved him passionately all the time in her vehement, wrong-headed way."

"Poor girl, poor girl," murmured Mildred with a stifled sob, and then she asked with intense earnestness, "but Lady Lochinvar, you who knew George Ransome, surely *you* never suspected him of murder."

"I don't know, Mrs. Greswold. I believe he was a gentleman, and a man of an open, generous nature; but upon my word I should be sorry to pledge myself to a positive belief in his innocence as to his wife's death. Who can tell what a man might do harassed and tormented as that man may have been by that woman's tongue? I know what pestilential things she could say—what scorpions and adders dropped out of her mouth when she was in her jealous fits—and she may have gone just one step too far—walking by his side upon that narrow path—and he may have turned upon her, exasperated to madness, and one push—and the thing was done. The edge of a cliff must be such an awful temptation under such circumstances," added Lady Lochinvar solemnly. "I'm sure I would not answer for myself in such a situation."

"I will answer for *him*," said Mildred firmly.

"You know him then?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Where is he? What is he doing? Has he prospered in life?"

"Yes, and no. He was a happy man—or seemed to be happy—for thirteen years of married life, and then God's hand was stretched out to afflict him, and his only child was snatched away."

"He married again then?"

"Yes, he married a second wife, fourteen years ago. Forgive me, Lady Lochinvar, for having suppressed the truth just now. I wanted you to answer me more freely than you might have done had you known all at the outset. George Ransome is my husband; he assumed the name of Greswold when he succeeded to his mother's property."

"Then Mr. Greswold, your husband, is my old acquaintance. Is he with you here?"

"No. I have left him—perhaps for ever."

"On account of that past story?"

"No, for another reason, which is my sad secret, and his—a family secret. It involves no blame to him or me. It is a dismal fatality that parts us. You cannot suppose, Lady Lochinvar, that I could think my husband a murderer."

"A murderer, no. I do not believe anyone ever thought him guilty of deliberate murder—but that he lost his temper with that unhappy girl, spurned her from him, flung her over the edge of the cliff—"

"Oh, no, no, no! it is not possible; I know him too well. He is not capable of a brutal act under the utmost provocation. No irritation, no sense of injury, could bring about such a change in his nature. Think, Lady Lochinvar. I have been his wife for fourteen years. I must know what his character is like."

"You know what he is in happy circumstances, with an attached and confiding wife. You cannot imagine him goaded to madness by an unreasonable hot-headed woman. You remember he was mad for nearly a year after his wife's death. There must have been some sufficient reason for his madness."

"His wife's wretched death, and the fact that he was accused of having murdered her, were enough to make him mad."

And then Mildred remembered how she had tortured her husband by her persistent questions about that terrible past; how in her jealousy of

an unknown rival she too had goaded him almost as that first wife had goaded him. She recalled the look of pain, the mute protest against her cruelty, and she hated herself for the selfishness of her love.

Lady Lochinvar was kind and sympathetic. She was not angry at the trap that had been set for her.

"I can understand," she said. "You wanted to know the worst, and you felt that I should be reticent if I knew you were Mr. Ransome's wife. Well, I have said all the evil I can say about him. Remember I know nothing except what other people thought and suspected. There was an inquiry about the poor thing's death before the Juge d'Instruction at Villefranche, and Mr. Ransome was kept in prison between the first and the second inquiry—and then it was discovered that the poor fellow had gone off his head, and he was taken to the asylum. He had no relations in the neighbourhood, nobody interested in looking after him. His acquaintances in Nice knew very little about him or his wife, even when they were living at an hotel on the Promenade des Anglais, and going into society. After they left Nice they lived in seclusion at St. Jean, and avoided all their acquaintance. Mrs. Ransome's delicate health was a reason for retirement, but it may not have been the only reason. There was no one, therefore, to look after the poor man in his misfortunes. He was just hustled away to the madhouse—the inquiry fell through for want of evidence—and for six months George Ransome was buried alive. I was in Paris at the time, and only heard the story when I came back to Nice in the following November. Nobody could tell me what had become of Mr. Ransome, and it was only by accident that I heard of his confinement in the asylum some time after he had been released as a sane man."

"Did his wife ever talk to you of her own history?"

"Never. She was very fond of talking to me about her husband's supposed inconstancy, and the mistake she had made in marrying a man who had never cared for her, but about her own people and her own antecedents she was silent as the grave. In a place like Nice, where everybody is idle, there is sure to be a good deal of gossip, and we all had our own ideas about Mrs. Ransome. We put her down as the natural daughter of some person of importance, or at any rate of good means. She had her own fortune, and was entirely independent of her husband, who was not a rich man at that time."

"No, it was his mother's death that made him rich. But you did not think he had married for money?"

"No, our theory was that he had been worried into marrying. We thought the lady had thrown herself at his head, and that all her unhappiness sprang from her knowledge that she had in a measure forced him to marry her."

"Do you remember the name of the house at St. Jean where they lived when they left Nice?"

"Yes, I called there once, but as Mrs. Ransome never returned my call, I concluded that they wished to drop their Nice acquaintance, and I heard afterwards that they were living like hermits in a cave. The house is a low white villa, spread out along the edge of a grassy ridge, with a broad stone terrace on one side, and a garden and orchard on the other. It is called *Au bout du monde*."

"I am very grateful to you, Lady Lochinvar, for having been frank with me. I will go and look at the house where they lived. I may find someone, perhaps, who knew them."

"You want to make further inquiries?"

"I want to find someone who is convinced of my husband's guiltlessness as I am."

"That will be difficult. There was very little evidence for or against him. The husband and wife went out to walk together one April afternoon. They left the house in peace and amity, as it seemed to their servants: but some ladies who met and talked to them an hour afterwards thought by Mrs. Ransome's manner that there was some coolness between her and her husband. When she was next seen she was lying at the foot of a cliff, dead. That is all that is known of the tragedy. You could hardly hang a man or acquit him upon such evidence. It is a case of not proven."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOOKING BACK.

LADY LOCHINVAR offered to drive Mrs. Greswold to St. Jean that afternoon.

Her villa was half way between Nice and Villafranche, and half an hour's drive would have taken them to the Bout du Monde; but Mildred preferred to make her exploration alone. There was too much heart-ache in such an investigation to admit of sympathy or companionship.

"You are all goodness to me, dear Lady Lochinvar," she said, "and I may come again for help before I have done; but I would rather tread the scene of my husband's tragedy alone—quite alone. You cannot tell how sad the story is to me, even apart from my love for him. I may be able to confide in you more fully some day perhaps."

Lady Lochinvar kissed her at parting. She did not care for common-place troubles; she could not sympathise with stupid family quarrels or shortness of money, or any of the vulgar trivialities about which people worry their friends; but a romantic sorrow, a tragedy with a touch of mystery in it, was full of interest for her. And then Mildred was a graceful and subdued sufferer, not hysterical or tiresome in any way.

"I will do anything in the world that I can for you," she said.

"Will you let me bring my husband's niece to see you?" asked Mildred. "She has a dull time with me, poor girl, and I think you would like her."

"She shall come to me this evening, if she has nothing better to do," said Lady Lochinvar.

"I am fond of young people, and will do my best to amuse her. I will send my carriage for her at half-past seven."

"That is more than kind. I shall be glad for the poor girl to get a glimpse of something brighter than our perpetual *tete-a-tete*. But there is one thing I ought to speak about before you see her. I think you know something of an Italian called Castellani, a man who is both musical and literary."

"Yes, I have heard of Mr. Castellani's growing fame. He has written rather a clever book, has he not? I knew him years ago—it was in the same winter we have been talking about. He used to come to my parties. Do you know him?"

"He has been a visitor at Enderby—my husband's house—and I have seen something of

him in Italy of late. I am sorry to say he has made a very strong impression upon my niece's heart—or upon her imagination—but as I know him to be a worthless person, I am deeply anxious that her liking for him should—

"Die a natural death. I understand," interrupted Lady Lochinvar. "You may be sure I will not encourage the young lady to talk of Mr. Castellani."

Mildred explained her responsibility with regard to Pamela, and the young lady's position, with its substantial attraction for the adventurer in search of a wife. She had deemed it her duty to confide thus much in Lady Lochinvar, lest Castellani should change his tactics and pursue Pamela with addresses which might be only too readily accepted.

She left the Palais Montano at two o'clock, and drove round the bay to St. Jean, where the rose hedges were in flower, and where the gardens were bright with bloom under a sky which suggested an English June.

She left the fly at the little inn where the holiday people go to eat bouillabaisse on Sundays and fete days, but which was silent and solitary to-day, and then walked slowly along the winding road, looking for the Bout du Monde. The place was prettier and more rustic, after an almost English fashion, than any spot she had seen since she left Enderby. Villas and cottages were scattered in a desultory way upon different levels, under the shelter of precipitous cliffs, and in every hollow there were orange and lemon groves, with here and there a peach or a cherry in full bloom, and here and there a vivid patch of flowers, and here and there a wall covered with the glowing purple of the Bougainvillia. Great carouba trees rose tall and dark amidst all this brightness, and through every opening in the foliage the azure of the tideless sea shone in the distance, like the Jasper sea of the Apocalypse.

Mildred went slowly along the dusty road, looking at all the villas, lingering here and there at a garden gate, and asking any intelligent-looking person who passed to direct her to the Bout du Monde. It was not till she had made the inquiry half a dozen times that she obtained any information, but at last she met with a bright-faced market woman, tramping home with empty baskets after a long morning at Nice, and white with the dust of the hill-side.

"Au Bout du Monde, but that was the villa where the poor young English lady lived whose husband threw her over the cliff," said the woman cheerily. "The proprietor changed the name of the house next season, for fear people should fancy it was haunted if the story got about. It is called Montfleuri now."

No, it was let to an English family. Oh, but an amiable family, riche, ah, but richissime, who had bought flowers in heaps of the speaker. But they had left, *malheureusement*. They had returned to their property near London, a great and stupendous property in a district which the flower woman described as le Commu-elle Rodd.

There had never been such a family in St. Jean—five English servants, three English mees who mounted on horseback daily, a benefaction for the whole village. Now, alas! there was no one living in the house but an old woman in charge.

"Could you take me to the house?" asked Mildred, opening her purse.

The woman would have been all politeness and good nature without the stimulant offered by that open purse. She had all the southern

kindliness and alacrity to oblige, but when the lady dropped half a dozen francs into her broad brown hand she almost sank to the earth in a rapture of gratitude.

"Madame shall see the house from garret to cellar if she wishes," she exclaimed. "I know the old woman in charge. She is as deaf as those stones yonder," pointing to some blue-gray stones lying amidst the long rank grass upon the shelving ground between the road and the sea; "but if madame will permit I will show her the house. Madame is perhaps interested in the story of the poor lady that was murdered."

"Why do you say that she was murdered?" asked Mildred indignantly. "You cannot know."

The woman shrugged her shoulders with a dubious air.

"Mais, madame. Nobody but the good God can know, but most of us thought that the Englishman pushed his wife over the cliff. They did not live happily together. Their cook was a cousin of mine, a young woman who went regularly to confession, and would not have spoken falsely for all the world, and she told me there was great unhappiness between them. The wife was often in tears; the husband was often angry."

"But he was never unkind. Your cousin must know that he was never unkind."

"Alas! my cousin lies in the same burial ground yonder with the poor lady," answered the woman, pointing to the white crest of the hill, where the soldiers were being drilled in the dusty barrack yard under the cloudless blue. "She is no more here to tell the story. But no, she did not say the husband was unkind; he was grave and sad; he was not happy. Tears, tears and reproaches, sad words from her, day after day; and from him silence and gloom. Poor people like us, who work for our bread, have no leisure for that kind of unhappiness. I would rather stand over my casseroles than sit in a saloon and cry, said my cousin."

"It is cruel to say he caused her death, when you know he was never unkind to her," said Mildred, as they walked side by side; "a patient, forbearing husband does not become a murderer all at once."

"Ah, but continual dropping will wear a stone, madame. She must have tried him too much with her tears. He went out of his mind after her death. Would he have gone mad, do you think, if he had not been guilty?"

"He was all the more likely to go mad, knowing himself innocent and finding himself accused of a dreadful crime."

"Well, I cannot tell; I know most of us thought he had pushed her over the cliff. I know the young man who was their gardener said if he had had a wife with that kind of temper he would have thrown her down the well in his garden."

"They were at the Villa Montfleuri by this time, a low white house with a stone terrace overlooking the harbour of Villefranche. The woman opened the gate and Mildred followed her into the garden and to the terrace upon which the principal rooms opened. There was a latticed verandah in front of the salon and dining-room over which roses and geraniums were trained, and above which the purple Bougainvillia spread its vivid bloom. The orange trees grew thick in the orchard, at the end of which there was a tomb-shaped well of the south, and the well down which the gardener said he would have thrown a discontented wife.

The caretaker was not in the house, but all the doors were open. Mildred went from room to room. The furniture was the same as it had been seventeen years ago, the woman told Mildred—furniture of the period of the Empire, shabby, and with the air of a house that is let to strangers year after year, and in which nobody takes any interest. The clocks on the mantelpieces were all silent, the vases were all empty, everything had a dead look. Only the view from the windows was beautiful, with an inexhaustible beauty.

Mildred lingered in the faded salon, looking at everything with a strange and melancholy interest. Those two familiar images were with her in the room. She pictured them sitting there together, yet so far apart in the bitter lack of sympathy—a wife tormented with jealous suspicions, no less agonising because they were groundless—a husband long-suffering, weary, with his little stock of marital love worn out under slow torture. She could see them as they might have been in those bygone years. George Greswold's dark strong face, younger than she had ever seen it; for when he first came to her father's house there had been threads of gray in his dark hair, premature streaks of silver, which seemed strange in so young a man. She could understand now how those touches of gray had come in the thick, wavy hair that clustered close on the broad, strongly-marked brow. There were premature wrinkles too which told of early care.

Poor Fay, poor, poor, loving, impulsive Fay!

Child as she had been in those old days in Parchment street Mildred had a vivid conception of her young companion's character. She remembered the quick temper, the sensitive self-esteem, which had taken offence at the mere suggestion of slight; she remembered dark hours of brooding melancholy when the girl had felt the sting of her isolated position, had fancied herself a creature apart, neglected and scorned by Mrs. Faussett and her butterfly visitors. For Mildred she had been always overflowing with love, and she had never doubted the sincerity of Mildred's affection; but with all the rest of the household, with every visitor who noticed her coldly, or frankly ignored her, she was on the alert for insult and offence. Remembering all this Mildred could fully realise Lady Lochinvar's account of that unhappy union. A woman so constituted would be satisfied with nothing less than a passionate all-absorbing love from the man she loved.

The rooms and garden were haunted by those mournful shades—two faces pale with pain. She, too, had suffered those sharp stings of jealousy, jealousy of a past love, jealousy of the dead, and she knew how keener than all common anguish is that agony of a woman's heart which yearns for sovereign possession over past, present, and future in the life of the man she loves.

The market woman sat out in the sunshine on the terrace, and waited while Mildred roamed about the garden, picturing that vanished life at every step. There was the berceau, the delight of a southern garden, a long, green alley, arched with osiers, over which the brown vine branches made a network, open to the sunlight and the blue sky now, while the vine was still leafless, but in summer time a place of coolness and green leaves. There was the fountain—or the place where a fountain had once been, and a stone bench beside it. They had sat there perhaps on sunny mornings, sat there and talked

of their future, full of hope. They could not have been always unhappy. Fay must have had her bright hours; and then, no doubt, she was dear to him, full of a strange fascination, a creature of quick wit and vivid imagination, light and fire embodied in a fragile earthly tenement.

The sun was nearing the dark edge of the promontory when Mildred left the garden, the woman accompanying her, waiting upon her footsteps, sympathising with her pensive mood, with that exquisite instinctive politeness of the southern, which is almost as great a delight to the stranger from the hard, cold, practical north as the colour of the southern sea, or the ever-varying beauty of the hills that look upon it.

"Will you show me the place where the English lady fell over the cliff?" Mildred asked, and the woman went with her along the winding road through the mild summery air of southern springtime, and then upward to a path along the crest of a cliff, a cliff that seemed low on account of those bolder heights which rose above it, and which screened this eastward-fronting shore of the little peninsula from all the world of the west. The road wound westward up to the higher ground, and Mildred and her guide followed a footpath which had been trodden on the long, rank grass. The rosemary bushes were full of flower, pale, cold gray blossoms as befitted the herb of death, and a great yellow weed made patches of vivid colour here and there among the blue-gray stones scattered in the long grass.

"It was somewhere along this pathway, madame," said the woman. "I cannot tell you the exact spot. Some fishermen from Beaulieu picked her up," pointing across the blue water of the bay to a semicircle of yellow sand, with a few white houses scattered along the curving road, and some boats lying keel upward on the beach. "She never spoke again. She was dead when they found her there."

"Did they see her fall?"

"No, madame."

"And yet people have dared to call her husband a murderer."

"Ah, but madame, it was the general opinion. Was it not his guilty conscience drove him mad? He came here once only after he left the madhouse, wandered about the village for an hour or two, went up to the cemetery and looked once—but once only—at the poor lady's grave, and then drove away as if devils were hunting him. Who can doubt that it was his hand that sent her to her death?"

"No one would believe it who knew him."

"Everybody at St. Jean believed it, even the people who liked him best."

Mildred turned from her, sick at heart. She gave the woman some more money, and then with briefest adieu walked back to the inn where she had left the carriage, and where the horse was dosing with his nose in a bag of dried locust fruit, while his driver sprawled half asleep upon the rough stone parapet between the inn and the bay.

Pamela received her aunt graciously on her return to the hotel, and seemed in better spirits than she had been since she left Pallanza.

"Your Lady Lochinvar has written me the sweetest little note, asking me to dine with her and go to the opera afterwards," she said. "I feel sure this must be your doing, aunt."

"No, dear. I only told her that I had a very nice niece moping at the hotel, and very tired of my dismal company."

"Tired of you? No, no, aunt. You know better than that. I should no more grow tired of you than I should of Box," intending to make the most flattering comparison; "only he had made himself a part of our lives at Pallanza, and one could not help missing him." (The pronoun meant Mr. Castellani, and not the dog.) "I am glad I am going to the opera after all, even if it does remind me of him; and it's awfully kind of Lady Lochinvar to send her carriage for me. I only waited to see you before I began to dress."

"Go, dearest; and take care to look your prettiest."

"And you won't mind dining alone?"

"I shall be delighted to know you are enjoying yourself."

The prospect of an evening's solitude was an infinite relief to Mildred. She breathed more freely when Pamela had gone dancing off to the lift, a fluffy, feathery mass of whiteness, with hooded head and rosy face peeping out of white fox fur. The tall door of the salon closed upon her with a solemn reverberation, and Mildred was alone with her own thoughts, alone with the history of her husband's past life, now that she had unravelled the tangled skein and knew all.

She was face to face with the past, and how did it seem in her eyes? Was there no doubt, no agonising fear that the man she had loved as a husband might have slain the girl she had loved as a sister? All those people, those simple and disinterested villagers, who had liked George Ransome well enough for his own sake, had yet believed him guilty: they who had been on the spot, and had had the best opportunities for judging the case rightly.

Could she doubt him, she who had seen honour and fine feeling in every act of his life? She remembered the dream—that terrible dream which had occurred at intervals; sometimes much oftener; that awe-inspiring dream which had shaken the dreamer's nerves as nothing but a vision of horror could have shaken them, from which he had awakened more dead than alive, completely unnerved, cold drops upon his pallid brow, his hands convulsed and icy, his eyes glassy as death itself. The horror of that dream even to her who beheld its effects in the dreamer, was a horror not to be forgotten.

Was it the dream of a murderer, acting his crime over again in that dim world of sleep, living over again the moment of his temptation and his fall? No, no? Another might so interpret the vision, but not his wife. "I know him," she repeated to herself passionately; "I know him. I know his noble heart. He is incapable of one cruel impulse. He could not have done such a deed. There is no possible state of feeling, no moment of frenzy, in which he would have been false to his character and his manhood."

And then she asked herself if Fay had not been her sister, if there had not been that insurmountable bar to her union with George Greswold, would her knowledge of his first wife's fate and the suspicion that had darkened his name, would that have parted them? Could she, knowing what she now knew, knowing that he had been so suspected, that it was beyond his power ever to prove his guiltlessness, could she have gone through the rest of her life with him, honouring him and trusting him as she had done in the years that were gone?

She told herself that she could have so trusted him: that she could have honoured and loved

him to the end, pitying him for those dark experiences, but with faith unshaken.

"A murderer and a madman," she said to herself, repeating Castellani's calumny. "Murderer. I would never believe him; and shall I honour him less because that sensitive mind was plunged in darkness by the horror of his wife's fate?"

Pamela came home before midnight. Lady Lochinvar had driven her to the door. She was in high spirits, and charmed with her Ladyship, and thought her Ladyship's nephew, Mr. Stuart, late of the 42nd Highlanders, a rather agreeable person.

"He is decidedly plain," said Pamela, "and looks about as intellectual as Sir Henry Mountford, and he evidently doesn't care a jot for music; but he has very pleasant manners, and he told me a lot about Monte Carlo. A brother officer of his, bronchial with a very nice wife, came to Lady Lochinvar's box in the evening, and she is going to call for me to-morrow afternoon to take me to the tennis ground at the Cercle de la Mediterranee, if you don't mind."

"My dearest, you know I wish only to see you happy and with nice people. I suppose this lady, whose name you have not told me—"

"Mrs. Murray. She is very Scotch, but quite charming—nothing fast or rowdy about her—and devoted to her invalid husband. He does not play tennis, poor fellow, but sits in the sun and looks on."

(To be continued.)

SISTERS.

THE day has gone as fades a dream;
The night has come and rain fell fast;
While o'er the black and sluggish stream
Cold blew the wailing blast.

In pensive mood I idly raised
The curtain from the rain-splashed glass,
And as into the street I gazed,
I saw two women pass.

One shivering with the bitter cold,
Her garments heavy with the rain,
Limped by with features wan and old,
Deep furrowed by sharp pain.

A child in form, a child in years;
But from her piteous pallid face,
The weariness of life with tears
Had washed the childlike grace.

And as she passed me faint and weak,
I heard her slowly say, as though
With throbbing heart about to break:
"Move on? Where shall I go?"

The other, who on fur reclined,
In brougham was driven to the play;
No thought within her vacant mind
Of those in rags that day:

With unmoved heart and idle stare,
Passed by the beggar in the street,
Who lifted up her hands in prayer
Some charity to meet.

Both vanished in the murky night:
The outcast on a step to die;
The lady to a scene of light,
Where Joy alone did sigh.

But angels saw amid her hair
What was by human eyes unseen;
The grass that grows on graves was there,
With leaves of ghastly green.

And though her diamonds flashed the light
Upon the flatterers gathered near,
The outcast's brow had gem more bright—
An angel's pitying tear.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, Tuesday, 1st May, 1888.

Very little alteration has taken place in discount rates, but if anything the tendency is easier. The quotations for three months' bills is $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Short loans have been done as high as $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, but are now easier at about 1 per cent. Consols ($2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.) remain at $99\frac{7}{8}$; New ($2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) $96\frac{1}{4}$; India 3 per cent. $97\frac{3}{4}$ to 98.

English Rails are all higher (Hull and Barnsley excepted), and the tendency at the close was very firm. Brighton A $117\frac{3}{8}$; Dover A $102\frac{3}{8}$; Chatham 20 $\frac{3}{8}$; Great Eastern $66\frac{1}{2}$; Caledonian $102\frac{1}{2}$; North British $106\frac{3}{8}$; Metropolitan District $34\frac{1}{4}$; Hull and Barnsley 27.

Foreign Stocks have been very firm, and leave off at their best. Unified 82; Spanish 68; Russian, 1873, 94; Mexican $37\frac{1}{2}$; Perus $16\frac{7}{8}$; Portuguese $60\frac{1}{2}$.

Americans leave off buoyant, and an important advance has to be noted since our last report, and the general impression is that the rise has only commenced. We must take some credit for predicting an advance in this market, when some of our contemporaries were warning the public against touching anything American. This was one of our reasons for recommending them, although only one. Eries are now quoted $28\frac{1}{4}$; Lake Shore 96; Milwaukee $77\frac{5}{8}$; Reading 33; Louisville 60; Norfolk Pref. 50; Denver Pref. $54\frac{1}{2}$; Ontario 18; Pennsylvania 57.

Mines are generally weaker, especially tin mines, owing to a sudden drop in the price of cast tin from £166 to £105 per ton. Diamond Shares are also flatter; also Copper. De Beers are quoted $40\frac{3}{8}$; Mysore $3\frac{1}{4}$; Rio Tinto $20\frac{3}{8}$; Cape Copper $70\frac{1}{2}$; Esmeralda 8/-; New Emma $6\frac{1}{6}$; Bratsberg 7/-; Viola $1\frac{3}{8}$.

Miscellaneous Market remains quiet, and prices are stationary. Aerated Bread $5\frac{3}{8}$; Hotchkiss, 15; Guinness, 30; Allsopp, $11\frac{1}{4}$; Suez Canal, $84\frac{3}{4}$; R. Bell & Co., 6; Bryant & May, $13\frac{1}{2}$.

Traffic Receipts.—Brighton Railway last week, £2,412 decrease. Suez Canal receipts, Saturday and Sunday, 620,000f.

The firmness of Russian Securities is a puzzle which, for our part, we are at a loss to explain. There are not wanting people who consider them a sound medium for investment, and even go so far as to prefer them to any other class of Foreign Bonds. We are very far from being of this opinion, in fact, to our thinking, they are one of the most speculative and deceptive stocks in the whole list. It must be obvious that a country which is continually borrowing money, solely to maintain an appearance of military strength, must eventually be compelled to pull up. There is little doubt that Russia is on the verge of bankruptcy, and, although it is impossible to say when, this calamity will actually take place. Yet it may be just as well to warn our readers in due time, and to give them the benefit of our opinion, which is, that the event above mentioned is far nearer than most people

imagine. This warning we hope will not be out of place.

The Council of Foreign Bondholders have received advices, dated 6th April, from Messrs. H. L. Boulton and Co., of Caracas, announcing the remittance of the sum of £6,728 in ninety days sight bills on London, paid by the Government of Venezuela, for account of the service of the Consolidated Debt of 1881, due August 15th, 1888.

The Directors of the Employers Liability Assurance Corporation have recommended a dividend of 3/- per share, which is equivalent to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., upon the paid up capital of the company.

The Canadian Budget turns out an agreeable surpriss. The estimated deficit of last year of 300,000 dollars, has been turned into an actual surplus of over 97,000 dollars. A great development has taken place in the inter-provincial trade, and the coasting trade has been largely increased. No changes will be made in the tariff.

At an extraordinary general meeting of the Namagna United Copper Company, Limited, it was resolved to wind up the Company voluntarily, for the purpose of re-construction. This step has been decided on in consequence of the arrangement which has been made with the Société des Métaux. Under the contract the Company deliver to the Société 5,500 tons for the first year, with the option to deliver 7,000 tons, and 8,500 tons for the second and third year respectively. It is estimated that the profits on the above contract will amount to between 30 and 45 per cent. per annum. The present price of these shares is $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 16.

Attention has been called to the Taff Vale Railway as an investment, at present price, viz., 204 to 206 it will yield a return of something like 13 per cent. This security is well worth studying. The price used to stand nearer 300 than 200.

The Shares of the E.C. Powder Company are well spoken of, and an early rise is predicted. Present price $8\frac{3}{4}$ to 9.

Aerated Bread Shares are steadily creeping up, and at present price, $54\frac{1}{8}$, are worth buying.

Our prediction as to the future of the American Market has been fully borne out. For the last three weeks we have persisted in recommending them to our readers, and a comparison of today's prices, compared with those ruling a month ago, will show gains of from 2 to 6 per cent. The rise has but commenced; but for all that, it is always advisable to secure profits of this sort.

The Stock Markets close at their best, and a considerable business has been done, notwithstanding that Tuesday is a holiday.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RAILWAY.—The price you name is correct.

ENQUIRER.—There is always a Market in this Stock, and you should be able to get $\frac{1}{2}$ price in them.

B. W.—A safe and improving investment.

SECURITY.—Cape of Good Hope 4 per cents.

H. C. F.—We cannot recommend a purchase.

M. J. M.—It would not be wise to sell for the moment. The latest report from the mine, dated 12th April, is to the effect that ore is being raised, and that the mill will be started in a few days. The present quotation is purely nominal.

E. S. B.—You should take fair profit.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

The man with a cold in the head can't help blowing his own horn.

Never worry over trouble. The trouble itself is misery enough.

The fruit of ambition is seldom so sweet when tasted as it had been pleasing to the eye.

The soul of a man createth its own destiny of power.

A steam horse power is equal to three actual horse power; a living horse is equal to seven men.

Don't despise a man because he is poor. You can hire him a good deal cheaper than you could if he were well-to-do.

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "are busy in the world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon!"

The logic of science is as loose when applied to ethical questions as it is severe and searching when confined to physical.

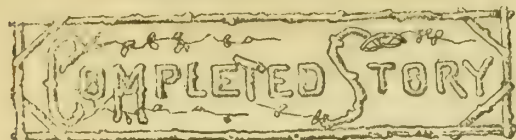
In life, as in whist, hope nothing from the way that cards may be dealt to you. Play the cards, whatever they be, to the best of your skill.

The essence of happiness in married life is self-sacrifice; and in the practice of this both man and woman find their characters raised and ennobled.

When the girl who has encouraged a young man for several years suddenly tells him she can never be more than a sister to him, he can for the first time see the freckles on her face.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness. One who loves life, and understands the use of it: obliging alike all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A butterfly is much more free than an bee, you honour the bee more, says Mr. Ruskin, because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And, throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. Restraint characterises the higher creature; and, from the ministering of an archangel to the labour of an insect, from the poisoning of a planet to the gravitation of a grain of dust, the power and glory of all creatures, and of all matter, consists in their obedience, not in their freedom.



DANGEROUS GROUND.

BY C. P. MONK.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS PUSHER was a model young man. Everyone said so—at least everyone of the eminently respectable (I might say select) circle in which he moved. Although only a clerk in the establishment of Bilkins and Swill, the great Warehousemen in Whalebone Lane, family tradition had it that a progenitor of his came over with the Conqueror, and in this circumstance he took considerable pride.

Bilkins and Swill were manufacturers of Ladies' Underclothing and Baby Linen, to which business my hero had no particular objection; but he was generally discontented with the sphere in which fate had placed him, and loathed his usual occupation of "counting-house drudgery," as he termed it.

There is no one, indeed, devoid of ambition, and he, like other men, hoped to better himself, and looked forward to enjoyments beyond his present circumstances. Conceiving an idea that life "on the road" was singularly felicitous, and specially advantageous from a financial point of view, and that the post of commercial traveller to a good house would be a step in the ladder of his ambition, he determined to adopt the profession should opportunity offer.

In his estimation the ordinary "commercial" was a sort of salaried tourist; enjoying the best of good living at other peoples' expense. Visiting customers and soliciting orders he regarded as rather a pleasant occupation, *pour passer le temps*.

The happiness of such an existence would be periodically impressed on his mind by a visit from his sour-faced landlady, who appeared to have a special design on the weekly stipend, as she appropriated a very large share, indeed, much more than was quite consistent with the reputation she bore for strict honesty. The balance left with poor Charles Augustus was generally of such meagre proportions, that it was quite inadequate to provide certain little personal adornments, to which he was partial, not to speak of pocket-money, which is always essential to the maintenance of that dignified respectability characteristic of a Pusher.

It is not to be wondered at that this high-souled descendant of an antiquated race chafed under the indignities to which he was subject, and desired to be emancipated from the tyranny of Mrs. Fleesem. He longed to have wherewith to discharge his liabilities to that lady, and be able to give her a bit of his mind into the bargain.

It consoled him, however, to remember that many great men in their early struggles for fame had to cope with the demon of poverty. He remembered having heard of Tasso addressing his favourite cat with the request that she would lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, as he could not afford to purchase a candle. And then the illustrious Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed city and court, who had to pass the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak, and had at length to leave Paris, "where shivering

worth no longer finds a home," and betake himself to some distant grotto.

Reflecting on these and similar cases, he philosophically resolved to conquer the demon, and go cautiously and steadily forward, adopting as his motto that of the Alpine hero, "Excelsior."

We must credit Pusher with the possession of a genteel figure, winning address, and captivating countenance, of which fact he was himself quite cognizant; and moreover considered that these were only the negatives of his excellence, and that the qualities of his mind were of a still more superior order.

"Disgusting vanity," exclaims my spinster critic. Well, so it is; but the human animal is essentially vain. In self-estimation we are pretty much alike: the grand difference lies in the power of concealing it. It sometimes happens that the person denominated vain, is only the most candid, while he whom the world calls modest is often a hypocrite.

There is the maiden lady of uncertain age dressed in sad coloured garments; she distributes tracts to ungodly souls with the air of a saint, prating the while of sinfulness and vanity. Converse with her, get her to speak of her girlhood, her first ball, of the young men who came to woo her. The grim features will relax, the rigid mouth will assume a pleased smile, and the pale cheek a tinge of colour as she relates her early triumphs, and how near she was to marrying somebody only something prevented her. Vanity is there assuredly. Like the embers of a great fire, it is only latent, a gentle puff will set it aflame.

The great house of Bilkins and Swill had been for many years represented in the South by Dick Brown. He was looked upon as a satisfactory man, albeit he occasionally imbibed strong water to an extent scarcely conducive to his own well being or that of the firm he represented.

The town of A—— was his especial *bête noir*. The careers of many promising "commercials" were destroyed there, and unfortunately that of Dick Brown amongst the number. He succumbed to its over-powering social attractions and left a vacancy in the representation of the Whalebone Lane establishment.

Thus did a chance occur for Pusher, who was not slow in availing himself of it.

The head of the firm of Bilkins and Swill was not easy of access when engaged in his private office. He disliked being disturbed, and Pusher would nearly as soon beard a lion in his den as approach that great man at an unseasonable time.

He hung about the office waiting his opportunity. At last he heard the measured tread of Bilkins walking up and down his sanctum, and the voice of Bilkins humming a nondescript air. The voice was not musical by any means, it sounded more like the buzzing of a blue-bottle at a pantry window than a human organ, but it denoted that the great man could be approached with safety.

The worthy vendor of baby-linen was somewhat Pickwickian in appearance. A stout, pursy old gentlemen, with keen gray eyes, bald head, and pleasing aspect. A pair of thick-rimmed spectacles adorned his forehead, where he generally kept them when not in use.

He had his back to the door when Pusher entered, but immediately turned, adjusted his spectacles, placed his hands under his coat tails, and looked enquiringly at the intruder.

"Well, Pusher, what is it?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. If you are not engaged I would like to speak to you on a matter of importance."

"Want a holiday, eh?"

"No, sir, thank you. It's about Brown's place."

"Well, what about it?"

"You will require a traveller to replace him, sir, and I was thinking that as the firm has a first class connection already made, it will not be necessary to employ a man of experience, in fact, sir, I was thinking of applying for the position myself."

"You! Pusher!"

"Yes, sir."

"You surprise me! What has put such an idea into your head?"

"I am anxious to improve my condition, sir, and I consider I possess the qualifications which make a successful traveller."

"Ah! May I ask what you call the qualifications of a successful commercial traveller?"

"Industry, energy, and perseverance."

"Very good indeed. Go on."

"Persuasion, sir. I flatter myself I can persuade."

"Ah, no doubt. Now tell me," said Bilkins, as he pulled off his spectacles, wiped them leisurely with his pocket-handkerchief, and replaced them on his nose, while beaming on Pusher a smile of quizzical import, "Now tell me, are you fond of children?"

This interrogatory staggered Pusher, who coloured, scratched his head, and coughed, "I cannot say I——"

"Would you have any objection to kiss a dirty-faced baby?" continued the facetious Bilkins.

"Oh, dear no, sir. Not in the way of business of course."

"Very good. Now have you any more qualifications?"

"Well, sir, as to personal appearance and address——"

"Very modest fellow indeed. Pon my word, Pusher, you are sadly deficient in *chic*. I would strongly advise you to acquire a little. It is a very useful adjunct to the other qualifications."

"Yes, sir," said the imperturbable Pusher.

"I will consult Mr. Swill this evening, and will let you know the result of our deliberation to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir."

The junior partner was duly consulted by Bilkins. He was a tall, thin, saw-toothed, nut-ton-chop whiskered gentleman, of methodistical tendencies.

"Pusher wants Brown's place," said the senior partner sententiously.

"Pusher is a conceited ass," said Swill.

"He's a smart fellow," said Bilkins. "Steady too. I think he would be likely to make a good traveller."

"Do you think so?" said Swill.

"Yes; and there would be economy in the appointment," said Bilkins.

"No doubt," said Swill.

"Better give him a trial," said Bilkins.

"Very well," said Swill.

And so Pusher was made happy.

His preparations for "the road" were elaborate. He procured an outfit of the most approved character. Got his cases branded C.A.P. in big white letters. Purchased a pair of binoculars to give him a look of importance, and a copy of *Tit Bits* to beguile the time, and started on his journey.

He travelled first-class on the "Great Western Line," *vis-a-vis*, with a timid old lady, on whom he occasionally focussed the binoculars with an air of languid interest, and who, poor soul, was under the impression she had a scion of some noble race as her *compagnon de voyage*.

"Pusher is doing well," said Bilkins to his junior, while looking over an order sheet just received, and which appeared to be in every way satisfactory.

"Yes," said Swill, "very well indeed. I hope it will continue; but I have not much faith in him."

Bilkins smiled complacently, but said nothing. He evidently did not agree with his sceptical partner. Business with Pusher steadily increased, and each fresh batch of orders caused Bilkins to rub his hands delightedly, and regard Swill with a commiserating look.

Thus it continued for some months, till, one morning, an unusual thing occurred. There was no letter from Pusher. Bilkins appeared uneasy and irritable all day. Morning after morning came and still there was no communication from Pusher. The partners became painfully anxious. Bilkins fumed and fretted, Swill ghosted the office with a face like unto grim death.

At last the latter mildly enquired of his senior what was to be done.

"Some one must look him up," said Bilkins.

"No doubt he has got into trouble, and as he may have a considerable sum of money with him he should be sought for without delay."

"What do you propose?" said Swill.

"I think you had better go yourself," said Bilkins.

"I can't," said Swill, "Stitcher and Twist's buyer, will be here to-morrow. I have made an appointment with him."

"Bother Stitcher and Twist's buyer," said Bilkins. "Pusher must be found. I think you had better leave the buyer to me and look him up."

"Where did he write from last?" said Swill.

"A——," said Bilkins.

"Oh!" said Swill, ominously.

The latter did not like the idea of going to A——, but he saw there was no help for it, so he forthwith sent a telegram to his spouse, requesting to have dinner an hour earlier than usual, and to get his portmanteau packed for a journey.

That night he arrived in A——, and drove to the hotel where their traveller usually put up.

On making enquiries he found that Pusher had been there. His cases still lay in the hall, and his portmanteau in a bedroom, but their owner had not been seen by any of the hotel people for some days. Swill was not surprised, as he had expected something of this sort.

Next morning he called on the customers of the firm. They were all pleased to see him; spoke of the weather, politics, and business; some invited him to partake of light refreshment, others pressed him to dine with them; but his enquiries as to the errant Pusher were unsatisfactory, and generally resulted in some such information as, that "Pusher was a nice fellow," "Awfully persevering," "Made me buy goods will not require for some time," and so on. It was, however, quite impossible to elicit anything as to his whereabouts.

One lady—a widow—invited Swill to dine at her suburban villa. She intended giving a little party in celebration of her daughter's birthday,

and had asked some friends to dine—Pusher amongst the number. The good-natured widow was so importunate that Swill could not well refuse her hospitality, and then the chance of meeting with Pusher was not to be lost.

The junior of the Whalebone Lane firm was not by any means given to social intercourse with his fellow-men; but (as it sometimes happens with persons of his stamp when fortuitously thrown into an element of conviviality) he thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment provided by his hostess, and made himself quite at home, although the object of his solicitude just then was not amongst the guests.

He was abnormally exhilarated while going home to his hotel, and, "tell it not in Gath," this man—of usually sanctimonious aspect—actually sported a cigar. He called at a hotel on the way, more for the purpose of taking a rest than anything else, but ordered a glass of brandy and soda.

The smoke-room was a rather gloomy apartment, redolent of stale tobacco smoke and fried onions; the latter caused by its proximity to the kitchen. Not a pleasant room by any means, but Swill was fain to be content with it. He sat on a cushioned seat by the wall, and proceeded to perform a selection called the "Devil's Tattoo" with his walking-stick on the marble-topped table in front of him, while awaiting his beverage. He soon became aware that he was not the only occupant of the plush-covered seat. A dark object appeared at the other end, which, on closer scrutiny, proved to be a man, with arms folded across his chest, and hat drawn over his eyes, and who occasionally emitted a certain sonorous noise indicative of somnolency.

Swill moved quietly along the seat till he came close to the sleepy one—with the object of getting a better view of him. The stranger appeared to be in want of a pillow just then, for he gently laid his head on Swill's shoulder, who immediately resented such familiarity by throwing off the intruder with sufficient impetus to cause a total collapse of that individual.

After a little the stranger managed to regain his feet, and approach Swill, who was quietly sipping his glass. Assuming a belligerent attitude, he astonished the latter by administering a dexterous stroke on his nasal organ, followed up by another in his right eye, which had the effect of completely closing that visual orifice, and encircling it with an azure rim.

A regular fistic encounter ensued. The combatants rolled on to the floor, and there pommelled each other industriously.

Tables and seats were upset in the general hubbub, the barmaid screamed, waiters rushed in, then the proprietor, who sent for the police.

Eventually two constables came upon the scene, and marched the culprits off, in custody. How shall I describe the feelings of Swill when he found himself incarcerated in a dingy cell, charged with being drunk and disorderly? The strains of "Yankee Doodle" were wafted to him on the night air from a barrel-organ in the street; but though "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," it could not calm his troubled spirit. Not even dulcet notes from the feline Romeos and Juliets on an adjacent housetop, who were effectually entertaining would-be sleepers in the vicinity, could prevent his thoughts from dwelling on the misery of his position.

What would Mrs. Swill think when tidings of his arrest reached her ears, as undoubtedly must happen? and then Bilkins—sarcastic Bilkins—the thought was madness.

When the light of morning struggled through the cell, it revealed a prematurely-aged man, with disordered garments, and dilapidated countenance, pacing the narrow limits with dignified stride. Thus the constable found his prisoner when he came to conduct him to the Police Court.

As Swill entered the dock his eye lighted on a figure at the other end, which appeared familiar to him: it was his antagonist of the previous night, presenting a most woeful appearance. The prisoners eyed each other curiously, then looks of blank astonishment passed between them.

"What! Pusher?"

"O Mr. Swill, is it you, sir?"

"Silence in Court," shouted an officious crier.

The charge was then read, and the police had no difficulty in proving their case.

The magistrate enquired if prisoners could procure bail.

This was no easy matter, as neither Swill nor Pusher had any friends in the town except customers of the firm, to whom, for obvious reasons, they could not apply.

As bail was not forthcoming, the case had to be remanded till next day.

Bilkins sat in his office with a pile of unopened letters before him.

He lifted the top one, looked closely at the address, then at the post mark, cut it open with his penknife, and proceeded to read attentively.

"Why, it's from Pusher," he remarked smilingly. "Let me see what he has to say for himself."

"Dear Sir—I have been singularly unfortunate in my visit to this town, having experienced a series of mishaps, which has culminated in my imprisonment on a charge of disorderly conduct. The magistrate requires bail, which I am unable to give, as I am not acquainted with any person here except the customers of the firm. I take the liberty of asking you, sir, to send some one who will extricate me from my present predicament. I feel I have forfeited your good opinion, and will offer no excuse for my conduct, but trust to your generosity.—Your obedient servant, —C. A. PUSHER."

Bilkins was not addicted to the habit of swearing, but when he perused the foregoing, he denounced Pusher in anything but choice language, which, to say the least, was certainly not dignified. He then directed an envelope to Wigginson Swill, Esq., at A——, and in it placed Pusher's letter, remarking the while, that it was a fortunate circumstance Swill happened to be in A—— just then.

Bilkins was rather a slow reader, so that it was some time before he reached the bottom letter in the pile, which was addressed to him in the neat hand-writing of his junior partner.

Oh! if I were a painter, and my words colours, that I might adequately depict the expression of countenance, the astonishment, consternation, and vexation of the little gentleman while reading the following:—

"Dear Bilkins,—I am in a very unpleasant position just now. Last night I got involved in a disreputable *fracas* here, and as a result I have been confined in a filthy police cell all night, and must remain in custody until some one comes to bail me out. Of course it would not do to have recourse to any of our friends here. Under the circumstances I am compelled to ask you to come down and get me released. I will explain the matter fully when I see you.—Yours truly,—WIGGINSON SWILL."

P.S.—By the way, you will be glad to hear I have found Pusher."

"A nice state of things certainly," said Bilkins, when he had resumed his normal temperament.

"What is to be done? That's the question. I suppose I had better send Jones to do what is needful; but, perhaps, he'll get locked up too. I suppose there is nothing for it but go myself." And the brave Bilkins did go, but he could not be prevailed on to stay in A—longer than was absolutely necessary. He had a wholesome dread of the locality, and made a resolution never to put his foot in it again.

Swill and Pusher were released, and came home in a forlorn condition.

The latter still travels for the firm; but he is now a very exemplary young man, and wears a blue ribbon in his button hole. He cannot be persuaded to visit A—, which is now done by correspondence.

Swill has changed completely. He allows himself to be tyrannised by the senior partner, and is obliged to bear occasional sarcastic remarks from that gentleman. He is sometimes asked "if he has given up his dissipated habits," and other questions of a similar nature, at which he generally blushes, but makes no reply.



TURKISH WOMEN AT HOME.

IN the house the Turkish women appear to better advantage. They wear handsomely decorated slippers, or more often sit barefoot, and the dress is let loose to trail; the trousers are drawn down to the ankles, and the ferijee thrown aside with the yashmak; and above all, the face is washed of its disfiguring paint which is only worn in the street. The Turkish women then are seen to have smooth, polished skins, clear complexions, and a pretty colour, though dark. They are in many respects the handsomest race of women in the face, though they have absolutely nothing but rolls of fat by way of figure. The Georgians and Circassians that you see among them are slenderly built while young, though the life of utter idleness and constant gormandizing makes them grow fat also. The drollest thing is that freckles are considered the highest mark of beauty, and only the Circassians have them. The women eat much sweet food, candies, and preserves, and drink inordinate quantities of Serkys tea and milk for their complexion, and eat rice in every imaginable form.

LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS.

If a lover desires to know the character of his chosen future wife let him take her hand and hold it up between him and the light. If considerable interstices and chinks show themselves between the fingers, it is a sign of desperate inquisitiveness. Mrs. Bluebeard no doubt possessed such ill-fitting fingers. If, on the contrary, the fingers fit closely together they denote avarice. Secret hoards, cheese-paring tendencies, and a candle-end style of housekeeping may be prophesied by the light of chierosophy in such cases. This may be one of the instances in which the study is to be found practically useful. In the same way young women may be

advised to choose a husband whose hands are naturally red. His disposition will then be cheerful, sanguine, hopeful. The man with dark-coloured hands will prove an indifferent companion. He inclines to biliousness and melancholy. If the hands are white they denote a phlegmatic disposition, one scarcely more agreeable to live with than the bilious and melancholy.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

AN old Lake Superior sea captain says that nothing is ever done when a man falls overboard on that body of water. The reason, he alleges, is that the water of the lake is so cold that a man cannot live in it during the time it takes to stop a rapidly moving vessel and lower a boat. In twenty years he never knew but one man who fell overboard who escaped death. Others were apparently killed by the shock produced by falling into such cold water. It is said, too, that the lake never gives up its dead, and sailors aver that no corpse was ever seen floating on the lake.

IGNORANCE A BLISS.

IN making up a party for a travelling excursion always be sure to have it include one ignorant woman. She will ask all the questions you are ashamed to ask or think you don't need to ask, and you will secure the benefit of a vast deal of information you would otherwise lose.



An old bachelor's definition of a lady—A crying evil which you only aggravate by putting down.

AGENT (at the door)—"Is the lady of the house in?" Gentleman (calling to his wife)—"Mary, is the cook in?"

NERVOUS LADY (in the train, after passing a temporary bridge):—"Thank goodness, we are now on terra firma." Facetious gentleman:—"Yes, ma'am; less terror and more, firmer."

An old lady was asked her opinion about Mrs. Smith, her next door neighbour.—"Well," she said, "I am not the one to speak ill of anybody, but I feel very sorry for *Mister* Smith."

AFTER HOURS.—Blind Man: "Do you know that man going down the street?"—Deaf and Dumb Man: "Slightly, just merely to speak to. Do you know him?"—Blind Man: "Not personally, only by sight."

WIFE—"I declare I am almost ashamed to go to church with this hat on. It isn't at all the style." Husband—"Is this Bridget's Sunday out?" Wife—"No." Husband—"Why don't you borrow hers?"

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been helped." "I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that

turkey pecked at me once, and I want to get square with him." He got his turkey.

At a wedding breakfast a clumsy waiter contrived to upset a tureen full of soup over the satin dress of a lady, who took it to heart terribly, and threatened hysterics. "Don't worry, ma'am," said the waiter, kindly; "there's lots more soup in the kitchen."

The flexibility of the English language is shown in the reply of an Irishman to a man who sought refuge in his shanty in a heavy shower, and finding it about as wet inside as out, said: "You have quite a pond on the floor." "Yis; shure we have a great lake in the roof."

A judge got as good as he gave in the Law Courts the other day. "I can teach you law, Mr. ———," he said to a well-known Chancery barrister, "but I am afraid I cannot teach you manners." "Er——," said the Chancery barrister, with some hesitation, "no, my lord, I am afraid not."

SUPPLYING THE TEARS.—New Novelist—"How is this, Skimly? My last novel I lent you came back smelling strongly of onions." Skimly—"Bless your dear heart, boy, I merely rubbed onions over the pathetic pages to make them more effective. It is an improvement, you'll find."

An English gentleman was pigeon-shooting in his grounds the other day with an Irish friend. He shot a pigeon very high up, and it came down with a plump at their feet.—"Faith, that was a waste of powder and shot," said his Irish friend.—"Why?"—"Because, i' faith, the fall alone would have killed the puir beast without any of the shooting."

TIMID REGARDING PA.—"But, George," said the young lady, "if you would state the case to papa as fully as you have to me, I think he would consent to our union. He could help you, you know. With that patent clothes-rack of yours, the whole country for a field, and papa at your back——" "It's your papa at my back that I am afraid of, Laura," ejaculated George, moving uneasily in his chair.

"WHY is it that attendants in telephone offices are all women?" Mrs. Brown asked her husband. "Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices were aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labour; and they knew that women would be fond of the work in telephone offices!" "What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired. "Talking," answered Mr. Brown; and the conversation came to an end.

A MARRIED LADY gave a social entertainment to a party of female acquaintances, and while regaling them with accounts of a recent journey, a tremendous thumping was heard proceeding from the garret. "What's that noise?" exclaimed one. "Oh! nothing unusual. Don't be at all alarmed, my dear friends; it's only my husband. You see he persists in staying out very late every evening, and I thought I would keep him in for once. So I got him to examine an imaginary leak in our roof, and after getting him up there I fastened the scuttle door, that's all."

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WEEK ENDING 12th MAY, 1888.

The Queen held a drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday. It is her Majesty's intention to hold another next Wednesday at the same place, at three o'clock.

The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a levee at St. James's Palace on Friday, at two o'clock.

The Queen, who has been accustomed to the constant attendance of her daughter, Princess Beatrice, feels the absence of the Princess and her children very much. Princess Beatrice and her family are on a visit at Darmstadt. The Duchess of Albany is at present staying with her Majesty.

The Queen's birthday will be celebrated in Ireland on the 2nd of June this year, and in England on the 26th instant. The Prime Minister's dinner, followed by a reception by the Marchioness of Salisbury, will take place on the same date.

The great international exhibition in Glasgow was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Tuesday. The ceremony was most imposing, and the welcome accorded to the Royal

visitors was of an exceedingly enthusiastic and demonstrative character.

It is now definitely settled that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge will shortly retire from the post of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and that the Duke of Connaught, who is at present in India, and whose term of service will soon be completed, will become Commander-in-Chief. The dignity of Lord High Admiral of Edinburgh is, we believe, to be revived in favour of the Duke of Edinburgh.

We hear worse accounts of King William the Third of Holland. He has only one daughter, Princess Wilhelmina, who is scarcely eight years of age, and although she may be heiress to the throne of Holland she cannot be so to Luxemburg, as the Salic law is still in force there. The King of Holland holds the sovereignty of Luxemburg, and on his death the question of the succession to that principality, which was one of the chief causes of the Franco-German war of 1870, would be revived again.

We regret to learn that the young King of Spain has taken to the bottle, and that his Royal Mother encourages him.

The marriage between Mr. Arthur Ley and Miss Violet Carew will take place on the 2nd of June.

The marriage between Charles Gore Loftus Tottenham, of Tudenham Park, Co. Westmeath, and the Hon. Alice Somerville, second daughter of the late Lord Athlumney, was solemnised on Monday at Frant. The bride was given away by her brother, Lord Athlumney, and the bridesmaids were the Hons. Mary, Cecilia, and Florence Somerville, and the Misses Blanche, Edith, and Violet Tottenham. The wedding was strictly private on account of the recent mourning in the family of the bridegroom.

The marriage of Major George Hamilton Heavyside, late of the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, with the Lady Sophia Rous, daughter of the late Earl of Stradbroke, of Glenahirey Lodge, Co. Waterford, was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, last week. The bride wore a dress of soft white silk, simply made, and a white bonnet to match. The newly married pair left subsequently for Brighton.

The many friends of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant will be glad to learn that he has just become the recipient of the coveted vacant Garter, which was bestowed on him by the Queen at a private investiture of the Most Noble Order held at Windsor Castle on Monday last.

The courtly way of describing the ceremony is as follows:—The Marquis of Londonderry, preceded by Sir Albert Woods, C.B. (Garter), bearing the insignia on a cushion, was introduced to her Majesty's presence by Lord Elphinstone (Lord-in-Waiting), when the Queen conferred the honour of Knighthood on his Excellency, and invested him with the riband and badge of the Order, and handed to him the Garter. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise was present with her Majesty on the interesting occasion.

During the past week their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry have not been entertaining in their usual hospitable style at the Viceregal Lodge, which is only reasonable after the fatigue undergone by them in connection with the memorable ball in St. Patrick's Hall. There are, however, rumours afloat in well-informed circles of an early resumption of Castle and Lodge festivities, probably about Whitsuntide.

The large and fashionable gathering which assembled at Scribblestown House, Finglas, the residence of Mr. Thomas Turbett, on the 1st May, to witness the private theatricals, must have been more than agreeably surprised at the histrionic ability displayed by the amateurs, not only in regard to elocution and declamation, but to finished dramatic effect. The opening portion of the programme was a representation of a scene from the "School for Scandal," in which Mrs. Thomas Turbett, as La ly Teazle, exhibited artistic merit of a high order, and Sir Thomas Jones, in his portraiture of Sir Peter Teazle, gave a very faithful representation of the old man.

By way of contrast to this scene came the representation of the favourite piece, "Two Flats and a Sharp," which gave scope for a considerable amount of pleasant humour. Mrs. Leslie Peacocke, in the character of Mrs. Minor, ex-

hibited a true appreciation of the part, and a keen sense of the requirements of the character she personated; while Mrs. Turbett was no less successful as the representative of Mrs. Mayor Keye. Mr. Byas was set down as the exponent of the Major; but at the last moment he was, unfortunately, owing to the illness of his wife, obliged to leave for England, and the part had to be taken, at a few hours' notice, by Mr. Jordan, who, if he had been originally selected to sustain the character, could not have acquitted himself more creditably.

The final piece was "A Fair Encounter," in which Mrs. Turbett represented Lady Clara St. John to the entire satisfaction of the audience, and Mrs. Leslie Peacocke well merited the applause which greeted her portrayal of Mrs. Grenville. We understand it is the intention, at no distant date, to have a repetition of these interesting theatricals.

On Tuesday night a most enjoyable ball was given at Portmahon House, South Circular Road, by Mrs. Flanagan. The company was numerous, and the pleasure of the party was general. The dance music was supplied by Mr. J. J. Coates, of Annesley Park, Rathmines, in superior fashion.

On Wednesday night Mrs. West, of Fitzwilliam Place, had a ball at her residence, which was largely attended by the beauty and fashion of Dublin, the festivities being protracted till an advanced hour next morning. Many of the toilettes were very beautiful. Mr. J. J. Coates' band played a good selection of dance music.

Mrs. Maunsell's afternoon dance took place on Saturday, May 4th. It was well arranged and the numerous guests enjoyed it much.

Miss Digby gave a small dance on Thursday at her residence, Wellington Place.

On Monday, 7th inst., Madam Legget Byrne gave a re-union to the numerous pupils of her establishment, at her residence, 5 Ormond terrace, Rathmines. During the evening Madam Byrne was the recipient of a handsome presentation in the shape of a gold watch, accompanied with a testimonial, as a token of her pupils respect and good wishes. All spent a very pleasant evening, the dance music being supplied by the Gasparro Brothers.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham are at present residing at Slane Castle. Further on in the summer Lord Conyngham's family are to spend some time in Dover, where his lordship has taken a house.

The Glengearry and Kingstown Lawn Tennis Club have not only completed seven grass courts, but also ordered the construction of an asphalted one by the contractors for the Fitzwilliam Club. This court is almost finished and will prove a decided acquisition to the Glengearryites. A large number of candidates for admission were up for ballot on Saturday 1st, 5th May, when the general meeting was held, which resulted satisfactorily.

The Royal Alfred Yacht Club, of which his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant is patron, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh

commodore, has an interesting programme for the season, which will afford great pleasure to thousands who take delight in aquatic sports, and particularly in yachting. Their committee is a practical and influential one, consisting of the Hon. Judge Boyd, James W. Drury, M. J. Dunn, E. P. Johnson, Tenison Lyons, Thomas B. Middleton, G. B. Thompson, and Frederick Thompson, Esqs.

Their first cruise, out of which nothing particularly interesting arose, took place on Saturday, 5th inst., under command of the vice-commodore, Harry Crawford, Esq. On Saturday, 12th May, the first match of the season will take place, this being for yachts not exceeding 2½ rating. The start will be at half-past two p.m., over No. 5 course, a prize of £5 being offered. Entries for this match close on the 10th of May.

The second match of the season will possess more interest for the nautical portion of the community, this being a Channel race from Kingstown to Holyhead, open to all yachts of the club of fifteen rating of actual sail area measurement and upwards. The new scale of time allowance for 55 miles will be allowed, there being no limit to time for concluding this match. The start will take place at half-past nine on the morning of the 19th May, entries closing on the 17th inst. A prize of £24 is offered to the winning yacht.

Before leaving this subject for the present, we may mention that the committee have now adopted the rating of sail area measurement under the new rules of the Yacht Racing Association. The Channel matches and the Corinthian matches will this year be sailed under the scheme for classification of yachts, as A, B, and C classes, according to certain limits in areas of their sails, as given in the appendix to the Yacht Racing Association rules of 1887, and the allowance calculated is pursuant to the ratings under the said scheme by the scale of the club according to the distance sailed.

There is a probability, though a slight one, that the "Gondola of London,"—in plain English, the Hansom Cab—may become fashionable in Dublin. Since one of our leading "medicos" adopted this particular style of vehicle, the Hansom has come somewhat prominently into vogue, and we now see them rolling about the city with their fares as comfortable-looking as could be; but the ordinary patrons of outsiders and four-wheelers do not appear to be taking to the innovation kindly, and the day of their general adoption here seems distant.

We seem to be advancing in some thing, but most people will regard it as being in a retrograde direction. Now and then we have verdicts returned by coroners' juries of death from an over-dose of poison; but what would the average nineteenth century reader say if he or she heard of a verdict of "death from an over-dose of coal"? A medical correspondent sends us this week a communication which has certainly caused us to open our eyes in amazement, and we now proceed to give our readers the gist of it.

It may not be universally known that there is now a growing tendency among the gentler sex

towards eating various substances in the belief that by so doing they will ensure the possession of a brilliantly beautiful complexion, or of alabaster or marble whiteness, as the desire may be. Our correspondent narrates to us particulars of two or three cases of young ladies who in Dublin are suffering from the effects of eating common anthracite coal! The misguided patients, he tells us, commenced the practice of nibbling at the indigestible substance under the impression that by a continuance of it they would quickly acquire a fair, clear skin of purest whiteness.

The result has been disastrous. The delicate membranes of the internal organs have suffered severe injuries by "scratchings," which, in turn, have been followed by a cute inflammation, leaving the unhappy girls in a most precarious condition.

Nor is the practice, he adds, confined to a limited class. Throughout the United Kingdom the name is legion of young ladies who incessantly eat raw tea, pipe-clay, cinders (!), coal, starch, raw rice, and even the deadly arsenic in the hope that the effect of the strange regimen may result in converting the complexion of brunettes or of others endowed by nature with good standing colours into that of a blonde.

The habit is at once silly and exceedingly injurious; but all the same, it is questionable whether tons weight of sermons on the ill effects of the foolish practice, preached through the columns of the press, would have the slightest effect in putting a stop to it. If they could only realise the fact that brunettes are quite as pretty as blondes, and that tens of thousands of men prefer the former to the latter, they would perhaps allow Dame Nature to regulate their complexions after her own unerring fashion.

Dr. Salmon has not yet taken possession of the Provost's House, as some time must elapse before the necessary repairs are finished.

Mrs. Jellett is now residing in Lower Leeson Street.

The Archbishop of Dublin and Lady Plunket have left the Palace, Stephen's Green, for their summer residence, Old Connaught, near Bray, they gave the first of their pleasant afternoon receptions there on Friday last.

A general meeting of the Kingstown Amusement Committee was held in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, for the purpose of electing a Committee of Management for the ensuing season.

Many young ladies and gentlemen are looking forward with much pleasure to a tennis dance which will shortly be given at the hospitable and beautiful house of a lady residing in the neighbourhood of Blackrock.

Don't the inhabitants of Merrion Square East, from 48 to Upper Mount-street, pay their taxes? If this is not so, why does the Corporation leave the footpath in the disgraceful state it is in, and has been in for more than three weeks? The same remark applies to half of Lower Mount Street. Perhaps one of the city fathers might take a walk round those parts.

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Lord Ashbourne has taken a house in Clarges-street, and will reside there after the Whitsuntide recess for the rest of the London season.

Colonel Williamson has presented Mr. Leyden with a medal, from the Royal Humane Society, for the gallant rescue of a boy from drowning at Galway.

Not a few people in the upper ten circle were surprised the other day at receiving rather curious cards from one of their set. It appears that Mrs. Blank, wishing to return thanks for kind enquiries sallied forth in her equipage for that purpose. Just, however, as she was coming down the hall door steps, she remembered that she had forgotten her cards, so she desired her new footman, fresh from the pasture lands of Meath, to run up to the drawing-room, and bring down a pack of cards she had left on her writing table, with the usual "To return thanks" written on them. The footman returned. The lady desired him to keep the cards, and at every house she stopped at, to hand in one of these cards. After a lot of visits had been made, Mrs. Blank felt tired, and told her footman she would make no more calls that day. "That's lucky for you, ma'am," rejoined the rustic servant, "for, bedad, I have only one card left, and that's the ace of spades!" He had distributed a pack of playing cards.

A smoking concert was given on Saturday evening last, in the rooms of the Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club, by three members. The singing was of an exceptionally high character; the supper, served shortly after midnight, was *recherche*, and the company, numbering some thirty, most select. It is proposed to hold during the season a weekly concert.

The worshipful Company of Mercers have made a grant of 100 guineas to the Irish Distressed Ladies Fund, 22 Charing Cross.

Colonel King-Harman has not benefitted by his voyage to the Cape. His ailment is said to have rather increased.

The Dublin Wicklow and Wexford Railway Company have recently made some alterations, we will not say improvements, in their rolling stock on the Kingstown Branch. Some third-class carriages have been lately painted white inside; removable cushions have been placed on the seats, the figure 3 on the outside has been changed to 2, and presto a third-class carriage becomes a second. This is how the Directors propose to make the Kingstown line popular.

One swallow, we are told, does not make summer, neither does the extinguishing of all fires at all stations on the D. W. & W. Railway make us believe that the warm weather has come. During the week the weather has been cold and boisterous, and the dirty waiting-rooms along the line, looked even less inviting than usual, with papers of many colours in the fire-places, instead of proper fires. Really the Directors ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals (two-footed).

Mrs. Herrick's dance in Upper Mount Street last week was a very pleasant one. A large number were present, and a great many pretty

faces and pretty frocks were on view. With "Liddell" catering for the music, and "Lovell" for the supper, both were excellent.

The ball given by Mrs. Peter O'Brien on the 1st inst., at the residence of the Attorney-General in Merriion Square, was an unusually brilliant one. The arrangements were perfect. Liddell supplied the music; Lovell the supper, one of the features of which was a peacock. Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar honoured the dance with their presence. Lord and Lady Ashbourne and most of the legal luminaries of Dublin were there, many indulging in the "light fantastic." With the ball, the Dublin season may be said to be finished—and consequently Liddell has gone over to the "little village" where he has any number of engagements.

The Duchess of Leinster will open the Spring Sale at the Irish and Scotch Cottage Industries, Knightsbridge, on Friday next.

We believe that no further attempt will be made to deprive this country of the conveyance of the American mails. No later than last week a remarkably rapid transit was registered. On Saturday, April 28th, the Umbria left New York with the mails aboard, arriving in Queenstown at nine minutes to one the following Saturday. The bags were quickly transferred to the special train for Dublin, and were delivered in London on the same evening. This ought to expose the fallacy that any other route is more expeditious.

Lady M'Kenna, wife of Sir Joseph M'Kenna (M.P. for South Monaghan), held a very successful ball at her London residence, 67 Lancaster Gate. White seemed to be the prevailing colour. Lady M'Kenna wore pale blue peau de soie trimmed with flouncings of lace, the long train was of brocade velvet, diamond and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Macnamara, white velvet brocade with handsome diamond ornaments; Miss M'Kenna, white and silver brocade trimmed with lace and garlands of roses; Lady Morell Mackenzie, gray peau de soie veiled in beaded steel gauze and diamonds in the hair.

We hope that some novelty will be provided at the Kingstown and Dalkey bands this season. In most English watering places it is customary to introduce and intermingle vocal selections with orchestral interpretations. Dublin possesses numbers of vocalists with voices suitable for outdoor singing.

The Royal Irish School of Art held an Exhibition, and sale of needlework, Irish lace, and wood-carving (by kind permission of the Duke of Devonshire), at Devonshire House on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The patronesses of the sale were:—Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, The Duchess of Abercorn, The Countess of Aberdeen, The Countess of Carnarvon, and Countess Spencer.

We have been informed that Lord Dangan, nephew of Baron De Ros, Premier Baron of England, of Old Court, Co. Down, will shortly lead to the altar Miss Phyllis Broughton, now playing in the "Old Guard," at the Avenue, London. It would seem that the fate of the

Earl of Cairns has had no effect in deterring Irish peers from theatrical marriages. The wedding will take place at the Savoy Chapel, provided parental edicts have no effect.

Sir Robert Stewart has discovered a very old Irish harpsichord, which is to be sent to the London Exhibition.

The old plate belonging to Christ Church Cathedral has been obtained for the same purpose.

Mr. John Lowry, of Pomeroy House, Co. Tyrone, has passed away in his 99th year, the veteran soldier served with the 8th Regiment during the American War of 1812 and the following years; he was three times severely wounded. He devoted his long life to works of benevolence, and his memory is held in grateful esteem by the poor, as well as by his many friends in Dublin, Tyrone, and Fermanagh.

The laws of cricket remain for the present as they stand. The much debated question concerning the necessity of new regulations defining "leg before wicket," has been postponed by the Marlebone Club till the opinions of the Counties, the Universities, and the leading clubs are obtained. There is no doubt, however, that the practice of deliberately defending the wicket with the person, instead of the bat, is contrary to the spirit of the game. It is to be hoped, however, the co-operation of Irish cricketers generally will be found adequate to prevent the evil without the necessity of attempting doubtful legislation.

Some first rate cricket may be expected in the College Park, on May 17th and two following days, when Dublin University meet an All England XI. Military bands will attend, and given in fine weather the match ought to be successful from all points of view.

Augustus Harris will produce the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, on May 14th. The following artistes have been engaged:—Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Furseh-Madi, Melba, Scalchi, and Trebelli; Mesdemoiselles Ella Russell, Sigred Arnoldson, Columbia, Minnie Hauk, Macentyre, and Nordica. The male vocalists will include Signori Perugini, Paroli, Rinaldini, Breletto, Ravelli, Del Puente, Miranda, Novara, Vaschetti, Navarini, as well as Messieurs Reske, Reems, and Lasalle. There will be thirty-two performances, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays for eight weeks. We believe that in no other place but London could such a gigantic speculation be hazarded.

This week a very interesting concert and literary performance is announced to take place in the Parochial Hall, Dalkey, in aid of a charity connected with the Church. There is certain to be a large attendance, not only for the object of charity, but by reason of the *personnel* of those who are to take part in the programme. Sir Francis Brady will preside at the piano, and the two best pupils of the R. I. A. of Music will give brilliant selections. There will be recitations by Mrs. P. Leslie Peacocke and Mrs. Thomas Turbett, who have already won considerable honours in the field of elocution; and

the vocalists will include Major Cochrane, D.A.A.G., and the Hon. W. Wrottesley, 4th Dragoon Guards.

Very many in Dublin will be delighted, more especially as we appear at last to be getting into Summer, with the intelligence that the lively "Tantivy" road coach will commence running for the season between Stephen's Green, Bray, and Delgany on and after Monday next, the 14th inst. Pleasant recollections are associated with the "Tantivy," and its picturesque tours, and we cannot do better than give all the information in our power with regard to its comings and goings.

The coach will leave the Shelbourne Hotel daily at half-past eleven o'clock—Sunday, of course excepted, and will proceed *via* Stillorgan, Stepside, Golden Ball, the Scalp, Enniskerry, and the Dargle, arriving at Bray at 1.25 p.m.; leaving at 2 p.m. for Kilruddery, Kilmacanogue, and the Glen of the Downs, arriving at the Delgany Hotel at 2.50 p.m.; returning at 3.30 p.m., and reaching the Shelbourne at 6.30 p.m. A single fare costs 6/-, and a return 10/-, with 2/6 extra for the box seat.

In connection with the Masonic Ball, to be held in the New Leinster Hall on Friday evening, May 11th, the preparations have now been completed, and the interior of the noble building presents a magnificent floral appearance. When lighted up, the Masonic colours—blue and white—combined with innumerable waving banners of many hues and bright mural decorations, cannot fail to produce the most lovely effect. The horticultural additions are extensive, and between all these auxiliaries, and the brilliance of the ladies' costumes, the scene must prove a brilliant and dazzling one.

There will be an interesting ceremony on Saturday, 12th May, at eight o'clock, in the New Leinster Hall, when the annual distribution of prizes to the children of the Masonic Female Orphan School will be made by her Grace the Duchess of Abercorn. Her noble husband, the Duke, will preside at the distribution, and an attractive musical programme will be gone through.

At the Children's Hospital in Harcourt street an interesting lecture in aid of the funds of the admirably conducted Convalescent Home in Bray, was delivered a few evenings ago by Harold Engelbach, Esq., the subject being the expansive one, "From Bray to Japan." The audience was large, thus materially assisting a most deserving charity, and the lecturer managed to invest the narrative of his travels with great interest. Photographic views of the various places referred to materially assisted the numerous company present in realising the treat afforded them.

It is understood that in the coming Autumn Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam will celebrate their "golden wedding," the noble couple having entered the holy state of matrimony on the 10th September, 1838. At Coollatin, and in the neighbourhood, the tenantry are duly alive to the importance of the event, and preparations for its celebration in right royal style are being made. The Countess will have her portrait presented to her by the tenants on the occasion.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam have a large family of sons and daughters, their eldest son and heir being married to a sister of the Marquis of Ormonde.

The latest sensation in New York has been a dinner which cost 175 dols. per cover, exclusive of wine and music. The menu cards cost 10 dols. each, and a bouquet of ten strawberries costing 5 dols. was placed before each guest. There was no cloth on the table, the plates being placed upon palm-leaf fans. In the centre was a miniature lake, with gorgeous tropical adornments, and Roman punch was served in oranges from which the pulp had been dexterously removed without detaching the fruit, so that each guest could pick it off the tree himself. This "tropical" dinner, as it was called, was, of course, given by a millionaire.

The newest thing in Chicago is said to be "Bird Talk Matinees," consisting of a lecture "replete with pretty stories and unheard of facts, coupled with bits of verse and snatches of biography. On the stand near the lecturer are birds in variety—wrens, jays, ravens, bobolinks, robins, and larks—illustrative of the lecture." The ladies attend in "pretty carriage and street dresses."

According to the poets this is a merry, bright, warm and beautiful month. Everyone is, or at least should be aware, that a poet is useless unless he possesses large powers of imagination. We know that poets have imagined a lot about the weather; but they are considerably at fault with regard to this month. We scarcely remember another such severe one, but we hope that before long their poetic prognostications will be realised.

The old Rosicrucian idea is being slowly revived. An American doctor asserts that conditions may not only be conceived, but actualised, by which man can enter upon life eternal without passing out of earthly existence.

Max O'Rell's opinion of American ladies is worth reproducing. On being asked whether he liked the ladies of New York or those of Chicago best, he said he could not see any difference, adding—"In both cases there seems to be some trouble every morning to arrive at a decision on the question 'How can I show people how many dollars I have upon me!'" Comparing the ladies of America with their European sisters, he finds them most resembling the French.

Mr. Brown Potter, who discountenances his wife's theatrical profession, has quietly authorised legal proceedings against Mrs. Brown Potter for a divorce on the ground of desertion.

The inevitable woman was the cause of the recent French duel, made noticeable by the fact that one of the combatants was killed. Both M. Dupuis, the artist, who was the victim, and M. Habert, an editor, were men of fifty years of age, and had always lived on friendly terms. A lady friend of M. Dupuis had written a sonnet upon his picture, "Le Lac de Lamartine," now being exhibited in the Salon. M. Dupuis showed the lines to M. Habert, who ridiculed them, and said he would publish them. Madame Dupuis requested him not to do so, but he took no notice of her appeal, and prefaced them with some remarks in very bad taste. Thereupon

Madame Dupuis expressed her great annoyance in strong terms, perhaps, but when M. Habert asked the artist if he assumed responsibility for his wife's words he replied "certainly," and this regrettable duel with its fatal termination was the result. It almost carries us back to old Court days to find men sacrificing themselves over a few lines of poetry.

Some of the smart dinner dresses are cut so excessively *decollé* that it is becoming quite a general answer from men if they are asked what Mrs. Blank whom they took down wore, to reply that "it would have been rude to have looked under the table to see."

We have received a selection of photographs from the well-known studios of M. Glover, of Stephen's Green, showing some highly characteristic portraits of different members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. For felicity of expression and beauty of pose, whether as Japanese from "The Mikado," or "Sisters, Cousins, and Aunts" from "Pinafore," we must say that in every respect they leave nothing to be desired. We congratulate M. Glover on his decided success.

The attractions at the Danish Exhibition will include *tableaux vivants* from stories of Hans Andersen, and also a Danish Village with Amager Peasants in National costumes.

The "Maria Theresa" Exhibition, now open at Vienna, in commemoration of the fortieth year of the Emperor's reign, is one of the most interesting of the recent exhibitions. It is organised in the Imperial Austrian Museum, under the patronage of Archduke Kainer. The principal contributors are the Imperial family, the Austrian and Hungarian Aristocracy, several monastic orders, musicians, and public institutions. A vast number of antiquities are on view, and a most interesting collection of coins and medals of the era 1740 to 1780, which illustrate Maria Theresa's indefatigable exertions to endow, develop, and embellish colleges, associations, and organisations for the aggrandisement and prosperity of the Empire.

A young nobleman will shortly lead to the altar the heiress of the London Regent Street millinery business, known as that of Madame Elise. With the bride goes, we understand, a fortune of £7,000 a year.

Un bal poudre, in aid of the Home of Rest for Horses, will be given in the Whitehall rooms, Hotel Metropole, on the 26th of May. The Chairman of the said committee is Lord Arthur Somerset.

We regret to hear that the illness of His Eminence Cardinal Howard is still causing considerable anxiety to his friends. His Eminence will remain in England for the present.

It is stated that Mdme. Patti received £5,400 for her first night's share at Buenos Ayres. At this rate of payment she would prove an expensive prima donna to any impresario.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who is stated to be the handsomest man on the stage, is at the present moment trying to obtain a divorce from his wife. He is a son of the late Rev. John Higgins, of Shoreditch, London.

"Bootle's Baby" in a caustic note takes us to account with reference to some recent remarks in these columns in relation to military hospitality. Our correspondent, however, does not deal with our complaint, but opens up a new grievance to which we are pleased to give publicity. "Allow me (he proceeds) to say as a soldier, that I am thoroughly disgusted at the way we soldiers are run after in Ireland by women who worship the red coats which we wear. It is surprising that Dublin women will stoop to invite men whom they never saw nor heard of until they purchased an army list, to their houses in preference to their civilian friends, simply because they wear red coats and have an income of from six shillings to ten shillings a day."

"I never seek invites (continues our informant,) but I have received about two hundred within the past few months from all classes—from the shopkeeper to the more aristocratic dweller in Stephen's Green." Now, if such be the case, we hope hosts and hostesses will take warning that these incessant invitations are, in the majority of cases, anything but pleasing to their recipients.

"Bootle's Baby" improves the occasion by a reminiscence or two which may be of interest to our readers.—To a recent dance held at a residence not one hundred miles from Stephen's Green, none but military men were invited, to the chagrin and disappointment of all civilian acquaintances. One of the awkward and ludicrous consequences was that the hostess, when she desired to introduce a gentleman to a lady fair, had, to the immense amusement of several officers, to ask him what was his name!

To another dance, at a house in Merrion Square, owned by a highly-paid Government official, none but cavalry men were invited. The various officers, no doubt, in a mischievous spirit, accepted the invitations, but failed to put in an appearance on the appointed date, and as the majority of those present were of the gentle sex an ancient spinster present dubbed the "great event" as a "hen party." We shall not hesitate, as opportunities arise, to protest against this absurd and unfair system of "exclusive dealing."

The signification of the years of matrimony is an interesting study. Most people are only acquainted with the title of the twenty-fifth and fiftieth anniversary of weddings; but there exist names for a large number of the others. They are as follows:—At the end of the first year, cotton wedding; second year, paper wedding; third year, leather wedding; fifth year, wooden wedding; seventh year, woollen wedding; tenth year, tin wedding; twelfth year, silk and fine linen wedding; fifteenth year, crystal wedding; twentieth year, china wedding; twenty-fifth year, silver wedding; thirtieth year, pearl wedding; fortieth year, ruby wedding; fiftieth year, golden wedding; and seventy-fifth year, diamond wedding.

In some of the shops charming novelties in pocket handkerchiefs are to be seen. They are of all colours. On a ground of pink, red, blue or lilac, extends a sprinkling of tiny crescents, horseshoes, spots, or stars in some widely contrasting shade, such as red on blue, blue or pink and black on pale blue.

Sara Bernhardt's gold embroidered dress in *La Tosca* has evidently set the fashion of the day in Paris. Greens and yellows are there seen on every side, and what delightful harmonies they make!

Ladies are always interested in information relative to their headgear. One of the most charming novelties in the way of bonnets is the "Butterfly." It is an exquisite little shape, in fawn-coloured Tuscan straw, at once simple and stylish. The front is trimmed high with bows of ribbon, half of fawn colour and half of olive green, supporting a dainty cluster of *Gloire de Dijon* roses and green leaves. It is lined underneath with olive-green velvet, while the strings are of olive ribbon to correspond.

The newest thing in mantles is made of fine black plush, arranged with a wide *moire* sash, which covers the whole of the back, and is finished with a full frill of black Chantilly lace. A *moire* belt crosses the figure at the waist in front, while the bodice part of the mantle is ornamented with bretelles of jet embroidery, the elbow sleeves being bordered with jet to correspond.

There is no new thing under the sun. Mummy cloth, copied exactly from the material in which Egyptian mummies are wrapped, is the very newest and smartest of materials. One of the Court dressmakers has copied a gown direct from the original, down to straps and fastenings. It will be the novelty of next month, and will, of course, be a sensation when first worn.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

THE recent performance of Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride* was a failure, owing not altogether to the childish and preposterously supernatural story of the libretto. In art, as George Eliot asserts, it is far easier to pourtray a demon with blazing eyes and a pair of horns than the most commonplace person whom we pass every day in the street. Similarly the squealing of mice, the roll of thunder, or the yell of a middle-aged demon, is a matter of comparative ease to the composer compared with the almost insuperable difficulties of scoring the ordinary sensations of an everyday mortal. While drums, cymbals, triangles, and castanets exist in an orchestra, the gifted composer need never run short of resources for supplying devils by the score and storms by the dozen. Nor need he scale the heaven of inspiration to interpret a woman running away with a ghost while a dozen violins await his command with their *presto* and *agitato*.

The incident of Dvorak's spectre going to the trouble of jumping a wall, when the merest child knows that solid masonry offers no impediment to a non-materialised being, lifts the cantata from the monotony of gloom into the lighter regions of humour, which bursts into the broader domain of farce, when the spectre finds he has taken his jump for nothing, and has to jump back again to find his spouse.

Anything more enlivening than the spectacle of a crowd of university professors and students roaring out: "He jumps the wall! He jumps the wall!" has seldom been observed outside the light comedy stage of Gilbert and Sullivan. The harlequinade of the Dvorak devil does not

exhaust the touches of humour with which the great composer enlivens the general creepiness of his work. The attempted resuscitation of the corpse with its uttered protests against the liberties taken with it, remind me of the grim demoniac merriment of Dean Paul Richter. A great deal can be said in favour of the modern invention of the *motif* which is so freely appealed to in this as in many more latter-day compositions, to save the composer the trouble of inventing new phrases of characterisation. With a definite *motif* attached to each character, like a shop ticket, there is no danger of the audience confounding any person but the composer himself. Mozart went to a great deal of unnecessary trouble to cast the music of each dramatic character in a form of its own. Had he lived in these more developed days, he would simply have invented a few hundred *motifs* and made his fortune selling them by retail to less imaginative musicians. In literature, Dickens and his imitators found the *motif* a popular and pleasant substitute for creative effort. It was comparatively easy to coin a peculiar phrase of words or pet sentences to be uttered by each character, so that the reader would always recognise an old friend without further trouble. How long the intelligent public will submit to this spurious imitation of art is a matter for themselves to determine.

It will last as long as there are fools enough to read the novels, and listen to the music characterised by the indolent use of this mechanical trick of composition.

It is a delightful sight to observe the gradual awakening of Trinity College to the fact that intellectual life is possible outside the walls of a university. The appearance of the Choral Society in a public hall sounds strangely like a revolution. If it proceeds much further, it is not impossible that two or three of the outside public may be tempted, in a thoughtless fit of good nature, to sit out one of the debates of the Historical Society. The College Choral Society, for years, refused to admit that the higher order of music could be appreciated by anyone who was not a personal friend of a member of the choir. It was simply heresy to suppose that any man could take an interest in the harmonic chord or the offensiveness of consecutive fifths, unless he was on speaking terms with a gentleman who owned a cap and gown. To such an extent was this exclusive dealing carried, that we, poor Goths, began to think that Trinity College had, by divine right, access to grander forms of music than any with which we were acquainted. We never heard of a society performing Sullivan's *Golden Legend* or Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride* without an uneasy suspicion that such a society was infringing on the musical monopoly of Trinity College, and thus leaving itself open to a heavy action for damages.

Now that the mystic veil is rent aside, to the astonishment of the public, the Choral Society, so far from possessing phenomenal voices, or singing with supernaturally fine phrasing, is nothing better than any ordinary second-rate society, with confused notions as to the difference between a musical melodrama and a work of high art. We are possessed, in consequence, of a resentful feeling of having been cheated: we expected to be dazzled by a performance far beyond even our greatest musical experience: but—

DONNYBROOK.

LA REVEILLE.

MISS ADELAIDE DETCHON'S RECITAL.—The DETCHON revelation crescendos towards the fortissimo of public delirium. At first heralded with a few tremelo violins of a scattered audience, she is now the theme for the full blaze of the public orchestra. Her appearance marks an advent in the history of intellectual Dublin. The cynical, weary of recital after recital, who came to scoff went home bewildered, astounded, ravished with a new delight. She has burst the trammels of conventionality and formed a lovely world of her own. Already the elocutionists of Dublin sit nobly contemplating the old-fashioned lyre with its three strings. They have heard the new music, and cannot understand it.

"When shall return the glory of their prime?
No more, ah, never more!"

This young, beautiful, and creative artist may not visit this city again for many months. Let those who have missed seeing and hearing her wear sackcloth and ashes to the end of time!

GAIETY THEATRE.—"Held by the Enemy" a mild melodrama, by William Gillette, is drawing crowded houses. Though advertised as a "new and original drama" it is not, for that reason, adapted from the French. The incidents deal with the civil war in the States, but the casual booming of the stage artillery, in Act III, scarcely suggests the terrific combats or the War of Succession familiar to readers of history. The scenery is extremely interesting, and there is less blood and villainy in the piece than in most other melodramas. In the acting there is little attempt to strive after the modern subtleties of characterization; but all the artists, without exception, act respectably, Mr. James Nelson and Miss Georgie Esmond exhibiting talent above mediocrity.

"The Children's Opera Company" at the Queen's Theatre are now in the second and last week of their present engagement, during which they have charmed constantly well-filled houses with their finished rendering of such difficult but timeful music, as that of "Le Cloches de Corneville," "La Fille de Madame Angot," and "Billee Taylor." Mrs. Warwick Gray deserves enormous credit for the high state of musical perfection to which she has brought her youthful prodigies, whose acting is also astonishing; and for the remaining evenings of the week all who have not already seen and heard them should make a special point of doing so.

KINGSTOWN AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—The Kingstown Amateur Dramatic Society are to be warmly congratulated on the splendid success of their programme on Wednesday and Friday last in the Town Hall. The Kingstown citizens assembled in their thousands, leaving nothing but standing room, and that in an infinitesimal quantity. The Summer evening's sketch "Ruth's Romance," and the ever-fresh "Fish out of the Water," were given with considerable cleverness. Mrs. Sinclair's acting and singing was considerably above the average amateur. Mr. Sinclair was also very good, and Miss Parkinson, Mr. J. K. Foote, and Mr. L. Williams we shall report for special medals. The musical selections were by the Gasparro Brothers, the wigs designed and made by Mons. Francois, 2 Nassau-street, and the furniture kindly lent by Messrs. Talbot, Connell & Son. We are always

glad to record any independent action on the part of the townships, being fanatics on the advantages of decentralisation.

THE OHIO AMATEUR MINSTRELS gave a performance in the Concert Hall, Coffee Palace, Townsend Street, on last Saturday evening. The programme which was an attractive one, included the following in its first part:—"The Climbing up the Golden Stairs" by Mr. A. Ryan, was well rendered, and the dance which he performed after the final verse had to be repeated three times; "Kissing," by that well-known comedian, Mr. W. Walsh, was received with great applause; Mr. Cunningham's "Paulina" was fairly well sung, after which the final chorus "Happy are We," by the troupe, brought the first part to a close.

THE PEMEROKE CHORAL SOCIETY (notice of which we held over from last week's issue for want of space), under the leadership of Mr. Walter Bapty, had an extremely large attendance at their third concert for the season, held in the Parochial Hall, Sidney Parade, Tuesday, May 1st. The programme was particularly suitable to the day, containing the pastoral cantata "The May Queen," by Strendali Bennett. This very melodious and clever work reflects in a minor degree the genius of its composer's great teacher and model, Mendelssohn, and is not as well known in Dublin as it deserves to be. Mr. Bapty's choir gave a creditable reading of the choruses, which are by no means easy. The soloists were Miss Lucy Hackett and Messrs. Drummond Hamilton and Charles Kelly. Miss Hackett—considering she was suffering from a severe cold—acquitted herself fairly well, although the music seemed rather difficult and high for her. Mr. Hamilton sang his part with great feeling, at times, however, his expression is inclined to be slightly exaggerated. Mr. Kelly, to whose lot fell one of the most appreciated numbers of the work, "Tis Jolly to Hunt," delivered it with that dash and spirit for which our leading Dublin basso is distinguished. Miss Cora gave valuable assistance at the piano by her able reading of the characteristic and difficult accompaniment to the work. Dr. José presided at the organ with his known ability. The second part of programme was of the usual miscellaneous description, in which the "old favourites" were rather too well represented.

A musical and literary entertainment was given in the Presbyterian Schoolhouse, Rathgar Road, on Tuesday evening last. The proceedings opened with an orchestral selection from Mendelssohn's "War march of the Priests," rendered in a praiseworthy manner by the members of the Centenary Orchestral Union, under the conductorship of Signor Regazzoli. With a thumping accompaniment, Mr. R. Caldwell essayed to sing the "Pilgrim's Shrine." We cannot admire the recital of Mr. J. A. Kinnear (prize medalist in elocution, D.Y.M.C.A.). He needs correct accentuation as well as clear pronunciation. The chair was taken by the Rev. George Hanson.

The next concert of the Dublin Musical Society will be given on the 24th inst., in the Royal University Buildings. The soloists announced are Middle. Antoinette Trebelli and Mr. Ivor McKay, the extremely pleasing Scot-

tish tenor. The programme on the occasion will be a weighty one, including Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" and the 24th Psalm, the overture to "William Tell," Henry Stuart's "Cradle Song," and the Cujus Animam from the "Stabat Mater."

Another musical event of interest will take place in the first week of June, when the Dublin Amateur Orchestral Union will produce for the first time in Ireland Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony." Mr. Telford's orchestra of fifty performers will have the work in charge, and are certain to do it full justice.

The Excelsior Minstrel troupe gave a performance in aid of the Rathmines Catholic Club, at the Rink Hall, Upper Rathmines, on Monday evening last. The programme was a well assorted one, and, with the exception of a shrilly piercing piccolo, the orchestra was efficient. A comic song, "The all-night Sittings," was amusingly rendered by Mr. McGrath. This humorous melody, from the pen of the ex-Lord Mayor (T. D. Sullivan), is descriptive of the agonies undergone by sleepy M.P.s in the House. The usual comic "business" of the corner men was somewhat deficient. A laughable sketch concluded the performance.

Frankfort College held a musical and literary recital in the Town Hall, Rathmines, on Friday evening last. Dr. Power O'Donoghue conducted. Several of the pupils displayed signs of careful tuition. We cannot commend the habit of teachers standing behind the children and counting time in audible whispers, as we believe it tends to flurry the children as well as irritating the audience.

The Association of Elocutionists intend giving a recital on Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, in the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth-street. A programme of unusual excellence and variety will be gone through on that occasion, as it is intended to be their last public recital for the season. The following elocutionists of note will appear, viz.:—The Rev. Chancellor Tisdall, D.D., Professor E. Burke, Messrs. Edgar, Collins, Ward, Flint, and Holloway; Misses Boucher (a young lady who has not appeared here for sometime, and whose recitals last year many will remember with great pleasure) and Constance Porter. Mrs. Ellis Cameron and Mrs. H. Lyndon will also contribute. The selections will be from the works of Shakespeare, Dickens, D. G. Rossetti, W. S. Gilbert, Boucicault, etc. The musical part will be supplied by Mr. F. Flint, Miss Jones, etc. With such exceptional talent the pretty little hall should be crowded to overflowing.

ROYALTY IN GLASGOW.

GLASGOW was *en fete* on Tuesday on the occasion of the opening of the Exhibition by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who received a magnificent ovation from all classes in the great Clyde city. The weather was of the character known as "the Queen's Own," and it goes without saying that while the streets and houses were brilliant with floral and other decorations, the citizens were aglow with enthusiasm for their future King and his beautiful consort. The whole scene was in truth a dazzling one, and evidently deeply impressed the Royal couple.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ismael,"

"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

MRS. MURRAY made her appearance at two o'clock next day, and Mildred was pleased to find that Pamela had not exaggerated her merits. She was very Scotch, and talked of Lady Lochinvar as "a purpose woman," with a Caledonian roll of the *r* in purpose which emphasised the word in its adjective sense. She had very pretty simple manners, and was altogether the kind of young matron with whom a feather-headed girl might be trusted.

Directly Pamela and her new friend had departed Mildred put on her bonnet and went out on foot. She had made certain inquiries through Albrecht, and she knew the way she had to go upon the pilgrimage upon which she was bent, a pilgrimage of sorrowful memory. There was a relief in being quite alone upon the long parade between the palm trees and the sea, and to know that she was free from notice and sympathy for the rest of the afternoon.

She walked to the Place Massena, and there accepted the beseeching offers of one of the numerous flymen, and took her seat in a light Victoria behind a horse which looked a little better fed than his neighbours. She told the man to drive along the west bank of the Paillon, on the road to St. André.

Would not Madame go to St. André, and see the wonderful grotto, and the petrifications?

No, Madame did not wish to go as far as St. André. She would tell the driver where to stop.

The horse rattled off at a brisk pace. They are not crawlers, those flys of the south. They drove past the smart shops and hotels upon the quay; past the shabby old inn where the diligence put up, a hostelry with suggestions of the past when the old Italian town was not a winter rendezvous for all nations, the beaten track of Yankee and Cockney, Calicot and counter-jumper, Russian Prince and Hebrew capitalist, millionaire and adventurer. They drove past the shabby purlieus of the town, workmen's lodging-houses, sordid-looking shops, then an orange garden here and there within crumbling plaster walls, and here and there a tavern in a shabby garden. To the left of the river, on a sharp pinnacle of hill, stood in the Monastery of Cimies, with dome and tower dominating the landscape. Further away on the other side of the stony torrent bed rose the rugged chain of hills stretching away to Mentone and the Italian

frontier, and high up against the blue sky glimmered the white dome of the Observatory. They came by-and-by to a spot where by the side of the broad, high road there was a wall, enclosing a white dusty yard, and behind it a long white house with many windows, bare and barren, staring blankly at the dry bed of the torrent and the rugged brown hills beyond. At each end of the long white building there was a colonnade with iron bars, open to the sun and the air, and as Mrs. Greswold's carriage drew near a man's voice rolled out the opening bars of "Ah, che la morte," in a tremendous baritone. A cluster of idlers had congregated about the open gate, to stare and listen, for the great white house was a mad-house, and the grated colonnades right and left of the long facade were the recreation grounds of the insane—of those worst patients who could not be trusted to wander at their ease in the garden, or to work upon the breezy hills towards St. André.

The singer was a fine-looking man, dressed in loose garments of some white material, and with long white gloves. He flung himself on to an uppur bar of the grating with the air of an athlete, and hung upon the bars with his gloved hands, facing that cluster of loafers as if they had been an audience in a theatre, and singing with all the power of a Herculean physique. Mildred told her driver to stop at the gate, and she sat listening while the madman sang, in fitful snatches of a few bars at a time, but with never a false note.

That cage, and the patients pacing up and down, or hanging on to the bars, or standing staring at the gate and little crowd, moved her to deepest pity, touched her with keenest pain. He had been here, her beloved, in that brief interval of darkest night. She recalled how in one of his awakenings from that torturing dream he had spoken words of strange meaning—or of no meaning as they had seemed to her then.

"The cage—the cage again," he had cried in an agonised voice; "iron bars"—like a wild beast.

These words had been an enigma to her then. She saw the answer to the riddle *here*.

She sat for some time watching that sad spectacle, hearing those broken snatches of song, with intervals of silence, or sometimes a wild peal of laughter between.

The loiterers were full of speculations and assertions. The porter at the gate answered some questions, turned a deaf ear to others.

The singer was a Spanish nobleman, who had lost a fortune at Monte Carlo the night before, and had been brought here bound hand and foot at early morning. He had tried to kill himself, and now he fancied himself a famous singer, and that the barred colonnade was the stage of the Grand Opera at Paris.

"He'll soon be all right again," said the porter, with a careless shrug; "those violent cases mend quickly."

"But he won't get his money back again," poor devil," said one of the loiterers, a flyman whose vehicle was standing by the wall waiting for a customer. "Hard to recover his senses and find himself without a sou."

"Oh, he has rich friends no doubt. Look at his white kid gloves. He is young and handsome, and he has a splendid voice. Somebody will take care of him. Do you see that old woman sitting over there in the garden? You would not think there was anything amiss with her, would you? No more there is, only she thinks she is the Blessed Virgin. She has been

here five-and-thirty years. Nobody pities *her*—nobody inquires about *her*. My father remembers her when she was a handsome young woman at a flower shop on the Quay Massena, one of the merriest girls in Nice. Somebody told her she was neglecting her soul and going to hell. This set her thinking too much. She used to be at the Cathedral all day, and at confession as often as the priest would hear her. She neglected her shop and quarrelled with her mother and sisters. She said she had a vocation; and then one fine day she walked to the Cathedral in a white veil with a branch of lilies in her hand, and she told all the people she met that they ought to kneel before her and make the sign of the cross, for she was the Mother of God. Three days afterwards her people brought her here. She would neither eat nor drink, and she never closed her eyes, or left off talking about her glorious mission, which was to work the redemption of all the women upon earth."

"Drive on to the doctor's house," Mildred said presently, and the fly went on a few hundred yards, and then drew up at the door of a private house, which marked the boundary of the asylum garden.

Mrs. Greswold had inquired the name of the doctor of longest experience in the asylum, and she had been referred to Monsieur Leroy, the inhabitant of this house, where the flyman informed her some of the more wealthy patients were lodged. She had come prepared with a little note requesting the favour of an interview, and enclosing her card, with the address of Enderby Manor, as well as her hotel in Nice. The English Manor and the Hotel Westminster indicated at least respectability in the applicant; and Monsieur Leroy's reception was both prompt and courteous.

He was a clever-looking man, about sixty years of age, with a fine benevolent head, and an attentive eye, as of one always on the alert. He had spent five and thirty of his sixty years in the society of the deranged, and had devoted all his intellectual power to the study of mental disease.

After briefest preliminary courtesies Mildred explained the purpose of her visit.

"I am anxious to learn anything you can tell me about a patient who was under your care—or at least in this establishment—seventeen years ago, and in whom I am deeply interested," she said.

"Seventeen years is a longish time, madame, but I have a longish memory, and I keep notes of all my cases. I may be able to satisfy your curiosity in some measure. What was the name of this patient?"

"He was an Englishman called Ransome—George Ransome. He was placed here under peculiar circumstances."

"Corpo di Baccho! I should say they were peculiar, very peculiar circumstances!" exclaimed the doctor. "Do you know, madam, that Mr. Ransome came here as a suspected murderer? He came straight from the goal at Villefranche, where he had been detained on the suspicion of having killed his wife."

"There was not one jot of evidence to support such a charge. I know all the circumstances. Surely, sir, you, who must have a wide knowledge of human nature, did not think him guilty?"

"I hardly made up my mind upon that point, even after I had seen him almost every day for six months; but there is one thing I do know about this unhappy gentleman. His lunacy was

no assumption, put on to save him from the grip of the law. He was a man of noble intellect, large brain power, and for the time being his reason was totally obscured."

"To what cause did you attribute the attack?"

"A long course of worry, nerves completely shattered, and finally the shock of that catastrophe on the cliff. Whether his hand pushed her to her death, or the woman flung her life away, the shock was too much for Mr. Ransome's weakened and worried brain. All the indications of his malady, from the most violent stages to the gradual progress of recovery, pointed to the same conclusion. The history of the case revealed its cause and its earlier phases: an unhappy marriage, a jealous wife, patience and forbearance on his part, until patience degenerated into despair, the dull apathy of a wearied intellect. All that is easy to understand."

"You pitied him, then, monsieur?"

"Madame, I pity all my patients; but I found in Mr. Ransome a man of exceptional characteristics, and his case interested me deeply."

"You would not have been interested had you believed him guilty."

"Pardon me, madame, crime is full of interest for the pathologist. The idea that this gentleman might have spurned his wife from him in a moment of aberration would not have lessened my interest in his mental condition. But although I have never made up my mind upon the question of his guilt or innocence, I am bound to tell you, since you seem even painfully interested in his history, that his conduct after his recovery indicated an open and generous nature, a mind of peculiar refinement, and a great deal of chivalrous feeling. I had many conversations with him during the period of returning reason, and I formed a very high opinion of his moral character."

"Did other people think him guilty—the people he had known in Nice for instance?"

"I fancy there were very few who thought much about him," answered the doctor. "Luckily for him and his belongings—whoever they may be—he had dropped out of society for some time before the catastrophe, and he had never been a person of importance in Nice. He had not occupied a villa, or given parties. He lived with his wife at an hotel, and the man who lives at an hotel counts for very little on the Riviera. He is only a casual kind of visitor, who may come and go as he pleases. His movements—unless he has rank or fashion or inordinate wealth to recommend him—excite no interest. He is not a personage. Hence there was very little talk about the lamentable end of Mr. Ransome's married life. There were hardly half a dozen paragraphs in our local papers, all told; and I doubt if any of these were quoted in the *Figaro* or *Galignani*. My patient might congratulate himself upon his obscurity."

"Did no one from England visit him during his confinement here?"

"No one. The local authorities looked after his interests so far as to take care of the ready money which was found in his house, and which sufficed to pay for the poor lady's funeral and for my patient's expenses, leaving a balance to be handed over to him on his recovery. From the hour he left these gates I never heard from him or of him again, but every new year has brought me an anonymous gift from London, such a gift as only a person of refined taste would choose, and I have attributed those annual greetings to Mr. George Ransome."

"It would be only like him to remember past kindness."

"You know him well, madame?"

"Very well; so well as to be able to answer with my life for his being incapable of the crime of which even you, who saw so much of him, hesitate to acquit him."

"It is my misfortune, madame, to have seen the darker sides of the human mind, and to know that in the whitest life there may be one black spot—one moment of sin which stultifies a lifetime of virtue. However, it is possible that your judgment is right in this particular case. Be assured I should be glad to think so, and glad to know that Mr. Ransome's after days have been all sunshine."

A sigh was Mildred's only answer. Monsieur Leroy saw tears in her eyes, and asked no more. He was shrewd enough to guess her connection with his former patient—a second wife, no doubt. No one but a wife would be so intensely interested.

"If there is anything I can do for you, or for my old patient—he began, seeing that his visitor lingered.

"Oh, no, there is nothing—except if you would let me see the rooms in which he lived."

"Assuredly. It is a melancholy pleasure at best to recal the sorrows we have outlived, but the association will be less painful in your case since the—friend in whom you are interested was so speedily and thoroughly restored to mental health. I take it that he has never had a relapse?"

"Never, thank God!"

"It was not likely from the history of the case."

He led the way across the vestibule and upstairs to the second floor, where he showed Mrs. Greswold two airy rooms, sitting-room and bedroom communicating, overlooking the valley towards Cimies, with the white-walled convent on the crest of the hill, and the white temples of the dead clustering near it; cross and column, Athenian pediment and Italian cupola, dazzling white against the cloudless blue. The rooms were neatly furnished, and there was every appearance of comfort, no suggestion of Bedlam, padded walls, or strait waistcoats."

"Had he these rooms all the time?" asked Mildred.

"Not all the time. He was somewhat difficult to deal with during the first few weeks, and he was in the main building, under the care of one of my subordinates, till improvement began. By that time I had grown interested in the case, and took him into my own house."

"Pray let me see the rooms he occupied at first, Monsieur, I want to know all. I want to be able to understand what his life was like in that dark dream."

She knew now what his own dream meant.

Monsieur Leroy indulged her whim. He took her across the dusty garden to the great white house—a house of many windows, and long white corridors, airy—bare—hopeless looking, as it seemed to that sad visitor. She saw the two iron-barred enclosures, and the restless creatures roaming about them, clinging to the bars, climbing like monkeys from perch to perch, hanging from the trapeze. The Spaniard had left off singing.

She was shown George Ransome's room, which was empty. The bare whitewashed walls chilled her as if she had gone into an ice-vault. Here on everything there was the stamp of a State prison—iron bars, white walls, a deadly

monotony. She was glad to escape into the open air again; but not until she had knelt for some minutes beside the narrow bed upon which George Ransome had lain seventeen years ago, and thanked God for her dear one's restoration to reason, and prayed that his declining days might be blessed. She prayed for him to whom she might never more be a source of happiness, she who until so lately had been his nearest and dearest upon earth.

A law which she recognised as duty had risen up between them, and both must go down to the grave in sadness rather than that law should be broken.

CHAPTER IX.

A WRECKED LIFE.

MONSIEUR LEROY was interested by his visitor, and in no wise hastened her departure. He led her through the garden of the asylum, anxious that she should see that sad life of the shattered mind in its fairer and milder aspect. The quieter patients were allowed to amuse themselves at liberty in the garden, and here Mildred saw the woman who fancied herself the Blessed Virgin, and who sat apart from the rest, with a crown of faded anemones upon her iron-gray locks.

The doctor stopped to talk to her in the Niceois language, described her hallucination to Mildred in his broken English between whiles.

"She is one of my oldest cases, and as gentle a creature as ever breathed," he said. "She is what superstition has made her. She might have been a happy wife and mother but for that fatal influence. Ah, here comes a lady of a very different temper, and not half so easy a subject."

A woman of about sixty advanced towards them along the dusty gravel path between the trampled grass and the shabby orange trees whitened with the dust from the road, a woman who carried her head and shoulders with the hauteur of an empress, and who looked about her with bright, defiant eyes, fanning herself with a large Japanese paper fan as she came along, a fan of vivid scarlet and cheap gilt paper, which seemed to intensify the brilliancy of her great black eyes, as she waved it to and fro before her dark and haggard face, a woman who must once have been beautiful.

"Would you believe that lady was prima donna at La Scala nearly forty years ago?" asked the doctor, as he and Mildred stood beside the path, watching that strange figure, with its air of scenic dignity.

The massive plaits of rusty black hair, streaked with gray, were wound, coronet-wise, about her head. Her rusty black velvet gown trailed in the dust, threadbare years ago, almost in tatters to-day, a gown of a strange fashion which had been worn upon the stage—Leonora's or Lucrezia's gown, perhaps, once upon a time.

At sight of the physician she stopped suddenly, and made him a sweeping curtsey, with all the exaggerated grace of the theatre.

"Do you know if they open this month at the Scala?" she asked in Italian.

"Indeed, my dear, I have heard nothing of their doings."

"They might have begun their season with the new year," she said with a dictatorial air. "They always did in my time. Of course you know that they have tried to engage me again. They wanted me for Amina, but I had to remind them that I am not a light soprano. When I

"reappear it shall be as Lucrezia Borgia. There I stand on my own ground. No one can touch me there."

She sang the opening bars of Lucrezia's first scena. The once glorious voice was rough and discordant, but there was power in the tones even yet, and real dramatic fire in the midst of exaggeration. Suddenly while she was singing she caught the expression of Mildred's face watching her, and she stopped at a breath and grasped the stranger by both hands with an excited air.

"That moves you, does it not?" she exclaimed. "You have a soul for music. I can see that in your face. I should like to know more of you. Come and see me whenever you like, and I will sing to you. The doctor lets me use his piano sometimes, when he is in a good humour."

"Say rather when you are reasonable, my good Maria," said Monsieur Leroy, laying a fatherly hand upon her shoulder; "there are days when you are not to be trusted."

"I am to be trusted to-day. Let me come to your room and sing to her," pointing to Mildred with her fan. "I like her face. She has the eyes and lips that console. Her husband is lucky to have such a wife. Let me sing to her. I want her to understand what kind of woman I am."

"Would it bore you too much to listen to her, madame?" asked the doctor in an undertone. "She is a strange creature, and will take it sorely to heart if she is refused. She does not often take a fancy to anyone; but she frequently takes dislikes and those are violent."

"I shall be very happy to hear her," answered Mildred. "I am in no hurry to return to Nice."

The doctor led the way back to his house, the singer talking to Mildred with an excited air as they went, talking of the day when she was prima donna at Milan.

"Everybody envied me my success," she said, "There were those who said I owed everything to him, that he made my voice and my style. Lies, madame, black and bitter lies. I won all the prizes at the Conservatoire. He was one master among many. I owed him nothing—nothing—nothing."

"She reiterated the word with acrid emphasis, and an angry furl of her fan."

"Ah, now you are beginning the old strain," said the doctor, with a good-humoured shrug of his shoulders. "If this goes on there shall be no piano for you to-day. I will have no grievances—grievances are the bane of social-intercourse. If you come to my salon it must be to sing, not to re-open old sores. We all have our wounds as well as you, signorina, but we keep them covered up."

"I am dumb," said the singer meekly.

They went into the doctor's private sitting-room. Three sides of the room were lined with books, chiefly of a professional or scientific character. A cottage piano stood in a recess by the fireplace. The woman flew to the instrument with a rapturous eagerness, and began to play. Her hands were fairly tremulous with excitement, but her touch was that of a master as she played the symphony to the finale of "La Cenerentola."

"Has she no piano in her own room?" asked Mildred in a whisper.

"No, poor soul. She is one of our pauper patients. The State provides for her, but it does not give her a private room or a piano. I let her come here two or three times a week for an hour or so, when she is reasonable."

Mildred wondered if it would be possible for her, as a stranger, to provide a room and a piano for this friendless enthusiast. She would have been glad out of her abundance to have lightened a suffering sister's fate, and she determined to make the proposition to the doctor.

The singer played snatches of familiar music—Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini,—operatic airs which Mildred knew by heart. She wandered from one scena to another, and her voice, though it had lost its sweetness and sustaining power, was still brilliantly flexible. She sang for about a quarter of an hour with but little intermission, Mildred and the doctor sitting quietly at each side of the hearth, where a single pine log smouldered on the iron dogs above a heap of white ashes.

Presently the music changed to a gayer, lighter strain, and she began an airy cavatina, all coquetry and grace. That joyous melody was curiously familiar to Mildred's ear.

"Where did I hear that music?" she said aloud. "It seems as if it were only the other day, and yet it is nearly two years since I was at the opera."

The singer left the cavatina unfinished, and wandered into another melody.

"Ah, I know now," exclaimed Mildred; "that is Paolo Castellani's music."

The woman started up from the piano as if the name had been an arrow that pierced her breast.

"Paolo Castellani!" she cried. "What do you know of Paolo Castellani?"

Dr. Leroy went over to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder heavily.

"Now we are in for a scene," he muttered to Mildred. "You have mentioned a most unlucky name."

"What has she to do with Signor Castellani?"

"He was her cousin. He trained her for the stage, and she was the original in several of his operas—she was his slave, his creature, and lived only to please him. I suppose she expected him to marry her, poor soul; but he knew better than that. He contrived to fascinate a French girl, a consumptive, who was travelling in Italy for her health with a wealthy father. He married the Frenchwoman, and I believe that marriage broke Julietta's heart."

The singer had seated herself at the piano again, and was playing with rapid and brilliant finger, running up and down the keys in a style that indicated intense excitement. Mildred and the physician were standing by the window, talking in lowered voices, unheeded by Maria Castellani.

"Was it that event which wrecked her mind?" asked Mildred, deeply interested.

"No, it was some years after that her brain gave way. She had a brilliant career before her at the time of Castellani's desertion, and she bore the blow with the courage of a Roman. So long as her voice lasted, and the public were constant to her, she contrived to bear up against that burning sense of wrong which has been the distinguishing note of her mind ever since she came here. But the first breath of failure froze her. She felt her voice decaying while she was comparatively a young woman. Her glass told her that she was losing her beauty, that she was beginning to look old and haggard. Her managers told her more. They gave her the cold shoulder, and put newer singers above her head. Then despair took hold of her, she became gloomy and irritable, difficult and

capricious in her dealings with her fellow artistes—and then came the end, and she was brought here. She had saved no money. She had been reckless and extravagant even beyond the habits of her profession. She was friendless. There was nobody interested in her fate——"

"Not even Signor Castellani?"

"Castellani—Paolo Castellani, *pas si bete*. The man was a compound of selfishness and falsehood. She was not likely to get pity from him. The very fact that he had used her badly made her loathsome to him. I doubt if he ever inquired what became of her. If anyone had asked him about her he would have said that she had dropped through—a worn-out voice—a faded beauty—*que voulez vous*."

"She had no other friends—no ties?"

"None. She was an orphan at twelve years old, without a sous. Castellani paid for her education, and traded upon her talent. He trained her to sing in his own operas, and in that light, fanciful music she was at her best, though it is her idea now that she excelled in the grand style. I believe he absorbed the greater part of her earnings, until they quarrelled. Some time after his marriage there was a kind of reconciliation between them. She appeared in a new opera—his last and worst. Her voice was going, his talent had begun to fail. It was the beginning of the end."

"Has Signor Castellani's son shown no interest in this poor creature's fate?"

"No, the son lives in England, I believe, for the most part. I doubt if he knows anything about Maria."

The singer had reverted to that familiar music. She sang the first part of an aria, a melody disguised with over much fioritura, light, graceful, unmeaning.

"That is in his last opera," she said, rising from the piano, with a more rational air. "The opera was almost a failure, but I was applauded to the echo. His genius had forsaken him. Follies, follies, follies, falsehoods, crimes. He could not be true to anyone or anything. He was as false to his wife as he had been to me—and to his proud young English signorina—ah—well—who can doubt that he lied to her?"

She fell into a meditative mood, standing by the piano, touching a note now and then.

"Young and handsome and rich. Would she have accepted degradation with open eyes? No, no, no. He lied to her as he lied to me. He was made up of lies."

Her eyes grew troubled, and her lips worked convulsively. Again the doctor laid his strong broad hand upon her shoulder.

"Come, Maria," he said in Italian, "enough for to-day. Madame has been pleased by your singing."

"Yes, indeed, signora. You have a noble voice. I should be very glad if I could do anything to be of use to you—if I could contribute to your comfort in any way."

"Oh, Maria is happy enough with us, I hope," said the doctor cheerily. "We are all fond of her when she is reasonable. But it is time she went to her dinner. A rivederci, Signora."

Maria accepted her dismissal with a good grace, saluted Mildred and the doctor with her stage curtsy, and withdrew. One side of Monsieur Leroy's house opened into the garden, the other into a courtyard adjoining the high road.

"Poor soul, I should be so glad to pay for a piano and a private sitting-room for her, if I might be allowed to do so," said Mildred, when the singer was gone.

"You are too generous, Madame; but I doubt if it would be good for her to accept your bounty. She enjoys the occasional use of my piano intensely. If she had one always at her command, she would give herself up too completely to music, which exercises too strong an influence upon her disordered brain to be indulged in *ad libitum*. Nor would a private apartment be an advantage in her case. She is too much given to brooding over past griefs; and the society of her fellow sufferers, the friction and movement of the public life is good for her."

"What did she mean by her talk of an English girl—some story of wrong-doing—or was it all imaginary?"

"I believe there was some scandal at Milan—some flirtation or possibly an intrigue—between Castellani and one of his English pupils; but I never heard the details. Maria's jealousy would be likely to exaggerate the circumstances, for I believe she adored her cousin to the last, long after she knew that he had never cared for her, except as an element of his success."

Mildred took leave of the doctor, after thanking him for his politeness. She left a handful of gold for the benefit of the poor patients, and left Dr. Leroy under the impression that she was one of the sweetest women he had ever met. Her pensive beauty, her low and musical voice, the clear and resolute purpose of every word and look were in his mind indications of the perfection of womanhood.

"It is not often that Nature achieves such excellence," mused the doctor. "It is a pity that perfection should be short-lived, yet I cannot prognosticate length of years for this lady."

Pamela's spirits were decidedly improving. She talked all dinner time, and gave a graphic description of her afternoon in the tennis court behind the Cercle de la Mediterranee.

"I am to see the clubhouse some morning, before the members begin to arrive," she said. "It is a perfectly charming club. There is a theatre, which serves as a ballroom on grand occasions. There is to be a dance next week, and Lady Lochinvar will chaperon me, if you don't mind."

"I shall be most grateful to Lady Lochinvar, dear. Believe me, if I am a hermit, I don't want to keep you in melancholy seclusion. I am very glad for you to have pleasant friends."

"Mrs. Murray is delightful. She begged me to call her Jessie. She is going to take me for a drive before lunch to-morrow, and we are to do some shopping in the afternoon. The shops here are simply lovely."

"Almost as nice as Brighton?"

"Better. They have more chic, and I am told they are twice as dear."

"Was Mr. Stuart at the tennis court?"

"Yes, he plays there every afternoon when he is not at Monte Carlo."

"That does not sound like a very useful existence."

"Perhaps you will say *he* is an adventurer," exclaimed Pamela, with a flash of temper; and then repenting in a moment, she added, "I beg your pardon, aunt, but you are really wrong about Mr. Stuart. He looks after Lady Lochinvar's estate. He is invaluable to her."

"But he cannot do much for the estate when he is playing tennis here or gambling at Monte Carlo."

"Oh, but he does. He answers no end of letters every morning. Lady Lochinvar says

he is a most wonderful young man. He attends to her house accounts here. I am afraid she would be very extravagant if she were not well looked after. She has no idea of business. Mr. Stuart has even to manage her dressmakers."

"Then one may suppose he is really useful—even at Nice. Has he any means of his own, or is he entirely dependent on his aunt?"

"Oh, he has an income of his own—a modest income, Mrs. Murray says, hardly enough for him to get along easily in a crack regiment, but quite enough for him as a civilian; and his aunt will leave him everything. His expectations are splendid."

"Well, Pamela, I will not call *him* an adventurer, and I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance, if he will call upon me."

"He is dying to see you. May Mrs. Murray bring him to tea to-morrow afternoon?"

"With pleasure."

CHAPTER X.

LOOKING BACK.

GEORGE GRESWOLD succumbed to Fate. He had done all he could do in the way of resistance. He had appealed against his wife's decision; he had set love against principle, or prejudice; and principle, as Mildred understood it, had been too strong for love; so there was nothing left for the forsaken husband but submission. He went back to the home in which he had once been happy, and he sat down amidst the ruins of his domestic life; he sat by his desolate hearth through the long dull wintry months, and he made no effort to bring brightness or variety into his existence. He made no stand against unmerited misfortune.

"I am too old to forget," he told himself; "that lesson can only be learnt in youth." A young man might have gone out as a wanderer, might have sought excitement and distraction amidst strange cities and strange races of men, might have found forgetfulness in danger and hardship, the perils of unexplored deserts, the hazards of untrodden mountains, the hairbreadth escapes of savage life, pestilence, famine, warfare. George Greswold felt no inclination for any such adventure. The main-spring of life had snapped, and he admitted to himself that he was a broken man.

He sat by the hearth in his spacious library day after day, and night after night, until the small hours. Sometimes he took his gun in the early morning, and went out with a couple of dogs for an hour or two of solitary shooting among his coverts. He tramped his own copses in all weathers and at all hours, but he rarely went outside his own domain; nor did he ever visit his cottagers or small tenantry, with whom he had been once so familiar a friend. All interest in his estate had gone from him after his daughter's death. He left everything to the new steward, who was happily both competent and honest.

His books were his only friends. Those studious habits acquired years before when he was comparatively a poor man stood by him now. His one distraction, his only solace, was found in the contents of those capacious bookshelves, three-fourths of which were filled with volumes of his own selection, the gradual accumulations of his sixteen years of ownership. His grandfather's library consisted of those admirable standard works, in the largest possible number of volumes, which formed an item in the furniture of a respectable house during the

last century, and which, from the stiffness of their binding and the unblemished appearance of their paper and print, would seem to have enjoyed an existence of dignified retirement from the day they left the bookseller's shop.

But for those long tramps in the wintry copses, where holly and ivy showed brightly green amidst leafless chestnuts and hazels, but for those communings with the intellect of past and present in the long still winter evenings, George Greswold's brain must have given way under the burden of an undeserved sorrow. As it was he contrived to live on, peacefully, and even with an air of contentment. His servants surprised him in no paroxysm of grief. He startled them with no strange exclamations. His manner gave no cause for alarm. He accepted his lot in silence and submission. His days were ordered with a simple regularity, so far as the service of the house went. His valet and butler agreed that he was in all things an admirable master.

The idea in the household was that Mrs. Greswold had "taken to religion." That seemed the only possible explanation for a parting which had been preceded by no domestic storms, for which there was no apparent cause in the conduct of the husband. That idea of the wife having discovered an intrigue of her husband's, which Louisa had discussed in the housekeeper's room at Brighton, was no longer entertained in the servants' hall at Enderby.

"If there had been anything of that kind something would have come out by this time," said the butler, who had a profound belief in the ultimate "coming out" of all social mysteries.

George Greswold was not kept in ignorance of his wife's movements. Pamela had been shrewd enough to divine that her uncle would be glad to hear from her in order to hear of Mildred, and she had written to him from time to time, giving him an animated picture of her own and her aunt's existence.

There had been only one suppression. The young lady had not once alluded to Mr. Castellani's share in their winter life at Pallanza. She had a horror of arousing that dragon of suspicion which she knew to lurk in the minds of all uncles with reference to all agreeable young men. George Greswold had not heard from his niece for more than a fortnight, when there came a letter, written the day after Mildred's visit to the madhouse, and full of praises of Lady Lochinvar and the climate of Nice.

(To be continued.)

TO THE BOYS.

My boy, in life that's before you
There's many a battle to fight;
There'll be times when you're almost discouraged
And wrong shakes your faith in the right;
When you pause by the way all disheartened,
And think you must give up the strife,
Don't do it, my boy, but remember
Right wins in the battle of life.
Be patient and steadfast in doing
The things that are noble and true;
Let the deeds of the world's battles-winners
Be ever examples to you.
They never lost faith for a moment
In God, or the work to be done;
By patient and earnest endeavor
The triumph they hoped for was won.
So, when you are weak and discouraged,
Just think of the steadfast and true;
The thought of their triumph will help you
And strengthen your courage anew.
Keep faith in the God that's above you,
Each day do the best that you can,
And never give up tho' disheartened;
You can win if you will to, my man.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 8th May, 1888.

Money has been more in demand this week, and 2 per cent. has been charged for short loans, which is slightly dearer than the rates ruling the end of last week, but as we write the market is rather easier, and loans are negotiated as low as $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Two and three months' bills are quoted from 2 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but with little doing, and that subject to any alterations which the Bank may make on Thursday. Consols ($2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.) are lower at $99\frac{1}{2}$ to $99\frac{3}{8}$ for money, and $99\frac{3}{8}$ to $99\frac{1}{2}$ for Account. New ($2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) 96, and India 3 per cent., $96\frac{1}{4}$.

English Rails are lower on the week, but have rallied somewhat from the lowest, owing to the fine weather. The nearness of the Account ends to check fresh operations. We look for a further advance the end of this week. Brighton are quoted 117; Dover A 102; Chatham $20\frac{1}{4}$; Great Eastern 66; Caledonian 102; North British $106\frac{1}{4}$; Metropolitan 69; Metropolitan District $33\frac{1}{2}$; London & North Western $165\frac{3}{4}$; Midland $127\frac{1}{2}$; North Eastern 151; Hull and Barnsley at 26 are above the lowest price quoted (viz. 25), the result of the voting on the motion to proceed with the Bill, incorporating a working agreement with the Midland Company, having been lost by a majority of nearly 6,000 votes.

Foreign Stocks, with a few exceptions, are lower than when last we wrote. Both Paris and Berlin have withdrawn their support, and it has taken operators here all their time to keep them up to last week's level. Disquieting and contradictory telegrams continue to be received from Germany, but the Market has got used to them, and the state of the Emperor's health is no longer an important factor. Some Stocks are, in our judgment, much too high to meddle with, notably Russian, Spanish, Uruguay, Argentine, and we prefer to give them a very wide berth. Unified are quoted $79\frac{3}{8}$ x div.; Spanish $7\frac{1}{4}$; Russian, 1873, 94; Mexican, Converted, $7\frac{1}{4}$; Perus $16\frac{1}{2}$; Portuguese $60\frac{3}{4}$; Turkish, Group I, $24\frac{1}{2}$; Group II $14\frac{1}{2}$; Group III 14; Uruguay $71\frac{1}{4}$.

Americans all off again, the genuine rise does not seem to have fairly set in, although we still believe it is near at hand. In any case we should not sell at these prices, which although they are decidedly dull, are nevertheless steady. Erie 26 $\frac{1}{4}$. Lake Shore 95. Milwaukee 75 $\frac{1}{2}$. Readings 32. Louisville 59 $\frac{1}{4}$. Norfolk Pref. 9. Denver Pref. $52\frac{1}{2}$. Ontario 17. Pennsylvania 56 $\frac{1}{8}$.

Mines utterly stagnant, with the exception of Diamonds, which continue on their downward track as predicted by us for the last two or three weeks. The public have not yet come in, and usually hold aloof while there are good bargains to be made. De Beers are quoted at 35. Mysore 3. Rio Tinto $19\frac{1}{2}$. Cape Copper 68. Emerald 8/- New Emma 6/- Bratsberg 7/- Viola $1\frac{3}{8}$.

Miscellaneous Market continues quiet, and without any business stirring, consequently, that few sellers there are, have to accept low prices. Aerated Bread are very steady at $5\frac{3}{8}$.

Hotchkiss have been offered at $14\frac{3}{8}$. Guinness 29 $\frac{1}{2}$. Allsopp 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. Suez Canal $85\frac{1}{2}$ (we have recommended these constantly at from 79 to 80). R. Bell & Co., 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Bryant and May $13\frac{1}{2}$.

There is some difficulty in obtaining sound investments paying from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent., but they can now and then be picked out. For instance, the First Mortgage Bonds of the Chicago, Santa Fé and San Francisco Company can be purchased at about 106. They are a 5 per cent. Security, and are guaranteed by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Company.

Also the Oregon and California 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds now selling at from 98 to 99 are a good purchase.

The subscription list for the new Egyptian Loan for £2,330,000, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents., at the price of $95\frac{1}{2}$ per £100, was opened on Thursday last, and has been subscribed for at least ten times over present price, $1\frac{1}{8}$ premium.

At an extraordinary general meeting of the European and American (machine made) Bottle Company, held at Cannon Street Hotel on Friday last, it was agreed that the Company should be wound up voluntarily, and the money subscribed for returned.

The reported failures of some fifteen banks in Buenos Ayres is contradicted, but it may only be postponed for a time. We should prefer to have nothing to do with Argentine Stocks or Cédulas.

The same applies to Russian Stocks, which we should never dream of holding. Those who generally know what they are about have got out of them long since.

Yet another Brewery Conversion, in the shape of the great Liverpool Brewers. Capital £3,000,000, and an anticipated rush for shares.

Also that of the West Kent Breweries Company with a Share Capital of £60,000. The list will close on Friday, the 11th inst.

The reduction in the price of Tin from £166 to £80 per ton, is a boon to all manufacturers in this industry, and for this reason it is to be hoped that the price of Copper will before long follow suit (though not exactly in the same proportion).

The Rio Tinto report is very satisfactory, shewing a net profit for the year of £352,269, allowing of a dividend equal to 20/- per share per annum, and leaving some £27,000 to be carried forward.

Nothing doing in Perus, nor likely to be, until some decided action is taken by the bondholders. Sir Henry Tyler continues, however, to draw his yearly salary—for what?

As predicted on more than one occasion, Diamond shares should be avoided. We warned our readers a few weeks since, when De Beers were selling at the absurd price of 48, to have nothing to do with them. They have since been done at under 35, and are going much lower. We have a weekly panic in this class of gamble, and prefer to look on, and gain experience.

The gold returns from the Pestarena United Mines for the month of April are as follows:—From the Pestarena District, 237 oz. from 259 tons of ore, equal to 18dwt. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ gr. per ton; Val Toppa, 198 oz. from 323 tons of ore, equal to 12dwt. 7gr. per ton. Total, 436oz. 10dwt., obtained from 582 tons of ore, showing an average yield of 14dwt. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ gr. to the ton. The price of these shares, viz., 3/- to 3/6 is purely nominal, and those who hold them should by no means sell, but buy more to average.

Viola Mine. For the week ending April 28th, the following returns have been received by cable:—Ore smelted, 415 tons; lead produced, 149 tons; silver produced, 2679oz.; value, 16,225 dollars; second furnace started. These shares ought certainly to be bought. We take no notice of the nominal quotations now ruling in the Mining Market, which are no guide as to the actual value of many *bona fide* properties. This Mine has paid and earned dividends of 20 per cent., and the shares were then selling nearer £3 than £2. It is calculated that the net earnings per week amount to about £1,000, which, if correct, is equivalent to a dividend of about 30 per cent. We cannot but think that at present price, viz., $1\frac{1}{4}$, there is ample margin for a substantial rise.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Viola Company, held at the Cannon-street Hotel. The Chairman, Colonel George Bruce Malleon, C.S.I., in reply to a shareholder, announced that another dividend would be declared on June 1st, and payable July 1st. He also predicted that the future sums to be distributed would exceed those of last year, viz., 22 per cent.

Alturas Gold. The following cable has been received:—For the month produced 485 oz. bar gold. These shares have been more dealt in of late, and are worth attention. Price for the £1 fully paid share is now 11/- to 11/6.

Mysore Gold is to-day one of the cheapest investments in the Mining Market. We have recommended them before, and from information to hand, would advise our readers to buy them at once. There is going to be a general advance in Indian Gold Mines, and such an opportunity as the present is not likely soon to occur again. They can be bought now at about £3 per share. The latest telegram from the Mine is dated 5th May, and gives the last month's return of Gold at 1,465 oz. from 2,191 tons of Quartz, besides 77 oz. obtained from Tailings.

Balkis Shares (£1 fully paid), now selling at 5/6 are a safe purchase, and will go much better (but no time should be lost in securing them.)

Gold discovered near Holyhead is the news just to hand. May it yet be found in the Emerald Isle!

The traffic receipts of the Suez Canal on Saturday last amounted to £260,000, and on Sunday to the same amount, against £130,000 and £60,000 respectively for the corresponding days of last year.

Saturday, the 12th inst. is the last day for Trustees and Executors to assent to the conversion of Three per cent. Consols and Reduced into Two and Three-quarters per cents.



AN ADVENTURE IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY JAMES M'ELANE.

"Do not go away, Jim!" So cried, in what appeared to me an unnecessarily loud voice, my friend, the Maori chief, as he walked off.

For several nights an armed cannibal had stayed in the tent with me as a guard. He was not to come in that night, but it was almost certain that the outside guard would be increased by his company. Without any doubt, although they could not be seen in the tall fern, there were now five or six of them within hearing distance. Therefore, I returned as loudly and as bravely as possible, in the Maori tongue,—

"Why should I go away. Kawakawa, when you assure me that there is danger only in so doing? If, as you say, no harm is intended me, of course I shall stay."

Kawakawa turned his wonderfully tattooed face towards me for a moment, and waved his long arm gracefully. I gave back the salute, and on up the hill he strode, with his usual dignity, towards the Maori settlement of Waimama.

The half dozen whares, or huts, that composed this North New Zealand village were giving forth sounds of much excitement. Voices in oratory, song and laughter, deadened by the ranpo, or flag, walls, pained me in the hearing.

Had not Kawakawa told me privately, a few minutes ago, that I was to be tomahawked that very night? What beasts they were! How could they sing and jest on the eve of committing murder?

But so it was. Around two big blazing fires herculean brown forms were crouching, leaping and howling, like so many fiends incarnate. Why didn't they come down and do the deed at once? This waiting, this suspense, was too bad!

I looked to the right. The fern and yellow grass from foot to crown of a low hill were wagging their heads and whispering uncannily in the sighing sea air. Before me spread a bay, with its semicircle of white shells washed by waves that fell upon them every minute with dull roars as of muffled thunder. To my left the Pacific Ocean heaved and throbbed, as though oppressed by a weight of sorrow, and exhaled a mist like the perspiration of pain.

I turned about. My tent was already darkening with the dews of night, and hung heavily with a dejected air. Everything near it seemed to murmur sadly. The colossal fern bent downward like the weeping willow, sighed at every breath from the ocean, and salaamed in weakly reverence. The tiny tufts of silver grass rustled about and snuggled closer, chirping tenderly to keep out the cold and enjoy a night's rest. The dark evergreen bush that reared its thousand heads behind the tent—reared them upward to the frowning sky—sang a mournful requiem full of sighs and sobs.

The waves' deep booming base, and tinkling notes of the light scrambling shells, the whispering of the fern and grass, the groaning of the tinikau and the great kauri trees, all harmonized

in saddest music. And in that fern, behind those trees, were fierce men, silent, scarce daring to breathe. Man alone, because of his guilty conscience, feared to speak.

I entered the tent and closed the opening. It was now twilight of this sad autumn evening; it would soon be dark. Probably no one saw me, but I felt as though a pair of eyes were staring me through and through. Some one might possibly have been peering through a hole in the canvass—one of the invisible guard.

I undressed, turned in, closed my eyes, and feigned sleep. Darkness fell that soon became dense. I then pushed one foot from under the blankets, then the other. I raised my body slowly to a sitting posture. Not a creak of the rude bed, a crackle of linen, an audible breath, scarce a motion of air, was caused by these movements.

It took a full minute to get out of the cot and upright on my feet on the earthen floor.

Two long steps took me to where I knew there was a grain sack. This was soon filled loosely with blankets and underclothing. Then on went my trousers, shoes, and hat. The bag was hung on my back. If there were any fighting to be done it would incommode me, but it would also be a protection from foes behind; and was I not going to run away? Then I tried the edge of my long butcher knife, the only weapon left me. It was sharp enough to cut a man's head off.

I crept to the back of the tent and placed my ear to the ground; nothing could be heard but the now quieter voice of nature. Through the canvas slowly went the butcher knife; then downward till a long rent was made. I poked my head through, but darkness impenetrable hid all without.

I crawled forward. No rustling leaf, no snapping twig, betrayed that I had been heard. On proceeding a few yards on my hands and knees, a faint snoring became audible near me. Carefully avoiding this spot, I went on.

It was slow work, but in half an hour I had reached the telegraph horse line track running north and south. Rising to my feet I struck out northward, and instantly a chorus of howls from the innumerable dogs of the settlement rent the air.

I broke into a run. On and on I went through the dark night, leaving the howling behind me. Kawakawa must have led the others astray, as he said he would if I were discovered. But they might at any time find out their mistake: then—a thunder of horses' hoofs, and—I would not think of the result.

Great kauri trees spread over me their thick leafy arms. Slimuti trees stood on either hand in close serried lines, like the spears of an ancient army. Wild hogs bounded across the track with loud and fearful snorts. Weirdly musical and hoarsely screaming notes of birds rudely awakened thrilled and tore the still air.

The howling behind grew fainter and fainter. At last it died away. The moon at the same time began to peep through a hole in a dark cloud. A light breeze danced over the tree tops from the sea. It touched the heads of the kauries, the gums, the ties, the nikaus, the tree-ferns, the cabbage trees; it bent the lancewood spears, and shook their pennons; it made the supplejacks, flirt about like ropes' ends; it gathered up the music of the grass, the ferns, the trees, and the birds, and, leading with a clarion note of its own, whirled it about me, a glad anthem of praise.

And then that dark cloud was swept aside as by an Almighty arm, and the moon smiled down in all her silvery beauty. A new world came in view.

I looked downward. The bush had disappeared. In its place was a hill of fern, a mountain's finger, along which I now was walking. From the right came the dull boom of the Pacific over a high hill, through dense woods and up dark gullies. To the left a swamp breathed miasma, and beyond it rolled a prairie. Every thing seemed of silver, weirdly attractive.

Soon the track entered the woods again. Ah! what is that? Some whares! (native huts) It must be a settlement. Should I be safe there? Safe or not safe, one must have rest and shelter. The first hut was empty; the door was open, and it looked dilapidated.

I crawled in through the little sliding door, rolled my blankets about me, and slept the sleep of the weary.

In the morning early I entered this settlement, knowing that its people were at enmity with those of Waimama, and therefore feeling, comparatively speaking, safe in doing so. I was received with loud cries of "*Haere mae! Haere mae!*" (Welcome! Welcome!) A fine-looking, tall fellow, with several pheasant's feathers in the band of his soft felt hat, and a gaudy shawl about his loins in lieu of trousers, cried laughingly:—

"You are Jim, the stranger, who Tauranga want kill?"

"Yes."

"You love he girl?"

"I do not love Tauranga's girl. If there is any love in the matter, it is all on her side. Tauranga was jealous all the same, gathered together a crowd of his friends, and imprisoned me in my own tent, under the muzzles of twenty revolvers."

"How you get away?"

"Harriet's father, Kawakawa, who has always been a good friend of mine, and through whom, of course, I was friendly with his pretty daughter, although I never thought of loving her, told me to slip out at night, and that he would try to cover my escape, which he did like a man."

"Me Kawakawa good friend, too; me like him; he gentleman. You betta go on quick. Take some bread. Go telegraph road. Bimeby Maories come after you; all the Maories here say you go some other way—ha! ha! ha! Plenty fun! Mebbe some fight! I don't care! Me like to fight!"

"Thank you! I guess you're a gentleman, too. What's your name?"

"Hapita, son of Wharekawa. Me chief a displace."

"Shake hands again, Hapita! I'm glad to have met you, and will take your advice."

A minute or two later I had said "good-bye" to a crowd of brown-faced, jolly-looking men, women, and children, and, two days after, reached civilization in safety.

I sent Hapita and Kawakawa a present of tobacco, but the many difficulties in the way of communicating with that district, among other circumstances, prevented me from learning whether they received it or not, and whether Hapita's kindness to me brought him "fight" or "fun," or both.

Bitter and untruthful words, instead of injuring the one at whom they are aimed, are very likely to rise up, perhaps after many years, in condemnation of him who gives them voice.

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WEEK ENDING 19th MAY, 1888.

Her Majesty's drawingroom on Wednesday was presided over by the Princess of Wales. At the previous drawingroom held by Her Majesty the Queen there were no less than 456 presentations. The prevailing colour was a soft yellow shade, with bouquet of Maréchal Niel roses to match. It is stated that Her Majesty was compelled to use turpentine, in order to remove the stains of carmine, caused by the kisses which the guests imprinted on her hands.

The Duchess of Leinster's dress at the drawingroom was much admired. It was made of pale lilac satin. The front was covered with net, embroidered with jet in a design which almost covered it, the black showing up at intervals, and making it appear like a brocade with a glittering black embroidery raised from a soft satin surface. The back of the skirt was veiled with black tulle falling in long straight folds, and finished with a triple row of tucks; whilst the bodice of lilac satin was almost covered with jet. The train was of black velvet lined with lilac satin. It had an original-looking border at either side of embroidery raised from the velvet in silk. The design was quite graceful, being palms, the stems simulated in very

fine jet, and the spreading leaves veined and outlined in the same way. The Duchess carried a posy of orchids, set in variously tinted foliage, with trails of green falling down at every side.

In a former number a point we raised concerning the number of days which Her Majesty has resided in Ireland was commented upon by several English papers, including the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It cannot be expected surely that Irishmen can reserve for each successive Lord Lieutenant the same feeling that he naturally feels to her Majesty. There have been some twenty viceroys since the coronation, and are we supposed to display equal loyalty to each. Why not institute a Royal residence, or even an annual visit, in place of the present absurd regime.

The marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene of Hesse, which was to have taken place at Potsdam on the 24th inst., has been postponed till the Autumn.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg (late Bulgaria) is coming to England on a visit to the Queen.

The ex-Empress Eugenie was born at Granada, in Spain, on May 5th, 1826. We won't say how old she is. It is considered bad form to mention a lady's age, much less that of an Empress.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar entertained at dinner last week Colonel Maillard and the officers of the 16th Lancers. The dinner was a farewell one, the scarlet Lancers being under orders for Aldershot. Not for many years has there been quartered in dear, dirty Dublin such a popular regiment as the Queen's Lancers; and their approaching departure is much regretted.

The news from the sick-room of the German Emperor becomes daily more re-assuring. Not only has the fever abated, but, what is still more remarkable, the Royal patient is rapidly gaining strength. That the doctors believe the improvement to be permanent, and not the more fitful flicker so often seen in people at death's door, is shown by the fact that they have discontinued the issue of the bulletins, to which the civilised world have daily looked for weeks and months with so much eagerness and fear. Whether the

Emperor will ever recover from the malady from which he is suffering no human being can, of course, foresee; but the patience and fortitude with which he has endured his long illness has probably contributed as much to his partial recovery as the skill and physic which have been lavished upon him.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Maxwell J. Carpendale, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, only son of the late Captain Thomas Carpendale, and Louise Sophie, only daughter of Charles Raymond-Pelly, Johnstown House, Cabinteely.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain Raymond, of the Royal Irish Rifles, and Miss Maud Wetherall, youngest daughter of the late Major Wetherall, C.B., K.C.S.I.

On Thursday last week took place at St. Paul's Church the marriage of the Rev. F. Bethune N. Norman Lee, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, with Margaret Coustine, daughter of the Rev. Arthur Coates, M.A., of Newtown House, Co. Meath. The bride wore a bodice and full court train of rich ivory, stripped with satin and moire, over Duchess satin petticoat embroidered with pearls and trails of orange blossoms and leaves. The bridesmaids were attired in the Directoire style, with dresses composed of ivory cloth, with lappets of apple green velvet and gold embroidery, and hats to match. During the afternoon the Rev. and Mrs. Norman Lee left for London. The bride's travelling dress was of gray cloth embroidered with oxydised passementerie on white cloth.

The marriage of Captain Douglas-Cornwall (N. I. Militia) to Emma, only daughter of Mrs. E. Cole, of Montpelier Parade, was solemnized at Monkstown Church on Tuesday last week before a large number of friends. Afterwards the guests were entertained at *dejeuner*.

The marriage of Dr. A. F. Sawyer, second son of the late James Hewitt Sawyer, M.D., of Dublin, with Jessie, second daughter of Mr. William Monckton, of Heron Court, Rugeley, Staffordshire, was celebrated at St. Augustine's Church, Rugeley, last week. The bride's dress was a simple white embroidered gown, with small white bonnet to match. The bridesmaids wore white dresses and hats with yellow sashes,

and carried posies of daffodils. The newly-married pair subsequently left for Dublin. The bride's travelling dress was of fawn cloth, with hat to match.

One of the theatrical events of the season is to be the marriage of Miss Winifred Emery, of the Lyceum Theatre. The bridegroom is a younger son of Colonel Maude, Master of the Royal Mews. Theatrical marriages, as a rule, take place privately; but Miss Winifred Emery's wedding is to be solemnised on June 2nd, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Mr. White. As Miss Emery is admittedly one of the prettiest and most refined actresses of the day, and as a marriage in a Chapel Royal is not a common occurrence, the attendance is sure to be large.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant arrived at Kingstown on Friday afternoon, on board the mail boat Ulster, Captain Slaughter. Beyond the fact that as the Ulster, flying the Union Jack at the main, passed the East Pier battery she was saluted by the flags on the flag-staff being dipped, no one would have imagined that the representative of her Majesty was on board. When the steamer came alongside the Carlisle Pier, Mr. Mulhall, Private Secretary, immediately went on board, but not until the *oi polloi* disembarked did Lord Londonderry get a chance of doing so. One would imagine that the Viceroy of Ireland should have precedence over other passengers by the mail boat—that he should lead, not follow, and it is to be hoped that the next time his Excellency lands in Kingstown he may be treated with the respect due to his exalted rank and position. A saloon carriage was attached to the mail train, in which the Lord Lieutenant travelled to Dublin, attended by Mr. Mulhall. Davy presented his Excellency with all the Dublin papers, who selected IRISH SOCIETY to relieve the tedium of the fifteen minutes' run to Westland Row, where a Vice-regal carriage was in waiting, in which he drove to the Lodge.

The Lord Mayor having omitted to do us the courtesy of sending to IRISH SOCIETY an invitation to an "At Home," which, we understand, was held at the Mansion House on Wednesday evening, we are unable to furnish our readers with any information regarding it. We have received from numerous outside sources particulars of the event; but, under the circumstances, we must respectfully decline to pay any attention to them.

We are glad to hear that the residents of Rutland Square have arranged for the performance of a military band in the Square once a week. It is expected that the first musical performance will take place there on Saturday afternoon. To Captain M. C. Hackett is due the credit of this new and pleasing departure, which, we hope, may be supported by the various families that reside in the Square, as well as by the visitors who will enjoy this rare musical treat. We understand that the Square will be open to the public on band days.

Miss Yznaga, sister of Viscountess Mandeville, of Tanderagee Castle, Co. Armagh, is going to London for the season. She is stated to be even handsomer than the undeniably handsome future Duchess of Manchester.

The last of the series of afternoon dances, given by Mrs. Havelocke-Trevelyan this season, was held on Wednesday last week, at her residence, Glenageary, previous to her departure to Scotland.

Why does not some enterprising person in Dublin do for this city what the Earl of Shaftesbury has done for London—namely, revolutionise the cab business? Of all the cities in the world, Dublin is one of the worst in this connection. The majority of cabs that ply on our streets are simply disgraceful, the horses in many cases unfit for their work, and the cabmen, in some instances, are anything but a credit to us.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is about to follow the Earl of Shaftesbury's example, and to place upon the streets of London four-wheeled cabs, resembling private broughams, and quite as comfortable. We almost envy the Londoners: everything seems to be in their favour. It is high time that something was done for Dublin, for our four-wheelers are simply unutterable.

Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce are expected to arrive about the 22nd, and will be the guests of the Archbishop of Dublin and Lady Plunket, at Old Connaught.

The letters and memorials of Archbishop Trench will shortly be published. The editor is the author of "Charles Lowder."

Sir Ralph Cusack and the Misses Cusack are at present sojourning near Montreux, Switzerland, but will return to Furry Park in the course of the Summer.

Sir Francis Doyle is suffering from throat paralysis, which renders him speechless. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and acted as best man at Mr. Gladstone's wedding.

Sir George Trevelyan unveiled the portrait of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish at Keighley, on the 16th inst. The picture has been subscribed for by men of all parties in the constituency with which Lord Frederick was connected.

A ball on a scale of much magnificence was given on Monday last by Mrs. Plunket, of Monlibretto, Ballybrack. A special train was run for the occasion to bring back to Dublin, and intervening stations, the numerous company that responded to the invitations issued. A pleasant evening was spent, and Killiney Bay in the early morn looked lovely in the eyes of not a few who were *thusly* disposed.

Numbers of the "upper ten" have left Ireland during the past fortnight to attend the drawingroom, and for the London season.

The Duchess of Leinster, the Earl of Enniskillen, Lady Helen Dunscombe, Lady Onslow, Lord Lurgan, Lord Clarina, and Lady Harriet L'Estrange, have gone.

Also the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam, and the Ladies Albreda and Alice Fitzwilliam; the Right Hon. Ion Trant Hamilton, Lady Victoria Hamilton, and family.

The Duchess of Leinster opened the Spring Sale of the Irish and Scotch Cottage Industries, at the Albert-Gate-Mansions, on Friday last.

Devonshire House, the London Palace of the Cavendishes, was thrown open last week for the exhibition and sale of art needlework and wood carving, from the Royal Irish School of Art Needle-work. The magnificent picture gallery was the scene of the display, and the specimens contributed were much admired by a constant flow of fashionable visitors.

Amongst those present were the Duchess of Leinster, Lady Victoria Hamilton, the Duchess of St Albans, the Countess Spencer, and Lord and Lady Cavendish.

It is stated that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has shown such a deep interest in the prosperity of Baltimore, has offered 100 guineas as a prize for a yacht race, to be run for at the Baltimore regatta.

It may be interesting to Irish ladies to know that the "Tip-Top" glove is a new fashion this season in London. It is made in coloured silk, and to prevent the fingers from poking out at the tips, the tops of the gloves are tipped with kid of the same colour as the silk. The effect is neat and rather pretty.

Hats are becoming quite arcadian, many are made of fine Leghorn straw, shading the face in front and curled up behind, and very simply trimmed with bunches of daisies, cowslips, corn flowers, etc.

The newest parasols are fitted with long walking sticks, so as to serve as a staff when not required as a shade.

A great deal is expected from the musical arrangements for the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, commencing next month, this being very properly regarded as not the least important of the elements of success for this unique national show. The whole of these arrangements will be in the hands and management of our leading musicians, Sir Robert Stewart figuring prominently among them; and it may be relied on that the representation of Irish genius in this respect will be adequate, and the result a delightful enjoyment to the thousands of strangers who will visit Olympia.

The most interesting feature of the Irish Exhibition at Olympia will be the fifty handsome dairy maids, whose services Canon Bagot has secured. The Canon is a good judge of "milkers," and the display to be made by him of milk-maids will, no doubt, make a reputation for himself in yet another way. We believe the applications from dairy-maids were hundreds in excess of the number required, and that in the selection the worthy Canon exercised an amount of practical good taste, the effects of which will, no doubt, redound to his credit and that of the Exhibition. An experienced and accomplished matron will accompany the girls to London, where they will be under her sole control. Notwithstanding we are sure that Cupid will play some havoc amongst them.

Mrs. Frederick Chevenix-Trench has left Broomfield, County Wicklow, for Seville Street,

Lowndes Square, London, where it is her intention to reside for the season.

On Tuesday, 22nd inst., an interesting ceremony will take place in the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, the event being the unveiling of a portrait of her Majesty, painted by Mr. Catterson Smith. His Excellency the Viceroy, with the Marchioness of Londonderry, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and a large number of distinguished visitors will be present on the occasion.

A banquet in honour of his Excellency will be given on the same evening by Dr. Corley, President of the College, to which a brilliant company will be invited.

June will be a festive month with the citizens in many respects—so far, at least, as outdoor amusements are concerned. On the 2nd the American team of champion cyclists have arranged to hold a monster tournament on the well-known track of the Royal Dublin Society's grounds, at Ball's Bridge. We are informed that permission has been granted by the Irish Cyclists' Association to hold amateur events on the same day, and the programme, with full particulars, can now be had from Mr. E. J. Walsh, at 49 Middle Abbey Street, to whom the entire management of the meeting has been entrusted.

While on the subject of cycling, we may mention that on the 19th inst. the members of the Dublin University Bicycle Club will have runs to Lucan, at eleven o'clock and half-past two; Poula Phouca will be visited by them on the 21st inst., the start taking place at ten o'clock, a.m.; and on the 26th Bray will be the objective point, the members of the Club participating in the run leaving Dublin at eleven o'clock and at twenty minutes past two.

On the line of the Dublin, Wicklow & Wexford Company, near a station which is a favourite one with tourists to the garden county of Ireland, lives a gentleman of mature years, a widower, who is in easy circumstances, and whose pretty cottage is one of the cosiest and most attractive habitations to be found almost anywhere. No later than last week this staid and sober gentleman, who, by the way, is well-known in good society in Dublin, was the hero of a veritable adventure which has its humorous side, though all credit must be given to him for perfect honesty of intention in the amorous transaction.

On an evening in the opening week of May, while he was enjoying a cigar under the shadow of a fine acacia tree, an elegantly attired lady sauntered into his garden through the open gate, and proceeded along the walks, evidently wrapt in admiration of the pretty flowers and shrubs which lined their borders. The mature gentleman, who was proud of his garden, and pleased to find the lady admiring it, quickly introduced himself, and volunteered to conduct the fair intruder through his really beautiful and trimly-kept grounds, the offer being gracefully accepted.

The story increases in interest as we proceed. The lady was handsome, comparatively young, and had an extremely winning manner. The mature gentleman made himself particularly agreeable, and after an exploration of the grounds, good-naturedly invited his fair guest to

enter the cottage and partake of some light refreshment, and after some slight demur on the lady's part she consented.

Now comes the climax—the crusher. The refreshments were duly partaken of, and our mature friend, who had by this time become enamoured of his lovely visitor, contrived in most gallant fashion to acquaint her of his domestic circumstances, and to hint of her chances of promotion to the vacant post of presiding genius of the place, when his guest suddenly discovered that the train for which she had been waiting was almost due.

She left, and he learned at the station that his accidental visitor was a lady of rank, who was closely allied to an English Duke. She was on a visit to an old county family in the neighbourhood, and has not since strolled into the garden in which she innocently made a conquest of the well-meaning gentleman, who is somewhat out of sorts at the ridiculousness of the position into which he permitted himself to be drawn.

Artistic Irish colleens are having a pleasant "innings" of it just now, and coming, as it does, before the great Olympian show, it will serve to educate the lady Londoner in appreciation of the fancy work of our clever girls. There has just been opened in Albert Gate Mansions an interesting collection of work, which admirably shows the innate artistic taste of our female peasantry. The display is not large; but it is better—it is rich and rare.

For many a day to come those who were fortunate enough to participate in the ball at the Leinster Hall, given under the auspices of Lodge XXV will recal with pleasure the memory of that festive scene. With the single exception of the memorable *reunion* in the Royal Dublin Society's premises at Ball's Bridge, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were the guests of the citizens of Dublin, no such brilliant assemblage as the Masonic gathering on Friday night has been witnessed on any previous occasion in Dublin.

The ball was given in aid of that most deserving charity, the Masonic Orphan Boys' School, and it is only right to place on record the fact that its great success is almost entirely due to the untiring exertions of Brother Sir Charles Cameron, who has been Secretary to Lodge XXV for more than twenty-two years, and to the efforts in the same direction of Brothers A. H. Benson, W. M. Hardy, and T. J. Nash Webb.

The appearance of the Leinster Hall internally was wondrously beautiful, the splendid hall being metamorphosed into a veritable palace of delight, defying the most Oriental imagination to fancy anything more lovely. Innumerable flags, banners, and bannerets of every conceivable hue depended from roof and balcony, and at frequent intervals were crosses formed of lances, the red and white pennons setting off harmoniously the more sombre colours of the other bunting.

At the further end of the hall the platform, prepared as a dais, presented a magnificent appearance, this being surrounded by a parterre of flowers and plants of rarest foliage, while choice palms and ferns were artistically laid out

with the happiest effects, while at the rear of the platform, set out by a beautifully coloured Royal Standard, was a grand trophy representative of the Rising Sun, formed of lances springing from a centre formed of a handsome blue shield, on which were the compass and square, and in bold Roman letters the number of the Lodge (XXV).

Large mirrors around the walls completed the splendour of the fairy picture, reflecting as they did the dazzling lights and many-coloured decorations, while by their aid the scene was made more brilliantly beautiful as the dancers whirled through the mazes of waltz and schottische, rendering the living panorama a picture such as is not often seen in a lifetime.

It goes then without saying that the Leinster Hall never looked so well. The costumes of the ladies were in fit keeping with the splendour of their surroundings, and contrasted charmingly with the uniforms of the military, and with the regalia of the brethren present. The dance music was supplied by the band of the King's Liverpool Regiment, and in the first quadrille were her Serene Highness of Saxe-Weimar, Lady Edward Guinness, and the Duchess of Abercorn.

The catering is an important department of a ball, and in this particular the most entire satisfaction was given by Mr. Murphy, of Nassau-street, whose capacity in this direction is often tested and is never found wanting. The company did not break up until an advanced hour next morning.

The festival of Friday night was appropriately wound up on Saturday evening in the same hall by her Grace the Duchess of Abercorn, who distributed a number of prizes awarded to pupils of the Female Masonic Orphan School at Ball's Bridge. The Duke of Abercorn presided, while a large and fashionable audience attended and took the deepest interest in the proceedings.

The most remarkable feature of the ball was the predominance of tall ladies and the multitude of undersized gentlemen. One gentleman, who from appearance would not be taken for a native of this isle, made himself conspicuous by persistently dancing with a lady twice his size. Every one noticed the ill-matched pair, and many facetious remarks passed upon their appearance.

Another circumstance which caused no little amusement was the action of the Duke's party just before supper. The party on the dais had descended for the purpose of taking part in a square dance, and just as they had been properly arranged the band struck up a well-known set of quadrilles, with the result that the whole of the upper portion were dancing lancers, whilst at the other end of the hall the various couples were enjoying a quadrille. After supper the same thing occurred, only that the order was reversed—the Duke's party dancing quadrilles, whilst the others were engaged at the lancers.

Last week Caroline Harriet, Viscountess Gort died at her late London residence, 1 Portman Square. She was the third and last surviving daughter of Henry, fourth Viscount Gage, was born July 23, 1823, and married May 4, 1847, the present Viscount Gort.]

The Earl and Countess of Caledon have arrived at their London residence, 13 Great Stanhope Street, from Ireland, for the season.

Can nothing be done to render the Round Room, Rotunda, even cleanly in aspect? At present it has all the appearance of an unoccupied tenement house, the walls are bare, the paint peels off from the wood work, the paper on the walls is damp and mildewed, and most of the windows possess broken panes. As for the Concert and Pillar Rooms, the less said about them the better.

The Mount Temple Lawn Tennis Club intend holding their Club Handicap on Saturday, June 2nd. A military band will attend. The success which attended last year's musical promenades will no doubt induce the Committee to continue the same feature this season. We hope to see the same pretty faces and charming dresses that favoured the Mount Temple last year in large numbers.

Mr. J. V. Daly, the popular veterinary surgeon at the R. I. C. Depot, was presented last week with a handsome liqueur case by his fellow-officers, in honour of his approaching marriage.

We learn that a large riding party of ladies and gentlemen intend visiting Glendalough next Saturday, remaining there till the Monday, when the return journey to Dublin will be undertaken. A well-known coaching gentleman will, it is understood, play the role of host on the occasion, his wife forming one of the gay cavalcade.

A new coach has just made its appearance in dear, dirty Dublin. From what we have seen of the turn out, there should be no danger of any one being run over. The pace is not much, but a good deal of room is required by the whip whom we noticed on the box. The team, it is understood, were bought at auction, and so we should think was the coach and the *connecting links*, we mean the harness. The "turn out" is not certainly "a thing of beauty," and, therefore, ought not to last long.

The Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club have issued cards for an "At Home" on Thursday, 17th May, when the finals of Club Championship Singles and doubles will respectively be contested.

Last Saturday all the troops in garrison were confined to barracks on account of the election. Dublin, however, never presented a more quiet appearance. It was hard times on Tommy Atkins to have to remain all day in the Royal Barracks, by the unpleasant waters of the river Liffey, when he might have been at Kingstown seeing the race between the "Ruddigore" and "Ianthe," which was won by the former.

What a very large cavalry force we have in Dublin at the present moment, if we are to believe the *Daily Express* of Thursday last, in its account of a field day in the Park on the preceding day. According to the military correspondent of that journal there were on parade the 4th Dragoon Guards, the 11th Dragoons 16th Lancers, 17th Lancers, and "mirabile dictu," his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar (who was at the time laid up in the Royal Hospital) saw these regiments trot, canter, and walk past him! Eleven thousand

men are said to be required to make the army efficient, but the *Daily Express*, by a stroke of the pen, has added two to the Dublin garrison. Can't the War Office do the same, and the difficulty is solved without extra expense.

The Brighton Square Lawn Tennis Club had a thoroughly enjoyable dance in the Antient Concert Rooms. The company was numerous and select, and the pleasure genuine. The Gasparro Band supplied the music, and the company did not separate until an advanced hour next morning. Nothing nicer than the toilettes of the ladies on the occasion has been seen at balls in Dublin for some time.

On Monday night Mr. Weldon Charles Molony, solicitor, gave a ball at his residence, 19 Upper Mount-street, for which a large number of invitations were given and accepted. The festivities were prolonged until an early hour, and the utmost satisfaction was expressed with the admirable arrangements of the hospitable host. Mr. Coates supplied the dance music in his accustomed superior style.

Irishmen, as well as Scotchmen, resident in Dublin, will be delighted at the opportunity of hearing Burns' famous Cantata of the "The Jolly Beggars," which will be produced in the Rotunda on Whit-Saturday evening, 19th inst., by some of the best-known exponents of Scottish music.

We in the Irish metropolis have heard a good deal of this celebrated composition, but it has not as yet been given here, and it may accordingly be of interest to mention that it has been pronounced by eminent critics to be the most perfect of Burns' lyrical compositions. It is the only work of the kind the great Ayrshire bard ever attempted, and in the preface by the compiler of the edition now published, it is described as "the most furnished specimen of its kind to be met with in any language." It may safely be predicted that a crowded house will greet its production in the Rotunda on Saturday.

Sir Robert Stewart and Mr. Joseph Robinson, as sub-committee appointed for the musical portion at the Irish Exhibition, Olympia, submitted two plans for consideration at head quarters. The first proposal suggests that the choir of the Dublin Musical Society should be chartered for a week at a cost of about £2,000. The second advises that the services of the following representative artistes should be secured:—Messrs. M'Guckin, Ludwig, Ivor M'Kay, and Foli. As we possess no female vocalist of sufficient merit, the sub-committee submit the names of Albani and Nordica for selection. Selections from the works of Balfe, Wallace, and Stanford, will chiefly be rendered.

A want much felt by Dubliners in the hot summer months is the difficulty of access to the seaside. Of course there are the trains, but one does not enjoy a railway carriage with the thermometer at 70. Would it not be possible to organise a series of short sea trips to Howth, Kingstown, and Bray. At present only one craft exists for that purpose, whose appearance is anything but inviting.

Lady Blake, wife of his Excellency Sir Henry Blake, the Governor of Newfoundland (at one

time Sub-Inspector, R.I.C.,) contributes a chatty article to the *Nineteenth Century* this month, entitled "In the Bahamas." It appears the negro ladies like long services and sermons. A clergyman proposed to shorten the service at Kingston in Jamaica. This was to be done so as to enable the congregation to catch a train home. On hearing of the change a blackman remonstrated with the rector. "Indeed, sir," he urged, "our ladies will nebbber tink it worth while to dress to sit in church for an hour only."

The equality of the sexes has now, to a great extent, been recognised, since we find women occupying positions in the Civil Service, which were formerly allotted only to men. We wish that a Post Office not a hundred miles from the Bank of Ireland could prove an exception to this new rule. It was our fate the other day to transact business there. As solitary occupant of the shop, naturally we expected that one of the fair young ladies would attend to our wants. But no, giving a careless look they calmly continued their, no doubt, interesting conversation, while the public fumed and fretted for ten minutes. When at length one of the quartet did favour us with a hearing, the alacrity displayed was anything but considerable.

A story is told in a Galloway paper just to hand, which is one of the richest things of its kind we have lit on for a long time, and as a reproduction of it may amuse our readers, we transfer it to our columns. Some time ago, according to the Scottish journal referred to, the Queen being at Balmoral, her Majesty heard of a pretty Highland lassie who was said to be the most accomplished dancer in the Strath. She was sent for to dance before the Court, and promptly obeyed the Royal command.

The lassie went through her terpsichorean task so gracefully that the Queen was charmed. The girl was rather of the better class, and her Majesty felt some difficulty about offering her money. She accordingly asked her what she could offer her—in fact, what she would like. The girl, who belonged to a strong Tory family, replied very much in the words of Judith of old, though the subject to be operated on was a slightly different personage—"The head of Mr. Gladstone on a charger!" Whereupon the Queen is reported to have said that she could give her the charger, but as for the head of Mr. Gladstone, "he had lost that years ago!"

A very edifying conversation took place the other evening in a suburban villa between the lady of the house and a friend who happened to be on a visit for the purpose of taking part in the festivities in connection with the Whitsuntide holidays. "I wonder how you can bring yourself to wear false hair," said one of them, as she watched her friend arranging the tails which formed a large portion of her head covering. "It seems so deceptive!" "I never thought of that," returned the other, "perhaps, however, you feel about it as I do about artificial teeth. Nothing would ever induce me to use them." "Teeth! why my own are false. You surely would not expect a person to go about toothless." The above conversation further illustrates the proneness of humanity to view one's own actions and the doings of others through spectacles of a different colour.

A junior clerk in a Dublin house, not a hundred miles from Nelson's Pillar, has recently had quite a novel experience. Being in the counting-house department of the establishment, and despairing of promotion, he a short time since resolved to make a change, and accordingly made application in reply to an advertisement for another situation in the same line, setting forth his various qualifications for the position offered. These he did not fail to describe in the most gushing phraseology at his command, giving, at the same time, expression to the pride he felt in serving his then employers.

Nothing came of his application, and he was beginning to forget it, when at the expiration of three weeks he was sent for by his principal and asked to do some special work which had hitherto being entrusted only to seniors, and in which he satisfactorily acquitted himself. A few days later, one of the seniors being promoted, and thus creating a vacancy, the irrepressible junior was advanced to the position. He has since learned that he now occupies the post which the advertisement referred to, and that his fitness for it would never have been suspected but for his "loud" application. That young man is bound to go ahead in life.

On an evening of the present week we were amazed listeners to one of the most extraordinary stories that has up to the present "gone the rounds." At a well-known bar in the neighbourhood of Sackville-street a company of three men were enjoying refreshments, when the subject of the late Soudanese war was referred to. One of the trio had, it appeared, participated in that campaign, and having got started upon it, he indulged to the top of his bent in all manner of descriptions of the dangers incurred by the British soldiers engaged.

Warming to his work, he mentioned that in a skirmish he had become detached from his party, and after vainly endeavouring to rejoin them he was suddenly confronted with a lion which exhibited unmistakably hostile intentions. The fierce brute advanced, while the soldier stood paralysed, but a happy idea struck him at the supreme moment. He whistled in a valiant way "God save Ireland!" and the lion looking quite satisfied at the musical treat it had received, incontinently turned and walked away! If there is anything better than that in "Munchausen" we should be glad to hear it.

A curious coincidence, that may have a lasting effect on more than one life, occurred on the Bray Esplanade on Thursday last. The wind was blowing freshly from the south-west, while a charming young lady and a smart young gentleman were enjoying a constitutional walk, though in opposite directions, along the promenade, when a gust of wind stronger than usual carried off the lady's fashionable *chapeau* and the youth's black felt hat at one and the same moment. The couple, who were clearly strangers to each other, exchanged a hasty smiling glance at the occurrence of the curious incident, and immediately young Romeo bounded after the truant hats, which were skimming along side by side at a spanking pace in the direction of the railway station.

After a smart chase he succeeded in capturing the lady's head-gear and his own, the former being considerably out of joint, and on his

returning it to the blushing damsel both laughed gaily at the simple but unusual coincidence. Taking advantage of their singular introduction the couple engaged in conversation, and as they walked off along the Esplanade together, with their hats secured against a further surprise from the sou'-wester, an eye-witness was heard to remark with regard to the likely pair, that many a marriage had resulted from just such a casual occurrence, and that they seemed "exactly made for one another."

There was "listed" for hearing for the Easter sittings of the Superior Courts, which began in Dublin last month, a breach of promise case which would have proved interesting had it proceeded. But it has been withdrawn through the action of the lady, who was the plaintiff, and who has shown most commendable spirit in the matter, as the following incidents will make abundantly clear. The fair plaintiff is a native of the county Wicklow, while the defendant, who comes very badly out of the business, is a citizen of Dublin whose father is in a large way of business here.

Some time ago the defendant in the abandoned action received an invitation to the marriage of a friend residing on the southern side of the river—we may as well be precise—in the aristocratic Pembroke Township, and he duly responded. After the ceremony he was introduced by his friend to several other wedding guests, male and female. One young lady particularly attracted him, and the attraction proved mutual. As the months rolled on the intimacy deepened into love. He gave her a handsome betrothal ring, and the wedding day was absolutely fixed.

But, alas! for lover's vows of the male order. Within two short weeks of his giving her that circular token of his honour and undying affection, he wrote her to say that it would be impossible for him to marry for at least a couple of years, as he was totally dependent on his father who, he was afraid, would disapprove of the engagement, and he asked her to release him from his promise. The insulted demoiselle handed the letter to her father, and he marked his sense of the young gentleman's conduct by instituting an action for breach of promise of marriage, the damages being laid at £3,000.

When the writ was served on him he exhausted the arts of beseeching and imploring, and even threatened, but all in vain. The lady's family were determined to vindicate their and her action in the matter; but when he had ascertained that the case was "listed"—that is, set down for hearing—he wrote again to the damsel, saying that rather than have an action brought against him for breach of promise, he would "submit to marry her," but she must wait for some time.

That letter did it. What daughter of Eve could stand a thing like that? By return of post he received back all his presents, with a letter releasing him from his engagement. The contemptuous "submit" managed the business for him, but he has been severely cut by not a few of his personal friends in the city, who regard him as the very incarnation of meanness.

The other day we were transacting some

business at one of the leading banking establishments of the metropolis when we saw two ladies crave permission of a starchified hall porter, to view a certain room. The answer reminds us that the spirit which prevades the personages in the Book of Snobs is not yet extinct, for, without deigning to notice the fair petitioners, he replied: "Can't do so, I've got my committee sitting there to-day."

It is most creditable to the promoters that in recent years the Mountjoy Square Athletic Sports have taken a foremost position in city festivals and that they should be regarded as among the most attractive of Dublin *al fresco* re-unions. The meeting for this year is fixed for the 6th of June next—in the spacious and well-kept enclosure, of course. The ordinary programme has been improved by the addition of two bicycle races, and the prizes will be supplied by Mr. Chambers Jacob, of Suffolk Street. A couple of military bands will enliven the proceedings with selections of music, and if the weather be propitious, as it should be in the merry month of June, brilliant sport may be anticipated.

Great interest attaches to the coming rowing season among the various Dublin clubs, and during the coming months many matches of interest will be decided on the Liffey, while contests at Newry, Drogheda, and on the Lee will engage the attention of more than one of our local clubs between this period and August. It is too early to venture on a prediction as to the importance to be assumed by the coming Metropolitan Regatta, but we understand that it will be fully up to the best of its predecessors in everything that can make it attractive.

In connection with the Dublin University Boat Club, the crews have been picked for the Trinity Term Junior Fours and Pairs. The former are—A. G. Stuart (bow); 2. J. A. Murray; 3. K. W. Kennedy; and C. Roche (stroke). W. M. Wilson (bow); 2. E. Allison; 3. P. G. Dallinger; and H. R. Jones (stroke). J. S. Magill (bow); 2. W. Moneypenny; 3. A. Hackett; and T. P. Jones (stroke).

The Junior Pairs are—Rynne, Carrington (stroke); Abbott, Dickinson (stroke); Caulfield, J. S. Morton (stroke); D. Wilson, T. Atock (stroke); W. S. Ross, D'Olier (stroke). The Trial Eights are in full swing, and will be rowed in the last week of this month.

The Duchess of Buccleugh has promised to present the new colours, supplied by the War Office, to the 3rd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, on the change of the regimental title from Royal Scots Fusiliers to Kings Own Scottish Borderers. The colours now in use bear the old title of Scottish Borderers Militia, and were presented in 1877 by her Grace, then Countess of Dalkeith, on behalf of the ladies of the Border Counties.

The Prince's Club is going to be revived again. It is to be established at Knightsbridge, on the scene of the Tannaker's "Japanese Village," and will be conducted on a large scale, having even a Turkish Bath of its own. It is intended that there should be some fine tennis and racquet courts.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's new boudoir is eclipsing, as a subject for Parisian gossip, her husband's new *chef*. The boudoir is in Louis Quinze style.

A curious *fete* was given in the Casino, Nice, last week. White was the colour ordered to be worn, and the edict was faithfully observed. The ladies "made up" chiefly as white cats, white ladies, and snow maidens, while the men posed Arabs and culinary chefs.

Madame Albani is securing the customary royal honours that fall to the lot of great prima donnas on tour. At Copenhagen the King and Queen presented her with the Order of Merit of Denmark. It is generally known that Madame Albani is a Canadian, and takes her *nom de Theatre* from Albany, W.S., where she was educated.

A youth advertising for a wife says that he is well-off and well-connected, has a house on the Riviera, and a landed estate in Australia, and that his wife will move in the best society in England, "where they will reside periodically." His London address, however, is "care of" a small shopkeeper. Can it be that he resides there whilst his palaces are in the printers hands?

When will the absurd custom now in vogue, of ladies wearing long trains, cease. Do they ever reflect what a trouble it is, both to themselves and other guests at small dances. The stairs, of course, are impassable as long as the cumbrous article blocks the way. In the waltz it is generally gathered "all in a heap" by the dancer, or trodden on by some awkward swain, and finally the owner gets home in a bad humour should any mishap occur to it.

The Exhibition craze is now strong again in London. The attractions at the Danish Exhibition this year are numerous, and include representations of Hamlet's grave and Ophelia's wreath.

The Italian Exhibition was opened on Friday last by the Lord Mayor of London. The chief feature is a Roman market, where farm, dairy, and orchard produce are offered for sale. A panorama of the city and Bay of Naples with, as the peep-show proprietors say, Vesuvius in the distance is also depicted.

There is a good story going the rounds which, apart from political intention, we have decided to print. A nursery gardener, not one hundred miles from Ballsbridge, had a gentleman inspecting his stock of plants with a view to purchase, the other day. Here let us remark that the gardener is well known among his cronies as a Unionist, whilst the gentleman is a prominent follower of Mr. Gladstone. In the course of their tour of inspection the gardener drew aside the sash of a frame, exposing to view a magnificent bed of pansies, and proceeded to name them and point out their varied beauties to his customer. "This," he remarked, holding a large bright yellow and mauve pansy between his fingers and smoothing it out admiringly with his thumb, "this I consider one of the finest pansies in the frame. Just look at it! Isn't it a beauty?"

The visitors admitted that it was, and when he had admired it sufficiently he asked its name. "Lord Beaconsfield!" triumphantly exclaimed the gardener. A smile suffused the countenance of the Gladstonian; but, not willing to admit himself caught, he remarked, "Oh! haven't you got Mr. Gladstone?" "Well, no," replied the gardener; "I used to have it. A very pretty pansy it was, and I admired it greatly; but a most extraordinary thing occurred, it changed its colour, and I threw it out!" This was too much for the gravity of the Gladstonian visitor, and they both enjoyed a hearty laugh over the little passage at arms.

LA REVEILLE.

WE must congratulate Mr. Collisson on the success which attended his initial concert of his "fit up" concert party at Londonderry last week. Though his venture at St. James' Hall last year was not financially a success, Mr. Collisson intends to try the Metropolis again this year, with, we hope, better results.

RATHMINES SCHOOL.—The Athletic Sports of this club took place at the Leinster Cricket Ground, Rathmines, on Saturday last. The attendance was small, a fact to be regretted, as the contests were keen and the weather fine. A military band contributed many enjoyable selections. Among the noteworthy items may be reckoned R. A. Lidwell's sprinting, and J. Gough's throwing the cricket ball. C. W. Blundell won the mile open in the capital time of 4 minutes 52½ seconds. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Benson, wife of the worthy head master. Much irritation was caused by the order of events on the programme not being strictly adhered to.

On Whit Monday the Athletic Championships of all Ireland will be held at Balls Bridge. The arrangements are now complete. The entries include the best athletes from all parts of the country, and military bands will attend as usual. All who wish to witness good performances should make their way to the grounds at Balls Bridge on May 21st.

The last concert of the Leeson Park Choral Society took place in the Lytton Hall on Wednesday evening last week. In spite of bad weather and protective prices the hall was fairly filled. The choir worked well together, and several of the part songs deserve considerable commendation. Mr. Charles Kelly sang "Simon the Cellarer," and secured a meritorious encore. Two pianoforte solos "Theme et Etude," Thalberg, and "Novelette in E," Schumann, were contributed by Miss Edith Oidham. This young artiste has certainly made the most of her London instruction, and performs with more than ordinary finish and cultivation. Mr. Bapty was suffering from a bad cold, therefore we refrain from criticism. Dr. T. Joze conducted in a very efficient manner.

We were present on Thursday evening last at a musical and gymnastic entertainment given by the members of the C.I.V.M.C.A. in the Gregg Memorial Hall, 8 Dawson street. The programme was a mediocre one. In the dumb-bell exercise the muscular development of the

biceps was particularly observable. An individual attired in cap and bells was particularly offensive in his eccentric buffoonery. Mr. W. R. Wolseley accompanied, and the Rev. J. H. Miles presided.

On Monday evening the last of the series of entertainments took place in the Parochial Hall, Clyde-road. The building was tastefully and Japanesquely decorated. The programme combined tableaux vivands, and selections by what was termed the "Band of the Liverpool Regiment—" numbering but seven performers in all. Miss O'Hea's make-up as Marguerite, and Mr. Edwyn Wolseley's singing deserve mention. Mr. Vicars was not happy in his rendering of "The lost child," a comic song of the ordinary music hall type. A portion of the Orchestral Union Banjo Band contributed the hackneyed "Boulangier March" with few mishaps. The eccentricities of the phonograph exhibited proved amusing. The exponent had forgotten to clear it out previous to the performance, consequently instead of having the conversation shouted into the mouthpiece on the platform, words having an entirely different meaning came forth, amid the laughter of the audience, and to the evident discomfiture of the lecturer.

DALKEY PAROCHIAL HALL.—The Concert and Recitals on Monday were well attended. The programme comprised items by Chopin, Robinson, Kücken, Weber, Papini, and Randegger. Miss Amanda Wann and Miss Irwin, the prize vocalists of the R.I.A.M., did not succeed in disproving the fact that the Royal Irish Academy of Music, as a school for voices, is unworthy public support. Mr. J. J. Farrall was deservedly considered the most accomplished vocalist of the evening. We do not know why his name figures so seldom now in metropolitan programmes. Miss Florence Bloom played several violin solos with success. Mrs. Thomas Turbitt and Mrs. Leslie Peacocke, as Recitalists, did very well. A Captain Bunny, who was programmed for two songs, failed to appear.

ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.—This rising society gave their last public entertainment of the season in the Leinster Lecture Hall, on Tuesday evening last. Much of elocutionary enthusiasm, lately shown in Dublin, has no doubt arisen from the successful efforts of this body. The programme opened with "The Haunted Mere," rendered by Mr. James Edgar in a feeling, but, at the same time, too sibilant a manner. As Miss C. Porter's mechanical mumbling of the "Burning of Chicago" was given in a nasal key, it was not a prelude. The Rev. Chancellor Tisdall proved volatile and humorous in a sketch from Dickens, descriptive of a dancing academy, though he lost much dramatic expression in "Clarence's Dream" by not committing the selection to memory. Mrs. Elles Cameron was injudicious in selecting the scene from "As you like it," introducing Celia Rosalind and Orlando, since her assumption of juvenile parts causes her to appear ridiculous. "Ellen McJones Aberdeen" was amusingly enacted by Professor Burke; but Mr. Collins' portrayal of Hamlet seemed rather ambitious. The Irish element was comically presented by Mr. Holloway. One of the best items was a recital by Miss Boucher, entitled "The Key's Tragedy."



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER X—continued.

THAT letter was the greatest shock that Greswold had received since his wife had left him, for it told him that she was in a place where she could scarcely fail to discover all the details of his wretched story. He had kept it locked from her, he had shut himself behind a wall of iron, he had kept a silence as of the grave; and now she from whom he had prayed that his fatal story might be for ever hidden, was certain to learn the worst.

"Aunt went to lunch with Lady Lochinvar the day after our arrival," wrote Pamela. "She spent a long morning with her, and then went for a drive somewhere in the environs, and was out till nearly dinner time. She looked so white and fagged when she came back, poor dear, and I am sure that she had done too much for one day. Lady Lochinvar asked me to dinner, and took me to the new Opera House, which is lovely. Her nephew was with us, rather plain, and with no taste for music. He said he preferred 'Madame Angot' to 'Lohengrin'—but enormously clever, I am told, in a solid, practical kind of way."

Und so Weiter, for three more pages.

Mildred had been with Lady Lochinvar, with Lady Lochinvar who knew all; who had seen him and his wife together, had received them both as her friends, had been confided in, he knew, by that fond, jealous wife, made the recipient of tearful doubts, and hysterical accusations. Vivien had owned as much to him.

She had been with Lady Lochinvar, who must know the history of his wife's death, and the dreadful charge brought against him; who must know that he had been an inmate of the great white barrack on the road to St. André, who, in all probability, thought him guilty of murder. All the barriers had fallen now—all the flood-gates had opened. He saw himself hateful, monstrous, inhuman, in the eyes of the woman he adored.

"She loved her sister with an inextinguishable love," he thought, "and she sees me now as her sister's murderer. The cold-blooded, cruel husband, who made his wife's existence miserable, and ended by killing her in a paroxysm of brutal rage. That is the kind of monster I must seem in my Mildred's eyes. She will look back upon my stubborn silence, my gloomy reserve, and she will see all the indications of guilt. My own conduct will condemn me."

As he sat by his solitary hearth in the cold March evening, the large reading lamp making a circle of light amidst the shadowy gloom, George Greswold's mind travelled over the days of his youth, and the period of that fatal marriage, which had blighted him in the morning of his life, which blighted him now in life's meridian, when, but for this dark influence, all the elements of happiness were in his hand.

He looked back to the morning of life and saw himself full of ambitious plans and aspiring dreams, well content to be the younger son, to whom it was given to make his own position in the world, scorning the idle days of a fox-hunting squire, resolute to become an influence for good among his fellow men. He had never envied his brother the inheritance of the soil, he had thought but little of his own promised inheritance of Enderby.

Unhappily that question of the succession to the Enderby Estate had been a sore point with Squire Ransome. He adored his elder son, who was like him in character and person, and he cared very little for George, whom he considered a bookish and unsympathetic individual, a young man who hardly cared whether there were few or many foxes in the district, whether the young partridges thrive or perished by foul weather or epidemic disease—a young man who took no interest in the things that filled the lives of other people. In a word, George was not a sportsman, and that deficiency made him an alien to his father's race. There had never been a Ransome who was not "sporting" to the core of his heart, until the appearance of this pragmatical Oxonian.

Without being in any manner scientific or a student of evolution, Mr. Ransome had a fixed belief in heredity. It was the duty of the son to resemble the father; and a son who was in all his tastes and inclinations a distinct variety stamped himself as undutiful.

"I don't suppose the fellow can help it," said Mr. Ransome testily; "but there's hardly a remark he makes which doesn't act upon my nerves like a nutmeg grater."

Nobody would have given the squire credit for possessing sensitive nerves, but everybody knew he had a temper, and a temper which occasionally showed itself in violent outbreaks—the kind of temper which will dismiss a household at one fell swoop, send a stud of horses to Tattersall's on the spur of the moment, tear up a lease on the point of signature, or turn a son out of doors.

The knowledge that this unsportsmanlike son of his would inherit the fine estate of Enderby was a constant source of vexation to Squire Ransome, of Mapledown. The dream of his life was that Mapledown and Enderby should be united in the possession of his son, Gilbert. The two properties would have made Gilbert rich enough to hope for a peerage, and that idea of a possible peerage dazzled the Tory squire. His family had done the State some service in their time, had sat for important boroughs, had squandered much money in contested elections, had been staunch in times of change and difficulty. There was no reason why a Ransome should not ascend to the Upper House, in these days when peerages are bestowed so much more freely than in the time of Pitt and Fox. The two estates would have made an important property under one ownership; divided they were only respectable. And what the squire most keenly felt was the fact that Enderby was by far the finer property, and

that his younger son must ultimately be a much richer man than his brother. The Sussex estate had dwindled considerably in those glorious days of contested elections and party feeling; the Hampshire estate was intact. Mr. Ransome could not forgive his wife for her determination that the younger son should be her heir. He always shuffled uneasily upon his seat in the old family pew when the 27th chapter of Genesis was read in the Sunday morning service. He compared his wife to Rebecca. He asked the Vicar at luncheon on one of those Sundays, what he thought of the conduct of Rebecca and Jacob in that very shady transaction, and the vicar replied in the orthodox fashion, favouring Jacob just as Rebecca had favoured him.

"I can't understand it," exclaimed the squire, testily; "the whole business is against my idea of honour and honesty. I wouldn't have such a fellow as Jacob for my steward if he were the cleverest man in Sussex. And look you here, Vicar. If Jacob was right, and knew he was right, why the deuce was he so frightened the first time he met Esau after that ugly business? Take my word for it, Jacob was a sneak, and Providence punished him rightly with a melancholy old age and a quarrelsome family."

The vicar looked down at his plate, sighed gently, and held his peace.

The time came when the growing feeling of aversion on the father's part showed itself in outrage and insult which the son could not endure. George remonstrated against certain acts of injustice in the management of the estate. He pleaded the cause of tenant against landlord, a dire offence in the old squire's eyes. There came an open rupture, and it was impossible for the younger son to remain any longer under the father's roof. His mother loved him devotedly, but she felt that it was better for him to go; and so it was settled in loving consultation between them that he should carry out a long-cherished wish of his college days, and explore all that was historical and interesting in Southern Europe, seeing men and cities in a leisurely way, and devoting himself to literature in the meantime. He had already written for some of the high-class magazines, and he felt that it was in him to do well as a writer of the serious order—critic, essayist, and thinker.

His mother gave three hundred a year, which, for a man of his simple habits, was ample. He told himself that he should be able to earn as much again by his pen; and so, after a farewell of decent friendliness to his father and his brother Gilbert, and tenderest parting with his mother, he set out upon his pilgrimage, a free agent, with the world all before him. He explored Greece—dwelling fondly upon all the old traditions and histories. He made the acquaintance of Dr. Schliemann and entered heart and soul into that gentleman's views. This occupied him more than a year, for those scenes exercised a potent fascination upon a mind to which Greek literature was the supreme delight. He spent a month at Constantinople and a winter in Corfu and Cyprus. He devoted a summer to Switzerland, and did a little mountaineering; and during all his wanderings he contrived to give a considerable portion of his time to literature.

It was after his Swiss travels that he went to Italy, and established himself in Florence for a quiet winter. He hired an apartment on a fourth floor of a palace, overlooking the Arno, and here, for the first time since he had left

England, he went a little into general society. His mother had sent him letters of introduction to old friends of her own, English and Florentine; he was young, handsome, and a gentleman, and he was received with enthusiasm. Had he been fond of society he might have been at parties every night; but he was fonder of books and of solitude, and he took very little advantage of people's friendliness.

The few houses to which he went were houses famous for good music, and it was in one of these houses that he met Vivien Faux.

It was in the midst of a symphony by Beethoven, while he was standing on the edge of the crowd which surrounded the open space given to the instrumentalists, that he first saw the woman who was to be his wife. She was sitting in the recess of a lofty window quite apart from the throng, a pale, dark-eyed girl, with roughened hair carelessly heaped above her low, broad forehead. Her slender figure and sloping shoulders showed to advantage in a low-necked black gown, without a vestige of ornament. She wore neither jewels nor flowers, at an assembly where gems were sparkling and flowers breathing sweetness upon every feminine bosom. Her thin, white arms hung loosely in her lap, her back was turned to the performers, and her eyes were averted from the crowd. She looked the image of *ennui* and indifference.

He found his hostess directly the symphony was over, and asked her to introduce him to the young lady yonder, sitting alone in the window.

"Have you been struck by Miss Faux's rather singular appearance?" asked Mme. Vicenti. "She is not so handsome as many young ladies who are here to-night."

"No, she is not handsome, but her face interests me. She looks as if she had suffered some great disappointment."

"I believe her whole life has been a disappointment. She is an orphan, and as far as I can ascertain, a friendless orphan. She has good means, but there is a mystery about her position which places her in a manner apart from other girls of her age. She has no relations to whom to refer, no family home to which to return. She is here with some rather foolish people, an English artist and his wife, who cannot do very much for her, and I believe she feels her isolation intensely. It makes her bitter against other girls, and she loses friends as fast as she makes them. People won't put up with her tongue. Well, Mr. Ransome, do you change your mind after that?"

"On the contrary, I feel so much the more interested in the young lady."

"Ah, your interest will not last. However, I shall be charmed to introduce you."

They went across the room to that distant recess where Miss Faux was still seated, her air and attitude unchanged since George Ransome first observed her. She started with a little look of surprise when Madame Vicenti and her companion approached; but she accepted the introduction with a nonchalant air, and she replied to Ransome's opening remarks with manifest indifference. Then by degrees she grew more animated, and talked about the people in the room, ridiculing the irpretensions, their eccentricities, their costume.

"You are not a habitué here?" she asked. "I don't remember seeing you before to-night."

"No; it is the first of Madame Vicenti's parties that I have seen."

"Then I conclude it will be the last."

"Why?"

"Oh, the whole business is intolerable. The music's good if one could hear it anywhere else, but the people are detestable."

"Yet I conclude this is not your first evening here?"

"No, I come every week. I have nothing else to do with myself but go about to houses I hate, and mix with people who hate me."

"Why should they hate you?"

"Oh, we all hate each other, and want to overreach one another. Envy and malice are in the air. Picture to yourself fifty manœuvring mothers with a hundred marriageable daughters, most of them portionless, and about twenty eligible men. Think what the competition must be like."

"But you are independent of all that; you are outside the arena."

"Yes, I have nothing to do with their slave market, but they hate me all the same; perhaps because I have a little more money than most of them—perhaps because I am nobody—a waif and stray—able to give no account of my existence."

She spoke of her position with a reckless candour that shocked him.

"There is something to bear in every lot," he said, trying to be philosophical.

"I suppose so, but I only care about my own burden. Please don't pretend that you do either. I should despise a man who pretended not to be selfish."

"Do you think that all men are selfish?"

"I have never seen any evidence to the contrary. The man I thought the noblest and the best did me the greatest wrong it was possible to do me in order to spare himself trouble."

Ransome was silent. He would not enter into the discussion of a past history of which he was ignorant, and which was doubtless full of pain.

After this he met her very often, and while other young men avoided her on account of her bitter tongue, he showed a preference for her society, and encouraged her to confide in him. She went everywhere, chaperoned by Mr. Mortimer, a dreary twaddler, who was for ever expounding theories of art which he had learned, parrot wise, in a London Academy, thirty years before. His latest ideas were coeval with Maclise and Mulready. Mrs. Mortimer was by way of being an invalid, and sat and nursed her neuralgia at home while her husband and Miss Faux went into society.

It was at the beginning of spring that an American lady of wealth and standing invited the Mortimers and their *protégé* to a picnic, to which Mr. Ransome was also bidden; and it was this picnic which sealed George Ransome's fate. Pity for Vivien's lonely position had grown into a sincere regard. He had discovered warm feelings under that cynical manner, a heart capable of a profound affection. She had talked to him of a child, a kind of adopted sister, whom she had passionately loved, and from whom she had been parted by the selfish cruelty of the little girl's parents.

"My school life in England had soured me before then," she said, "and I was not a very amiable person even at fifteen years old; but that cruelty finished me. I have hated my fellow-creatures ever since."

He pleaded against this wholesale condemnation.

"You were unlucky," he said, "in encountering unworthy people."

"Ah, but one of those people, the child's father, had seemed to me the noblest of men. I had believed in him as second only to God in benevolence and generosity. When he failed I renounced my belief in human goodness."

Unawares George Ransome had fallen into the position of her confidant and friend. From friendship to love was an easy transition, and a few words, spoken at random, during a ramble on an olive-clad hill, bound him to her for ever. Those unpremeditated words loosed the fountain of tears, and he saw the most scornful of women, the woman who affected an absolute aversion for his sex, and a contempt for those weaker sisters who waste their love upon such vile clay—he saw her abandon herself to a passion of tears at the first word of affection which he had ever addressed to her. He had spoken as a friend rather than as a lover, but those tears bound him to her for life. He put his arm round her, and pillowed the small pale face upon his breast, the dark impassioned eyes looking up at him drowned in tears.

"You should not have said those words," she sobbed. "You cannot understand what it is to have lived as I have lived—a creature apart—unloved—unvalued. Oh, is it true—do you really care for me?"

"With all my heart," he answered, and in all good faith.

His profound compassion took the place of love; and in that moment he believed that he loved her as a man should love the woman whom he chooses for his wife.

They were married within a month from that March afternoon, and for some time their married life was happy. He wished to take her to England, but she implored him to abandon that idea.

"In England everybody would want to know who I am," she said. "I should be tortured by questions about 'my people.' Here society is less exacting."

He deferred to her in this as he would have done in any other matter which involved her happiness. They spent the first half year of their married life in desultory wanderings in the Oberland and the Engadine, and then settled at Nice for the winter.

Here Mrs. Ransome met Lady Lochinvar, whom she had known at Florence, and was at once invited to the Palais Montano; and here for the first time appeared those clouds which were too soon to darken George Ransome's domestic horizon.

There were many beautiful women at Nice that winter, handsome Irish girls, vivacious Americans, Frenchwomen, and Englishwomen, and among so many who were charming, there were some whom George Ransome did not scruple to admire, with as much frankness as he would have admired a face by Guido or Raffaele. He was slow to perceive his wife's distrust, could hardly bring himself to believe that she could be jealous of him—but he was not suited to remain long in this happy ignorance. An accidental outburst one night after their return from a ball at the Club-house opened the husband's eyes. The demon of jealousy stood revealed; and from that hour the angel of domestic peace was banished from George Ransome's heart.

He struggled against that evil influence. He exercised patience, common sense, tolerance, but in vain. There were lulls in the storm sometimes, delusive calms; and he hoped the demon was exorcised. And then came a worse outbreak; more hysterics; despairing self-abandon-

ment; threats of suicide. He bore it as long as he could, and ultimately, his wife's health offering an excuse for such a step, he proposed that they should leave Nice, and take a villa in the environs, in some quiet spot where they might live apart from all society.

Vivien accepted the proposition with rapture; she flung herself at her husband's feet, covered his hands with tearful kisses.

"Oh, if I could but believe that you still love me, that you are not weary of me," she exclaimed, "I should be the happiest woman in the universe."

They spent a week of halcyon peace, driving about in quest of their new home. They explored the villages within ten miles of Nice, they breakfasted at village restaurants, in the sunny March noontide, and finally they settled upon a villa at St. Jean, within an hour's drive of the great white city, and to this new home they went at the end of the month, after bidding adieu to their friends in Nice.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIFT IN THE LUTE.

THE villa was built on a ledge of ground between the road and the sea. There was a stone terrace in front of the windows of salon and diningroom, below which the ground shelved deeply down to the rocks and the blue water. The low, irregular-shaped house was as it were embedded in a grove of orange and lemon trees, with a peach or a cherry here and there to give variety of colour. In one corner there was a whole cluster of peach trees, which made a mass of purplish-pink bloom. The ridges of garden sloping down from the stone terrace were full of white stocks and scarlet anemones. Clusters of red ranunculus made spots of flame in the sun—and the young leaves in the long hedge of Dijon roses made an interlacing screen of crimson, through which the sun shone as through old ruby glass in a cathedral window. Everywhere there was a feast of perfume and colour and beauty. The little bay, the curving pier, the white-sailed boats which, seen from the height above, looked no bigger than the gulls skimming across the blue—the quaint old houses of Villefranche on a level with the water, and rising tier above tier to the crest of the hill—pink and blue houses, white and cream-coloured houses, with pea-green shutters and red roofs. Far away to the left the jutting promontory and the tall white lighthouse; and away southward the Mediterranean in all its glory of turquoise and sapphire. And this lovely little world at George Ransome's feet, this paradise in miniature, was all the lovelier because of the great rugged mountain wall behind it, the bare red and yellow hills baked in the sunlight of ages, the strange old-world villages yonder high up on the stony flanks of the hills, the far-away church towers, from which faintest echoes of bells came now and again as if from fairyland.

It was a delicious spot this little village of St. Jean, to which the Niceois came on Sunday and holidays, to eat bouillabaisse at the rustic tavern, or to picnic in the shade of century-old olives or dark-leaved carouba trees. George Ransome loved the place, and could have been happy there if his wife would only have allowed him. Unfortunately there are women to whom domestic peace, a calm and rational happiness, is an impossibility, and Vivien was one of these women.

From the beginning her suspicious nature had been on the watch for some hidden evil. She had a fixed idea that the Fates had marked her for misery, and she would not accept the possibility of happiness.

Was her husband unkind to her? No, he was all kindness; but his kindness was only a gentleman-like form of toleration. He had married her out of pity; and it was pity that made him kind. Other women were worshipped. It was her fate to be only tolerated by the man she adored.

She could never forget her own passionate folly, her own unwomanly forwardness. She had thrown herself into his arms, she who should have waited to be wooed, and should have made herself precious by the difficulty with which she was won.

"How can he help holding me cheap?" she asked herself; "I who cost him nothing—not even an hour of doubt. From the hour we first met he must have known that I adored him."

Once when he was rowing her about the bay in the western sunlight, while the fishermen were laying down their lines, or taking up their baskets here and there by the rocks, she asked him suddenly,

"What did you think of me, George, the first time you saw me—that night at Signora Vicenti's party? Come now, be candid. You can afford to tell me the truth now. Your fate is sealed; you have nothing to lose or to gain."

"Do you think I would tell you less or more than the truth under any circumstances, Viva?" he asked gravely.

"Oh, you are horribly exact, I know," she answered, with an impatient movement of her slender sloping shoulders, not looking at him, but with her dark dreamy eyes gazing far off across the bay towards the distant point where the twin towers of Monaco Cathedral showed faint in the distance, "but perhaps if the truth sounded very rude you might suppress it—out of pity."

"I don't think the truth need sound rude."

"Well," still more impatiently, "what impression did I make upon you?"

"You must consider that there were at least fifty young ladies in Signora Vicenti's salons that evening."

"And about thirty old women; and I was lost in the crowd."

"Not quite lost. I remember being presented to a young lady who sat in a window niche apart—"

"Like 'Brunswick's fated chieftain.' Pray go on."

"And who seemed a little out of harmony with the rest of the company. Her manners struck me as unpleasantly ironical, but her small pale face struck me as interesting, and I even liked the mass of towzled hair brushed up from her low, square forehead. I liked her black lace gown, without any colour or ornament. It set off the thin white shoulders and long slender throat."

"Did you think I was rich or poor, somebody or nobody?"

"I thought you were a clever girl, soured by some kind of disappointment."

"And you felt sorry for me. Say you felt sorry for me," she cried, her eyes coming back from the distant promontory, and fixing him suddenly, bright, keen, imperious in their eager questioning.

"Yes, I confess to feeling very sorry for you."

"Did I not know as much? From the very

first you pitied me. Pity, pity! What an intolerable burden it is! I have bent under it all my life."

"My dear Viva, what nonsense you talk. Because I had mistaken ideas about you that first night, when we were utter strangers—"

"You were not mistaken. I was soured. I had been disappointed. My thoughts were bitter as gall. I had no patience with other girls who had so many blessings that I had never known. I saw them making light of their advantages, peevish, ill-tempered, self-indulgent, and I scorned them. Contempt for others was the only comfort of my own barren life. And so my vinegar tongue disgusted you, did it not?"

"I was not disgusted—concerned and interested rather. Your conversation was original. I wanted to know more of you."

"Did you think me pretty?"

"I was more impressed by your mental gifts than your physical—"

"That is only a polite way of saying you thought me hideous."

"Viva, you know better than that. If I thought of your appearance at all during that first meeting, be assured I thought interesting—yes, and pretty. Only prettiness is a poor word to express a face that is full of intellect and originality."

"You thought me pale, faded, haggard, old for my age," she said decisively. "Don't deny it. You must have thought what my glass had been telling me for the last year."

"I thought your face showed traces of suffering."

This was one of many such conversations, full of keen questioning on her part, with an assumed lightness of manner which thinly veiled her irritability of mind. She had changed for the worse since they left Nice; she had grown more sensitive, more suspicious, more irritable. She was in a condition of health in which many women are despondent or irritable; in which with some women life seems one long disgust, and all things irksome, even the things that have been pleasantest and most valued before—even to the aspect of a lovely landscape, the phrases of a familiar melody, the perfume of a once favourite flower. He tried to cheer her by talking of their future, the time to come, when there would be a new bond between them, a new interest in their lives; but she saw all things in a gloomy atmosphere.

"Who knows?" she said. "I may die, perhaps; or you may love your child better than you have ever loved me; and then I should hate it."

"Viva, you cannot doubt that my love for our child will strengthen my love for you."

"Will it?" she asked incredulously. "God knows it needs strengthening."

This was hard upon a man whose tenderness and indulgence had been boundless, who had done all that chivalry and a sense of duty can do to atone for the lack of love. He had tried his uttermost to conceal that one bitter truth that love was wanting; but those keen eyes of hers had seen the gap between them, that sensitive ear had discovered the rift in the lute.

One afternoon they walked to the breezy common on which the light-house stands, and dawdled about in the sunshine, gathering the pale, gray rosemary bloom, and the perfumed thyme which grows among those hollows and hillocks in such wild luxuriance. They were sauntering near the road, talking very little; she feeble and tired, although it was her own fancy

to have walked so far, when they saw a carriage driving towards them—a large landau, with the usual bony horses and shabby jingling harness, and the usual sunburnt, good-tempered driver.

Two girls in white gowns and leghorn hats were in the carriage, with an elderly woman in black. Their laps were full of wild flowers, and branches of wild cherry and pear blossom filled the leather hood at the back of the carriage. They were talking and laughing gaily, all animation and high spirits, as they drew near; and at sight of George Ransome one of them waved her hand in greeting, and called upon the driver to stop. They were the two Miss Darcys, the handsome Irish sisters who had made such a sensation at the Battle of Flowers six weeks before. They were spoken of by some people as the belles of Nice. Mr. Ransome had pelted them with Parma violets and yellow rose-buds on the Promenade des Anglais, as they drove up and down in a Victoria covered with white stocks and narcissi. He had walked with them at the Cercle de la Mediterranée and the Palais Tirani; had admired them frankly and openly, not afraid to own even to a jealous wife that he thought them beautiful.

Delia Darcy, the older and handsomer of the two, leaned over the carriage door to shake hands with him, while Vivien stood aloof, on a grassy knoll above the road, looking daggers. What right had they to stop their carriage, and waylay her husband?

"Who would have thought of finding you in this out of the way part," she exclaimed; "we fancied you had left the Riviera. Are you stopping at Monte Carlo?"

"No, I have taken a villa at St. Jean."

"Is that near here?"

"Very near. You must have skirted the village in driving up here. And has Nice been very gay since February?"

"No, people have been going away, and we have missed you dreadfully at the opera, and at dances, and at Rumpelmeyer. What could have induced you to bury yourself alive in a village?" she asked vivaciously, with that sparkling insinuating manner which makes the commonest conversation seem a flirtation.

"My wife has been out of health, and it has suited us both to live quietly."

"Poor Mrs. Ransome—poor you!" exclaimed Miss Darcy, with a moan. "Oh, there she is. How do you do, Mrs. Ransome?" gesticulating with a pretty little hand in a long wrinkled tan glove. "Do come and talk to us."

Mrs. Ransome bowed stiffly, but did not move an inch. She stood picking a branch of rosemary to shreds, with nervous, restless fingers, scattering the poor pale, blue-gray blossoms as if she were sprinkling them upon a corpse. The two girls took no further notice of her, but both bent forward talking to Ransome, rattling on about this ball and the other ball—and a breakfast—and sundry afternoon teas—and the goings on—audacious for the most part—of all the smart people at Nice. They had worlds to tell him—having taken it into their heads that he was a humourist, a cynic, who delighted in hearing of the follies of his fellow men. He stood with his hat off, waiting for the carriage to drive on, inwardly impatient of delay, knowing with what jealous feelings Vivien had always regarded Delia Darcy, dreading a fit of ill temper when the Irish girls should have vanished by-and-by below the sandy edge of the common. He listened almost in silence, giving their loquacity no more encouragement than good manners obliged.

"Why don't you come to the next dance at the Cercle de la Méditerranée?" said Delia, coaxingly; "there are so few good dancers left, and your step is just the one that suits me best. There are to be amateur theatricals to begin with—scenes from 'Much Ado,' and I am to be Beatrice. Won't that tempt you?" she asked, with the insolence of an acknowledged beauty, spoiled by the laxer manners of a foreign settlement, lolling back in the carriage, and smiling at him with brilliant Irish gray eyes, under the shadow of her Leghorn hat, trimmed with daffodils, a garden of yellow bloom, showing vividly against her dark hair and white gown.

The other sister was only a paler reflection of this one, and echoed her speeches, laughing when she laughed.

"Surely you will come to see Delia act Beatrice?" she said. "I can't tell you how well she does it. Sir Randall Spofforth is the Benedict."

"My dears, we shall have no time to dress for dinner," expostulated the duenna, feeling that this kind of thing had lasted long enough. "*Continuez, cocher.*"

"Won't you come?" pleaded the pertinacious Delia; "it is on the fifteenth, remember—next Thursday week."

The carriage rolled slowly onward.

"I regret that I shall not be there," said Ransome decisively.

Delia shook her parasol at him in pretended anger.

He rejoined his wife. She stood surrounded by the shreds of rosemary and thyme which she had plucked and scattered while he was talking. She was very pale, and he knew only too well that she was very angry.

"Come, Viva, it is time we turned homeward," he said.

"Yes, the sun has gone down, has it not?" she exclaimed, mockingly, as she looked after the carriage, which sank below the ragged edge of heather and thyme yonder, as if it had dropped over the cliff.

"Why, my love, the sun is still above our heads."

"Is it? Your sun is gone down, anyhow. She is very lovely, is she not?"

The question was asked with sudden eagerness, as if her life depended upon the reply.

"Yes, they are both handsome girls, feather-headed, but remarkably handsome."

"But Delia is the lovelier. *She* is your divinity."

"Yes, she is the lovelier. The other seems a copy by an inferior hand."

"And she is so fond of you. It was cruel to refuse her request, when she pleaded so hard."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Vivien. Is it impossible for me to talk for five minutes with a handsome girl without unreasonable anger on your part?"

"Do you expect me to be pleased or happy when I see your admiration of another woman—admiration you do not even take the trouble to conceal? Do you suppose I can ever forget last winter—how I have seen you dancing with that girl, night after night. Yes, I have had to sit and watch you. I was not popular, I had few partners; and it is bad form to dance more than once with one's husband. I have seen her in your arms, with her head almost lying on your shoulder, again and again, as if it were her natural place. 'What a handsome couple,' I have heard people say; 'are they engaged?' Do you think that was pleasant for me?"

"You had but to say one word and I would have left off dancing for ever."

"Another sacrifice—like your marriage."

"Vivien, you would provoke a saint."

"Yes, it is provoking to be chained to one woman when you are dying for another."

"How much oftener am I to swear to you that I don't care a straw for Miss Darcy?"

"Never again," she answered. "I love you too well to wish you to swear a lie."

They had come down from the common by this time, and were now upon a pathway nearer home—a narrow footpath on the edge of the cliff opposite Beaulieu; the gentle-curving bay below them, and behind and above them orchards and gardens, hill and lighthouse. It was one of their chosen walks. They had paced the narrow path many an afternoon when the twin towers of Monaco showed dark in the shadow of sundown.

"Vivien, I think you are the most difficult creature to live with that ever a man had for his wife," said Ransome, stung to the quick by her persistent perversity.

"I am difficult to live with, am I," she cried.

"Why don't you go a step further—why don't you say that you wish that I were dead?" she cried, with a wild burst of passion. "Say that you wish me dead."

"I own that when you torment me, as you are doing to-day, I have sometimes thought of death—yours or mine—as the only chance of respite," he answered gloomily.

He had been walking—sauntering slowly—a few paces in front of her along the narrow path between the olive garden and the edge of the cliff, she following as slowly, both in a desultory way, and talking to each other without seeing each other's faces. The cliff sank sheer below the pathway, with only a narrow margin of rushy grass between the footpath, and the brink of the precipice. It was no stupendous depth, no giddy height from which the eye glanced downward sickening at the horror of the gulf. One looked down at the jewel-bright waves, and the many hued rocks, the fir tree growing out of the crags, without a thought of danger; and yet a false step upon those sunburnt rushes might mean instant death.

He came to a sudden standstill after the last speech, and stood leaning with both hands upon his stick, angry, full of gloom, feeling that he had said a cruel thing, and repenting of his cruelty. He stood there.

(To be continued.)

A MODERN PASTORAL.

I WATCH them stand, a pensive pair,
Beside the sedgy pond,
The youth is tall, the maiden fair,
And both of them are fond.
But, though they talk as people may,
Of topics far and near,
This is not what he wants to say,
Nor what she fain would hear.

There's nothing in the maiden's eyes
To make a man despond,
Yet words upon the lips that rise
Will never go beyond.
And when he talks of cheapened hay,
Or coal extremely dear,
That is not what he wants to say,
Nor what she fain would hear.

They're turning back—for Hesper blinks
Above them in the blue;
And "Now or never," Damon thinks,
"Her father's door's in view."
He takes her hand—he has his way,
He cries, "I love you dear!"
Ah, that is what he meant to say,
And what she longed to hear!



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 14th May, 1888.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advance of the Bank of England rate on Thursday last from 2 to 3 per cent. money is plentiful, and owing to the small supply of Drafts on offer, rates continue to droop. Three months bills are being taken at $2\frac{1}{8}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and in some instances even 2 per cent. has been charged for choice four months' bills. Large shipments of money are expected both from New York and the East, so that a considerable addition will be made to the large sum already held by the Bank. Consols for money are quoted $99\frac{1}{4}$, and for account, $99\frac{1}{8}$. New $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents, $95\frac{1}{2}$ - 96 ; Indian 3 per cents, $96\frac{1}{2}$.

English Rails remained quiet during the early part of the week, but closed firmer, and are now quoted at an almost general advance, which was anticipated in our last week's report. Brighton A has advanced to $117\frac{3}{4}$; Dover A, 102 ; Chatham, $20\frac{1}{2}$; Great Eastern, $66\frac{1}{4}$; Caledonian, $102\frac{3}{4}$; North British, $106\frac{3}{4}$; Metropolitan, 70 ; Metropolitan District, 34 ; London and North Western, $166\frac{1}{4}$; Midland, 128 ; North Eastern, $151\frac{3}{4}$; Great Western, $142\frac{1}{4}$; Hull and Barnsley remain steady at 26 .

Foreign Stocks closed dull on war rumours, but are now in some instances higher than when we last wrote. Unified are quoted $79\frac{3}{8}$; Spanish, $68\frac{3}{8}$; Russian 1873 , $94\frac{1}{8}$; Mexican Converted, $37\frac{1}{2}$; Peru 1870 , $16\frac{7}{8}$; Do. 1872 , $14\frac{7}{8}$; Portuguese, $61\frac{1}{8}$; Turkish Group I, 24 ; Group II, $14\frac{3}{8}$; Group III, 14 ; Uruguay, $71\frac{1}{4}$; Venezuela, 41 ; San Domingo, 17 ; Honduras, $12\frac{1}{2}$; Paraguay Land Warrants, $10\frac{1}{2}$.

Americans are firmer than they were the end of last week, and our opinion of them will be found in another paragraph. Eries are now quoted 26 . Lake Shore $93\frac{7}{8}$. Milwaukee 75 . Readings $31\frac{3}{8}$. Louisville 58 . Norfolk Pref. (very steady at $49\frac{1}{4}$). Denver Pref. $51\frac{3}{4}$. Ontario $17\frac{1}{8}$. Pennsylvania $54\frac{1}{8}$ x div. Union Pacific $55\frac{1}{4}$. Central Pacific 32 . Canadian Pacific $61\frac{1}{4}$. Ohio $21\frac{1}{4}$.

Mines opened very dull, but closed very firm, partly owing to a recovery in Diamonds. We maintain that some of the fully paid up Shares, which are now selling at a few shillings, should be bought and held. The following are amongst the cheapest, which are sure to see better prices: Alturas, Balkis, Mysore, Republics, Pestarena, and Viola. De Beers are quoted $39\frac{3}{4}$. Mysore 3. Rio Tinto $20\frac{3}{8}$. Cape Copper $66\frac{1}{4}$.

Miscellaneous Market has been subject to fluctuations, especially in E.C. Powder Shares and New Explosives, otherwise prices are not materially changed. Aerated Bread $5\frac{3}{8}$. Hotchkiss $14\frac{3}{8}$. Suez Canal $85\frac{3}{4}$. Hudson Bay 20 . E.C. Powder $7\frac{3}{8}$. New Explosives $6\frac{3}{8}$.

It is just announced that the House of Lords have unanimously decided in favour of the London Chatham against the South Eastern, with reference to the pooling of the Continental Traffic.

The cheapest and safest investment in Copper Shares is, in our opinion, the Copiapo. This is a dividend paying mine, has been for years, when copper was only £40 per ton. The present value of the Shares are about $6\frac{1}{4}$, and will certainly go much higher.

"England in Danger" is likely to have more effect on the Stock Markets than would appear on the surface. For full and minute particulars we refer our readers to the *Daily Telegraph*, which paper has had the courage to speak out boldly and fearlessly, thus exposing the rottenness of our military system, and the urgent need of immediate action. It is not our duty to enlarge upon the subject, but to point out that in our opinion a general rise may be looked for in the shares of Gun and Ammunition Companies.

Nordenfeldts, E. C. Powder, New Explosives, and such kindred undertakings are worth attention; Hotchkiss are also a better market.

The Directors of the Suez Canal Company have decided to propose, at the next general meeting of shareholders, a dividend of 78s. 22c. per share (or 2s. 89c. more than last year). This is a source of satisfaction to us, as we have for months past recommended them to our readers, and have seen them steadily advancing in price.

The receipts of the Suez Canal Company from the 1st to the 10th inst. amount to 2,310,000f., showing an increase of 370,000f. as compared with those of the corresponding period of last year.

The whole of the outstanding bonds of the issue of £850,000 Seven Per Cent. Mortgage of the National Nitrate Railway Company of Peru will be paid off at par on June 1st, 1888, on which date all interest will cease.

The Report of the London and South African Exploration Company (Limited) states that the total income for 1887 amounted to £83,541, being an increase of £5,677 over 1886.

The Report of the Mexican Railway Company (Limited) for the half-year shows a sufficient balance in hand to pay a dividend of 8 per cent on the first preference stock, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the second preference, leaving £983 to be carried forward. The unfortunate holders of Ordinary Shares again receive nothing. We have no faith in this undertaking, and advise our readers to leave alone, the more so when their own report goes on to state that "as time goes on, competition may assume new forms, and press more heavily on the undertaking."

The negotiations between the Ottoman Bank and the Porte respecting the new Turkish Loan are said to be progressing favourably. The issue price will probably be fixed at 50. Our remarks as to the cheapness of the low-priced Turkish Stocks should be borne in mind.

Balkis Shares recommended last week, have already advanced, and from all accounts are going considerably higher. Many of these low-priced mines are absurdly under their value, and if taken up and paid for would not stand at present prices.

Gold Hill Mines have shipped 42 oz. of gold, the result of 12 days' work.

Dickens' Custer may be bought for a rise, present price about 8/-.

The Mysore Gold Mining Company have sold through Messrs. Matthey & Co., gold realizing £6,288 14s. 7d., obtained during the month of March.

Viola Shares are quiet, but the prospects are good, and it is said that sufficient ore is in sight, to insure dividends of 20 per cent. for some years to come. The following telegram has been received from this Company for the week ending 5th May. Ore smelted 315 tons; lead produced 94 tons; silver produced, 1,650 oz.; value 10,000 dols. Furnaces down two and a-half days. Outlook for May good. Mine looks well every place. Furnaces running well.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NORMAL.—We should have been glad of a prospectus, but no doubt you had omitted to forward it, and it is now, we presume, too late in the day.

HONDURAS.—We think them a good speculative purchase.

B.F.R.—Nine Reefs should go better. You have possibly seen the latest report from this Mine, dated 10th April.

H.B.—We think that Dickens' Custer are a good purchase, and will go much better.

CLONTARF.—You should take your profit on No. 2. No. 1, we believe, will see a much higher price.

G.F.S.—The meeting was fully reported in the "Money Market Review."

ANXIOUS.—We have no faith in Uruguay. If you prefer Foreign Stocks you have other and safer ones to choose from. Send in a stamped and directed envelope and we will advise you to the best of our judgment.

J. H., DUBLIN.—You are entirely in their hands, having accepted a contract on their own terms. You would find it best to do your business with well-known Brokers in your city. Take no further notice of the circular to which you refer.

SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot advise you on this subject.

A. K. H.—Being an Irish undertaking we cannot possibly give an opinion unless in possession of all the facts. Why not consult some of the largest shareholders, who would doubtless be able to obtain the information you require.

ANER.—Bo no means sell at present prices. Both the shares you name will go better, especially Hotchkiss.

A NORMAL.—Should require to see a Prospectus before reporting on it.

GOING TO FATHER.

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

THE short winter's day was more than half spent when Joshua Sefton breathed his last, and his friendless orphan girl knelt by his rude couch sobbing out the grief and sense of desolation that filled her heart to overflowing. It would not be suppressed, and she, poor girl, was nothing loath to let it have its way unchecked.

Against the log-built hut—now staring abstractedly into the blazing pile on the hearth, now letting his eyes fall and rest upon the grief-stricken form of the bereaved girl—lent a lad of some fifteen or sixteen summers. His strong, well-made limbs were well knit together. The bronzed, irregular features were lit up with a pair of keen, soul-speaking eyes, which had a wonderful way of softening, strangely softening, when their owner's generous nature was deeply stirred—as now. Himself an orphan, living, on sufferance almost, with an uncle and cousins, at a distance of two, or two and a-half miles from Sefton's, Charlie Gordon felt for the poor, stricken girl before him as few can feel for a suffering friend. Naturally reserved and shy, though endowed with a keen perception, he felt instinctively drawn towards the gentle-hearted Lily, of whom alone he could make a friend—one in whom he could confide those longings of the soul, the inward burdens which many of us are called upon to bear. In all the world, or so much of it as he knew, there was nothing that excited a stronger or more absorbing interest in him than the welfare of this now friendless girl—the only human being he had really learned to love, though how hard he had strove to love those who sheltered him under their roof he alone could tell.

Now, as he mutely watched the suffering of one for whom he would have laid down his life to serve, a half-strangled sob well nigh choked him, and one browned hand hastily brushed across his eyes.

But, after a while, the girl's paroxysm of grief spent itself, and she became quiet and motionless. Gordon stepped softly across the floor and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. He spoke to her, calling her by name, but she neither spoke nor moved. Then he saw she was no longer conscious, but steeped in a blessed oblivion, and he raised her tenderly in his arms and laid her down on a pile of skins before the crackling logs. For a few minutes he knelt by her side: then, with a struggling sigh, bent down to kiss her, and, rising, sought out a spade, pick, and shovel. Wrapping a buffalo robe round him, and placing a warm fur cap upon his head, with these he left the house. For nearly two hours, as far as he could judge, he toiled with pick and spade in a laborious endeavour to form a hole deep enough and long enough to contain the dead body of Joshua Sefton. Suddenly he became aware of a dark-robed little figure beside him. Turning about, with a wild cry, Lily threw herself into his arms, to sob and weep afresh, for full well she knew the meaning of that oblong excavation.

"Lily, dear, don't grieve so," he whispered, "remember what *he* said before—before—" and there was a break, too, in his voice, and his lips quivered so he could not go on.

The girl's only answer was to tighten her arms round his neck and try to stifle her sobs on his breast. He did not try to comfort her with

words a second time, for he felt he would only break down himself outright, so he held her in his arms till she grew calmer, when she whispered brokenly—"Not, not, to-night, Charlie—to-morrow," and he understood what she meant, and gathered up his tools.

Gently he led her back to the house, placed the spade and shovel in their corner, and came and sat down by the fire. But first he made the worn and grief-spent girl lie down on the couch of skins, bidding her rest, while he watched by her. For the space of nearly an hour neither of them made a movement, but, at the end of that time, Lily being to all appearance asleep, the lad drew a small volume from his pocket, and settling himself alongside the fire so that its full blaze would fall upon his book, with his weary limbs stretched at full length upon the floor, and his back resting against the wall. There he sat reading intently, pausing only now and then to look at the sleeping girl—whom the dead parent had in a sense placed in his care—and to throw on a fresh log of pinewood. Once or twice he sat with the open book in his hand, staring into the fire, while vague, shadowy visions passed before his eyes. He thought of the dead man; the dim, unknown future; the long, endless eternity; the griefs, and trials; the hopes and fears, the longings, the aspirations, the self engrossed struggles that rack the human heart. He knew, or rather he felt, that some, indeed, were above the petty trials of life whose faith and hopes were anchored on a more celestial shore, far, far above "the madding crowd," and the thought is it not well to be one of these flashed across his brain. Then he turned to the couch whereon lay the lifeless remains of the best and truest friend he had known on earth, and another thought, swifter, more thrilling, but also more permanent, swept over his brain, and he drew a deep, long-drawn breath, pressing his clenched hand to his breast. What was his thought? This: when the dearly loved parent and friend breathed his last breath of life, one wild, agonised cry, "O God, take me too!" struck appallingly on his ears, and banished thence all other feeling. And what! And what should she be taken from him, too. A gasping, inarticulate cry rose to his lips, as he strove to shut out the haunting fear. But the more he strove, the stronger and more real it grew, and his lips blanched, and a nameless dread took possession of his heart. He became restless and unhappy, and longed desperately for morning. It was tardy in breaking, but at last it came, yet it brought no relief.

We will pass over in silence the mournful scene when the cold clay of the tenantless body was committed to the still colder earth—its natural mother. Suffice it to say the short afternoon was far advanced ere the last melancholy rite was performed, and the friendless orphan set out with her youthful protector to seek another shelter. The snow under their feet was crisp and dry, and the cold bitterly intense. A sharp wind was blowing down from the snow-clad Rockies that loomed in solemn grandeur, rearing their craggy, pine-clad heights athwart the sky, in front of them. Bravely the orphan girl held on her way with such help as her companion could afford her. The latter was anxiously eyeing the steep hill they had to climb. Lending all the assistance he could to the poor girl by his side, he pressed forward; but ere he could reach even its foot, what he

most feared, the sudden falling darkness came on. There was now nothing left to guide them over the trackless waste of snow; but hope is strong in the young human breast, and the young blood in the veins is warm. They were now half-way up the ascent, when a wild howl struck on their ears. "Hark! Charlie, what is that?" cried Lily, grasping the lad's arm. "Only a wolf, darling—it is nothing," he replied, hastening onward. The next moment a startled cry rang out through the frosty air, followed by a heavy thud, and the horrified girl found herself alone on the snow-clad hillside, a yawning precipice at her feet! Oh, horror! "Charlie, Charlie!" the agonized shriek echoed and re-echoed from the valley, and, even ere its last faint murmur had died away, feet, winged with terror and wild horror, had borne Lily down the steep skirting the ravine, and on to its dark, gloomy, dreadful depths. Lying white and motionless on the snow she found him; the boyish yet manly face smeared with a stream of blood. In an instant the poor bruised head lay pillowed on her bosom, and the girl's warm kisses and sobs helped to restore the unfortunate lad to consciousness.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, you are not killed?" she cried, sobbing hysterically, not knowing what she said or did. "Oh? if you are, I'll lie down here beside you, and die too!"

"Lily, darling," whispered a faint voice, "I am not dead, but oh! how am I to save you now?" and he struggled to raise himself, succeeding so far as to be able to get his arm round her neck, on which he was obliged to lean for support.

"Never mind me, Charlie!" she cried, almost beside herself with joy at the sound of his beloved voice. But, alas! how short-lived it was. "Where—where are you hurt? Can you walk?" she inquired breathlessly.

"I—am—afraid—not," he answered slowly and with painfully labouring breath. "My—leg—is—broken—I think," gaspingly. He was in agony then, for not only was one leg broken but both, besides minor fractions. He knew it, and he felt that the life now so doubly, trebly precious to him, was ebbing fast away. And then, summoning up all his courage, with his dying breath he strove to raise a shout, if haply he might thereby providentially attract the attention of a fellow-being, to whom he might commit the charge but so lately committed unto him. But on those bleak snows what hope of human aid could there be? None. Again another despairing shout went up, and nought save the echoes returned it. Yet hark! What was that? Surely it was the howl of a dog? The dying lad heard that sound, from whatever source it came, and his voice was raised once more. Again that howl, and this time nearer! Another shout and the spent voice dwindled into a murmur, but the dog, yes, the boy's own faithful collie, was now bounding over the powdery snow to its dying master's aid. With the quickness of thought, Gordon tore off his cap and shoved it into the dog's mouth, ejaculating the word "home!" The dog hesitated, wagged his tail, till a more vehemently reiterated command, "home!" came from his almost exhausted master, and he bounded off.

"Lily," whispered the boy, "take off my coat and wrap yourself up in it, and seek the most sheltered corner of the rock. Help will soon arrive, and you will be safe once more," and fearing she would not leave him, even to provide for her own safety, he began with his

remaining strength to drag his bruised and broken limbs, which were now numbed, into the shelter he spoke of. Lily crept after him.

A nameless dread had taken possession of her. She feared she knew not what, but her heart seemed to die within her, and the blood to curdle cold and stagnant in her veins.

"Charlie, I won't take your coat,—we'll die together," she whispered, a rising sob choking her utterance. "I'd rather die now with you, Charlie, than live without—" she did not finish the sentence—there was no need—but their arms closed round each other.

The lad's arms pressed convulsively round the trembling girl, holding her to his breast in a close embrace, which even in death was not dissolved. Only once more did a murmured "Charlie,—father," drop from her lips, and then her head fell forward on the boy's shoulder, and she became unconscious.

An hour or so later they were found there locked thus in each other's arms, frozen quite stiff—and thus, too, they were placed in the same grave. Charlie's pocket bible, and a paper containing a short narrative of the life of his namesake, the hero of the Soudan, General Gordon, were all that were taken as a memorial of one who, now he was gone beyond all earthly recall, was mourned honestly and sincerely.

Ah! we favoured ones on this little corner of the globe, what can we know of the dangers that are daily, hourly being faced by our less fortunately situated fellow-beings elsewhere; how death comes down on them suddenly, swiftly—prepared or unprepared—and surely?

Truly, the one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

THE musical season is closing, and the curtain about to drop on the concert platform. Before we leave our seats let us ask ourselves: if we have done all that we could in the cause of native music? We have had ballad concerts, but no new-old Irish ballads. We have a society for the preservation of the Irish language, why have we not one for the preservation of Irish melodies? This is a question of most urgent importance.

The social life of this country is rapidly undergoing modernization. Old thoughts, old customs, old habits are disappearing and new forms of life and a new order of beings rising into view. To those who love art, and especially that form which has been evolved from the traditions of the people, and the emotional sentiments of the social past, every day's delay is dangerous.

The melodic treasures which are preserved in most countries, by heritage from one generation to another, will be crushed into hopeless oblivion in this country by the process of emigration, unless we make an effort to secure them without further delay. There are thousands of old Irish airs still lingering amongst the people, murmured in the cabin or whistled along the roadside, but they are not in type; and unless we stir ourselves, they shall vanish and be lost for ever. No one composer, however gifted and however profoundly versed in the scientific laws of harmony, can produce such melodies as those which grow up, phrase by phrase, from the successive generations of the people. A native melody is not the production of a single mind,

it has risen by slow degrees into symmetry and beauty from the soil of thousands of hearts, from the finest emotional efforts of many generations. It is the chrystallised expression of the striving of a people after a higher form of life.

It is because so many electric human brains have concentrated their energies in one melodic form that we are profoundly thrilled when its strikes our ears; we hear the echo not alone of our own individual strivings, but of the long continued strivings of those who have lived and suffered before we were born, and to whose persistent emotions we owe our present position in the scale of civilization. The cultured dilettante of these latter days may airily despise the rough denizens of the past, but if they had not struggled against the lower conditions of their existence, his self-conscious brain and super-refined emotions could never have been. The most cultivated and self-satisfied being can no more separate himself from the great human chain, than he can revolutionise the law of gravitation.

However civilized he may appear to himself and others he is inseparably connected with the links which stretch back countless years and are lost in the primordial beginnings of the race.

His personal fancies and sensations are the developed fancies and sensations of previous beings. It is, therefore, stupidity and ignorance which makes a man despise the æsthetic efforts of the people. For our part, we look upon the intellectual apathy of the so-called educated classes of this country with a feeling of dismay. A few years ago we were visited by the great Norwegian harpist, Sjorsden. This cultivated stranger travelled our country in all directions to gather the old folk songs, whilst the educated natives sat by with folded arms, too conscious of their own magnificence to tramp the roadsides or visit the mud cabins in search of the music of the common people. Apart from the comparatively small collection wedded to the artificial roses of Moore, the most of those Irish melodies rescued up to the present have been secured by the exertions of foreigners. There are still hundreds of melodies to be gathered if we waken up in time; but they are disappearing, faster and faster, as the years speed on. In the croning of the old peasant woman, warming her hands over the peat fire in the mud cabin, trembles the evanescent beauty of our native songs. She cannot pass the precious treasure to her children, for they are already citizens of the United States, with new notions concerning the freedom of the individual, and familiarly acquainted with the busy problems of modern progress. They are sentimentally linked to the old cabin by the roadside, but they are finally severed from the æsthetic past of their native land. It is for those of us who remain here, to see that the old Irish music is not lost by inaction. If we are so demoralised as to be incapable of forming a society for the preservation of Irish melodies, it is to be hoped that some solitary musician will emulate the Norwegian harpist, and secure by his own efforts, a few at least of the old folk songs before they are entirely lost.

We will not make a general appeal to the monied classes. We know them only too well. It is not from the brewers, the publicans, the

triumphant traders or stockbrokers that we expect any enthusiasm in the cause of native art. Their souls are bounded on one side by a baronetcy and on the other by a leg of roast lamb and green peas. They are the common herd in evening clothes, who interrupt the concerts in a rush for their carriages, goaded by the vision of the awaiting supper table. The cup of their ambition is full to the brim, when they, with their intellectual wives and accomplished daughters are graciously permitted in a public ballroom to stare at royalty across a silken rope.

We do not appeal to these purse-proud people, because we look upon them as the most intellectually degraded class of the entire community. But we ask those who love something higher than money to make some effort to rescue from oblivion those fast-fading melodies which embody the incomparable humour and infinite pathos of the Celtic race.

DONNYBROOK.

DAVY STEPHENS AT HOME.

DAVY STEPHENS was discovered quite at home, on the steps of his favorite residence close to the Kingstown terminus.

The view from his abode is one of transcendent magnificence. The idealist might object to the scenery as being, perhaps, a trifle too realistic. The ceiling is painted in azure, and adorned with frescoes of circus clouds which almost seem to tremble. On one side is a representation of Kingstown harbour, where the white sailed yachts appear to move, and the mail boats are painted with the microscopic minuteness of the pre-Raphaelites. The "cab-hazard" near the fireplace is one of the greatest triumphs of realistic art; not only do the jarveys appear alive, but they actually do drive away, occasionally, after the manner of sentient jarveys.

The dioramic representation of the distant Dalkey hills ravishes the sight with its blending and apparently changeable hues of purple, blue and greenish tints. In such a home it is no wonder that Mr. Stephens professes to be the happiest man alive.

Some of the strange weirdness of the scenery seems reflected in Mr. Stephens's browned features, and the wild locks which picturesquely float to his shoulders. In his expression there is frequently an effort to strain after the supremely comic, as if laughter was the highest joy of human existence. In these paroxysms of humour, his eyes seem to scintillate, and his voice revels in the chuckling tones of self-satisfaction.

The peculiar position he holds in society enables him to claim acquaintance with the most noted and distinguished men and women of modern times. He professes personal friendship with some of the most exalted of the earth. "He's a great friend of mine, is the Prince of Wales," observed Mr. Stephens, with the manner of a man casually remarking as an old acquaintance. He has conversed with prime ministers and chief secretaries on matters of state; interviewed Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Anderson, Henry Irving, Sullivan, and Edwin Booth, on the decline of the drama; discussed the merits of the music of the future with Albani, Trebelli, Foli, Sims Reeves, Barton McGuckin, "he's a great friend of mine, is Mr. McGuckin," and the world-renowned Impresario, Houston Collisson. Nor has he confined himself to the

limited circles or politics and the fine arts. He is the chosen friend of all the famous jockeys, and was the last man who received a "tip" from the unfortunate Fred Archer. He knows several generations of hangmen, Calcraft, Binns, and Berry; and, perhaps, afforded that great genius, Professor Mahaffy, some suggestions for his stupendous work on the Art of Conversation. But, Mr. Stephens, though he professes to be the happiest of men, has one standing grievance. The police insist on keeping his Kiosk on the footpath, and, thus, Mr. Stephens has to face, unprotected, the assaults of the east wind and the rain.

"Sometimes" he exclaimed, looking pathetically up, "the heavens seem to come down on poor Davy."

There is, in fact, only police officialism and nine feet of space between Davy Stephens and supreme happiness.

"Yes, sir, Davy has been selling papers on this spot for over thirty five years. I was only that high when I used to sell *Saunders' Newsletter* for a penny a read, and for fourpence after. Out there Captain Boyd went down, and I was standing there at the time. I never forgot that night!"

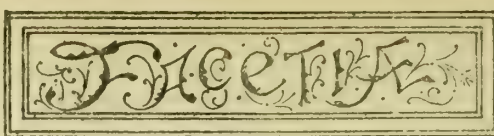
"No, Davy, and the memory of Captain Boyd will live as long as humanity draws breath. He didn't stop to ask what were the politics of the men he died for, did he?" "No, sir, and you're right: I don't go in for politics myself. It's all the same to Davy: Nationalist, Conservative, Orange or Green; so long as they come into Davy's net, they're welcome. Yes, Colonel King-Harman is a great friend of mine. It was he got me that kiosk there. Ah! and poor Dwyer Gray! He *was* a gentleman, sir, every inch. When I broke up in Grafton Street, I owed him over a hundred pounds. 'Never mind, Davy,' says he, 'I know you'd pay it if you had it,' and he gave me fifty pounds to start again. That's what I call a real gentleman, sir. Ay, the Chief Secretary, Mr. Balfour, is a great friend of mine; and Mr. Parnell, he gave me a sovereign the last time, and I—I gave him IRISH SOCIETY. Oh, yes, Mr. Davitt always has a word for me, and Lord Londonderry—that's the present Lord Lieutenant—has my portrait on his drawing-room table. He's a great friend of mine, is the Lord Lieutenant!"

"Is it true, Davy, that you are a rich man?"

"Well, I *have* a few hundreds put by," said Davy, apologetically: adding, as a conclusive excuse for his secretiveness, "But then, sir, I have three little children."

"Ah, Davy, you are sentimental after all. You should spend your money on yourself, like ordinary men, and get drunk on your earnings."

"Get drunk?" exclaimed Davy Stephens. "I tell you what, sir, I haven't tasted a drop of drink for thirty-five years. I'm very happy here. Only that little kiosk there is a bit too far away. Oh, I have plenty of fun without getting drunk. I haven't missed a race-course for twelve years. I always put down a few shillings and come home happy. Ah, but the Derby is my masterpiece," exclaimed Davy, with the rapture of an old master. "It's then I go in for style—tall hat, frock coat, kid gloves, and all. Ha, ha! Davy, the Kingstown masher! It's my masterpiece, the Derby. I met Buffalo Bill last time. He shook hands, and brought me round his tent. He's a total abstainer too. Excuse me a moment, sir. Yes, me lady, here y' are, IRISH SOCIETY; here y' are, sir, buy IRISH SOCIETY, one penny; IRISH —"



"MARIA," said Joseph as they were going down to dinner, "may I sit on your right hand?" "Why of course not! You'd better take a chair." He took a chair.

A WITTY lady says:—"If you want to find out a man's real disposition take him when he's wet and hungry. If he is amiable then, dry him and fill him up, and you have an angel."

A GENTLEMAN having fallen into the river Exe, in Devonshire, relating to his friend, said, "You will suppose I was pretty wet?"—"Yes," was the reply, "wet, certainly in the Exe-stream."

A LAWYER on his death bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing, that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people who had patronised him.

PROFESSOR—"can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class are uncertain. Professor—"What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Pupil (triumphantly)—"Hash."

"POSTAL-CARD proposals!" exclaimed a haughty young miss, reading over the Government advertisements. "Well, I never! If a fellow hasn't stamps enough to send his proposal in a letter, he hasn't stamps enough to marry me."

A RURAL editor having inserted the paragraph "Mrs. Blank is a very pretty woman, but she can't act," received the following reply from the lady's managers: "Dear sir: You have very beautiful red whiskers, but you can't edit a newspaper."

A young man in a railway carriage was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

"MAMMA," said a girl, "what would be an appropriate present to give George! You know we are not engaged yet." "How long has he been calling upon you?" "About two years." "Then I think a pretty plain hint would be the proper thing to give him."

ALWAYS THERE—"You have been up before me half a dozen times this year," said a magistrate, severely, to a local vagrant, who thus made answer—"Come, now, judge, none of that. You are here more than I am. People who live in glass-houses shouldn't throw stones."

BOBBY was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of a way. "What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for any thing to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

Two Irishmen passing Jail Square, in Glasgow, one day, one says to the other, "Arrah sure now, Mike, isn't that the foine building?" pointing to the South Prison. "You've got no building like that at home in Ireland;" and added, without waiting for a reply, "Well, I lodged six months in that house now." "Ah!" says his companion, "shure, if yer mother knew that, she'd be a proud ould woman this day."

"MY DEAR," said the aunt of a widow to her niece one day, "is that your husband's portrait on the wall?" "Yes, auntie." "How blissfully happy, and what a heaven on earth must have been his life below!" simpered the aunt. "Ah, yes," said the widow; "but we divided the thing up so that when he became blissful in heaven I became happy on earth."

'TRUTH IS MIGHTY.—Grocer (to boy)—"What are you doing, James?" James—"Puttin' sand in the sugar." Grocer—"Well, that won't do. You must put the sugar in the sand, and then if a customer asks if we put sand in our sugar, you can truthfully say no. You will find, James, as you acquire more business experience, that, in the long run, truth always pays."

ONCE when a doctor was visiting an old man who was suffering from rheumatism in his back, he ordered the wife to rub in plenty of hartshorn and oil. Next day, to the doctor's surprise, he found the old man much worse, and all the skin was off his back. He turned to the woman and asked—"Did you do as I told you?" "Yes, sir, I rubbed him with hearthstone and oil, but I don't see that it has done him any good."

"WHAT on earth are you walking about the room for at this untimely hour of night?" exclaimed, in a passion, an Irishman who was the occupant of the next-door room in the hotel. A moaning voice replied, "A bill of mine for £1000 is due to-morrow and I have not a shilling to pay it with." "Pshaw!" said the traveller, whose rest was being disturbed, "go to bed man, and let the other fellow do the walking!"

HE was her third husband, and it looked as if he was drifting away. "Henry," said she, weeping, "have you any last request?" "Only one," he murmured. "Bury me in the country under the willows." "Henry," she said, "I hate to refuse your last request, but I've always buried my husbands in the city, and it wouldn't be fair to make an exception. Now, would it dear?" Afterward she was sorry for her consistency, as Henry got so mad that it broke the fever and he recovered.

A PECULIAR SORE THROAT.—The manager of a New York theatre was very much annoyed by actors and actresses, who frequently refused to appear in their *roles* on account of sore throat, much to his pecuniary disadvantage. One Saturday afternoon, when the entire company were on hand to draw their salaries, he paralysed them by refusing to hand out any money. "What is the reason you don't pay us our salaries?" howled the company. "There don't appear to be anything the matter with your throats now," replied the manager; "but my throat is sore. I regret to announce that on account of my sore throat I will not be able to appear this week in my popular *role* of the prompt paymaster."

IRISH SOCIETY

Vol. 1. No. 20. (Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

WEEK ENDING 26th MAY, 1888.

Price One Penny.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

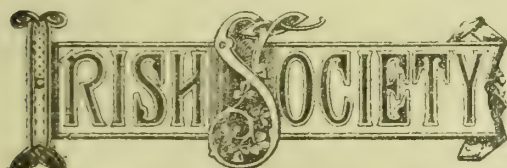
Rates of Subscription to "Irish Society."

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WEEK ENDING 26th MAY, 1888.

On the subject of the women's Jubilee offering to her Majesty, it will be remembered that a balance remained with the Committee after devoting the main portion of the sum subscribed for this offering to a statue of the Prince Consort and to the foundation of a nursing institution, and that it was determined to devote this balance to the purchase of some article of personal adornment for the Queen. It is stated that several leading firms of jewellers in London and Paris were asked to send in designs, and that the choice of the Committee has fallen upon a pendant in pearls and diamonds, designed by Messrs. Carrington, of Regent Street, London.

It may fairly enough be asked: Why were not our Dublin jewellers afforded an opportunity of competing with the designs sent in from London and Paris? If our memory serve us correctly, the women's Jubilee offering to her Majesty was most warmly taken up in Ireland by high and low, and in the South noble service in this respect was rendered by the popular and estimable Lady Arnott and others who raised large contributions for this purpose. To say the least, the Committee had no right to overlook the many eminent jewellers whom we still

have in the Irish capital, and the slight thus put upon them deserves to be sharply resented.

The last Drawing-room was a great success, the weather having been gloriously fine and the ladies' dresses superb. The attendance was very much larger than on any similar occasion for a long time past.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Heygate, the eldest son of Sir Frederick Heygate, Bart., of Bellarena, County Derry, and Flora, daughter of Mr. John Walter, of Bearwood, Wokingham.

The marriage of the Rev. Henry D. Sheppard, D.D., M.D., to Mrs. Robert Stanley, of Pembroke Road, took place last week at St. Mary's, Donnybrook. The wedding was strictly private, there being no one present but the officiating clergymen and the witnesses.

The marriage of the Hon. Frances Monk, daughter of Viscount Monk, with the Rev. R. A. Pearce, eldest son of Mr. R. Pearce of Southampton, took place at St. Saviour's Church, St. George's Square, last week. The bride wore a dress of sapphire blue moire with gold trimming, and made with long square train, with bonnet to match. Her bouquet was of white exotics, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were attired in dust colour and blue striped material with hats to match. The newly-married pair subsequently left for Torquay.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant honoured Colonel Maillard and the officers of the 16th Lancers with his company at dinner at their mess, Island Bridge Barracks, on the 16th inst.

Their Serene Highnesses, the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, visited the invalids at the Royal Hospital last week. They inspected the kitchens and saw the men at dinner in the hall.

Mrs. Jeffery Browning gave a charming musical "At Home" from 9 to 12 o'clock on Wednesday evening at her residence, Upper Mount Street. The music, both professional and amateur, was above the average, and gave much pleasure to a very appreciative audience.

An amateur concert was held in the Town Hall, Tinahely, last week. The Hall was tastefully decorated. Placed over a coronet, were the following appropriate words—"A happy Golden Year to the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam," in compliment to the golden wedding of the much esteemed landlord.

The Countess, accompanied by the ladies Alice and Albreda Fitzwilliam, was present, and also Lady Frances Doyne and Mr. Doyne. The success of the evening was mainly due to Miss Blanche Armstrong, whose fine contralto voice was heard to great advantage in several songs.

Mr. Martin Burke, Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Yeo, Herr Blüthner, Herr Roeder, and Sir Robert Stewart took part in the entertainment, assisted by Mrs. Scott Ffennell, Mrs. Browning, Miss Lucy Guinness, and Miss Barrington.

A magnificent brooch, encircled by rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, was presented on Wednesday to Miss Batt, Purdystown, County Down, by her father's tenantry, on the occasion of her coming of age. The brooch is very much admired, and was designed by Messrs. Waterhouse and Co.

The belle of the London season is pronounced by common consent to be Lady Olivia Taylor, only daughter of the Earl of Bective and granddaughter of the Marquis of Headfort. Lady Olivia is cousin of another Irish beauty, Mrs. Cornwallis West, who caused a sensation some years ago.

At the recent examination at the Royal College of Surgeons, in the junior class, Miss Catherine Maguire and Miss Winifred Dickson carried off the first and second prizes; their marks being respectively 91 and 88 per cent.

The inheritor of one of the most famous names of modern times, has recently died in London—Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Dorset. He was the grandson of the orator, statesman, and wit, who died, leaving such a brilliant reputation for versatility of intellect, in 1816.

He was the brother of the celebrated beauties known as the "Three Graces," Helen, Lady

Dufferin, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and Jane, Duchess of Somerset. The Sheridans are an old Irish family, and since the reign of Charles II. many members of it have been distinguished for beauty and intellect.

Mrs. Slacke's dance at her residence, Waterloo Road, came off on the 24th. It was well arranged, and much enjoyed by all those who were present.

The "At Home" of the Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club, on the 17th inst., was a great success. Any number of pretty faces and smart frocks to be seen. The band of the Black Watch discoursed a pleasing programme of music, and last, not least, the "playing," which one presumably went to see, but which few looked at, was really good.

The Channel Match, from Kingstown to Holyhead, of the Royal Alfred Yacht Club, on the 19th inst., was of exceptional interest, as the new 20-tonner, the steel yacht "Breda" made her debut on that occasion in the racing world. The day was not one suited to small craft—too much wind, and off the South Stack too much sea, the consequence being that the big cutter "Banduara" carried off the prize, "Nixie" being second. The "Breda," however, was acknowledged by all sailing in the race to have behaved admirably, and if she suffered defeat, it was no disgrace, seeing that under old sailing rules she would have been entered as 10-tonner, the "Banduara" being over 90 tons.

While on the subject of yachting, we may mention that Messrs. Napier, Shanks, and Bell, of the well-known Clyde yard, have just launched from their ship-building concern, at Yoker, a handsome steel twin-screw yacht named the "Ceto," for Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, Bart. She is 120 feet long, with a breadth of 18 feet beam, and has been built to class 100A in Lloyd's Yacht Registry.

The new craft has been constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Edward B. Caird, of Glasgow, and it goes without saying that she is being fitted up in magnificent style. She will be supplied with triple expansion engines of sufficient power to propel her at a rapid rate. The "Ceto" will sail under the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and will be commanded by Captain H. Webb.

Viscount Combermere has been visiting Dublin as a deputation from the Executive Council of the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, with the object of conferring with owners of superior hunters and hackney horses who may desire to enter animals for the coming great Irish Show in London. His lordship had an interesting interview with a number of well-known cross-country gentlemen, and his mission may be said to have been eminently successful. The noble viscount visited the race-course at Baldoyle on Monday, and left for England on Tuesday.

One of the commonest forms of advertising vacant situations is to invite applicants who may consider themselves qualified to discharge their duties to "state salary expected." This is not fair to the unemployed, as a little reflection on the part of the advertiser would make clear enough. An employer wants assistants of a certain class to discharge specified duties, and

having intimated that fact, he should go a little further and state specifically the remuneration attached to the situation.

By doing so, a great deal of worry and anxiety, as well as loss of time, to those replying to such advertisements, would be saved, and only the right class of men or women, as the case might be, would be found applying. Thus, a situation involving only twenty shillings or twenty-five shillings a week would be left to be looked after by those who did not appraise their services at a higher value, and men worth twice the amount would be spared the humiliation of applying for positions which they would not, except they were driven to extremities, dream of accepting.

It is, besides, a system of competition that defeats itself, and but rarely brings satisfaction to the employer who resorts to it. All manner of people send in applications, undertaking the duties for the most ridiculous remuneration—offers which should in fact satisfy the most grinding of cheeseparers that they would be dear at any price. And all this could be cured if parties requiring assistants would only mention the nature of the employment and the salary attached to it. The practice, we should remark, is largely confined to men of business in Dublin.

The public will learn with a feeling of startled surprise that here in Dublin the consumption of opium is becoming common. Quite recently victims of this terrible drug have been treated in our city hospitals, and probably there are cases of the kind there still, but we are assured by people who assume to know that the use of this article in the city is larger just now than would readily be credited. Although it is said to be mostly taken in the form of laudanum, the belief is that the hard, brown, acrid opium of commerce is being utilised for smoking purposes to a considerable extent by many respectable young men in the city.

Opium in this form cannot be a pleasant narcotic, containing as it does meconate of morphia, mucilage, fecula, resin, fixed oil, caoutchouc, debris of vegetable fibres, sand and nicotine. Its terrible effects on health are, a well known surgeon tells us, frequently observable on people who come under his notice, suffering from what the uninitiated would declare as a bad case of drink, but which in reality arises from the consumption of the inspissated juice of the poppy, bringing often madness and death in its train after a period of protracted suffering.

Most railway travellers will agree with us that a deaf engine-driver is not exactly a functionary in whose charge they would care to ride. It is certainly true that sight rather than hearing is the great essential for a driver, since the existing system of signals appeals directly to his eye; but it is very necessary that he should also hear. A short time since an engine-driver on a line having its terminus in Dublin was found to be deaf. His case was thoroughly examined. A well-known city physician—a man of great reputation as a specialist—tested his infirmity, and found that in a perfectly quiet room the man could not hear conversation carried on within a foot of where he stood, and he was accordingly suspended.

The driver protested. In that quiet room he

might be as deaf as the celebrated Burke, he said, but that was not the point. He had no business in quiet rooms. He was a driver, and when on his engine, with the clatter and clang, the rushing and throbbing in his ears—most certainly not aids to hearing in ordinary circumstances—he was not deaf in the least. The physician may at first have doubted. Probably he did so; but he put these strange assertions to the proof, and to his astonishment found that the man was perfectly accurate in his statements.

Deaf as he undoubtedly was amid ordinary surroundings, his hearing when on his own engine was so acute that he could understand quite well not only ordinary conversation, but could catch soft casual remarks and low whispers—the engine going all the time at high speed—which the keen ears of the doctor entirely failed to hear. He was reinstated in his position, and the estimable physician has materials for an essay which will not only interest but probably amaze professional aurists.

The Whit Monday meeting at Baldoyle was a thorough success in every respect—enormous crowds on the Course, an extremely fashionable gathering on the Grand Stand, glorious weather, with only a slight and not unpleasant breeze from the eastward, and the largest "fields" seen on the "Dublin Metropolitan" for a great many years. All the events filled well, and scarcely an animal named on the card was absent. The running was up to the level of the best on record, and, as usual, "backers" lost on most of the events, while "layers" as a rule made a reasonably good day's work.

It was expected—indeed it was announced in some of the morning papers, that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant with a large party would visit the course, but as it turned out he was indisposed, and was unable to participate in the sport. From the same cause his Excellency was prevented addressing one of the regiments in garrison, as he had intended to do on Monday in the Phoenix Park, the corps being under orders to leave Ireland.

There was a second meeting at Baldoyle on Tuesday, and although the general public were not so numerous present as on the preceding day, the attendance all over was large. This was particularly the case on the grand stand, which contained a splendid array of ladies dressed in the prettiest of summer costumes. The sport was thoroughly enjoyable, but the return journey to town was unpleasant to those who travelled by road on "outsiders" in consequence of suffocating clouds of dust which ruined dresses and interfered sadly with that placidity of temper which denotes perfect contentment if not happiness of its possessor.

On any day in the week Westland Row Station is not a particularly pleasant locale in which to dawdle about in—but it is on the seventh day of the week, "The Sabbath" that it is to be seen at its best. On "the day of rest" all benches are carefully removed from the platforms, not a solitary bench left to hang one's legs on. Would the high and mighty directors of the D. W. & W. Railway Co. see to this; or will they issue a notice to the effect, "Passengers intending to arrive too soon for trains are requested to bring their own camping-out stool."

That truth is frequently stranger than fiction may be verified almost every day of our lives. Here is a story that may be accepted as genuine, the three actors in the little drama being all natives of this good city of Dublin. It adds another argument to the stock in trade of the cynics who regard the words "woman" and "inconstancy" as synonyms. But we anticipate.

Scarcely three years ago, a young man residing on the northern side of the Liffey, wooed and won the love of a charming young girl in his own station in life, which was that of the respectable artisan class. He was ambitious to become an employer, and to enable him to carry out this desire he made up his mind to try his fortune in America. Success attended his efforts, and the object of his attentions having a widowed mother dependent on her, he volunteered to lighten her burden by an occasional remittance which was gladly accepted.

The correspondence between the young pair was constant and affectionate, and as the months rolled into years, his perseverance was increasingly rewarded. Having accumulated a considerable sum of money, it occurred to him that it would be an excellent plan to return home unawares to his promised wife and afford her a joyous surprise. He put his scheme into execution at once, and, embarking at New York on board a Cunard liner, reached Queens-town exactly a fortnight ago.

Without loss of time he reached Dublin, but postponed his visit to the loved one until the following afternoon. We have spoken of his design of giving her a "joyous" surprise, but he didn't. He knocked at the door, which was opened by the lady herself. Astonished she certainly was at beholding him, but she was equal to the occasion, and having invited him in, proceeded quietly to inform him that she had been married six months previously, while for more than two years she had been in the regular receipt of remittances from the faithful fellow's earnings, and had received the last just a month before.

He has gone back to make America his home, a sadder and a wiser man. But who knows? Perhaps, after all, his disappointment was a blessing in disguise; for most people of both sexes will agree that a woman who would act so mean and worthless a part, was not composed of the sterling femininity with which an honest man would care to spend his life.

It has been said, that there is nothing new under the sun, but something novel has just been discovered in Dublin. The latest craze is certainly a strange one, but that is what the world wants now-a-days, no matter what the cost. The "thing" is to have your watch fastened to a kind of wristlet and worn around the arm—by ladies, of course. The idea is not graceful. "Quelle heure est il, mademoiselle?" will now, if the fashion extends, be answered by the maiden pulling up her sleeve to reach her chronometer. What next?

"The worst-supplied fish market in the United Kingdom" is a term usually and not incorrectly applied to the Irish capital. Why this should be so we are at a loss to determine, except it be that we are not a great fish-eating people. But while this is true to a large extent, there are

numbers of citizens who *do* like food of this kind, and who think their tables not properly provided when it is absent. The question is, where to get it good and at moderate prices, and this reminds us that in the South City Markets we have just seen as fine a selection of fish of all kinds at Mr. Michael J. D'Arcy's handsomely-fitted new premises as the most fastidious epicure could desire. We might go further, and say that his stock of game and poultry is one of the best and most extensive to be found in the city.

Judges and journalists are the only unfortunate beings who are supposed to have an acquaintance—for which they get no credit—with everything under the sun, and woe be to the man of either profession who is not so informed; he may lay aside his wig or turn his pen into a ploughshare just as soon as he likes. In one of the Superior Courts in Dublin during the past week a well-known Judge had an action before him in which a question of gardening was involved, but being unable to determine the ultimate value of certain vegetable seeds sown, he referred the matter to a practical gardener. His lordship clearly drew the line at gardening, but another Judge might write himself down as "wanting" in a knowledge of shoe-making.

The acquaintance expected from members of the Judicial Bench with every conceivable subject is simply absurd. In the course of a single sitting any one of them may be asked to determine disputes—not always from a legal, but often from a commercial point of view—affecting half the trades of the country, and if he innocently hazards the observation that he is unacquainted with or knows very little of the technicalities of such-and-such a business, he falls considerably in the estimation of a considerable section of the unthinking public who frequent his court. Clearly the Judge who referred the seed dispute to a practical gardener grasped the situation after the fashion of a sensible man.

Practical joking is a species of amusement that sensible people reprobate, and if an excuse can be discovered for it at all, it is where the "joker" who originates it is, like the engineer, "hoist with his own petard." A splendid case of the kind has just occurred in one of our largest city warehouses, the incidents of which are much too good to be lost, and in the hope that they may serve as an example to would-be funny young men who derive pleasure from the infliction of pain on others, administered in the form of a "joke," we narrate them as they occurred.

The story is somewhat lengthy, but the moral conveyed renders it interesting. In the warehouse referred to a couple of "top sawyers" managing different departments, have their desks separated by a wooden partition, so low that either of them can put over his hand and touch his friend's head at the other side. Both are young men possessing exuberant spirits, and many wordy *rencontres* take place between them, in which each is anxious to get the better of the other in a trial of their wits.

So far so good. A day or two ago one of them who had just bought a new and stylish hat got possession of his neighbour's headgear,

imagining himself unobserved, and proceeded by the process of sitting on it to transform it into a very respectable imitation of a broken-down concertina. He then replaced it on the peg whence he had taken it, and chuckled mightily over the fun he would have when its owner took it down. By-and-bye his neighbour, who had seen the little transaction from start to finish, quietly put over his hand and removed the new hat unperceived by its owner, hanging it up on his own peg.

Shortly after this he invited the happy chuckler into his department to show him some new patterns in goods, and after a little business conversation, followed by some badinage, he brought down what was apparently his own hat from his own peg, and made a bet with his friend that he could not hit it with a roll of cloth. The bait took, the joker believing that the tile had been newly domped and brushed and otherwise touched up since he had operated on it some hours previously.

The money was promptly staked, and he determined to give the hat the *coup de grace*. Taking the roll of cloth in both hands he brought it down with all the force he could command on what he fondly supposed to be the "other fellow's hat," and succeeded in simply placing it beyond recognition as a *chapeau*. When the truth dawned on him his feelings may be more easily imagined than described.

Mr. Edmond Johnson, of Grafton-street, has succeeded in collecting from old Irish country families such an array of antique silver plate as was never seen together before, every piece being worth more than its weight in gold, and the whole weighing over 2,000 ounces. This will be exhibited at Olympia, and is sufficiently grand to enchain the attention of art connoisseurs from all parts of the world. Much of it is more than two-hundred years manufactured, at a period when Dublin held a high position among the European cities in which the goldsmiths' and silversmiths' art had attained the highest perfection.

A curiosity among curiosities is the massive silver mace of the Corporation of Athy, presented to that civic body in 1747, by James Earl of Kildare, and returned by purchase to the Leinster family soon after the abolition of the municipality. Among the other contributors to this unique and valuable collection are, his Excellency the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, and many of the Irish nobility. Some rare specimens are forwarded by the eminent antiquarian of Cork, Mr. Day.

Among exhibitors at Olympia of high-class and wondrously beautiful photographs, several of them, life-size, will be Messrs. Werner and Son, of Grafton-street, whose portraits of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, her Grace the Duchess of Leinster, and the infant Marquis of Kildare, the Countess of Ranfurly, Miss Armytage Moore, and other well-known ladies and gentlemen, stamp the firm as being among the most finished and perfect photographers in the United Kingdom.

The usual invitations have gone out for the Ministerial dinners in honour of the Queen's birthday, which is officially to be celebrated on June 2nd. All the members of the Cabinet will

entertain guests either at their residences or in their Departments. At the Foreign Office elaborate preparations are already being made for a reception which Lady Salisbury is to hold.

The Irish poetess, "Speranza" (Lady Wilde), holds a reception every Saturday afternoon at her residence, Chelsea. Her apartments are dimly lighted, rose-coloured shades subduing the glare of lamps and candles. Numbers of Americans, with whom she is very popular, visit her during the season.

Lady Wilde is a tall, handsome, and graceful woman, and is gifted with great natural eloquence and rare powers of expression.

The funeral of Admiral Hewitt at Portsmouth on Thursday last was of a most imposing character. Lord Wolseley wrote expressing regret at his inability to attend.

Although the British Government has refused to take any official notice of the French Exhibition of next year, which is being promoted avowedly with the object of celebrating the taking of the Bastille—nevertheless, British industries will be represented. If President Carnot is unable to count on the attendance in Paris next year of any of the crowned heads of Europe, we understand that he will be surrounded by some sable monarchs from afar. King Narodom, of Cambodia, and the King of Assam have already intimated that they would like to visit the French capital on this great occasion; and it is now said that the deposed Ja-Ja is to be invited to the gay city.

The Queen's Theatre is running this week with great success a startling piece of sensation in the form of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," a play dramatised from the well-known novel of the same name, written by a clever Irishman, Mr. Fergus W. Hume. The drama is decidedly the most interesting work that has been staged at the Queen's during the present season, and crowded houses have attested the popular favour with which it has been received by the patrons of the Brunswick-street house.

The services of the military bands belonging to the various regiments in the Dublin garrison are being extensively utilised since the good weather set in, to the general delight of the citizens, who care for *al fresco* musical treats, and to the profit of the bandsmen as well, who are now finding engagements for almost every afternoon in the week at one or other of the popular resorts in the city and suburbs.

In the Rotunda Gardens on Saturday evening there was an agreeable revival of this kind after a lengthened absence of anything in the nature of outdoor music, the first performance of the season having been given by the band of the First Battalion South Wales Borderers to a very large audience, many of whom were ladies and children. The band of the Royal Irish Constabulary performed at the cricket match in Trinity College. On Sunday St. James's Band played in the Phoenix Park, and on Monday the band of the Second Battalion of the Black Watch delighted a large number of visitors to the Zoo.

Recently a highly successful and spirited ball was given at Dooley's Hotel, Parsonstown, by

the bachelors of Birr and King's County generally, in return for a very enjoyable evening given previously by the "Daffodils." Much taste was displayed in the decoration of the dancing and ante-rooms, a leading feature of which was a large bank of moss at one end of the room, and on this was worked in bachelor buttons of purest white the pretty and appropriate design "Welcome Daffodils," while on either side were grouped tall palms and other towering plants kindly lent for the occasion by the Countess of Rosse.

The walls were beautifully covered with wreaths of ivy and many-coloured flags, and with a profusion of pink roses and scarlet bachelor buttons the general effect was charming. Bachelor buttons with maiden hair fern and small bows of tricolor ribbon were worn by the hosts, whose attention to their guests could not be exceeded. The band of Gasparro Brothers supplied the music, and dancing was spiritedly prolonged to an advanced hour next morning.

The company was numerous and at the same time select. Among those receiving invitations being the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Constance Hastings and party, the Earl and Countess of Rosse and party staying at Birr Castle, Colonel and Mrs. Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and party, Barronne Court; Mr. and Mrs. Minchin, Busherstown, and many others belonging to the best families in the county. The occasion will be long remembered as one of the most delightful festive reunions held in the neighbourhood for a long time.

The Dublin Sketching Club has commenced its open air work for the summer; two meetings in the neighbourhood of Inchicore have taken place, some of the members working along the Canal, with its picturesque locks and passing boats, and others in Lansdowne Vale, near Drimnagh, where the willow trees are bursting into leaf and the old Castle's weatherbeaten face is brightening with the colours of the spring. It is intended at the next meeting to illustrate the road opened from Dalkey round the sea-face of Killiney Bay.

We are unaffectedly glad to see signs of a revival of yachting in Cork Harbour, a stretch of water which at one time gave shelter to a number of celebrated craft of cutter and schooner rig which carried the colours of the Southern port on many an occasion to victory on the seaboard of many parts of the United Kingdom. There are many residents of the city by "the pleasant waters of the river Lee" who fondly recal the days when yachts from the leading clubs of England, Ireland, and Scotland sailed thither to compete for the very valuable prizes given at the three days regattas of the Royal Cork Yacht Club; but unfortunately, for the past five years, owing to various causes, there has been a steady and continuous decline in the number of yachts placed in commission on those waters.

Worse still. It is eight years since the Royal Cork Yacht Club held a Regatta; but the Committee of the Club seem to be awakening to a sense of the disgrace of this state of things, and they have determined to hold one in July next, when in addition to a Queen's cup, several valuable money prizes will be offered for yacht

racers, and the Committee are hopeful of being able to induce yachts from Kingstown, the Clyde, and Cowes, to go there and compete for them. The season promises to witness a fine collection of yachting craft studding the anchorage grounds of the Royal Cork Club at Whitepoint, and already quite a number of them are being put into sailing trim, including vessels that have been out of commission for some time.

A new style of bonnet-trimming has now, it appears, captured the female head in the United States; and, as it makes victims of a peculiarly noxious species of creatures, the extermination of which no one would regret, it is not so objectionable as the stuffed-bird craze. Baby alligators have become the fashionable garniture of the ladies hats and bonnets in the Southern States.

The young alligators used in this way are from six inches to ten inches long; they are stuffed, provided with bright glass eyes, and are arranged so as to appear to be crawling up the front trimming of ribbon-bows.

The following scene occurred at a camp not a thousand miles from Folkestone:—A newly-joined subaltern was proceeding to his quarters after mess, and was challenged by a sentry. The first challenge produced no response, the sentry repeated it. "Do you know who you are talking to? I'm an officer, and I'll soon let you know it if you talk to me in that manner."

"Carrying coals to Newcastle" is as nothing compared with the curious "system" observed by the Director of Victualling at the Admiralty. In his evidence he had to admit that tinned meats were shipped back to New Zealand and rice to India. We may next expect to hear that Tidman's sea salt is supplied so as to make sea-water baths on board. It has also been shown that there is no organization in the department in the event of war, but the Director would do his best to send out provisions to foreign stations when *war was declared*. This is happy-go-lucky work!

If one may credit the *Paris Figaro*, the Servian Chancellor of the Exchequer has decided to impose a tax upon that apparently indispensable adjunct of female dress, the "dress improver." The amount of the tax is fixed, so it is stated, at twenty francs, and henceforward no "dress improver" can be sold in Servia, except under these conditions. Hard the ladies will say.

Dynamite, rabinite, melinite, are all to pale their ineffectual fire, and become as harmless as crackers in comparison with the new French explosive—Bellite. It should have been called "Boulangerite," but perhaps its inventor is not a believer in the General, and might consider the name as ominous of a flash in the pan.

Society is in a great flutter just now. The young Earl of Dudley attains his majority on the 25th instant, and will, of course, at once become the quarry of match-making mammas. The lady who carries off the prize will indeed be lucky. The young peer succeeds to a rent-roll of at least £150,000 a year, and an immense sum of money which has been accumulating during his minority.

The Duke of Marlborough has arrived in America, and was present at the marriage on Monday last week of Mr. J. Hooker Hammersley with Miss Margery Chisholm. As it is on the *tapis* that the Duke intends shortly to enter into the state of matrimony with Mrs. Louis Hammersley, a few biographical and historical jottings respecting the Hammersley family cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

The Hammersley family is English, although the present New York representatives are from Virginia. The head of the family in England is Sir H. Hammersley, and the New York Hammersleys are in the habit of visiting their transatlantic kinsman once in every two or three years. The fashion in which the English Hammersley spells his first name indicates a degree of eccentricity in the family character which the Hammersleys in New York have faithfully developed. The first two Hammersleys which New York knew anything about, and who secured position and prominence there, were John W. and Gordon Hammersley. Gordon, we believe, was as deaf as a post, a miser to boot, and full of the oddities which so interesting a combination might naturally be expected to promote.

His brother John was, if possible, even more eccentric than he. His particular hobby was antiquities of all kinds, and there is an engraved invitation to an entertainment which he gave a number of years ago still in existence and cherished as a curiosity by society people, which is couched in Latin, with Hammersley's name Latinised. The two brothers had but little money of their own, and the Hammersley fortunes of to-day come from the fortunes which they married. Gordon married the bigger fortune. John married a Miss Hooker, of excellent family. Gordon had one son, Louis, and he was the only child. Louis, when he grew up, was accounted a man of very weak intellect and harmless character. He married Miss Lily Price, of Troy, the buxom and dashing daughter of a Commodore in the United States Navy, or, to speak more correctly, she married him. She is said to have ruled both him and his father with a rod of iron.

When Louis died, which he did about five or six years ago, he left a will devising his property, estimated to be worth 5,000,000 dollars, to his widow, to go at her death to the male heir of the Hammersley family, and now since J. Hooker Hammersley has been married, there is an interesting possibility of an heir to the Hammersley millions, doubtless to the chagrin and disappointment of a noble duke. Our readers are now in possession of a short history of the lady who is, in the near future, to reign at Blenheim.

Mr. Morgan Hill, who has just arrived in England from America, made something of a sensation a few years ago by eloping with a young and wealthy girl who rejoiced in the somewhat unusual name of Diana Murphy.

Blanche Roosevelt is probably the most indomitable woman on earth. She is now figuring in Paris as Mdme. Machetta D'Allegri, and as usual compelling attention. How she does it will always remain a mystery. It is stated that she went to Lady Lytton and said she wanted to be "boomed," and her ladyship is reported to have groaned and replied, "I

have been expecting this, but I have no strength to resist you. Do with me as you will. I have heard that it is more comfortable to boom you than to oppose you."

Weddings on yachts are to be the rage this season. Mr. George Baker was the other day married to Miss Lillie Farnham on a yacht on the Mediterranean. Nothing could be breezier or nicer than this combination of ceremony and tour.

The new amusement for ladies is called Lawn Balloon. It is a form of cricket adapted to the requirements and capabilities of the fair sex. Light balls and equally light clubs are used. no bowling is required, nor stooping, which does not suit present day costumes. As a large number of ladies and gentlemen can take part in the game, the novelty ought to have an extensive vogue during the summer months.

The reports concerning the condition of Mr. Irving Bishop, who created such a *furor* here some time ago, as a thought reader, are distressing. For some time past his mental condition has been such as to cause the cancellation of his engagements, but things did not take a serious turn until about a fortnight ago, when his friends were forced to place him under restraint. The doctor now says that his vitality is almost exhausted, and his chances of recovery are less than one in twenty. Under any circumstances we regret to say his reason is irrevocably gone, and he will probably end his days in an asylum.

Physicians have frequently expressed the opinion that this would be the end of this remarkable individual. He never gave a public exhibition, at least of recent years without being completely prostrated afterwards. This is a sad ending for a young man of such transcendent ability.

The very latest is black underclothes. Fashionable importers of ladies' underwear tell us they are supplied with stocks of the finest, and yet the blackest, variety of those essential garments worn, but seldom described, by the enchanting and thrilling belles who are invariably *en avant* of the prevailing fashions. Black lace may, therefore, be looked for in the secret gear of society hereafter.

A correspondent in Bray sends us particulars of the nocturnal visits of a spectre to a house at that seaside resort. The house is inhabited by a family of considerable respectability. The spectre makes its presence known by rapping and creating a certain amount of uproar, as our correspondent says—"now in the basement, now in the drawing-room, and again in the upper rooms of the house."

These noises, he says, occur at 11.30 every night, with unvarying punctuality. The most curious thing in connection with the affair is that the house is always secured for the night when the noises commence, the family, and even the servants, being congregated in one room during their continuance.

One of the servants, a West of Ireland "gorsoon," asserts that while in the drawingroom on business some nights since, he distinctly saw a man dressed in the garb of a white-washer go past him; but whether this was a real spectre or

a creation of the man's fancy we are not in a position to say.

Meanwhile the affair is kept as secret as possible, the residents, no doubt, not being desirous of being besieged by those whose chief pleasure seems to be the investigation of mysteries.

Another ghost story is on the *tapis*. Standing off the Crumlin-road, near Dolphin's Barn, is an old castle-like building, known in the neighbourhood as the haunted house. Past this place it would be difficult to get anyone "in the know" to go after a certain hour at night. The building, which is unoccupied, is surrounded by high walls, and at the rear is a field which seems to be the domain to which the ghost is confined. Persons living in the neighbourhood assert that they have at different times seen a white figure "gliding with slow and majestic motion" about the field, and ultimately disappearing through the solid wall.

We have the name of being a superstitious nation; but we do not intend to account for these occurrences—simply placing them before our readers as we are supplied with them.

Lady de Trafford's mother, Mrs. Franklin, who has long been an amateur milliner, is about to commence business seriously as a maker of hats and bonnets.

In this connection we may remark that during the course of a stroll through Grafton-street the other day, we saw some charming chapeaus and hats in the window of a certain establishment there. Were we to describe these beautiful specimens of millinery art, we should be giving an advertisement to a firm which ought to advertise its goods in the mediums set apart for that purpose. We shall, however, in a week or two, give our lady readers glimpses of the latest fashions.

Lord Cantelape, eldest son of Lord De-la-Warr, is a young gentleman of promptitude and despatch. He is not yet 21 years of age, but he has already secured the hand of one of the rich heiresses of the London season. Miss Joicey, the young lady in question, is an American, and is said to have £20,000 a year in her own right.

Here is a sign of the peaceable times we live in—Herr Krupp is about to build a new steel foundry and mechanical works near Annen, Westphalia, as his enormous works at Essen are insufficient.

The "Heathen Chinee" is likely to give the Government some trouble. He is particularly anxious to plant himself in Australia, and the Australians are determined to prevent him doing so. All the Colonial Governments are resolved to keep Australia for the Europeans, which seems to be the proper decision to have arrived at.

"Returned empties," as Colonial Bishops have been somewhat irreverently called, showed up in strong force at the Archbishop of Canterbury's dinner to the prelates at Lambeth Palace the other evening, and next day it was scarcely possible to take a walk through the Strand, or anywhere in the West End, without tumbling across a Bishop.

LA REVEILLE.

DUBLIN MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The second concert (twelfth season) takes place Thursday, 24th inst., at the Royal University. The first part opens with Goethe's "Walpurgis Night," composed by Mendelssohn. Next to Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," this poem is one of the most remarkable ever written. Its symbolism we cannot interpret in detail, but its general effect is to leave us standing in space surrounded with the weirdest of dim shapes in perpetual motion, and wild voices flashing out of profound abysses. Mendelssohn's music to some extent explains and accentuates these extraordinary effects. The soloists are Mr. Ivor McKay, Miss Scarff, Mr. J. J. Farrall, and Mr. J. Horan. Mdle. Antoinette Trebelli will sing "In vano il Fato," from Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo," recitative and aria, "Or son sola," by Auber, and the solos in Mendelssohn's "As the hart pants" (42nd Psalm). Mr. Ivor McKay will sing "Cujus animam," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and in this item we confidently anticipate superb vocalism. The last and one of the finest items is the magnificent choral march from Wagner's "Tannhauser." If the reserved seats insist on interrupting at this stage, we shall have something to say to them next week.

HAROLD'S CROSS ST. CECILIAN SOCIETY.—At the performance of Haydn's "Creation," Antient Concert Rooms, the house was crowded in every part. The appearance of the ladies of the choir, in white dresses and ruby scarfs, massed on the orchestra, and backed by the male voices in evening dress, was too lovely for anything. We have no praise too superlative for this society. They could easily crowd the Leinster Hall, where we hope they will locate their next concert. It is only a conventionalism to say that their phrasing requires delicacy; it is necessary to say so, but, at the same time, it is a remark which applies to the best choral society in the world. Their delivery of sudden fortissimos, short and explosive, was splendid. The numbers "In the beginning," "Awake the harp," and "The heavens are telling," roused the audience to enthusiasm. Miss Egerton, Mr. Charles Kelly, and Mr. Walter Bapty were the ever-welcome soloists. The accompaniments of Mr. Vincent O'Brien, junior, were the best we ever heard. We congratulate the conductor, Mr. V. O'Brien, senior, on his success; and we congratulate the city on the existence of this society. It does not appear with a preliminary flourish of trumpets, but in spite of its modesty we recognise it as one of the best choral societies in Ireland.

SCOTCH CONCERT AT THE ROUND ROOM, ROTUNDA.—The principal item on the programme was Burns' Cantata, "The Jolly Beggars," with music by Sir Henry Bishop. The artists were Miss A. B. Stewart, Miss Jessie W. Craigie, Mr. J. M. Hamilton, and Mr. Walter Bruce; the recitatives being humorously declaimed by Mr. W. F. Frame. It is an extremely simple composition, and if small Dublin choral societies would face the dialect, it should become popular. The best of the numbers are familiar Scotch melodies; and in one of these, "A Highland Lad my Love was born," Miss Stewart was extremely spirited. The harmony of the concerted music was almost faultless. Miss Craigie is not only a cultivated contralto, with a fine tone, but a clever, light comedian. She

accentuates her phrasing with bright histrionic touches. Of course it is only in quaint duetting that this blending of the arts of the stage and concert platform is likely to be successful. Mr. Bruce and Mr. Hamilton have good voices, but we were disappointed in Mr. Hamilton's lower notes. His falsetto is very clear. During the intervals the pipers of the "Black Watch" played round the room. Mr. Henry Love conducted. Who is responsible for the cleanliness of the Round Room? It is the most demoralised-looking concert room in the city.

SULLIVAN OPERA RECITALS.—Owing, probably, to the concert season being near its close, and the exit of musical Dublin to the seaside, the attendance at the New Leinster Hall was wretched. But the general public lost by not attending. Mdle. Adelina Dinelli is worth hearing at any time. She is not only accomplished in the most difficult violin technique, but a clever interpreter of emotional music. These Opera Recitals were remarkable for the successful appearance of Miss Du Bedat as an operatic artist.

NORTH STRAND CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY.—The above Society gave their first concert on Wednesday evening, May 16th. The programme was well selected and very attractive, being contributed to by Messrs. Jones and North, who kindly lent their valuable assistance, and who, as usual, delighted the audience, being repeatedly encored. A solo and duet were well sung by lady members, but one of the most interesting items on the programme was the duet, "I Saw from the Beach (Moore's "Melodies") which was beautifully rendered by a lady member and Dr. O'Donoghue. The choruses were admirably sung, and proved the careful training the Society had received from their talented conductor, Dr. Power O'Donoghue.

MR. C. KENDAL IRWIN's friends are rallying spiritedly around him in preparation for a complimentary concert to be given to him in the Antient Concert Rooms on Thursday evening, 31st inst. No professional musician in Dublin better deserves a bumper benefit than Mr. Irwin, whose services have always been freely given to the promotion of every good purpose for which they were asked.

LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, FITZWILLIAM SQUARE.—The splendid summer weather was welcomed in Fitzwilliam Square by numerous spectators, assembled to witness the premier tennis tournament of Ireland. The players who faced the sun were the only persons likely to regret the sudden advent of midsummer. As a scene, viewed with æsthetic sentiment, nothing could be lovelier than the changeable crowds of pretty costumes, massed over the green, with a glimpse here and there of the white tents, and the cloudless blue. No city in the world could exhibit a brighter collection of beautiful women; and, apart from interest in the games, the mere casual promenader must have felt a sensation of exaltation in such a sea of loveliness. It is a realistic dream of fair women, more transcendent than the visions of the Poet Laureate. The only rude feature was the predominance of the crimson sunshade.

CRICKET.—The University Cricket Club deserves praise for the meritorious efforts it makes to raise the standard of Irish cricket. A

defeat by an innings and eight runs may not at first sight seem encouraging, but we believe that such a result will have a better effect upon Irish cricket than all the dubious close finishes of former years. The University going first to the wickets succeeded in putting together 179 runs, of which Cronin contributed 95 by steady sound batting. The English team were not disposed of till they had succeeded in amassing 359.

IRISH EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

OWING to the kindness of the Secretary and officials of the Irish Exhibition to our representative, we are enabled to forward complete particulars of what ought to be reckoned the greatest plan on record for uniting two races, namely by sympathetic competition. A description of the Exhibition will, no doubt, interest our readers. On entering the doorway we find in place of the huge hippodrome, which formerly occupied the arena, eight rows of stalls for exhibitors, each being twelve feet in breadth having passages of equal area. In the centre of the hall (645 by 360 feet), a large fountain is placed. Passing through the large building the dairy and cheese-making departments are reached, with stables and accommodation for 100 horses and an equal number of cows. The whole being lit by gas jets and electric light. We noticed two flagrant errors of judgment in the larger hall. In the first place the rows of stalls are unequally divided, consequently the symmetrical appearance, so pleasing to the eye is lost. Again there is no main avenue leading from the broad entrance gate to the dairy, so that the visitors wander here and there in confusion seeking for a way out.

There are several first-class refreshment bars, also a magnificent banquetting chamber with antique *terra cotta* coloured pillars. The next room visited was the concert hall, capable of containing some 1,500 visitors. This is a decidedly weak point. The hall is a new one, consequently the acoustic properties have never been tested, while the stage is a small one, and altogether unsuited for accommodating a chorus. While on this subject we may as well state that the idea of conveying the Dublin Musical Society hither is not received with favour at head quarters in London; "It costs too much," is the cry. Emerging from thence, we enter a rocky subterranean passage and find ourselves in Blarney Castle, beneath which is a stalactite cave. The whole is constructed of Pulhamite naturalistic rock. In the grounds the attractions are numerous. Canon Bagot's far-famed dairy is here with its attractive milkmaids. A grand stand and area will afford open-air entertainments as well as the inevitable Cockney's switchback railway. The Ladies' Bazaar is well laid out, and is expected to prove a "great draw" as well as a great pull on the pockets of the upper ten thousand.

We have just seen a letter of Lord Spencer's in which he promises to lend an enlarged reproduction of the Ardagh Cup. Lady Aberdeen also writes and volunteers to go to Dublin herself to work up the ladies' portion if necessary. The band of the R.I.C. is now definitely chosen for first day's programme, and Mr. D. W. A. Wedlake, of Cambridge, will give the first organ recital.

The Queen has ordered a pocket handkerchief to be made for her at Olympia, of purely spun cambric.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL.

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Fanny," "Ishmael,"
"Life and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

LACHESIS, OR THE BEGINNING OF DOOM.

CHAPTER XII.

DARKNESS.

HE had flung herself over the cliff. That rustling noise was the sound of her gown as it brushed against the rushes and seedling firs that clothed the precipice with verdure. He looked over the cliff, and saw her lying among the rocks, a white motionless figure, mangled and crushed, dead and dumb, his victim and his accuser.

His first impulse was to fling himself over the edge where she had cast away her life a minute ago; but common sense overcame that movement of despair. A few yards further towards the point the side of the cliff was less precipitous. There were jutting ledges of rock and grassy knolls by which a good climber might let himself down to the beach, not without hazard, but with a fair chance of safety. As he scrambled downward he saw a fisherman's boat shooting across the bay, and he thought that his wife's fall had been seen from the narrow strip of sandy shore yonder at Beaulieu.

She was lying on her side among the low wet slabs of rock, the blue water lapping round her. There was blood upon her face, and on one mangled arm, from which the muslin sleeve was ripped. Her gown had caught in the bushes, and was torn to ribands; and the water flowing so gently in and out among her loosened hair was tinged with blood.

Her eyes were wide open, staring wildly, and they had a glassy look already. He knew that she was dead.

"Did you see her fall?" he asked the men in the boat, as they came near.

"No," said one. "I heard the gulls scream, and I knew there was something. And then I looked about and saw something white lying there, under the cliff."

They lifted her gently into the boat, and laid her on a folded sail at the bottom, as gently and as tenderly as if she were still capable of feeling, as if she were not past cure. George Ransome asked no questions, invited no opinion. He sat in the stern of the boat, dumb and quiet. The horror of this sudden doom had paralysed him. What had he done that this thing should happen, this wild revenge of a woman's passionate heart which made him a murderer? What had he done? Had he not been patient and forbearing, indulgent beyond the common indulgence of husbands to fretful wives? Had he not blunted the edge of wrath with soft answers? Had he not been affectionate and

considerate even when love was dead? And yet because of one hard speech, wrung from his irritated nerves, this wild creature had slain herself.

The two fishermen looked at him curiously. He saw the dark, southern eyes watching him; saw gravity and restraint upon those fine olive faces which had been wont to beam with friendly smiles. He knew that they suspected some evil, but he was in no mood to undeceive them. He sat in an apathetic silence, motionless, stupefied almost, while the men rowed slowly round the point in the golden light of sundown. He scarcely looked at that white still figure lying at the bottom of the boat, the face hidden under a scarlet kerchief which one of the men had taken from his neck. He sat staring at the rocky shore, the white gleaming lighthouse, the long ridge of heathy ground on the crest of the hill, the villas, the gardens with their glow of light and colour, the dark masses of foliage clustering here and there amidst the bright-hued rocks. He looked at everything except his dead wife, lying almost at his feet.

There was an inquiry that evening before the *Juge d'Instruction* at Villefranche, and he was made to give an account of his wife's death. He proved a very bad witness. The minute and seemingly frivolous questions addled his brain. He told the magistrate how he had looked round and found the path empty: but he could not say how his wife had fallen—whether she had flung herself over the edge or had fallen accidentally, whether her foot had slipped unawares, whether she had fallen face forward, or whether she had dropped backwards from the edge of the cliff.

"I tell you again that I did not see her fall," he protested impatiently.

"Did you always walk in advance of your wife?" asked the Frenchman. "It was not very polite to turn your back upon a lady."

"I was worried, and out of temper."

"For what reason?"

"My wife's jealous temper created reasons where there were none. The people who know me know that I was not habitually unkind to her."

"Yet you gave her an answer which so madened her that she flung herself over the cliff in her despair?"

"I fear that it was so," he answered, with the deepest distress depicted in his haggard face. "She was in a nervous and irritable condition. I had always borne that fact in mind until that moment. She stung me past endurance with her groundless jealousies. I had been a true and loyal husband to her from the hour of our marriage. I had never wronged her by so much as a thought, and yet I could not talk to a pretty peasant girl, or confess my admiration for a woman of quality without flinging her into a rage that was almost madness. I bore with her long and patiently. I remembered that the circumstances of her childhood and youth had been adverse, that her nature had been warped and perverted; I forgave all faults of temper in a wife who loved me; but this afternoon—almost for the first time since our marriage—I spoke unkindly, cruelly perhaps. I have no wish to avoid interrogation or to conceal any portion of the truth."

"You did not push her over the cliff?"

"I did not. Do I look like a murderer, or bear the character of a man likely to commit murder?"

The examination went on, with cruel reiteration of almost the same questions. The *Juge*

d'Instruction was a dull, plodding soul, who believed that the truth might be wrung out of a criminal by persistent questioning. He suspected Ransome, or deemed it his duty to suspect him, and he ordered him to be arrested on leaving the Court; so George Ransome passed the night after his wife's death in the lock-up at Villefranche.

What a night that was for a man to live through. He sat on a stone bench listening to the level plish-plash of that tideless sea ever so far beneath him. He heard the footsteps going up and down the steep stony street of that wonderful old seaport: he heard the cry of the gulls, and the striking of the clock on the crest of the hill, as he sat motionless in a crouching attitude, with his elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands, brooding over that swift, sudden horror of yesterday.

Could it have been an accident? Did she step backwards unawares and slip over the edge? No, he remembered where she was standing when he last looked at her, some distance from the side of the cliff, standing among the heather and wild thyme which grew down to the edge of the little path. She must have made a rapid rush to the brink after that fatal speech of his. She had flung her life away in a single impulse of blind, mad anger—or despair. She had not paused for an instant to take thought. Alas! he knew her so well; he had so often seen those sudden gusts of passion; the rush of crimson to the pale small face; the quivering lips striving impotently for speech; the fury in the dark eyes, and the small nervous hands clenched convulsively. He had seen her struggle with the demon of anger, and had seen the storm pass swifter than a tempest-driven cloud across the moon. Another moment and she would burst into tears, fling her arms round his neck, and implore him to forgive her.

"I love you too well ever to know happiness," she said.

That was her chief apology.

"It is only people without passions who can be happy," she told him once. "I sometimes think that you belong to that family."

And she was dead, she whose undisciplined love had so plagued and tired him; she was dead, and he felt himself her murderer.

Alas! doubly a murderer, since she had perished just at that time when her life should have been most precious to him, when he should have made any sacrifice to secure her peace. He who had seen all the evils of a fretful temper exhibited in her character had yet been weak enough to yield to a moment of anger, and to insult the woman whom he ought to have cherished.

A long-familiar line of Byron's haunted his brain all through the night, and mixed itself with that sound of footsteps on the street of stairs, and the scream of the gulls, and the flapping of the waves against the stone quay.

"She died, but not alone—"

She who was to have been the mother of his first-born child was lying dead in the white-walled villa where they had once been so happy.

Hush! In the soft, clear light of an April morning he heard the tolling of the church bell, solemn, slow, measured, at agonising intervals, which left an age of expectancy between the heavy strokes of the clapper.

Sabbata pango, fulgura frango, funera plango.

They bury their dead at day-break in that fair land of orange and lemon groves—in the early morning of the first day after death the hastily

fashioned coffin is carried out into the sunshine, and the little procession of mourners winds slowly up the hill towards the little graveyard near the church of Villefranche. George Ransome knows how brief is the interval between death and burial on that southern shore, and he has little doubt that the bell is tolling for her whose heart was beating passionately when the sun began to sink.

So soon. Her grave would be filled in and trodden down before they let him out of prison.

It had never seemed to him that he was to stay long in captivity, or that there could be any difficulty in proving his innocence of any part in the catastrophe, except that fatal part of having upset the balance of the weak mind, and provoked a passionate woman to suicide. As for the confinement of the past night, he had scarcely thought about it. He found himself forgetting where he was, and what had happened. There were strange gaps in his mind—intervals of oblivion—and then there were periods in which he sat looking at the slanting shaft of sunlight between the window and the ground, and trying to count the motes that danced in that golden haze.

The day passed strangely too—sometimes at railroad pace, sometimes with a ghastly slowness. Then came a night in which sleep never visited his eyelids—a night of bodily and mental restlessness, the greater part of which he spent in futile efforts to open the heavily bolted door, or to drag the window bars from their stone sockets. His prison was a relic of the middle ages, and Hercules himself could not have got out of it.

In all these endeavours he was actuated by a blind impulse—a feverish wish to be at large again. Not once during that night did he think of his dead wife in her new grave on the side of the hill. He had forgotten why they had shut him up in that stony chamber—or rather had imagined another reason for his imprisonment.

He was a political offender—had been deeply concerned in a plot to overthrow Victor Emanuel, and to create a Republic for Italy. He himself was to be President of that Republic. He felt all the power to rule and legislate for a great nation. He compared himself with Solon and with Pericles, to the disadvantage of both. There was a greatness in him which neither of these had ever attained.

"I should rule them as God himself," he thought. "It would be a golden age of truth and justice—a millenium of peace and plenty. And while the nations are waiting for me, I am shut up here—by the treachery of France."

Next morning he was taken before the *Juge d'Instruction* for the second time. The two fishermen who picked up his wife's corpse were present as witnesses; also his wife's maid and the three other servants; also his wife's doctor.

He was again questioned severely, but this time nothing could induce him to give a direct answer to any question. He raved about the Italian Republic, of which he was to be chief. He told the French magistrate that France had conspired with the Italian tyrant to imprison and suppress him.

"Every other pretence is a subterfuge," he said. "My popularity in Italy is at the root of this monstrous charge. There will be a rising of the whole nation if you do not instantly release me. For your own sake, sir, I warn you to be prompt."

"This man is pretending to be mad," said the magistrate.

"I fear there is more reality than pretence about the business," said the doctor.

He took Ransome to the window and looked at his eyes in the strong white light of noon. Then he went over to the magistrate, and they whispered together for some minutes, while the prisoner sat staring at the floor, and muttering to himself.

After that there came a long, dark interval in George Ransome's life—a waking dream of intolerable length, but not unalloyed misery; for the hallucinations which made his madness buoyed him up and sustained him during some part of that dark period. He talked with princes and statesmen; he was not alone in the mad-house chamber, or in the mad-house garden, or in that great iron cage where even the most desperate maniacs were allowed to disport themselves in the air and in the sunlight, as in a gymnasium. He was surrounded by invisible friends and flatterers, by public functionaries who quailed before his glance and were eager to obey his commands. Sometimes he wrote letters and telegrams all day long upon any scraps of paper which his keepers would give him; sometimes he passed whole days in a dreamy silence, with arms folded and abstracted gaze fixed on the distant hill-tops, like Napoleon at St. Helena, brooding over the future of nations.

By-and-bye there came a period of improvement, or what was called improvement by the doctors, but which to the patient seemed a time of strange blankness and disappointment. All those busy shadows which had peopled his life, his senators and flatterers, had left him; he was alone in that strange place amidst strange people, most of whom seemed to be wrong in their heads. He was able to read the newspapers now, and was vexed to find that his speeches were unreported, his letters and manifestoes unpublished; disappointed to find that Victor Emanuel was still King of Italy and the new republic still a web of dreams.

His temper was very fitful at this time, and he had intervals of violence. One morning he found himself upon the hills, digging with half a dozen other men, young and old, dressed pretty much like himself. It was in the early summer morning, before the sun had made the world too hot for labour. It was rapture to him to be there, digging, and running about on the dewy hillside, in an amphitheatre of mountains, high above the stony bed of the Paillon. The air was full of sweet odours, orange and lemon bloom, roses and lilies from the gardens and orchards below. He felt that earth and sky were rapturously lovely, that life was a blessing and a privilege beyond all words. He had not the consciousness of a single care, or even a troubled memory. His quarrel with his father, his self-imposed exile, his marriage and its bitter disillusion, his wife's tragical fate, all were forgotten. He felt as a sylph might feel—a creature without earthly obligations, revelling in the glory of nature.

This new phase of being lasted so long as the hills and the sky wore their aspect of novelty. It was succeeded by a period of deepest depression, a melancholy which weighed him down like a leaden burden. He sat in the mad-house garden apart from the rest, brooding over the darkness of life. He had no hopes, no desires.

Gradually memory began to return. He asked why his wife did not go to see him. "She used to be so fond of me," he said, "foolishly fond of me; and now she deserts me."

Then he talked of going home again. The image of his latest dwelling place had gradually shaped itself in his mind. He saw the hedges of pale amber roses, the carouba trees, dark against the glittering blue of sea, which shone through every opening in the branches, like a background of jewels, and the great rugged sandy mountains rising steeply up towards the sky above the low curving shore, with patches of olive here and there on their stony flanks, but for the most part bare and barren, reddish yellow, steeped in sunlight.

Yes, he remembered every feature of that lovely and varied scene. The village of Eze yonder on the cornice road—a cluster of stony dwellings perched upon rocky foundations, hardly to be distinguished from the rough crags upon which they were built—and higher still, in a cleft of those yellow hills, mediæval La Turbie, with church and citadel, on the road by which Cæsar and his legions had marched to conquest. How lovely it all was, and how pleasant it had been to lounge in his garden, where the light looked dazzling on beds of white gilliflowers, and where the blue summer sea smiled in the far distance, with a faint purple cloud yonder on the horizon which represented Corsica.

Why had he ever left that familiar home? Why could he not return to it?

"Get me a carriage," he said to one of the attendants; "I want to go home immediately. My wife is waiting for me."

It is not customary to make explanations to madmen even in the best regulated asylums. Nobody answered him; nobody explained anything to him. He found himself confronted with a blank dogged silence. He wore himself out in an agony of impatience like a bird beating itself to death against its bars. He languished in a miserable ignorance, piecing his past life together bit by bit, a strange interweaving of fancies and realities, until by slow degrees the fancies dropped out of the web and left him face to face with the truth.

At last the record of the past was complete. He knew that his wife was dead, and remembered how she had died. He knew that he had been a prisoner, first in gaol, and then in a lunatic asylum; but he did not acknowledge to himself that he had been mad. He remembered the bell tolling in the saffron light of dawn; he remembered the magistrate's exasperating questions; he remembered everything.

He sank into a state of despairing sullenness after this, and silence and apathy were accepted as the indications of cure. He was told by the head physician that he could leave the Institution whenever he pleased. There was an account against him as a private patient, which had been guaranteed by his landlord, who knew him to be a man of some means. His German man-servant had been to the asylum many times to inquire about him. The physician recommended him to travel—in Switzerland—until the end of the autumn, and to take this servant as his attendant and courier. "Change of air and scene will be of inestimable advantage to you," said the doctor; "but it would not be wise for you to travel alone."

"What month is it?"

"September—the twenty-second."

"And my wife died early in April," he said. "Only a few months; and it seems to me as if I had been ages in this place."

He took the doctor's advice—re-engaged Gustav Laube as his servant and courier. He cared very little where he went or what became

of him. Life and the world, his own individuality, and the beautiful earth around and about him were alike indifferent to him. He went back to the villa at St. Jean, and to the garden he had loved so well in the bright fresh spring time. All things had an overgrown and neglected look in the ripeness of expiring summer; too many flowers, a rank luxuriance of large leaves and vivid blossoms—fruit rotting in the long grass—an odour of decaying oranges, the waste of the last harvest. He went up to the graveyard on the hill above the harbour. It was not a picturesque burial place. The cemetery at Cimies was far more beautiful. The cemetery at Nice was in a grander position.

He felt a little sorry that she should lie here, amidst the graves of sailors and fishermen—as if even after death she were slighted and hardly used.

BOOK III.

ATROPOS—OR THAT WHICH MUST BE.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

AFTER that visit to the great white barrack on the road to St. André, Mildred felt that her business at Nice was finished, there was nothing more for her to learn, she knew all the sad story now, all except those lights and shadows of the picture, which only the unhappy actor in that domestic tragedy could have told her. The mystery of that fatal past had unfolded itself, stage by stage, from that Sunday afternoon when César Castellani came to Enderby Manor. The curtain was lifted, there was no more to be done. And yet Mildred lingered at Nice, loving the place and its environs a little for their own beauty, and feeling a strange and sorrowful interest in the scene of her husband's misfortunes.

There was another reason for remaining in the gay white city in the fact that Lady Lochinvar had taken a fancy to Miss Ransome, and that the young lady seemed to be achieving a remarkably rapid cure of her infatuation for the Italian. It may have been because at the Palais Montano she met a good many Italians, and that the charm of that nationality became less potent with familiarity. There was music, too, at the Palais, and to spare, according to Mr. Stuart, who was not an enthusiast, and was wont toirk his aunt's musical reunions.

Mildred was delighted to see her husband's face entering society under such agreeable spices. She went out with her occasionally, just enough to let the world see she was not different to her charge's happiness, and for the first Lady Lochinvar and Mrs. Murray were always ready to chaperon the nice, frank, bright girl, who was much admired by the best people, and was never at a loss for partners at dances, whoever else might play wallflower.

Mrs. Greswold invited Mr. and Mrs. Murray and Malcolm Stuart to a quiet little dinner at the Westminster, and the impression the young man made upon Mildred's mind was altogether favourable. He was certainly not handsome, but his plainness was of an honest Scottish type, and his freckled complexion and blue eyes, sandy hair and moustache, were altogether different from the Judas red of Castellani's burn beard and hazel eyes. Truth and honesty shined in the Scotchman's open countenance. He looked like a soldier and a gentleman. That he admired Pamela was obvious to the

most unobservant eye; that she affected to look down upon him was equally obvious; but it might be that her good-humoured scorn of him was more pretence than reality. She made light of him openly as one of that inferior race of men whose minds never soar above the stable and the gunroom, or the home farm, and whose utmost intellectual ingenuity culminates in the invention of a salmon fly or a new fertiliser for turnip fields.

"You are just like my brother-in-law, Henry Mountford," she told him.

"From the air with which you said that, I conclude Sir Henry Mountford must be a very inferior person."

"Not at all. He is the kind of man whom all other men seem to respect. I believe he is one of the best shots in England. His bags are written about in the newspapers; and I wonder there are any pigeons left in the world, considering the way he has slaughtered them."

"I saw him shoot at Monte Carlo the year before last."

"Yes, he went there and back in a week on purpose to shoot. Imagine any man going to this divine Riviera, this land of lemon groves and palms, and roses and violets, just to slaughter pigeons."

"He won the Grand Prix. It was a pretty big feather in his cap," said Mr. Murray. "Am I to conclude that you dislike sporting men?"

"I prefer men who cultivate their minds."

"Ah, but a man who shoots straight and rides straight, and can land a big salmon, and knows how to manage a farm, cannot be altogether an imbecile. I never new a really fine rider yet who was a fool. Good horsemanship needs so many qualities that fools don't possess; and to be a crack shot, I assure you that a man must have some brains and a good deal of perseverance; and perseverance is not a bad thing in its way, Miss Ransome."

He looked at her with a certain significance in his frank blue eyes, looked at her resolutely, as some bold young Vandal or Visigoth might have looked at a Roman maiden whom he meant to subjugate.

"I did not say that sportsmen were fools," she answered sharply. "I only say that the kind of man I respect is the man whose pleasures are those of the intellect—who is in the front rank among the thinkers of his age—who—"

"Reads Darwin and the German metaphysicians, I suppose. I tried Darwin to see if he would help me in my farming—but I can't say I got very much out of him in that line. There's more in old Virgil for an agriculturalist. I'm not a reading man, you see, Miss Ransome. I find by the time I've read the daily papers my thirst for knowledge is pretty nearly satisfied. There's such a lot of information in the London papers; and when you add the *Figaro* and the *New York Herald* there is not much left for a man to learn. I generally read the *Quarterlies*—as a duty—to discover how many dull books have enriched the world during the last three months."

"That's a great deal more reading than my brother-in-law gets through. He makes a great fuss about his *Times* every morning; but I believe he seldom goes beyond the births, deaths, and marriages, or a report of a billiard match. He reads the *Field*, as a kind of religion, and 'Baily's Magazine,' and I think that's all."

"Do you like men who write books, Miss Ransome, as well as men who read them?"

Pamela crimsoned to the roots of her hair at this most innocent question. Malcolm Stuart marked that blush with much perplexity.

"When one is interested in a book one likes to know the author," she replied, with cautious vagueness.

"Do you know many writers?"

"Not many—in fact, only one."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Castellani, the author of 'Nepenthe.'"

"Nepenthe?"—ah, that's a novel people were talking about some time ago. My aunt was full of it, because she fancied it embodied some of her own ideas. She wanted me to read it. I tried a few chapters," said Malcolm, making a wry face. "Sickly stuff."

"People who are not in the habit of reading the literature of imagination can hardly understand such a book as 'Nepenthe,'" replied Pamela severely. "They are out of touch with the spirit and atmosphere of the book."

"One has to be trained up to that kind of thing, I suppose. One must forget that two and two make four, in order to get into the proper frame of mind, eh? Is the author of 'Nepenthe' an interesting man?"

He was shrewd enough to interpret the blush aright. The author of "Nepenthe" was a person to be dreaded by any aspirant to Miss Ransome's favour.

"He is like his book," answered Pamela briefly.

"Is he a young man?"

"I don't know your idea of youth. He is older than my aunt—about five and thirty."

Stuart was just thirty. One point in his favour, anyhow, he told himself, not knowing that to a romantic girl years may be interesting.

"Handsome?"

"That is always a matter of opinion. He is just the kind of man who ought to have written 'Nepenthe.' That is really all I can tell you," said Pamela, with some irritation. "I believe Lady Lochinvar knew Mr. Castellani when he was a very young man. She can satisfy your curiosity about him."

"I am really not curious. Castellani? An Italian, I suppose, one of my aunt's numerous geniuses. She has a genius for discovering geniuses. When I see her with a new one I am always reminded of a child with a toy balloon. So pretty—till it bursts."

Pamela turned her back upon him in a rage, and went over to the piano to talk to Mrs. Murray, who was preparing to sing one of her repertoire of five Scotch ballads.

"Shall it be 'Gin a body' or 'Huntingtower?'" she asked meekly, and nobody volunteering a decisive opinion, she chirruped the former coquettish little ballad, and put a stop to social intercourse for five minutes.

After that evening Mr. Stuart knew who his rival was, and with what kind of influence he had to contend. An author, a musical man, a genius! Well, he had very few weapons with which to fight such an antagonist, he who was neither musical, nor literary, nor gifted with any of the graces which recommend a lover to a sentimental girl. But he was a man, and he meant to win her. He admired her for her frank young prettiness, so unsophisticated and girlish, and for that perfect freshness and truthfulness of mind which made all her thoughts transparent. He was too much a man of the world to ignore the fact that Miss Ransome, of Mapledown, would be a very good match for him, or that such a marriage would strengthen his position

in his aunt's esteem. Women bow down to success. Encouraged by these considerations Mr. Stuart pursued the even tenor of his way, and was not disheartened by the idea of the author of "Nepenthe," more especially as that attractive personage was not on the ground. He had one accomplishment over and above the usual outdoor exercises of a country gentleman. He could dance, and he was Pamela's favourite partner wherever she went. No one else waltzed as well. Not even the most gifted of her German acquaintance, not even the noble Spaniards who were presented to her.

He had another and still greater advantage in the fact that he was often in the young lady's society. She was fond of Lady Lochinvar, and spent a good deal of her life in the Palais Montano, where, with Mrs. Murray's indefatigable assistance, there were tennis parties twice a week. That charming garden, with its numerous summer-houses, made a kind of club for the chosen few who had *les petites entrees*.

While Pamela was enjoying the lovely spring-tide amongst people whose only thought was of making the best of life, and getting the maximum of sunshine, Mildred Greswold spent her days in sad musings upon an irrevocable past. It was her melancholy pleasure to re-visit again and again the place in which her husband had lived, the picturesque little village under the shadow of the tall cliff, every pathway which he must have trodden, every point from which he must have gazed seaward or landward in his troubled reveries.

She dwelt with morbid persistence on the thought of those two lives, both dear to her, yet in their union how terrible a curse! She revisited the villa until the old caretaker grew to look upon her as a heaven-sent benefactress, and until the village children christened her the English Madonna, that pensive look recalling the face of the statue in the church yonder, so mildly sad, a look of ineffable sweetness tinged with pain. She sat for hours at a stretch in the sunlit garden, amongst such flowers as must have been blooming there in those closing hours of Fay's wedded life, when the shadow of her cruel fate was darkening round her, though she knew it not. She talked to people who had known the English lady. Alas! they were all dubious in their opinions. None could answer boldly for the husband's innocence. They shrugged their shoulders—they shook their heads. Who could say? Only the one good God would ever know the truth about that story.

The place to which she went oftenest was the burial ground on the hill, where Fay's grave, with its white marble cross, occupied one of the highest points in the enclosure, and stood out against the cloudless sapphire, sharp and clear.

The inscription on the marble was of the briefest—

"Vivien Ransome,
Died April 24th, 1868.
Deeply lamented."

Below the cross stretched the grass mound, without shrub or flower. It was Mildred's task to beautify this neglected grave. She brought a florist from the neighbourhood to carry out her own idea, and on her instruction he removed the long, rank grass from the mound, and planted a cross of roses, eight feet long, dwarf bush roses closely planted, Gloire de Dijon and Maréchal Neil, with an intermixture of pure white and delicate blush.

She remembered how Fay had revelled in the rose-garden at the Hook, where Midsummer

was a kind of carnival of roses. Here the roses would bloom all the year round, and there would be perpetual perfume and blossom and colour above poor Fay's cold dust.

CHAPTER II.

PAMELA CHANGES HER MIND.

LUCIFER himself, after his fall, could not have felt worse than César Castellani when he followed Mildred Greswold to Nice, as he did within a week after she left Pallanza.

He went to Nice partly because he was an idle man, and had no desire to go back to English east winds just at this season when the glory of the southern springtide was beginning. He was tolerably well furnished with money, and Nice was as good to him as any other place, while the neighbourhood of Monte Carlo was always an attraction. He followed in Mildred's footsteps therefore; but he had no idea of forcing himself upon her presence for some time to come. He knew that his chances were ruined in that quarter for the time being, if not for ever.

This was his first signal overthrow. Easy conquests had so demoralised him that he had grown to consider all conquests easy. He had unlimited faith in the charm of his own personality—his magnetic power as he called it; and, behold! his magnetic power had failed utterly with this lovely, lonely woman, who should have turned to him in her desolation as the flowers turn to the sun.

For once in his life he had overrated himself and his influence, and in so doing he had lost the chance of a very respectable alliance.

"Fifteen hundred a year would be at least bread and cheese," he reflected, "and to marry an English heiress of a good old family would solidify my position in society. The girl is pretty enough, and I could twist her round my finger. She would bore me frightfully, but every man must suffer something. There is always a discord somewhere amidst the harmony of life; and if one's teeth are not too often set on edge one should be content."

He remembered how contemptuously he had rejected the idea of such a marriage in his talk with Miss Faussett, and how she had been set upon it.

"I should stand ever so much better with her if I married well, and solidified myself into British respectability. I might naturalize myself, and go into Parliament perhaps, if that would please the good soul at Brighton. What will she leave me when she dies, I wonder? She is muter than the Sphinx upon that point. And will she ever die? Brighton is famous for pauper females of ninety and upwards, and a woman like Miss Faussett, who lives in cotton wool and who has long done with the cares and passions of life, might last a century. I don't see any brilliancy in the prospect *there*; but so long as I please her and do well in the world, she will no doubt be generous."

He told himself that it was essential he should make some concession to Miss Faasset's prejudices now that he had failed with Mildred. So long as he had hoped to win that nobler prize he had been careless how he jeopardised the favour of his elderly patroness. But now he felt that her favour was all in all to him, and that the time for trifling had gone by.

She had been very generous to him during the years that had gone by since she first came

to his aid almost unasked, and helped him to pay his college debts. She had come to the rescue many times since that juvenile entanglement, and her patience had been great. Yet she had not failed to remonstrate with him at every fresh instance of folly and self-indulgent extravagance. She had talked to him with an unflinching directness; she had refused further help; but somehow she had always given way, and the cheque had been written.

Again and again she had warned him that there were limits even for her forbearance.

"If I saw you working earnestly and industriously, I should not mind, even if you were a failure," said his benefactress severely.

"I have worked, and I have produced a book which was *not* a failure," replied César, with his silkiest air.

"One book in a decade of so-called literary life! Did the success of that book result in the payment of a single debt?"

"Dearest lady, would you have a man waste his own earnings—the first fruits of his pen—the grains of fairy gold that filtered through the mystic web of his fancy—would you have him fritter away that sacred product upon importunate hosiers or threatening boot makers? *That* money was altogether precious to me. I kept it in my waistcoat pocket as long as ever I could. The very touch of the coin thrilled me. I believe cabmen and crossing sweepers had most of it in the end," he concluded with a regretful sigh.

Miss Faussett had borne with his idleness and his vanity as indulgent mothers bear with their sons; but he felt that she was beginning to tire of him. There were reasons why she should always continue forbearing; but he wanted to ensure himself something better than reluctant aid.

(To be continued.)

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? So the question goes
Sounding along the weary ages! Life
A hopeless tragedy of cares and woes,
Of useless agony, unending strife!

Is life worth living? 'Tis a lie, a cheat,
A farce, whose tears and mirth alike are feigned
A race-course, where the race is to the fleet,
And bitterer than death the vict'ry gained.

Is life worth living? Empty, sordid, mean,
Though we have cleared all fallacies away,
And faith, religion, virtue, no more screen
With painted veil truth from the light of day!

Is life worth living? Lo, the very air
Is dark with tears, the ground beneath is red
With brother's blood, in hatred or despair.
By his own hand or by his neighbour shed.

Life is worth living! Far beyond the creed
Of coward hearts who carpen life, I know
It is a precious gift of God, indeed.
Worth living? Yes; Himself hath found it so!

See! thou shalt know it, if thou wilt forsake
Thy selfish ease, and to the depths go down,
And lovingly thy brother's burden take,
Unheeding of the gay world's sneer or frown.

Pause not to muse upon the wreck of truth,
Or smile with cynic scorn; join in the fight,
Give freely of thy time and strength and youth
And what thou doest, do it with thy might.

Support the weak, bind up the broken heart;
Give help and sympathy; and thou shalt prove
That noble faith can quench each fiery dart.
Of doubt—that hate is fiercer far than love.

Life is worth living! Therefore live it well—
Believe in God and man. So he, God given
Shall never sound its own sad funeral knell,
But climb to immortality and Heaven.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 21st May, 1888.

There is no change to report in the Money Market, and transactions are not numerous. Short loans are offered at from 1 to 1½ per cent. and the rate for 3 month's bills remains unaltered at 2½ per cent. Large shipments of gold continue to arrive, a great portion of which will find its way into the Bank. A further fall of ½ in Silver, viz., to 41½ per ounce has taken place, and Four and a Half Per Cent. Rupee Paper rose ¼ to 70½. Consols (Goschen's) are quoted 99½ for money, and 99½-¾ for the account (June 1). New Two and a Half Per Cents, 95½-¾ both for money and account. India Three Per Cents, 96½-¾.

English Rails have steadily advanced, as predicted by us for the last three weeks, and with continued fine weather should go better. Metropolitans are worth purchasing in view of the Exhibitions now being opened, which will swell their traffics, and we consider them at present prices one of the cheapest purchases in the Market. Brighton A, 118½; Dover A, 102½; Great Northern A, 111; Chatham, 20½; Great Eastern, 66½; Caledonian, 102; North British, 107; Metropolitan, 69½; Metropolitan District, 33½; London and North Western, 166½; Midland, 128; North Eastern, 151; Great Western, 142½; Hull and Barnsley, 25½.

Foreign Stocks show very little change and closed steadier, purchases being made on the improved feeling which exists on the Continental Bourses. We are inclined to let most of these securities alone for the moment with the exception of Peruvian Issues for which we have a fancy at present prices, viz., about 15 for the 5 per cents, and 16½ for the 6 per cents. There has been more doing in the Bonds than for some time past, and although it is impossible to say with any accuracy when the advance will take place, we should certainly not like to be out in the cold when it does come. At these prices, speculators (even investors) cannot do much harm, and the prospects of a considerable advance are nearer than many people imagine. Unified are quoted 79½; Spanish, 69; Russian 1873, 94½; Mexican Converted, 37½; Portuguese, 61½; Turkish, Group I, 24; Group II, 14½; Group III, 14; Uruguay, 71½; Venezuela, 41; San Domingo, 17; Honduras, 12½; Paraguay Land Warrants, 10½.

Americans have fluctuated considerably, but closed firm. The Milwaukee traffics being disappointing. We shall refer to them in another paragraph. The following are the latest prices—Eries, 25½; Lake Shore, 93½; Milwaukee, 73; Readings, 32½; Louisville, 57½; Norfolk Pref., 49½; Denver Pref. 51½; Ontario, 16½; Pennsylvania, 53½; Union Pacific, 55½; Central Pacific, 32½; Canadian Pacific, 60½; Ohio 21.

Mines have been dull, but prices have remained steady with more inquiry for Transvaal properties. Alturas, which we drew attention to in our last issue, have advanced from 12/- to 14/6; Balkis are quoted 7/-; Mysore have relapsed since the meeting of shareholders, but

will recover and go much higher (present price, 2½); Sheba Gold, 1½; Dickens Custer, 8/-; Viola, 1½.

Miscellaneous Market closed steady. New Explosives, at 6¼, should be bought in preference to E.C. Powder, at 7½ (which we recommended last week at 7½), but from what we hear we prefer the former, and should leave the latter alone at least for the present. Hotchkiss are quoted 14½. Hudson Bay (a good purchase) 19½. Suez Canal 85½.

To day being Whit-Monday, the Stock Exchange is closed, and above prices are those of Saturday afternoon.

The gross traffic receipts of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the week ending 14th May were 222,000 dols., being an increase of 11,000 dols. over the corresponding period of last year. The total receipts from 1st January to the above date amount to 4,079,000 dols. against 3,139,000 last year, which shows an increase of 940,000 dols.

The net earnings of the Lake Shore Railway for the quarter ending 31st March show a decrease of 75,528 as compared with last year.

The gross earnings of the New York, Ontario and Western Railway show an increase of 2,676 dols. for the 2nd week in May, and from October, 1887, to date, the total receipt amount to 124,673 dols. in excess of the previous year.

The receipts of the Suez Canal on Friday, 18th inst. amounted to 210,000 francs.

The unsettled tendency in the Tin Market has caused a re-action in Copper, the price of which has fallen from 15/- to £1 per ton, viz., to £82, and the difference between the cash price and that charged for delivery within three months, amounts to nearly £6 per ton, viz., £76.

The Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. will, at their half-yearly meeting on 5th June, recommend an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

In a recent report from New York the tone of the Stock Market is said to be good, and a very sanguine feeling as to the ultimate tendency is said to prevail, and an active boom in prices is believed to be near at hand. The offers of United States Bonds to the Government exceed expectations, and the purchase of nearly a million a day keeps the Market supplied with money, and increases the demand for investment.

The only important factor which at present retards an immediate advance, is the condition of the crops; which for the moment is not so promising as could be desired, but an improvement may reasonably now be looked for, which will certainly react upon the Railway Market, and start the long looked for rise.

The traffic receipts of the Railways of the United Kingdom for the week ending May 12, amount to £1,301,881, being equal to £70 19s. per mile. For the corresponding week of last year the receipts were £1,269,720, or at the rate of £69 15s. per mile.

The premium on Gold at Buenos Ayres has advanced to 47.60 per cent.

The numbers are advertised of Bonds amounting to £29,300 of the Ottoman Defence Loan of 1877 which have been purchased on account of the sinking fund, and cancelled.

Just now everything connected with the Transvaal is looking up, and English capital continues to find its way there for investment. It is very satisfactory to notice that the revenue of Pretoria for the first quarter of this year, amounts to £230,000 against £153,000 for the corresponding period of last year.

Undoubtedly the Transvaal is proving itself to be one of the richest countries in the world, and from what we hear there is an unusually good time coming—in fact it would be next to impossible to make a mistake in buying anything in this line.

Any of the following may be bought for much higher prices: Transvaal Prospecting, Balkis, South African Explorations, Transvaal Explorations.

Balkis is even compared to Sheba Reef (one of the richest known mines), and the present price is purely nominal. A few days may see them at a very different figure. Our advice is don't miss them.

Goldfields of South Africa.—Present price 2½ for the fully paid up £1 share. May be bought for reasons as above.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

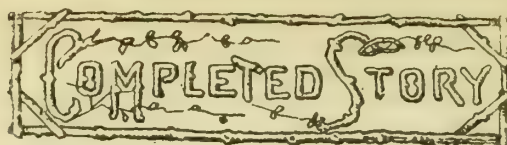
MYSCORE.—We have confidence in this mine. The meeting was, in our opinion, highly satisfactory, and with the increased capital, better dividends will be earned. They are a good purchase at the present figure.

SUBSCRIBER.—We should not care to recommend such a purchase.

S.L.—We believe the money will be returned.

J.M.D.—The rise has, in our opinion, only just commenced.

RUTLAND SQUARE BANDS.—We have only space to notice that the next social gathering in the Rotunda Gardens will take place on Tuesday, 29th inst., when the Constabulary Band will attend. It is intended to continue these promenades every Tuesday afternoon until the end of June. By the way, who is responsible for the outside appearance of Hengler's Circus? It is high time, we think, that the walls were becoming acquainted with the renovating properties of a paint brush.



MARRIED FOR MONEY.

BY HARRIET CARLIN.

IT was a plainly furnished room. Everything was exquisitely neat and dainty, but poverty was stamped upon everything. Even the sole occupant of the room, a young girl, had not escaped the brand.

She was an unusually pretty girl, tall and slender. The queenly head was carried high, and the sloping shoulders well thrown back. Proud? Yes, everybody called Ellice Day proud. She had few friends. Her mother's exclusive notions, coupled with the girl's sensitive, retiring nature, caused her to lead a lonely life. She read a great deal—too much, indeed, for she imbibed too many romantic ideas for this practical nineteenth century.

Seated in her shabby little chamber, she was thinking gravely, very gravely, indeed, for she had just received an offer of marriage, and such an offer! William Kenmare was wealthy and well born, young, and fairly good-looking, and he had asked poor, obscure Ellice Day to be his wife.

Judging from the indifferent, half-vexed expression of the girl's face, she did not set a high value on her conquest.

"It is a very advantageous offer, I suppose," she thought with a sigh, "but I must refuse him—O Horace, Horace!"

A faded, tired-looking little woman entered the room.

"Ellice dear," she said, hesitating a little, "what was the note about—another invitation? Poor child! if you only had proper clothes, you could accept these invitations, and enjoy yourself like other girls."

"I don't think, mother, that many girls of our acquaintance indulge in much pleasure."

"I know—our miserable poverty compels us to associate with people of humble standing, who are not so fortunate as yourself in having the acquaintance of a wealthy young man. You have not told me what that note was about."

Ellice hesitated a moment, and then, with feigned indifference, tossed the note to her mother.

"Ellice, darling, my child, I did not think it would come so soon! I have hoped for and almost expected it, but not yet. I can hardly realize it. 'Tis too good to be true."

No answer from Ellice, only a provoking tumult on the window-pane.

"And now," went on Mrs. Day, excitedly, "no more poverty for you, Ellice! No more shabby clothes! No need to associate with common people. How well wealth and grandeur will suit you! With your beauty and distinguished air, you might be a queen."

"My dear mother," Ellice said impatiently, "what nonsense! Mr. Kenmare's offer is, doubtless, very flattering, but, nevertheless, I shall decline it with thanks."

"What!" cried Mrs. Day, aghast. "Decline—refuse William Kenmare? Ellice, you are certainly crazy!"

"Not at all," Ellice cried crossly. "Don't tease, mother. I have no idea of accepting William Kenmare, or any other man, for his wealth."

"Ellice Day, mark me! if you refuse this chance to change your wretched, poverty-steeped life, you will always be sorry. Such an offer seldom comes to a girl in your station."

"No matter. I shall not marry William Kenmare."

"Ellice," cried the elder lady, sharply, grasping her daughter's arm, "has Horace St. John anything to do with this conduct? Answer me!"

Ellice reddened painfully under her mother's sharp gaze.

"If you refuse William Kenmare for that contemptible Horace St. John, I should despise you for ever! Tell me—has he ever asked you to marry him?"

"No, no, mother!"

There was a ring of misery in Ellice's voice.

"Of course not!" said Mrs. Day, with rising scorn. "How could an extravagant young man marry a penniless girl on his pittance of a salary? No, but her credulity serves to amuse him, and her home is a comfortable place in which to spend his idle evenings."

"Mother, you are unjust!" cried Ellice.

Mrs. Day pleaded and scolded, but to no purpose. Ellice was obdurate. William Kenmare had given her a week to settle the question. It was a very poor unhappy time in the Day household. Poor meek Mr. Day said little. His opinion was of small value in the eyes of his family. Mrs. Day, too, held her peace, but looked sad enough to move a heart of stone to pity. Ellice was pale and constrained.

Horace St. John called occasionally. Ellice, poor child! hung on his words, and thought him a hero, a very prince among men.

At length came the day on which William Kenmare was to learn his fate. In the afternoon Ellice had a visitor, a young girl, Louise Murray, by name. She evidently had something to disclose, and soon, in a halting, embarrassed way, she commenced.

"Ellice, there is something—something that was said—that you ought to know. I think it is my duty to tell you, and ma thinks so too."

"Indeed, Miss Murray!" said Ellice, haughtily. "I am all attention. Pray speak on."

"Well," said the girl, "I have it from the Brown girls, who, you know, are cousins of Horace—Mr. St. John, I mean."

"You have it—you have what?" Ellice said impatiently.

"Just this," her visitor answered, growing nettled. "They were coaxing Horace to tell them if he was engaged to you. He teased them for a while, and then swore that he was not, and did not intend to be if he could help it; but he laughed, and declared that he was afraid you would propose to him. He would have to refuse you—sorry, but he hardly admired your style."

"How very interesting!" said Ellice, scornfully. "Have you any more to tell?"

"You may be as contemptuous as you please," cried the visitor, angrily; "but if you heard the jokes that people are making at your infatuation, you would thank me for warning you. Ma says so."

"Much obliged to ma and the public generally for their interest in my affairs. Much obliged to you, Miss Murray, for your kindly information. I am not engaged to Horace St. John. We have been good friends, and he has called frequently, but if what you say is true, he shall never enter this house again."

"Oh, it is true!" her visitor cried, "quite

true! I would give an oath on it. Indeed, Ellice, I am awfully sorry for you."

"Much obliged again, but assure you that your sympathy is quite wasted."

After her visitor's departure, Ellice sought her room and threw herself, white and miserable, on her bed.

"Oh, the coarse, vulgar creature!" she cried passionately. "How I hate her! How I hate all these common, vile people, Horace."

Poor Ellice! She suffered as only as a proud, sensitive woman can suffer. That she was a laughing-stock amongst a people on whom she looked with contempt was almost too humiliating to bear.

Mortified pride, disappointed love. Which hurt the most? Like any lonely, romantic girl, Ellice had formed an ideal of a lover, and Horace St. John, with his dashing, masterly manner, glib tongue and handsome face, personified her ideal. His poverty made him only the more interesting in her eyes.

Late that night, after William Kenmare had left the house, Mrs. Day sought Ellice.

"Well?" she said.

There were volumes in her tone—inquiry, reproach, curiosity, despair.

For answer, Ellice held out a slender hand; on the third finger sparkled a magnificent diamond.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Day.

"Yes mother," wearily, "it is as you wish. We will be married one month from to-day. There, let me go to bed—I am so tired."

Kenmare was a most devoted lover. Flowers, jewels, fruit and confectionery, were showered upon Ellice. He could not do enough for his beautiful affianced.

Mrs. Day hurried and bustled about, talking and planning—preparing, she called it.

"What is the use of all this?" Ellice said wearily, one day, when Mrs. Day was descanting on the respective merits of gray and brown silk. "Why stint the family to get these things? I can get them all afterward. Is not that what I am getting married for—that I may wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously?"

For a time Ellice was really unhappy. She felt that she cared little whether she were married or buried. And she nursed and cherished these feelings. It pleased her to imagine herself broken-hearted and sacrificed. If Kenmare, now, were only old and ugly, the idea would be quite correct, she thought.

But Kenmare was young and handsome, and so cheerful and kind that Ellice liked and felt drawn toward him in spite of herself. She had not professed to love him, but, as she breathed no word of St. John, or the sentiment she had cherished for him, he, Kenmare, took it for granted that Ellice had never loved, and he felt glad that it was so, that his was the task to awaken that gentle passion.

Kenmare was frank and open as the day. He hated coquetry, deceit, and anything underhand. Ellice knew this, and as the wedding day drew nigh, her conscience grew uneasy. The wedding day dawned. They were to be married quietly in their pastor's study, and then proceed on a three months' trip through Europe.

At the appointed hour Kenmare, beaming and happy, called for his bride.

"I wish to speak a few words alone with you," said Ellice, after submitting to his affectionate greeting. "It is not of much moment, but all along you have not quite understood me—no, not that exactly—I hardly know how to

say it; you have had the impression that, while I have not professed any warmer feeling than friendship for you, I have never loved any one else. Is it not so?"

Kenmare looked puzzled. Ellice hurriedly went on.

"That was a mistake. I did once love some one very dearly—although my love was not reciprocated."

"Some school affair, I dare say," said Kenmare, looking uncomfortable.

"No, no! Do not misunderstand me now, please. Until quite recently I thought he loved me as I loved him; but I found that I was a toy, an amusement. Then I hated him—Horace St. John."

"That puppy! That brainless——"

"There is no need to use hard terms," Ellice interrupted.

Kenmare bowed.

"You engaged yourself to me, then, to pique one whom you fancied had wronged you. Had I been a poor man, your choice would not have fallen on me. You have used me very badly, Miss Day."

"Perhaps," Ellice answered sullenly.

She was frightened, too. She had never seen such a white, stern look upon his face. Kenmare, hat in hand, had walked towards the door. It looked very much as though there would be no wedding. After a moment's hesitation he turned back.

"Shall we proceed with the ceremony?" he inquired with ironical politeness.

"As you will," she answered.

He offered his arm. Silently they entered the carriage. The ceremony was performed. Farewells were said, and the young and very unhappy couple proceeded on their wedding journey.

After three months absence, they returned and began life in great state in the old Kenmare mansion. Ellice was more beautiful than ever. As her mother had said, wealth and grandeur became her well. She had money in plenty, almost more than she knew what to do with. She settled her parents in comfortable quarters, and her greatest pleasure was in planning and providing comforts for them.

Ellice was far from happy. Neither she nor her husband ever referred to that unhappy conversation which had led to the present unpleasant state of relations between them. Kenmare had been deeply disappointed—deceived, he called himself—and married for his money. He treated Ellice with unvarying kindness, but with such ceremonious politeness that the poor girl felt chilled.

She was lounging one day in her warm, flower-scented boudoir, too indolent to go out, yet sighing with weariness. Suddenly her husband stood before her with a pale, agitated countenance.

"Ellice," he said, "my poor child"—how her heart thrilled at these kind words—"I have bad news for you. We are penniless. I have made rash speculations, and all is lost. Do you realise, Ellice, that you are poorer than before your marriage?"

"I am glad, William," she said, gently. "Will you believe me now, when I tell you that I love you, my husband, you alone, and not that hateful money? I am glad it is gone. You despise me, I know, and I loathe myself for ever giving St. John a thought. But now I will work hard, and maybe some day you will like and respect me as you used to."

He clasped her close.

"What is the loss of a fortune," he cried gladly, "when I have gained the love of a wife? My dearest! My poor little wife!" Ellice was weeping hysterically now. "I can never forgive myself for being so hard."

For an hour they talked like happy lovers, then Kenmare hurried away, on business matters intent.

Ellice was almost too happy to think coherently. It was all right now. She had her husband's love and respect. What more could any woman desire?

Her reverie was rudely broken by her mother, who rushed excitedly into the room.

"I have been so shocked, so horrified, Ellice!" she panted.

Ellice rose trembling.

"Is it William, mother?" she faltered. "Has anything happened to William?"

"To William?" echoed the elder lady. "Oh, no! There don't be frightened. It is only poor Louise Murray, that girl whom you used to dislike so much. Well,—the poor, pretty child has killed herself—committed suicide this morning."

Ellice was too shocked to speak.

"I have just come from her mother's," Mrs. Day continued. "The poor woman is nearly broken-hearted."

"Why did she do it?" inquired Ellice. "What induced her to take her life?"

"Horace St. John," Mrs. Day answered solemnly. "I don't mean that he commanded her to kill herself, but for some time he has devoted himself to her, making her believe, as he had made others believe before, that she was all in all to him—an old trick of his. He soon tired of his willing toy, however, and deserted her. Poor child! She left a pitiful little note, saying that without his love she cared not to live."

Ellice was inexpressibly shocked. She had cherished an unreasonable prejudice against the dead girl, knowing too, that had not Louise, although actuated by no kindly motive, told her what she did, she, Ellice, would never have been Kenmare's wife.

"I might have come to this, too," she thought, shuddering, when, a few hours later, she stood gazing on the dead girl's face disfigured by a ghastly hole in the forehead.

The sight of that awful face haunted Ellice for days. She grew nervous and fearful. Even the cheerful news that her husband's financial affairs were not so bad as he had at first feared failed to divert her, and Kenmare wisely concluded to take her away for a time.

"We will take a wedding trip," he said, "and now, after six months life, will begin to enjoy a honeymoon."

I dare say that in all the country there is not a happier couple than Ellice Kenmare and the man whom she married for money.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

It would be presumption on the part of a social and domestic journal to dictate political or theological opinions to the public. Readers of a political turn can find opinions, cut and dry, and served up daily with the same undeviating course of literary sauce, in the newspapers. But it is scarcely necessary to state, that the man who is a politician, and nothing more, who allows politics to permeate his mind in all its aspects,

and permits the literary odour of the daily leading article to flavour his toast and eggs, is simply going through the world on intellectual crutches. For him the infinite gradations of nature's colours blend into one tint of either orange or green; the songs of the birds, carolling in the free and universal atmosphere, are limited either to "Rule Britannia" or "God Save Ireland"; and he carefully inquires the nationality of an artist before he commits himself to praise or blame. The universe, whether lit by the sun of day, or canopied by night with a roof fretted with golden fires, is a public platform for the discussion of political problems, and nothing more.

We must sympathise with the astonishment of such a man when he begins to realise that the editorial office of his favourite newspaper is not the centre round which the world revolves once in every twenty-four hours; and that the human mind is capable of adopting itself to other considerations beyond the crucial walk-round in the division lobbies of the House of Commons. Those who believe that the progress of the human race is influenced in any important degree by the art of politics are welcome to their opinion. It is not our province to disturb a belief which is productive of so much pleasure to such a large number of our fellow creatures. But even admitting that the world was politically of one mind, or that the socialistic era of universal material happiness was accomplished, mankind is still confronted with the problem of the Individual. If the Individual insists on standing on a low mental platform, no amount of material comforts, no universal era of liberty, equality and fraternity, can lift him towards personal perfectibility.

You may proclaim the advent of political and social freedom, in the largest type of proclamations, and the undeveloped individual will probably exult simply in the freedom from legal liabilities hitherto resulting from the pleasure of beating his wife or appearing drunk in the streets.

Reflective citizens should, therefore, consider that their line of action for the regeneration of society may not exhaust the resources which tend in that direction; that it is possible other lines of action may be equally effective. And when we, the profound philanthropists, have done our enthusiastic best, let us modestly remember that there are forces in nature, about which we know little or nothing at present, which are probably working with us unawares. The history of this country has been of a nature to concentrate the best of our intellects on ephemeral politics: as a nation of politicians we are unrivalled, save in those South American Republics, where a citizen is allowed the luxury of assassinating a new President every six months.

It is not unseemly, under these circumstances, that we should occasionally remind the public that the interests of science and the fine arts are not beneath the notice of even the most august politician.

We rejoice to observe the musical progress made in this city within the last year or two. We have heard the greatest vocalists and instrumentalists, thanks to the energy of local *Impresarii*. We have listened to the Dublin Musical Society, one of the finest choruses in the world; and to the Dublin Orchestral Union interpreting the sublime symphonies of Beethoven. We have been taught, though unintentionally,

by the University Choral Society that bigoted exclusiveness is the worst possible ground for musical culture. But when we gaze around at the local choirs and suburban choral societies we are filled with astonished delight. In every portion of this city, even the smallest societies have attacked the finest works, and in almost every instance, with considerable success. Certain concerts, notably those of the Harold's Cross Cecilian Society, Westland Row Choir, and Leeson Park and Sandford Choral Unions, were particularly commendable. We do not believe in permanently large choirs: the conductor is frequently unable to master the numerical greatness of the vocalists. But we would be glad to be as familiar with the name of "Dublin Musical Festival" as we are with the substituted prelix of Birmingham, Leeds, and London. England has not produced a composer of note, and Ireland has produced several. Yet England is famous for its great Musical Festivals, whilst Ireland is in this respect the laughing-stock of the cultivated world. There is no reason why we should not have an annual Dublin Musical Festival. We have the vocalists, the instrumentalists, the conductors and the scores. Why then have we not a musical reunion of all our best choirs and choral societies? The musical public, the vocalists themselves, and the shopkeepers would be benefited. Such an event would be a splendid finale to the musical season, and relieve us, as a city, from the stigma of intellectual inertia.

DONNYBROOK.

DEGENERACY OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

WE have much pleasure in printing the letter of Miss Annie Patterson, B.A., Mus. Bac. The public are not so dull as to have supposed that we had the faintest intention to shadow the laurels of this clever young lady, whom we are proud to acknowledge as a fellow-citizen, and who was one of the first to vindicate the right of her sex to compete on equal terms in those intellectual contests too long regarded as the exclusive monopoly of men. We are always ready to claim the fullest liberty, social and intellectual for women. The day has gone by when they were considered beings of an inferior order, a special creation for the amusement of a man in his more imbecile phases. No form of society can be progressive which encourages a doctrine so illogical and so much opposed to the innate striving after universal freedom nursed in every human breast. We are not alarmed at the shrieks of a Mrs. Grundy and her husband. The destiny of the human race lodged in the infinite universe, is not likely to be solved by a parochial code of moral platitudes.

We have received other communications relative to the Royal Irish Academy of Music, and all unfavourable. But if it refuses to reform it must be abolished. At the last hour it had to appeal to Mr. Joseph Robinson to lift it out of chaos, and we would rather not hamper the exertions of a man who is the greatest musician of the country. If the government of the Academy was entirely in his hands we would not fear its future; but he is only one sensible man in a majority of blundering nonentities.

We write in the interests of Art and our fellow-citizens. So far from being interested in any of the musical cliques which are a disgrace to this enlightened city, it is portion of the duty of this

journal to attack any tendency of any body of persons to form mutual admiration societies. Music is the universal property of every man, woman, and child, no matter in what station of life; and we shall advocate the spread of music in every direction, despite all opposition on the part of Doctor A or Professor B.

The general public are badly served by the clique system; it is this system which is rapidly ruining the Academy; it is this system which prevents the metropolis of Ireland having its annual musical festival, an event possessed by most Continental towns and second-rate English cities.

We understand that the Commissioners of Charitable Bequests have not yet finally decided the matter of the Coulson fund.

We decline to admit the right of the Academy of Music to this money. If the Commissioners know anything about the state of music in Dublin, they must be aware that the Academy of Music, up to the present, has been an indubitable failure. It does not possess the confidence of the public. It does not possess a solitary male vocalist, and its female scholars and vocal medalists would scarcely adorn a provincial platform.

If, under these circumstances, the Commissioners hand over the Coulson Fund to a Committee which have successfully demonstrated nothing but their own incapacity, it will probably be so much money wasted.

Sir Francis Brady and Mr. George Cree, and their friends, seem to labour under the hallucination that *they* are the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

It is a childlike delusion. They are not even necessary to the existence of the Academy. On the contrary, the Royal Irish Academy of Music would be better without the Brady-Cree ring. It is the *pupils* who are the Royal Irish Academy of Music. Sir Francis Brady, Mr. George Cree, etc., are merely officials, and officials of the worst possible type. They seem to think that the Academy of Music was founded specially to advertise their personalities. In the eyes of this self-satisfied ring of quasis-musicians the pupils are mere puppets to be confounded with contradictory rules, and ordered about by the Lady Superintendent. The pupils are the Academy, and the Academy is the property of the general public. If the public refuse to send their sons and daughters to the Academy, Sir Francis Brady and Mr. George Cree will have to sit in solitary grandeur and discuss musical ethics in an empty house. We ask the Commissioners to deliberate again over the Coulson bequest. The interests of music in this city demand the creation of another Academy of Music. The general public would be far better served by the competitive efforts of the rival academies, than by the monopoly of feebleness which is the proud possession of the present one in Westland-row. We hope the professors do not suppose we blame them for the degeneracy of the Academy. Whatever happens to the Academy these distinguished teachers are certain of public support. We are anxious, not to abolish the Academy, but to abolish the present committee.

Goaded by the continuous public displays of incompetence, we have, at last, drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. Time shall proclaim the victor!

TO THE EDITOR OF "IRISH SOCIETY."

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of week ending May 5th the following statement appears with

reference to me as a pupil of R.I.A.M.:—"At the organ examination in May last two pupils were pronounced equal, Miss McIntyre and Miss Patterson; but Miss Patterson, for some unexplained reason, was subsequently awarded the gold medal and organ scholarship, Miss McIntyre being ignored."

A simple statement of facts, a repetition of what appeared in the *Express*, may be satisfactory to the general public.

In May, 1887, an examination was held for organ scholarship at R.I.A.M. The pieces to be performed were left to the choice of the candidates. The result of this competition was that Mr. Vincient O'Brien, was awarded a Coulson scholarship, and that Miss McIntyre and I both obtained Academy scholarships.

I was labouring at the time under many difficulties. Besides my numerous duties as a teacher, I was immersed in severe study for the degrees of B.A. and Mus.B. at R.U.I.

In February, 1888, a subsequent examination was held at R.I.A.M. at which we three scholars, Mr. Vincent O'Brien, Miss McIntyre and myself, competed, and at which each played the same piece—Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in G. It will be recollected that at the former examination the candidates chose their own pieces.

At the latter examination the question was, who would give the best interpretation of a selected piece. The chances, therefore, were equal to all competing. The first prize, a gold medal, was awarded to me, as already explained in your paper, and the second prize was given to Mr. V. O'Brien.

With many apologies for trespassing on your valuable space, I beg to sign myself, neither Alpha, Beta, Gamma, or Delta, but simply and straightforwardly,

ANNIE WILSON PATTERSON, B.A.,
Mus. Bac., Sch. R.I.A.M.



THE man who comes to the station two minutes behind time, and sees the train scudding out at the other end, derives no satisfaction from the proverb, "Better late than never."

CONCEITED YOUTH—"I also am very musical. I sang 'Woodman, spare that tree' last night, and there wasn't a dry eye in the room." Cruel Young Lady—"Were you alone?"

"A HUSBAND to order" is the title of a comedy. "A husband to order" is what the girls of this day and generation are sighing for, especially a husband who will not object to buying a sealskin sacque when ordered to do so.

A CLERGYMAN was boasting the other day that he had "built his church entirely out of 'his own head.'" "I didn't know that the city authorities permitted the erection of wooden buildings!" was the reply.

THE RISING SUN.—Old Wimple (solemnly)—"Young man, to attain success in this world we must be up and doing. Do you ever see the sun rise?" Young man—"Yes, sir—occasionally." "When?" "On my way home."

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WEEK ENDING 2nd JUNE, 1888.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria entered upon her seventieth year on Wednesday last week. The burden of duty and weight of years have fallen slowly and lightly upon Her Majesty, who has yet, in the ordinary course of nature, many years of life in prospect.

The marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia with his first cousin, the Princess Irene of Hesse, in Berlin last week began under the most favourable auspices. The young couple had the happiness, a circumstance for which they ought to be devoutly thankful, of being united under the eyes of their father. Beautiful weather had drawn thousands of people out to Charlottenburg to see the wedding guests in their splendid uniforms and lovely toilettes. The chapel was decorated in a manner suitable to the occasion. Before the pulpit, on a platform of red velvet, was the altar, behind which was a bower of the most lovely roses, from white and the palest pink to dark red. When the royal party entered the chapel the organ played one of Handel's compositions. Then the choir sang one of Mendelssohn's hymns. The sounds had scarcely died away when the Emperor Frederick appeared. It was a most impressive and touching scene.

The Court Chaplain, Dr. Koegel, referred in his sermon to the Empress Victoria in very eloquent words. When the choir sang another anthem the bridal pair exchanged rings. The "Yes" of the Prince resounded through the chapel, while that of the Princess was spoken in a low tone and timidly. The low body of the bride's dress was trimmed round the neck with a set of very large diamonds. The large necklace, the gold fan set with diamonds, the breast ornaments of diamonds, and the bracelets, are all old jewels belonging to the Royal House of Prussia. The Empress wore a dress of pale green silk, with a plastron of white silver brocade, and a pale blue silk train. She also wore a magnificent diadem of diamonds with white feathers, on her neck a riviére of diamonds, and in her hand she carried a bouquet of orchids.

There is no truth in the rumour that the Prince of Wales intended to accompany the Duke of Sutherland to America this year. The advent of the Prince in America would, no doubt, be a welcome change to high-class society there; but our popular Prince knows better than to subject himself to the insults and jeers of the American papers.

The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who has never been in England, will pay a visit to London next month.

Ever since Bismarck's exhibition of temper over the proposed betrothal of Princess Victoria of Prussia and Prince Alexander of Battenberg, there have been many rumours as to the ultimate or immediate triumph of the Royal lovers; but these rumours count for nothing, as the difficulties in the way have not yet been surmounted, although the lovers' plan has not been abandoned.

The golden key presented to the Princess of Wales at the opening of the Anglo-Danish Exhibition is so arranged that it can be detached and worn as a brooch. The key was manufactured by Messrs. Chubb.

A marriage has been arranged and will take place early in June, between Stafford Delmege, B.L., of 36 Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, son of the Rev. John Delmege, late rector of Youghalarra, Killaloe, and grandson of the late Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Barry, of Leigh

Brook, County Meath, and Fannie, youngest daughter of James William Butler Scott, of Annegrove Abbey, Mountrath, Queen's County, and granddaughter of the late John Bolton Massy, of Ballywire, Tipperary, and Clareville, Blackrock, Dublin.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Fletcher Norton Menzies, second son of Sir Neil Menzies, Bart., and the Hon. Lady Menzies, and Mrs. Hart, daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Barton, of Glendalough House, county Wicklow, and widow of Capt. Hart, 16th Lancers.

The Marriage of Captain R. Stratford Tuite, J.P., 4th Royal Irish Fusiliers, only son of Thomas Tuite, Esq., of Granard, County Longford to Georgina Phelps, eldest surviving daughter of the late Surgeon-Major George Roche Smith, 2nd Queen's Royals, and Mrs. Roche Smyth, of Lea Hurst, Torquay, and granddaughter of the late Major Robert Hedges Maunsell, 39th Regiment, of Hassy, County Limerick, who was A.D.C. to the Duke of Wellington through the Peninsular War, was solemnized in St. Stephen's Church, Dublin, recently. The Very Rev. C. H. Goold Butson, Dean of Kilmacdaugh, cousin of the bride, officiating. A large number of friends were present in the church to witness the ceremony, and afterwards a limited number of guests (wedding being private in consequence of recent bereavement), were entertained at *dejeuner* in 77 Merrion Square. The presents were numerous and costly, including some substantial cheques.

Perhaps the Registrar General can inform us if Dublin is a healthy city. Certainly matrimonial enterprises are now in a bad way here; no less than three marriages have been recently postponed owing to illness of couples destined for Hymen's Altar.

Gertrude, eldest daughter of William Count Tully, Esq., Q.C., M.P., of 96 Harley Street, was married to G. A. Scully, son of the late James Scully, of County Tipperary, at St. James', Spanish Place. The bride wore a white broché satin dress, with a pearl-embroidered front, trimmed with orange blossom, a tulle veil, and pearl ornaments. The bridesmaids, seven in number, wore dresses of white liberty silk

with green and white ostrich feathers. The bride's travelling dress was of dove-coloured cloth, trimmed with silver braid, with hat to match.

A pleasant ball took place at 42 Upper Mount Street, the residence of Mrs. Dunne. The guests, young and old, thoroughly enjoyed themselves to the music of Mr. Browne's band.

The Irish Exhibition will open at Olympia on Monday next, 4th June, and we may expect to witness a steady flow of holiday traffic from Dublin in the direction of West Kensington. Steamship owners and railway directors are in this respect doing the right thing in the right way; and no one can allege that return fares between the North Wall and London are excessive. They might be a little less, but they are at the same time liberal.

Twenty shillings third class there and back, extending for a month, are inducements that will certainly "fetch" large numbers of the better class working people out for a holiday; and if this were made fifteen shillings, a regular exodus would take place. The matter is worth considering by the big cross-channel companies interested, as by a concession of this kind they would in the first place largely increase their traffic revenue, and, in the second, confer a benefit on Irishmen by enabling them to see what their countrymen are capable of accomplishing in the matter of a great and creditable Exhibition.

Were it not that the East wind stuck to us like a leech during the past six days, the week just ended would have been one of the hottest on record. Even with the presence of that horrible visitant the temperature was delightful; but only think what it would have been had the East wind been blowing over Cyprus or elsewhere.

Local cricketers are jubilant at the prospect which would now seem to be highly probable, of a visit of the celebrated Australian Team to this city. It is said that this will become an accomplished fact, and that a match will be arranged to take place about the middle of June between the Australian Eleven and a team representing the University of Dublin. It is known that the captain of the Colonials would very much like to visit the capital of Ireland, and although the difficulty of finding vacant dates stands in the way of a fixture being as yet arranged, it is believed that this little obstacle will be got over, and that we shall have the cricketers from the Antipodes after all.

If Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedrals could possibly have been transported to London, no doubt they would have been borrowed for the Irish Exhibition, but that arrangement not being feasible a deputation of English Architects came over to inspect these venerable structures.

The death is announced in Gibraltar, in his eighty-seventh year, of Frederick Solly Flood, of Slaney Lodge, Co. Wexford. Mr. Flood was formerly Attorney-General at Gibraltar, and is deeply lamented by a large circle of friends.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. C. Carpenter and Mrs. Carpenter gave a large garden party in the beautiful grounds of the Admiralty House,

Queenstown, on Thursday last. Five hundred invitations were issued. The grounds were very prettily decorated, and the band of H.M.S. Revenge was in attendance.

Mrs. Orr-Wilson's ball, which took place on Thursday last at her beautiful residence, Dunarda, Blackrock, was a charming one. The floral decorations were most effective. The entrance hall was lined with palms and ferns, and lit up with fairy lamps.

The music, under the direction of Mr. Mervyn Browne, was excellent, and the arrangement of a number of small supper tables was much appreciated. Two hundred invitations were issued.

Amongst the many belles present we may mention the Misses Walker-Leigh, Miss Head, Miss Maud Neville, all in white dresses; Miss Orr-Wilson in pink. A young lady's dress of old gold, trimmed with Venetian shells, attracted much attention.

The Earl and Countess of Pembroke are at present staying with Earl and Countess Cowper, at Pansanger.

Mrs. Power-Lalor and Miss Power-Lalor have left Dublin for Marble Hill, Co. Galway, on a visit to Lady Mary Burke and Sir Henry Burke, Bart.

Mrs. Power-Lalor will shortly proceed to London to be present at the Bazaar in aid of the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund, which is to be held there early in June, under royal and most distinguished patronage.

The fine weather during Whitsuntide induced a great many of the English "upper ten" to visit Ireland. Lord Houghton, Lord Radstock, Lord Combermere, Sir Henry Lawrence, were amongst the number.

The Rev. Canon Travers Smith, D.D., and Mr. Nathaniel Hone, M.R.I.A., are travelling in Greece.

The Recorder of Dublin and his family have left Kingstown for Scotland, where they purpose spending some little time.

Lady Hodson and Miss Hodson have returned to their residence, Hollybrooke, Bray, after an absence of some weeks in England.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford have been spending the Whitsuntide recess at St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Thanet.

The Right Hon. H. E. and Mrs. Chatterton have left Dublin for England.

Mr. Hodgson's residence, St. Kevin's, Upper Rathmines, was the *locale* of a most enjoyable ball on Friday last week. Mr. Lovell catered.

Mrs. Barton, of Stradford, Donnybrook, gave a large dinner party on Tuesday last week. The menu was excellent.

A most enjoyable dance took place last Saturday evening at the Royal Hotel, Malahide. The success which attended a previous subscription dance last year induced a further attempt

this season. The majority of guests arrived from town by the four o'clock train, and dancing commenced soon afterwards to the music of the Gasparro trio. We congratulate Mr. C. S. Spear, the Hon. Sec. on the success of the initial effort.

Miss Ethel Sharpe, a young Dublin pianist, lately excited universal admiration by her performance at the Royal College of Music Concert in Alexandra House, London.

The London season has not so far been by any means dull, but things are expected to become even more bright ere long. The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is to reach the hospitable shores of England in a week or two, and an extensive suite of apartments has been engaged for her at that well-known rendezvous of royalty—Claridge's Hotel. That her Majesty intends to "do" all the sights of the metropolis during her stay is vouched for by the fact that the Spanish ambassador has been engaged in compiling a list of everything which a stranger ought to see in the little village.

In commemoration of the opening of the first International Exhibition ever held in Spain, all male children born in Barcelona on the 21st of May will receive from the Royal purse a gift of £60 each, and all female children one of £20. The Queen has also given £2,000, and the municipality a like sum to be distributed among the poor.

Families are now migrating in respectable numbers from the city to the seaside for the Summer months, the weather having at last become really splendid. Eighty degrees Fahrenheit was the average of the past week, but as this hot atmospheric condition was nicely tempered by a gentle Eastern breeze, the sun's rays were not at all overpowering. But one felt inclined for a plunge in the sea, and this refreshing luxury was largely indulged in at many points along the coast in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

Coming back, however, to the subject of the migration of city families seawards, we may remind those who took the advice we tendered them a couple of months ago—to secure seaside lodgings for the Summer months in time—that they acted wisely in a double sense. By doing so they were enabled to provide them more cheaply than they can at present do, and in a good many localities they are not to be had at all—that is, of course whole houses of a good kind.

This is largely the case in Blackrock, Dalkey, and other places in that locality, but apartments are numerous enough, and it is only right to add that rents are not what could be strictly called exorbitant. It is quite true that they might easily be more moderate than they are, and at the same time pay their owners liberally, but they will drop quickly enough if holiday folk do not go to stay for a month or so, and by the beginning of July they may be cheaper than they are just now.

It is much to be regretted that while seaside resorts on the southern side are being liberally patronised the lovely and salubrious districts of Sutton, Howth, and Malahide, on the northern seaboard, should be nearly altogether neglected. This is not chargeable to the rapacity of house-owners, who are on the contrary most liberal in

their terms, but is due solely and simply to the insufficient train service of the railway company, and to the uninviting character of their table of fares. They are standing in their own light awfully, as well as depriving the people of the localities referred to of their share of the holiday harvest. This is really too bad, and warm remonstrances should be addressed to the directors.

A rather unpleasant occurrence took place the other evening in the house of a gentleman residing in Rathmines. It seems that a male friend of one of the daughters of the house had been invited to spend the evening there, and for this purpose he set out on his way, accompanied by his ever-faithful terrier, which has the slightest tinge of the bull in its nature. Having left his dog in the parlour the gentleman ascended to the drawingroom, where he thoroughly enjoyed himself until the agonised screams of a female attracted his attention. Hastily making his way downstairs, he was not a little surprised to find his dog keeping guard over the prostrate form of a lady. It seems that having wanted some article which had been left in the parlour, a younger daughter went there for the purpose of procuring it when she was at once set upon by the ferocious animal whose teeth has sadly disfigured an erstwhile shapely arm.

We cannot deprecate too strongly such conduct as the gentleman mentioned has been, perhaps unconsciously, guilty of, and we hope the lesson he has been taught will exert a salutary influence upon him and others who may be unmanly enough to seek the escort, on their courting tours, of bull terriers.

"Racquetty Rhymes," a well-printed tennis skit has been sent to us by the publishers, Messrs. Mccredy & Kyle, Middle Abbey Street. The pictures are neatly drawn, and—well, we think, that is all than can be said for the bouchre.

We noticed that Miss Romola Tynte appeared as Teresa Maldi in "The Scarlet Dye," at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, last week.

Bray has at last donned its summer garb, and the hedgerows and fields present to view a varied and exquisite panorama. The brisk, bracing sea breeze on the one side, and the deliciously scented health-giving air, which floats downwards from the mountains and along the beautiful hawthorne hedges from the other side, pronounce Bray one of the most charming seaside resorts in Ireland. Visitors are crowding into it day after day, and lodgings are now at a pretty high premium. We hope, however, that those who have rooms to let will so temper their charges with justice, that instead of driving those inclined to pass the summer there away, that many others may be induced to spend their money and their holidays in our own country.

Lord Lansdowne has left Canada for England on his way to India. He exchanges the role of a constitutional representative of Royalty for that of almost absolute ruler. In Canada he has been successful. His task has been none of the heaviest; he has had no great crisis to meet. Precedents had marked out his course for him, and his predecessors had removed the great causes of bitter controversy. No great reforming statesman, he followed the advice given to him by his Ministers. No great orator,

he has said some wise things in a quiet way. He has seen Canada progress, and has opened the railway which will become one of the highways of traffic to the far East. In Canada Lord Lansdowne did as he was told. In India he will tell other people what to do. He has many hopes centred in him.

The Spring has been kind to the farmers. The country never looked greener than it does now. There has been enough rain to promote growth, and the hopes of the farmers are at their highest. Fruit blossoms have also been abundant, and, though there have been some blowy days, yet on the whole there is every indication that most of the blossoms have "set."

One of the first signs of a revival of trade is ever the revival of prosperity in the art world. On all sides congratulations are to be heard among artists upon the end of their prolonged and almost ruinous period of depression. Their golden days are again beginning.

A number of gentlemen belonging to the Architectural Association of London have just enjoyed a delightful holiday in Ireland, during which they have combined in a most agreeable way business with pleasure. They are ably chaperoned by leading city architects, including Mr. Thomas Drew, R.H.A.; Mr. Carpenter, F.R.S.; Mr. J. L. Robinson, R.H.A.; Mr. G. C. Ashlin, C.E., and others.

Christ Church Cathedral, St. Audoen's, and St. Patrick's furnished ample materials for a most interesting day's examination of the curious and quaint in mediæval ecclesiastical architecture, and it was curious to witness the eagerness and the delight with which they examined these connecting links with a remote and shadowy past, giving tangible evidence of the high perfection attained by designers and builders in those far-off days.

Old St. Audoen's is perhaps the most deeply impressive of them all. Probably not one in every thousand of the citizens of Dublin has visited these venerable ruins, which have now been preserved as national monuments at the expense of the State, and we will consequently be pardoned for suggesting that all who desire to see the ruins of ancient architectural glories should stroll through Lord Portlester's Chapel and St. Anne's Aisle. The learned and courteous rector of the parish, Rev. Canon Leeper, who is also a distinguished antiquarian, would, we are satisfied, be happy to show visitors through the venerable places which are under his care.

Mr. W. F. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time since, stood in a hall waiting for a servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant in waiting, and called out to him—"Call me a four-wheeler!" Mr. Gilbert placed his glass to his eye, and looking blandly at the swell said—"You are a four-wheeler." "What do you mean?" said the swell. Said Mr. Gilbert—"You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you hansom, you know!"

The project is revived of a channel tunnel between the Mull of Cantyre and Fair Head in county Antrim, the object, of course, being to

connect the North of Ireland and Scotland by an underground rail. Sir Edward Watkin is the genius of the latest craze, and the hon. baronet is perfectly satisfied that the tunnel is undoubtedly practicable, but he has also stated that, owing to the peculiarity of the strata through which it must pass the cost of construction would come to something like £8,000,000.

This seems a big figure for boring through eight nautical miles of rock, more especially when it is remembered that the estimate for the tunnel under the English Channel was only three and a half millions. That project may now be regarded as abandoned, and capitalists may be found to provide the sinews of war for the promotion of the Scoto-Irish underway; but it isn't likely.

The difference in the estimates is accounted for by the circumstance, or the allegation rather, that in the case of the proposed English Channel works the rocks to be pierced would cut like cheese, and need no support, while it would be a very different matter with the volcanic strata lying under the sea between the coast of Antrim and the iron-bound Mull of Cantyre. We are afraid that Sir Edward's benevolent project is still a long way from completion, or from its commencement.

Much interest will follow the tour of the Flying Falcon, a fast little steamer belonging to the Clyde Shipping Co., which left Queenstown a few evenings ago with a number of scientific gentlemen on board, proceeding on a dredging expedition in the Atlantic. The *voyageurs* are all gentlemen well known in the scientific world, and include Dr. Charles Ball, of Dublin; Mr. W. Devimes Kane, of Dublin; Mr. Joseph Wright, F.G.S., of Belfast; Mr. J. H. Poole, C.E., of Dublin; Mr. S. L. Lloyd Prager, C.E., of Belfast; the Rev. W. S. Green, of Carrigaline; and Mr. John Day, of Cork.

The Flying Falcon has been specially fitted with a deep-sea sounding machine which will be driven by steam, and she has also a powerful crane for lifting the dredges, of which there are twelve on board. The work of dredging will be continued for six or eight days, and the specimens collected will be divided and sub-divided into classes for subsequent examination, the whole being afterwards deposited in the National Museum, Dublin. It may be necessary to say that the expedition is under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy, and that the expenses in connection therewith are borne by the Royal Irish Academy and the authorities of the Science and Art Museum.

Dredging expeditions have brought to light some wondrous examples of sub-marine life, as evidenced by the researches of the vessel fitted out by the Government of the United States, and which was in charge of the Scholarly Commander Maury. But even his discoveries of the living things found at enormous depths in the ocean were surpassed by those of the Challenger, which added a new and extensive stock of curiosities to the British Museum, and made us wonder still more at the mysteries hidden at the bottom of the sea.

On the 24th all the fleet at Barcelona were dressed with bunting in honour of Queen Victoria's birthday.

The Clontarf Foot Beagle Club concluded their very successful first season by a dinner, held at the Club House of the Clontarf Yacht and Boat Club, on Saturday, the 19th ultimo, under the presidency of their worthy Master, Mr. James W. Allen, the vice-chair being occupied by Mr. Beauchamp Jameson. The dinner committee were indefatigable in their exertions to have everything worthy of the occasion. The Club has on its roll many musical members who contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, which concluded with the universally expressed regret that it had passed so quickly. We may add that the diningroom was most tastefully decorated. The flowers and bouquets for each guest were the gift of a friend whose beautiful gardens are one of the attractions of the neighbourhood.

Lovers of aquatic sports had a very enjoyable afternoon at Kingstown, on Saturday afternoon, when the sixth race for the season of the Water Wags came off most successfully. There were five entries—the Giorua, Dot, Ida, Faugh-a-Ballagh, and Yum-Yum, all tight little craft in the pink of readiness. The wind was light, and this suited the boats admirably, the result being a well-contested race in which the Yum-Yum, owned by Mr. Lee, proved the winner, beating the Giorua, which was second, by three minutes. The officer of the day was Mr. H. V. Yeo, whose arrangements gave entire satisfaction.

The *York Herald* states that in London society there is a distinct impression, not to say expectation, that the Duke of Marlborough will make it up with his divorced wife, and that the accomplished Lady Blandford will, after all, become Duchess of Marlborough. It is further hinted that the decision is entirely with the Marchioness.

There is a splendid opening just now for the British and Irish Steampacket Company to increase their revenue and to confer a benefit on the travelling public—especially those of them who will shortly be off on their holidays, if the directors will only avail themselves of it. This is one of the oldest Irish cross-channel companies, and, we will add, one of the most respected, pursuing the even tenour of its way, and maintaining in its fleet vessels of as good a class as are to be found among the best in the mercantile marine of any port in the United Kingdom.

The Irish Exhibition at Olympia opens on Monday next, and for the next four or five months the flow of traffic in that direction from Ireland will undoubtedly be large. A great deal of this holiday traffic from the West and from Midland Irish counties will naturally go through Dublin; and at this season of the year what could be more enjoyable than the long sea trip from the Liffey to the Thames? It would be simply delightful. Cheap return fares would draw crowds to the company's steamers. Will the directors move in the matter? We trust they will; but meantime it might be no harm to suggest to their worthy secretary, Mr. Egan, and to their active manager, Mr. Willson Fair, the propriety of stirring them up—with a long pole if necessary.

Miss Helen d'Alton occupies the unique position of being probably the only Irish lady vocalist

of sufficient merit to please the London musical public. At Mr. Isidore Lara's concert in the Steinway Hall last week she sang charmingly. We would like to hear her at the Leinster Hall next season.

The Hon. Bowes Richard Daly, younger brother of Lord Dunsandle, died last week at Kearns' Hotel, Kildare Street. The funeral took place on Thursday, at Mount Jerome, and amongst those present were—Lord Dunsandle, Lord Howth, Lord Ardilaun, Lord Oranmore, Lord James Butler, Sir Percy Grace, Bart., Sir George Porter, Sir Fenton Hort, etc., etc.

Sir Ralph Cusack and the Misses Cusack have arrived at Furry Park, from Switzerland.

Mr. Catterson Smith's portrait of her Majesty the Queen, which was unveiled last week at the College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, is a magnificent specimen of what Irish genius can accomplish, and will long be looked to as a model of genuine artistic work. This brilliant picture is a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee, and has been placed on the walls as the tribute of the President and Council of the College.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the colossal portrait within the building, the height of the doors not being sufficient to admit it, but patience and perseverance overcame this obstacle, and the picture has now found a suitable resting-place in which it will be viewed with pleasure for many a year to come.

In the evening of the unveiling day, his Excellency and a large number of distinguished guests were entertained at a banquet which was in every way worthy of the occasion, given by the distinguished President of the College, Dr. Anthony Corley. The professions of medicine and of the law, in both branches, were largely represented, and what rendered the evening thoroughly enjoyable was that the speeches after dinner were extremely short. Everyone seemed to be delighted with this arrangement, giving, as it did, ample opportunity for agreeable general conversation.

Selfishness is the very last quality which the Irish people would have attributed to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, but we fear we must confess that something near akin to this unamiable characteristic is being just now displayed by the head of the house of Geraldine. Of course it is generally conceded that a man is at liberty to do what he likes with his own, but if in the exercise of this right he needlessly causes inconvenience and annoyance to a well-meaning and estimable portion of the community, his privileges are badly used, and he should retreat with promptitude from an ungracious position.

"Noblesse oblige" is a maxim of our nobility which is as old as the hills, but it would appear to be no longer practised by the Duke of Leinster. What has his Grace been doing, it may be asked, to warrant a reflection of this kind? Well, then, he has just issued a ducal order that permission to picnic on the grounds, or to fish on the lake, at Carton, will no longer be given. Hence the tears of all the city Waltonites, and of all those lovers of the picturesque, who for

many years past have spent pleasant holidays in the shady grounds at Maynooth.

Among those who feel this deprivation most keenly is an old and respected fellow-citizen, the veteran R. M. Levey, but he is only one of many. In a letter to the morning papers on the subject, "R. M." says that for nearly forty years he has continued each consecutive year to enjoy his favourite pastime of angling at Carton—a grateful enjoyment after nights and days of hard work in operative and dramatic pursuits, and on many occasions, "R. M." tells us, he was accompanied to Carton by such distinguished artistes as Harrison, Borani, Guiglini, Mario, Buckstone, and others, some of whom enjoyed the marked hospitality of the then Duke.

Times change, and men change with them. The privilege has been withdrawn, and anglers and pic-nickers from the capital may fish and eat their lunch elsewhere than in the grounds of Carton. It has not been alleged that at any time the slightest injury has been done by visitors, or by anybody else, to the property of the Duke at Carton, and this gives to the prohibition the aspect of an ungenerous act, strongly bordering on the selfish. And in this lovely summer weather, too, when excursions of our well-conducted working classes are of frequent occurrence! Clearly the Duke has become bilious.

Dublin abounds with curious characters, peculiar in many ways. In the fish market there is a worthy trader who invariably spits "for luck" on any piece of money he may get from a red-haired customer; and in the South City Markets another estimable citizen is to be found engaged in trade whose peculiarity is manifested by collecting all the old rusty nails he can find and preserving them, also "for luck," being fully satisfied that the day on which he picks up one he will do a splendid stroke of business.

Betting men are brimful of superstitions in the matter of "luck," and the way in which they endeavour to avoid "uncanny" people, as the first foot they may meet on the morning of a big event has often provoked the risibility of the initiated onlooker. One youth whom we know, asks his landlady (a decent, honest, old woman, who never made a bet in her life), to pick out a name from a list of probable starters, and then without hesitation backs it. Curiously enough, it "comes off" wonderfully often, and accordingly he swears by his "luck."

Another cares nothing for the book of public form, or even for the "tips" of the prophets, but will put his "sov." on some unknown Bucephalus whose name he "likes the look of in print," or, what is a very common phase of the superstition of luck, on an "outsider" he has dreamt of a "tip" from some wiseacre who knows nothing about racing is often considered a good thing; a wrinkle from a hump-backed man is regarded as a "moral," while not a few are prepared to go all they are worth on an animal with a name composed of seven letters. Idiosyncracies such as these are more numerous than people are aware of; and if fortune smiles propitiously on them on even a single occasion, they become confirmed disciples of the goddess "luck," whether it be in the form of springing on a penny or backing a dream.

The Directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company beg to return thanks for the numerous kind enquiries made at Westland Row station about their sick clock. The disease, they are happy to say, is not an internal one, and therefore a correct diagnosis of the case can more easily be made. The hands appear to be the parts most affected, and these are getting stronger, able to hold time better, less liable to fall at frequent intervals, as has lately been the case. A thorough change of air has been recommended by some clock doctors, but the Directors think that a move anywhere would be too expensive. Moreover, there are on their line so many clocks indisposed that, if one went for change, all would ask the same boon.

The inhabitants of Lower Mount Street must be paying their taxes better, as the footpaths are again being seen to. Merrion Square, East, is still, however, neglected.

It is stated that Herbert Place is to be rechristened, "Le Mauvais pas," being the new name selected by the Corporation, a most appropriate one in the opinion of those who have to drive over its gently undulating surface. One or two of the city fathers held out in preference for an English name, such as "Rutland Place," but on a division were beaten.

Even in its unfinished state it is quite safe to predict that the Italian Exhibition, which was opened at West Brompton recently, will become during the summer the fashionable lounge of Londoners, and one of the chief attractions for country cousins who come to town to do the sights. It is the American Exhibition of last year enlarged and completely Italianized. The rude civilization of the Wild West and the industrial triumphs of the mushroom Republic are replaced by the softer beauties of the land of poetry and love. We miss the whoop of the Indian, the crack of the cowboy's pistol, and the whirl of the machinery; but we linger over the relics of a civilization which measures its life by centuries. The change is a pleasant one. The site covers 24 acres, and profiting by the experience taught by all the great shows which have followed the Fisheries Exhibition, the promoters have turned as much of the space as they could possibly afford into gardens, promenades, and places of *al fresco* entertainment. A Tuscan farm usurps the place of the American drinking bars; the virgin toboggan slide is supplanted by the venerable Roman farm, the palace of the Cæsars, and the Colosseum, whilst adjoining is a flower and fruit garden, in which Italian fruits and flowers will be vended by visitors from the Sunny South.

The following singular advertisement appeared in the year 1783 in a Scotch newspaper—"To be let, a beggar's stand, in a good, charitable neighbourhood, bringing in about 30/- a week. Some goodwill is required."

"Trust me" is the name of a new novel. It is not popular with retail grocers.

More musical marvels of the infant phenomena type are reported from Vienna. The first prodigy is Miss Hermine Beber, aged 12, who plays Rubenstein's Valse Caprice, which that great pianist once declared he himself

could not play properly. The second "infant terrible" is little Leopold Spielmann, stated to be only four and a-half, who plays Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata. This must be taken *cum grano salis*.

The American humorist, Mr. Dudley Warner, in his pleasant, half-bantering, half-sarcastic way, has taken up and treated the subject of the *quid pro quos* indulged in by the feminine part of civilized creation. He, in one sentence, praises the assiduity with which women make calls and leave cards, and the manner in which they never fail to "return" a visit; while in the next he hints that the time devoted to this unbending duty might be more profitably expended, and suggests that the home life suffers for the sake of the punctuality and despatch with which materfamilias performs her social *devoirs*. We think, however, that the making of calls and the leaving of cards are imperative duties, and ones that ought not to be neglected. Suppose, for instance, that for a whole season these duties were totally suspended by everybody. What would be the result? Would society fall to pieces? Would the social edifice be shaken to its foundation? On mature consideration we have arrived at the conclusion that even the experiment would be a dangerous one. It seems inviting, but society's adopted methods cannot be lightly rejected.

Parisian ladies now carry parasols, the handles of which offer a comical novelty in the shape of a dog's head carved in wood, the muzzle of which, opening with a spring, is intended as a receptacle for railway tickets or petty cash. Parisian ladies are at last showing a practical turn of mind.

Mr. Irving has re-opened the Lyceum Theatre, and in connection therewith a fertile correspondent of an English contemporary has evolved an exceedingly pretty, but, we fear, imaginative story. It is to the effect that when Miss Winifred Emery was about to be married to Mr. Cyril Maud, Mr. Irving approached the bride elect and told her that he was an exceedingly bad hand at selecting wedding presents, but that he had placed £500 to her credit at her bankers. It is a pity such a story as this is only a flight of fancy's lantern.

We desire to impress upon our lady readers who engage in the enjoyable game of tennis the necessity of being attired in light flannel. We have seen a number of patterns which, except by the aid of touch, can scarcely be distinguished from cotton. The new elastic jersey bodices are the perfection of wear for tennis, as they give and contract with the motion of the wearer, and after ever so much exertion leave the player perfectly neat in appearance.

Housekeepers should not forget that salmon is now in season, and that there are many ways of sending it to the table in an appetising form. Pickled salmon is simply delicious, and is very useful in the establishment where guests are constantly going and coming. The following recipe will enable ladies to pickle salmon to the best advantage:—Take the remains of dressed salmon, cover with pickle made of equal parts of vinegar and the liquor the fish has been boiled in, to which add two onions, a shallot, with pepper and salt to taste, and a few pepper corns.

Turn the fish in the pickle daily without breaking. It must be served with fennel garnish.

It is a remarkable fact that when a person is left a large sum of money by a relative who has been hoarding it up all his life and denying himself very often the commonest necessities, so that the pile may be enlarged and the glittering gold become more plentiful, that the recipient very often loses it just as quickly as he gets it. Recently in Dublin we have had two instances in which men have hurriedly risen to wealthy positions, and just as rapidly descended the scale to a much lower position, financially speaking, than they previously held. These instances ought to be a warning to any individual with miserly propensities.

A brilliant ball was lately held in a nobleman's house, but not in dear, dirty Dublin. The ladies were attired in fabrics of the most costly description, but in the case of some of them the material seemed to have run short in the making, and their *decollete* appearance was the subject of general remark among the gentlemen present. "Did you ever see anything like it?" one officer remarked to another who was present. "No," was the reply, "since I was weaned—never!"

The street of the Ladies' Fair at Olympia is a representation of a well-known thoroughfare in Belfast.

An amusing episode occurred at a recent festive gathering, not unconnected with municipal matters. It was during a supper, and a tall, stout gentleman was vainly endeavouring to carve a fowl, in order to help a lady. But all his efforts were unavailing. It was evident that he was not perfectly acquainted with the anatomy of the bird, for, despite a vigorous onslaught, he completely failed to accomplish the dissection. But he sought to cover his defeat by a disparaging remark with regard to the age of fowl.

Little did he expect the tornado his observation raised about his ears. His next door neighbour happened to be a diminutive man, with a bald head, and with one of those wizened faces which resist all calculations to arrive at the age of the owner. The rubicund carver's allegation that the fowl had not been born this decade brought forth an indignant denial from the little man, who informed his astonished hearer that he would not permit him to make such remarks unchallenged, adding—"You may not be aware, sir, that I am a poulterer, and that the fowl at this table were all bought at my establishment."

The unsuccessful dissector was not, however, in the least abashed, for he replied—"Oh, indeed, sir! Might I ask you how many years ago that happened? I am not very well versed in ancient history." The man of feathers left the apartment without finishing his supper.

Lady Granville's pretty daughter was much admired at the last Drawingroom, as were also the young *debutantes* Miss Edith Fitzmaurice and Miss de Vahl. Many colonial young ladies were presented; the one who attracted most attention being Miss Chirnside of Melbourne.

The dinner parties in London this season are remarkable for exquisite floral decorations.

On Thursday evening, the 24th inst., some private theatricals were performed on behalf of a charitable object at Mr. and Mrs. West's residence, 43 Fitzwilliam Place. There were two plays, which were performed by the following ladies and gentlemen—Miss Jeromy, Miss O'Hea, Mr. and Mrs. W. Colles Moore, Mr. Lilly, Mr. A. P. Mason, Mr. E. Churchill Wright, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Lewis. Each of them fulfilled their *role* with very commendable ability, and their dresses were admirably prepared and most suitable for the characters they were intended to personate. We trust that Mr. and Mrs. West will soon again place their rooms at the disposal of these ladies and gentlemen for a similar entertainment and for a similar object, and thus afford their friends another enjoyable evening's amusement.

Davy Stephens has gone on his annual tour to the Derby—an event which he has never missed as long as he remembers. As usual he he had a "moral certainty" in his mind's eye, and stood to win a bit on Orbit.

Who is he? Rumour is busy with the name, but as two gentlemen are mentioned it would be unwise as well as unfair to give names. In its issue of Saturday last a Limerick paper mentions that an action for breach of promise of marriage is about being instituted by a young lady resident in that city, against a Dublin physician of rising reputation. The journal adds, that the action is expected to be highly interesting in various ways, and that many letters, photographs, and other similar items of evidence will be forthcoming on the occasion.

We shall probably know all about the matter next week, as the Trinity sittings commence on the 1st of June, and if the case be not settled out of court, it will be likely to appear in the "Legal Diary" about Monday or Tuesday next. It may be hoped that Baron Dowse will try it. He would be the right man in the right place, and would make the proceedings amusing, even if they possessed no element of fun in themselves, by his quaintly expressed views of things in general, and of the broken vows of lovers in particular. By all means let the case be "listed" for the Exchequer, and give us the genial Baron as Judge.

In a paragraph in our last issue referring to Mr. Edmond Johnson's collection of Irish antique silver at Olympia, it was stated, by a typographical error, that the weight was over 2,000 ounces. This should have been 200,000 ounces.

Some days ago a beautiful basket of flowers, consisting of dark-red and pink roses, lilies of the valley, and orchids, was sent to the Kaiser and afforded him much pleasure. On the card attached to it were the words in English—"With most humble and respectful greetings from some little girls at school at Berlin."

It is announced that the Prince of Naples will go to London in July. He will be accompanied by Colonel Osio.

The Countesses Ferrari and Occhieppo have arrived in London, where many private engagements await them. It is expected that these young vocalists and pianists will give a concert in Princes' Hall on an early day.

LA REVEILLE.

DUBLIN MUSICAL SOCIETY, SECOND CONCERT, TWELFTH SEASON.—At the Royal University there was a full, but not a crowded house, a few of the back seats in the balcony being empty. The "Walpurgis Nacht" of Mendelssohn was, in general, well rendered. Though reaching a high level, this music does not touch the heights scaled by Beethoven. In the solo and chorus, "Come with torches," it is however close to the realm of the great maestro; this movement being exciting with fantastic and dramatic effects. Mr. Ivor M'Kay, as tenor, sang well. Mr. J. J. Farrall, as baritone, sang better. There is in Mr. M'Kay a tendency to linger sentimentally in the sweetness of his diminuendos, which is not always artistic. He sang the "Cujus Animam" beautifully, although the band spared no effort to drown his notes. The construction of the platform in the University necessitates the soloist standing close to the orchestra, a fact which the instrumentalists should carefully recollect. Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli promises to be a great artist, and wisely husbands her voice. She does not belong to the great modern school which sacrifices beauty of tone at the shrine of volume of sound, a barbaric fetichism for which Signor Randegger and his fellow professors of the London Academy are mainly responsible. Mdlle. Trebelli aims at ideal beauty of tone, and we heartily wish that every amateur would follow her example. Mr. Horan sang his part flat and tuneless, and has not progressed since the last concert. The choir successfully rendered Henry Smart's "Lullaby." In this the contraltos were not sufficiently soft in the repetition of "Lullaby." Any baby with an ear for music would object to be hushed to slumber with staccato syllables. The concert ended with Wagner's superb Tannhauser Choral March. The reserved seats performed admirably. We are at last beginning to make civilisation a fact and not a mere theory.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, ROTUNDA GARDENS.—This is the best circus, even for Hengler's, we have had for years. The precision of the hat-throwing of the Brothers Leotard, in spite of rapidity and distance, is marvellous. The comical hats come whirling through the air, here, there, and everywhere, and are invariably caught one after another on the heads of these agile performers. One of the chief attractions is the graceful posing and movements of Miss Jessica on an almost invisible wire; she is young, very pretty, and a model of physical perfection. Professor Walker introduces an extremely sensational cage of lions, the most intelligent and best trained troupe of animals of this species ever presented to the public. Professor Walker enters the cage with wonderful coolness, and having put the wild animals through a series of startling performances allows himself to be torn to pieces in full view of the audience. We are willing that this assertion should be seen to be believed. In spite of this catastrophe the Professor enters with an educated donkey, which sings "the Maid of the Mill" in a thrilling falsetto. The most wonderful feature in this season's splendid circus is the performance of Mr. George Lockhart's three marvellous elephants. They perform the most incredible feats with the ease and almost the intelligence of human beings. The little comic elephant plays a whole orchestra of instruments, and rides

round the ring on a tricycle without the least assistance. Hengler's Circus is proverbial for its careful and admirable management, and deserves the best support this season.

CRICKET.—Some excellent matches may be chronicled for the past week. The University College (Stephen's Green) seem the most formidable combination up to the present this season. A draw with Leinster and a defeat registered against the premier Phoenix give credence to that statement. The Leinster, now the most degenerate club in the metropolis, was easily defeated by the University, a fact to a great degree attributable to want of practice among the wearers of the rose and white. The Phoenix defeated the Garrison by 6 wickets. For the Phoenix the evergreen Casy put together 33 (not out), while Cronin added 32 and 13 in second innings. M. Farlan scored 48 for Garrison. Royal Irish Constabulary made a poor show last Saturday against the South Welsh Borderers.

LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, FITZWILLIAM SQUARE.—The Tennis Tournament this year will be remembered for the week of summer sunshine unbroken by a single shower. Throughout the six days the Square was crowded, and it is evident that the tournament has become the fashionable open air event of the year. For the first time, thousands of bright costumes made an appearance; and the unspeakable loveliness of the majority of the female public will be treasured in the memory of every man who has got a heart to lose.

CONCERT AND DRAMATIC RECITALS, SACKVILLE HALL.—This concert opened with a chorus fairly rendered. Mr. Burns made a first appearance as rival to Signor Ravelli, in "Let me like a Soldier fall," and was too nervous to do himself justice. In the recital from Coleman's "Poor Gentleman" Mr. Arthur James as "Ollapod" was passable. The sextette "Chi mi frena" by Donizetti, was successful. In the second part Mr. Vincent O'Brien sang "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," with his familiar ability. Miss Dora Maxwell was encored for the "Kerry Dance"; Miss Helen Conway, and Mr. F. E. Williams were commendable in the scene from "the Hunchback." Several items programmed were changed.

CYCLING.—The meet on next Saturday at Ball's Bridge ought to prove a great draw. The American Champions, Rowe, Temple, and Woodside will all be *in evidence*. Howell has decided not to attend, as he fears that the American element would plot to shut him out of the races by fouling or crossing his course. The match between Cust Kilkelly and Williamson ought to prove exciting. The first named being the amateur champion of the United States.

CONCERT—NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, HARCOURT STREET.—A grand amateur concert at the Children's Hospital, Harcourt Road, on Wednesday evening last was decidedly flat, and the hall not by any means thronged. A shepherdess' song was fairly rendered by Mrs. Diney. Miss Percival contributed a pleasing pianoforte solo; Mr. Scott sang "Brothers in Arms." Mr. H. Moore added a couple of comic songs, and Dr. Gater conducted.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ismael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK III.

ATROPOS—OR THAT WHICH MUST BE.

CHAPTER II.—continued.

THESE considerations taken into account, Mr. Castellani was fain to own to himself that he had been a fool in rejecting the substance for the shadow, however alluring the lovely shade might be.

"But I loved her," he sighed, "I loved her as I had never loved until I saw her fair Madonna face amidst the century-old peace of her home. She filled my life with a new element. She purified and exalted my whole being. And she is thrice as rich as that silly prattling girl!" He ground his teeth at the remembrance of his failure. There had been no room for doubt. Those soft violet eyes had been transformed by indignation, and had flashed upon him with angry fire. That fair Madonna face had whitened to marble with suppressed passion. Not by one glance, not by one tremor in the contemptuous voice had the woman he loved acknowledged his influence.

He put up at the Cosmopolitan, got in half-a-dozen French novels of the most advanced school from Galignani, and kept himself very close for a week or two; but he contrived to find out what the ladies at the Westminster were doing through Albrecht, the courier, who believed him to be Miss Ransome's suitor, and was inclined to be communicative, after being copiously treated to *bocks*, or *petits verres*, as the occasion might suggest.

From Albrecht Castellani heard how Miss Ransome spent most of her time at the Palais Montano, or gadding about with her ladyship and Mrs. Murray, how, in Albrecht's private opinion, the balls and other dissipations of Nice were turning that young lady's head; how Mrs. Greswold went for lonely drives day after day, and would not allow Albrecht to show her the beauties of the neighbourhood, which it would have been alike his duty and pleasure to have done. He had ascertained that her favourite, and, indeed, habitual, drive was to St. Jean, where she was in the habit of leaving the fly at the little inn while she strolled about the village in a purposeless manner. All this appeared to Albrecht as eccentric and absurd, and beneath a lady of Mrs. Greswold's position. She would have employed her time to more advantage in going on distant excursions in a carriage and pair, and in lunching at remote hotels, where Albrecht would have been sure of a *bonne main* from a gratified landlord, as well as his commission from the livery stables.

Castellani heard with displeasure of Pamela's dancings and junketings, and he decided that it was time to throw himself across her pathway. He had not been prepared to find that she could

enjoy life without him. Her admiration of him had been so transparent, her sentimental fancy so naively revealed, and he had thought himself the sultan of her heart, having only to throw the handkerchief whenever it might suit him to claim his prey. Much as he prided himself upon his knowledge of the female heart, he had never estimated the fickleness of a shallow sentimental character like Pamela's. No man, with a due regard to the value and dignity of his sex, could conceive the rapidity or the ruthlessness with which a young lady of this temperament will transfer her affections and her large assortment of day dreams and romantic fancies from one man to another. No man could conceive her capacity for admiring in Number Two all those qualities which were lacking in Number One. No man could imagine the exquisite adaptability of girlhood to surrounding circumstances.

Had Castellani taken Miss Ransome when she was in the humour he would have found her the most amiable and yielding of wives; a model English wife, ready to adapt herself in all things to the will and the pleasure of her husband; unselfish, devoted, unassailable in her belief in her husband as the first and best of men. But he had not seized his opportunity. He had allowed nearly a month to go by since his defeat at Pallanza; and he had allowed Pamela to discover that life might be endurable, nay, even pleasant, without him.

And now, hearing that the young lady was gadding about, and divining that such gadding was the high road to forgetfulness, Mr. Castellani made up his mind to resume his sway over Miss Ransome's fancy without loss of time. He called upon a dashing young American matron whom he had visited in London and Paris, and who now was the occupant of a villa on the Promenade des Anglais, and in her drawing-room he fell in with several of his London acquaintances. He found, however, that his American friend, Mrs. Montagu Brown, had not yet succeeded in being invited to the Palais Montano, and only knew Lady Lochinvar and Miss Ransome by sight.

"Her ladyship is too stand-offish for my taste," said Mrs. Montague Brown, "but the girl seems friendly enough—no style—not as we Americans undersand style. I am told she ranks as an heiress in her own country, but at the last ball at the Cercle she wore a frock that I should call dear at forty dollars. That young Stuart is after her evidently. I hope you are going to the dance next Tuesday, Mr. Castellani. I want someone nice to talk to now my waltzing days are over."

Castellani urged that Mrs. Montagu Brown was in the hey-day of a dancer's age, and would be guilty of gross cruelty in abandoning that delightful art.

"Don't talk bosh," said Mrs. Montagu Brown, with perfect good humour. "There are plenty of women who don't know when they are old, but every woman knows when she's fat. When my waist came to twenty-eight inches, I knew it was time to leave off waltzing, and I was pretty good at it too in my day, I can tell you."

"With that carriage you must have been divine," replied César; "and I believe the Venus de Milo's waist must measure over twenty-eight inches."

"The Venus de Milo has no more figure than the peasant woman one sees on the promenade, women who seem as if they set their faces against the very idea of a waist. Be sure you

get a ticket for Tuesday, I love to have some clever men about me wherever I go."

"I shall be there," said Castellani, bending over his hostess, and imparting a gentle confidential pressure to her fat white hand by way of leave-taking, before he slipped silently from the room.

He had studied the art of departure as if it were a science, never lingered, never hummed and hawed, never said he must go and didn't, never apologised for going so soon while everybody was pining to get rid of him.

The next day there was a battle of flowers; not the great floral fête before the sugar-plum carnival, but the altogether secondary affair of Mid-Lent, pleasant enough in the warmer weather of advancing spring.

Everyone of any importance was on the promenade, and amongst the best carriages appeared Lady Lochinvar's barouche, decorated with white camellias and carmine carnations. She had carefully eschewed that favourite mixture of camellias and Parma violets which has always a half-mourning or funereal air. Malcolm Stuart and Miss Ransome sat side by side on the front seat with a great basket of carnations on their knees, with which they pelted their acquaintance, while Lady Lochinvar, in brown velvet and ostrich plumage, reposed at her ease in the back of the spacious carriage and enjoyed the fun without any active participation.

It was Pamela's first experience in flower fights, and to her the scene seemed enchanting. The afternoon was peerless. She wore a white gown, as if it had been Midsummer; and white gowns were the rule in most of the carriages. The sea was turquoise, deepening to sapphire. The white and pink walls, the green shutters and orange trees, cactus and palm, made up a picture of a city in fairyland, taken as a background for a triple procession of carriages, all smothered with Parma violets, Dijon roses, camellias, and narcissus, with here and there some picturesque arrangement of oranges and lemons.

The carriages moved at a foot-pace, the pavements were crowded with smart people, who joined in the contest. Pamela's lap was full of bouquets, which fell from her in showers as she stood up every now and then to fling a handful of carnations into a passing carriage.

Presently, while she was standing thus, flushed and sparkling, she saw a face on the footpath by the sea, and paled suddenly at the sight.

It was César Castellani, sauntering slowly along, in a short coat of light-coloured cloth, and a felt hat of exactly the same delicate shade. He came to the carriage door. There was a block at the moment, and he had time to talk to the occupants.

"How do you do, Lady Lochinvar? You have not forgotten me, I hope—César Castellani—though it is such ages since we met."

He only lifted his hat to Lady Lochinvar, waiting for her recognition, but he held out his hand to Pamela.

"How do you like Nice, Miss Ransome? As well as Pallanza, I hope?"

"Ever so much better than Pallanza."

There was a time when that coat and hat, the *soupcou* of dark blue velvet waistcoat just showing underneath the pale buff collar, the loose China silk handkerchief carelessly fastened with a priceless intaglio, the gardenia, and pearl gray gloves would have ensnared Pamela's fancy: but that time was past. She thought that César's

costume looked effeminate and underbred beside the stern simplicity of Mr. Stuart's heather mixture *complet*. The scales had fallen from her eyes, and she recognised the bad taste and the vanity involved in that studied carelessness, that artistic colouring.

She remembered what Mildred had said of Mr. Castellani, and she was deliberately cold. Lady Lochinvar was gracious, knowing nothing to the Italian's discredit.

"I remember you perfectly," she said, shaking hands. "You have changed very little in all these years. Be sure you come and see me. I am at home at five almost every afternoon."

The carriage moved on, and Pamela sat in an idle reverie for the next ten minutes, although the basket of carnations was only half empty.

She was thinking how strange it was that her heart beat no faster. Could it be that she was cured—and so soon? It was even worse than a cure; it was a positive revulsion of feeling. She was vexed with herself for ever having exalted that over-dressed foreigner into a hero. She felt she had been un-English, unwomanly even, in her exaggerated admiration of an exotic. And then she glanced at Malcolm Stuart, and averted her eyes with a conscious blush, on seeing him earnestly observant of her.

He was plain, certainly. His features had been moulded roughly, but they were not bad features. The lines were rather good in fact, and it was a fine manly countenance. He was fair and slightly freckled, as became a Scotchman; his eyes were clear and blue, but could be compared with neither sapphire nor violets, and his eyelashes were lighter than any cultivated young lady could approve. The general tone of his hair and complexion was ginger; and ginger, taken in connection with masculine beauty, is not all one would wish. But then ginger is almost the pervading note in the household brigade, and it is a hue which harmonises agreeably with flashing helmets and shell jackets. No doubt Mr. Stuart had looked very nice in his uniform. He had certainly appeared to advantage in a highland costume at the fancy ball the other night, some people pronounced him the finest-looking man in the room.

And again good looks are of little importance in a man. A plainish man, possessed of all the manly accomplishments, a crack shot and a crack rider, can always appear to advantage in English society. Pamela was beginning to think more kindly of sporting men, and even of Sir Henry Mountford.

"I'm sure Mr. Stuart would get on with him," she thought, dimly foreseeing a day when Sir Henry and her new acquaintance would be brought together somehow.

César Castellani took immediate advantage of Lady Lochinvar's invitation. He presented himself at the Palais Montano on the following afternoon, and he found Pamela established there as if she belonged to the house. It was she who poured out the tea and dispensed those airy little hot cakes, which were a kind of idealised galette, served in the daintiest of embroidered doyleys, resplendent with Lady Lochinvar's cipher and coronet.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray were there, and Malcolm Stuart, the chief charm of whose society seemed to consist in his exhibition of an accomplished Dandie Dinmont, which usurped the conversation, and which Castellani would have liked to inoculate with the most virulent form of rabies. Pamela squatted on a little stool at the creature's feet, and assisted in showing him off.

She had acquired a power over him which indicated an acquaintance of some standing.

"What fools girls are," thought Castellani.

His conquests among women of maturer years had been built upon rock as compared with the shifting quicksand of a girl's fancy. He began to think the genus girl beneath contempt.

"He has but one fault," said Pamela, when the terrier had gone through various clumsy evolutions in which the bandiness of his legs and the length of his body had been shown off to the uttermost. "He cannot endure Box, and Box detests him. They never meet without trying to murder each other, and I'm very much afraid," bending down to kiss the broad hairy head, "that Dandy is the stronger."

"Of course he is. Box is splendid for muscle, but weight must tell in the long run," replied Mr. Stuart.

"My grandfather had a Dandy whose father belonged to Sir Walter Scott," began Mrs. Murray, "he was just a pair-r-r-fect dog, and my mamma—"

Castellani fled from this inanity. He went to the other end of the room where Lady Lochinvar was listening listlessly to Mr. Murray, laid himself out to amuse her ladyship for the next ten minutes, and then departed, without so much as a look at Pamela.

"The spell is broken," he said to himself, as he drove away. "The girl is next door to an idiot. No doubt she will marry that Sandy Scotchman. Lady Lochinvar means it, and a silly pated miss like that can be led with a thread of floss silk. *Moi, je m'en fiche*."

About a week after Mr. Castellani's reappearance Mildred Greswold received a letter from Brighton, which made a sudden change in her plans.

It was from Mr. Maltravers, the incumbent of St. Edmund's:—

"St. Edmund's Vicarage.

"Dear Mrs. Greswold,—After our thoroughly confidential conversations last autumn, I feel justified in addressing you upon a subject which I know is very near to your heart, namely, the health and welfare, spiritual as well as bodily, of your dear aunt, and my most valued parishioner, Miss Fausset. The condition of that dear lady has given me considerable uneasiness during the last few months. She has refused to take her hand from the plough; she labours as faithfully as ever in the Lord's vineyard; but I see with deepest regret that she is no longer the woman she was, even a year ago. The decay has been sudden, and it has been rapid. Her strength begins to fail her, though she will hardly admit as much, even to her medical attendant; and her spirits are less equable than of old. She has intervals of extreme depression, against which the efforts of friendship, the power of spiritual consolation, are unavailing.

"I feel it my duty to inform you, as one who has a right to be interested in the disposal of Miss Fausset's wealth, that my benefactress has consummated the generosity of past years by a munificent gift. She has endowed her beloved Church of St. Edmund's with an income, which, taken in conjunction with the pew rents, an institution which I hope hereafter to abolish, raises the priest of the temple from penury to comfort, and affords him the means of helping the poor of his parish with his alms as well as with his prayers and ministrations. This noble gift closes the long account of beneficence betwixt your dear aunt and St. Edmund's. I have nothing further to expect from her for my church or

for myself. It is fully understood between us that this gift is final. You will understand, therefore, that I am thoroughly disinterested in my anxiety for this precious life.

"You, dear Mrs. Greswold, are your aunt's only near relative, and it is but right you should be the companion and comforter of her declining days. That the shadow of the grave is upon her I can but fear, although medical science sees but slight cause for alarm. A year ago she was a vigorous woman, spare of habit, certainly, but with a hardness of bearing and manner which promised a long life. To-day she is a broken woman, nervous, fitful, and, I fear, unhappy, though I can conceive no cause for sadness in the closing years of such a noble life as hers has been, unselfish, devoted to good works and exalted thoughts. If you can find it compatible with your other ties to come to Brighton, I would strongly recommend you to come without loss of time, and I believe that the change which you will yourself perceive in my valued friend will fully justify the course I take in thus addressing you.

"I am ever, dear Mrs. Greswold,

"Your friend and servant,

"SAMUEL MALTRAVERS."

Mildred gave immediate orders to courier and maid, her trunks were to be packed that afternoon, a coupee was to be taken in the Rapide for the following day, and they were to go straight through to Paris. But when she announced this fact to Pamela the damsel's countenance expressed utmost despondency.

"Upon my word, aunt, you have a genius for taking one away from a place just when one is beginning to be happy," she exclaimed, in irrepressible vexation.

She apologised directly after upon hearing of Miss Fausset's illness.

"I am a horrid, ill-tempered creature," she said; "but I really am beginning to adore Nice. It is a place that grows upon one."

"What if I were to leave you for two or three weeks with Lady Lochinvar? She told me the other day that she would like very much to have you to stay with her. You might stay till she leaves Nice, which will be in about three week's time, and you could travel with her to Paris. You could go from Paris to Brighton very comfortably, with Peterson to take care of you. Perhaps you would not mind leaving Nice when Lady Lochinvar goes?"

Pamela sparkled and blushed at the suggestion.

"I should like it very much, if Lady Lochinvar is in earnest in asking to have me."

"I am sure she is in earnest. There is only one stipulation I must make, Pamela. You must promise me not to renew your intimacy with Mr. Castellani."

"With all my heart, aunt. My eyes have been opened. He dresses odiously."

CHAPTER III.

AS THE SANDS RUN DOWN.

MILDRED was in Brighton upon the third day after she left Nice. She had sent no intimation of her coming to her aunt, lest her visit should be forbidden. A nervous invalid is apt to have fancies, and to resent anything that looks like being taken care of. She arrived therefore unannounced, left her luggage at the station, and drove straight to Leves Crescent, where the butler received her with every appearance of surprise.

It was late in the afternoon, and Miss Fausset was sitting in her accustomed chair in the back drawing-room, near the fire, and with her book table on her right hand. The balmy spring-time which Mildred had left at Nice was unknown in Brighton, where the season had been exceptionally cold, and where a jovial north-easter was holding its revels all over Kemp Town, and enlivening the sea, where Neptune's white horses were careering gaily over the gray expanse. A pleasant bracing day for robust health and animal spirits; but not altogether the kind of atmosphere to suit an elderly spinster suffering from nervous depression.

Miss Fausset started up, flushed with surprise, at Mildred's entrance. Her niece had kept her acquainted with her movements, but had told her nothing of the drama of her existence since she left Brighton.

"My dear child, I am very glad to see you back," she said gently. "You are come to stay with me for a little while, I hope, before—?"

She hesitated, and looked at Mildred earnestly.

"Are you reconciled to your husband?" she asked abruptly.

"Reconciled?" echoed Mildred, "we have never quarrelled. He is as dear to me to-day as he was the day I married him—dearer for all the years we spent together. But we are parted for ever. You know that it must be so, and you know why."

"I hoped that time would have taught you common sense."

"Time has only confirmed my resolution. Do not let us argue the point, aunt. I know that you mean kindly—but I know that you are false to your own principles—to all the teaching of your life—when you argue on the side of wrong."

Miss Fausset turned her head impatiently. She had sunk back into her chair after greeting Mildred, and her niece perceived that she, who used to sit erect as a dart, in the most uncompromising attitude, was now propped up with cushions, against which her wasted figure leaned languidly.

"How have you got through the winter, aunt?" Mildred asked presently.

"Not very well. It has tried me more than any other winter I can remember. It has been a long weary winter. I have been obliged to give up the greater part of my district work. I held on as long as ever I could, till my strength failed me. And now I have to trust the work to others. I have my lieutenants—Clara and Emily Newton—who work for me. You remember them, perhaps. Earnest good girls. They keep me *en rapport* with my poor people—but it is not like personal intercourse. I begin to feel what it is to be useless—to cumber the ground."

"My dear aunt how can you talk so? Your life has been so full of usefulness that you may well afford to take rest now that your health is not quite so good as it has been. Even in your drawing-room here you are doing good. It is only right that young people should carry out your instructions and work for you. I have heard, too, of your munificent gift to St. Edmund's."

"It is nothing, my dear; when all is counted, it is nothing. I have tried to lead a righteous life. I have tried to do good—but now, sitting alone by this fire day after day, night after night, it all seems vain and empty. There is no comfort in the thought of it all, Mildred. I have

had the praise of men, but never the approval of my own conscience."

There was a silence of some moments, Mildred feeling at a loss for any fitting words of comfort or cheerfulness.

"Then you are not going back to your husband?" her aunt asked abruptly, as if in forgetfulness of all that had been said, and then, suddenly recollecting herself. "You have made up your mind, you say. Well, in that case, you can stay with me—make this your home. You may take up my work perhaps—by-and-bye."

"Yes, aunt, I hope I may be able to do so. My life has been idle and useless since my great sorrow. I want to learn to be of more use in the world—and you can teach me if you will."

"I will, Mildred. I want you to be happy. I have made my will. You will inherit all I have to leave, after some small legacies to my servants, and five-hundred pounds to César Castellani."

"My dear aunt, I don't want—"

"No, you are rich enough, already, I know; but I should like you to have still larger means, to profit by my death. You will use your wealth for the good of others—as I have tried—feebly tried—to use mine. You will be rich enough to found a sisterhood, if you like, the Sisters of St. Edmund. I have done all I mean to do for the church. Mr. Maltravers knows that."

"Dear aunt, why should we talk of these things? You have many years of life before you, I hope."

"No, Mildred, the end is not far off. I feel worn out and broken. I am a doomed woman."

"But you have had no serious illness since I was here?"

"No, no, nothing specific; only languour and shattered nerves, loss of appetite, sleeplessness; the sure indications of decay. My doctor can find no name for my malady. He tries one remedy after another, until I weary of his experiments. I am glad you have come to me, Mildred—but I should be gladder if you were going back to your husband."

"Oh, aunt, why do you say these things which you know must torture me?"

"Because I am worried by your folly. Well, I will say no more. You will stay with me and comfort me, if you can. What have you done with Pamela?"

Mildred told her aunt about Lady Lochinvar's invitation.

"Ah, she is with Lady Lochinvar—a very frivolous person, I suppose. Your husband's niece is a well-meaning, silly girl; sure to get into mischief of some kind. Is she still in love with César Castellani?"

"I think not. I hope not. I believe she is cured of that folly."

"You call it a folly. Well, perhaps you are right. It may be foolishness for a girl to follow the blind instinct of her heart."

"For an impulsive girl like Pamela."

"Yes, no doubt, she is impulsive, generous and uncalculating, a girl hardly to be trusted with her own fate," said Miss Fausset with a sigh, and then she lapsed into silence.

Mr. Maltravers had not exaggerated the change in her. It was only too plainly evident. Her whole manner and bearing had altered since Mildred had seen her last. Physically and mentally her whole nature seemed to have relaxed and broken down. It was as if the springs that sustained the human machine had snapped. The whole mechanism was out of gear. She who had been so firm of speech

and meaning, who had been wont to express herself with a cold and cutting decisiveness, was now feeble and irresolute, repeating herself, harping upon the same old string, obviously forgetful of that which had gone before.

Mildred felt that she would be only doing her duty as Miss Fausset's nearest relative in taking up her abode in the great dull house and trying to soothe the tedium of decay. She could do very little, perhaps, but the fact of near kindred would be in itself a solace; and for her own part she would have the sense of duty done.

"I will stay with you as long as you will have me, aunt," she said gently. "Albrecht is below. May I send to the station for my luggage?"

"Of course, and your rooms shall be got ready immediately. The house will be yours before very long, perhaps. It would be strange if you could not make it your home!"

She touched a spring on her book table, which communicated with the electric bell, and Franz appeared promptly.

"Tell them to get Mrs. Greswold's old rooms ready at once, and send Albrecht to the station for the luggage," ordered Miss Fausset, with something of her old decisiveness. "Louisa is with you, I suppose?" she added to her niece.

"Louisa is at the station looking after my things. Albrecht leaves me to-day. He has been a good servant, and I think he has had an easy place. I have not been an eager traveller."

"No, you seem to have taken life at a slow pace. What took you to Nice? It is not a place I should have chosen if I wanted quiet."

Mildred hesitated for some moments before she replied to this question.

"You know one part of my sorrow, aunt. I think I might trust you with the whole of that sad story. I went to Nice because it was the place where my husband lived with his first wife—where my unhappy sister died."

"She died at Nice," repeated Miss Fausset, with an abstracted air, as if her power of attention, which had revived just now, were beginning to flag.

"She died there—under the saddest circumstances. I am heart broken when I think of her and that sad fate. My own dear Fay—my generous, loving Fay—how hard that your loving heart should be an instrument of self-torture. She was jealous of her husband—causelessly, unreasonably jealous, and she killed herself in a paroxysm of despair."

The awfulness of this fact roused Miss Fausset from her apathy. She started up from amongst her cushions, staring at Mildred in mute horror, and her wasted hands trembled as they grasped the arm of her chair.

"Surely, surely that can't be true," she faltered. "It is too dreadful. People tell such lies—an accident, perhaps, exaggerated into a suicide—an overdose of an opiate."

"No, no, it was nothing like that. There is no doubt. I heard it from those who knew. She flung herself over the edge of the cliff—she was walking with her husband—my husband—George Greswold—then George Ransome—they were walking together—they quarrelled—he said something that stung her to the quick, and she threw herself over the cliff. It was the wild impulse of a moment, for which an all merciful God will not hold her accountable. She was in very delicate health, nervous, hysterical, and she fancied herself unloved, betrayed perhaps. Ah, aunt, think how hardly she had been used, cast off, disowned, sent out alone in the world by those who should have loved and protected

her. Poor, poor Fay. My mother sent her away from The Hook where she was so happy. My mother's jealousy drove her out—a young girl, so friendless, so lonely, so much in need of love. It was my mother's doing—but my father ought not to have allowed it. If she was weak, he was strong, and Fay was his daughter. It was his duty to protect her against all the world. You know how I loved my father, you know that I reverence his memory, but I feel that he played a coward's part when he sent Fay out of his house to please my mother."

She was carried away by her passionate regret for that ill-used girl whose image had never lost its hold upon her heart.

"Not a word against your father, Mildred. He was a good man. He never failed in affection or in duty. He acted for the best according to his lights in relation to that unhappy girl—unhappy—ill-used—yes, yes, yes. He did his best, Mildred. He must not be blamed. But it is dreadful to think that she killed herself."

"Had you heard nothing of her fate, aunt? My father must have heard, surely. There must have been some means of communication. He must have kept himself informed about her fate, although she was banished, given over to the care of strangers. If he had owned a dog which other people took care of for him he would have been told when the dog died."

Miss Fausset felt the unspeakable bitterness of this comparison.

"You must not speak like that of your father, Mildred. You ought to know that he was a good man. Yes, he knew, of course, when that poor girl died; but it was not his business to tell other people. I only heard—incidentally—that she had married, and that she died within a year of her marriage. I heard no more. It was the end of a sad story."

Again there was an interval of silence. It was six o'clock, the sun was going down over the sea beyond the west pier, and the lawn, and the fashionable garden where the gay world congregates, while this eastern end of the long white sea front was lapsing into grayness, through which a star shone dimly here and there. It looked a cold, dull world after the pink hotel and the green shutters, the dusty palms, and the bright blue sea of the Promenade des Anglais; but Mildred was glad to be in England, glad to be so much nearer him whose life-companion she could never be again.

Franz brought her some tea presently, and informed her that her rooms were ready, and that Louisa had arrived with the luggage. Albrecht had left his humble duty for his honoured mistress, and was gone.

"When your father died, you looked through his papers and letters, no doubt?" said Miss Fausset presently, after a pause in the conversation.

"Yes, aunt, I looked through my dear father's letters in the library in Parchment-street, and arranged everything with our old family solicitor," answered Mildred, surprised at a question which seemed to have no bearing upon anything that had gone before.

"And you found no documents relating to—that unhappy girl."

"Not a line—not a word. But I had not expected to find anything. The history of her birth was the one dark secret of my father's life—he would naturally leave no trace of the story."

"Naturally, if he were wiser than most people. But I have observed that men of business have

a passion for preserving documents, even when they are worthless. People keep compromising papers with the idea of destroying them on their death beds, or when they feel the end is near; and then death comes without warning, and the papers remain. Your father's end was somewhat sudden."

"Sadly sudden. When he left us that autumn he was in excellent health. The shooting had been better than usual that year, and I think he had enjoyed it as much as the youngest of our party. And then he went back to London and the London fogs—caught cold—neglected himself—and we were summoned to Parchment Street to find him dying of inflammation of the lungs. It was terrible! Such a brief farewell—such an irreparable loss."

"I was not sent for," said Miss Fausset, severely. "And yet I loved your father dearly."

"It was wrong, aunt, but we hoped against hope almost to the last. It was only within a few hours of the end that we knew the case was hopeless, and to summon you would have been to give him the idea that he was dying. George and I pretended that our going to him was accidental. We were so fearful of alarming him."

"Well, I dare say you acted for the best; but it was a heavy blow for me to be told that he was gone—my only brother—almost my only friend."

"Pray don't say that, aunt. I hope you know that I love you."

"My dear, you love me because I am your father's sister. You consider it your duty to love me. My brother loved me for my own sake, loved me through thick and thin. He was a noble-hearted man."

Miss Fausset and her niece dined together *tete-a-tete*, and spent the evening quietly on each side of the hearth, with their books and work, the kind of work which encourages pensive brooding, as the needle travels slowly over the fabric.

"I wonder you have no pets, aunt—no favourite dog."

"I have never cared for that kind of affection, Mildred. I am of too hard a nature, perhaps. My heart does not open itself to dogs and cats, and parrots are my abomination. I am not like the typical spinster. My only solace in the long weary years has been in going among people who are more unhappy than myself. I have put myself face to face with sordid miseries, with heavy life-long burdens; and I have asked myself what is *your* trouble compared with these?"

"Dear aunt, it seems to me that your life must have been particularly free from trouble and care."

"Perhaps in its outward aspect. I am rich, and I have been looked up to. But do you think those long years of loneliness—the aimless, monotonous pilgrimage through life has not been a burden? Do you think I have not—sometimes at any rate—envied other women their children and their husbands, the atmosphere of domestic love—even with all its cares and sorrows? Do you suppose that I could live for a quarter of a century, as I have lived, and not feel my isolation? I have made people honour me because I have the means of helping them. But who is there who cares for me, Madalena Fausset?"

"You cannot have done so much for others without being sincerely loved in return."

"With a kind of love, perhaps—a love that has been bought."

"Why did you never marry, aunt?"

"Because I was an heiress and a good match, and distrusted every man who wanted to marry me. I made a vow to myself, before my twentieth birthday, that I would never listen to words of love or give encouragement to a lover; and I most scrupulously kept that vow. I was called a handsome woman in those days; but I was not an attractive woman at any time. Nature had made me of too hard a clay."

"It was a pity that you should keep love at arm's length."

"Far better than to have been fooled by shams, as I might have been. Don't say any more about it, Mildred. I made my vow, and I kept it."

Mildred resigned herself to the idea of the dull slow life in Lewes Crescent. This duty of solacing her aunt's declining days was the only duty that remained to her, except that wider duty of caring for the helpless and the wretched. And she told herself that there would be no better school in which to learn how to help others than the house of Miss Fausset, who had given so much of her life to the poor.

She had been told to consider her aunt's house as her own, and that she was at liberty to receive Pamela there as much and as often as she liked. She did not think that Pamela would be long without a settled home. Mr. Stuart's admiration and Lady Lochinvar's wishes had been obvious; and Mildred daily expected a gushing letter from the fickle damsel, announcing her engagement to the Scotchman.

At four o'clock on the day after Mildred's arrival, Miss Fausset's friends began to drop in for afternoon tea and talk, and Mildred was surprised to see how her aunt rallied in that long familiar society. It seemed as if the praises and flatteries of these people acted upon her like strong wine. She sat erect again, her eyes brightened, her ear was alert to follow three or four conversations at a time; nothing escaped her.

(To be continued.)

YOU SAY I HAVE NO HEART.

My friend, you say I have no heart,
Or, if I have, it's steel;
I had one once, that I would swear,
Or something that could feel.
I've learned a lesson since that time,
A cruel, bitter task,
My heart, if any I have got,
Is worn beneath a mask.

I had a heart—'twas warm and true,
It felt for others' grief;
But it was stole three years ago,
And vanished is the thief.
I once could pine for joys long passed,
In silence sit and brood
Upon my dark and weary lot—
I courted solitude.

But now I've changed. I'm like a watch,
My mind does ever rove;
Not twice you'll find me just the same;
I'm always bound to move.
I loved once, I thought him pure
As heaven's bright angel fair,
I worshipped madly at his shrine;
I loved the balmy air.

That did caress him with its wings,
That kissed his manly brow;
I've placed the cypress on that love
Where it lies withering now.
If now you say I have no heart,
Or, if I have, it's steel,
I only pray that ne'er may yours
Be made like mine to feel.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 28th May, 1888.

Money is very plentiful, and choice three months' bills are quoted at $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and six months at $1\frac{7}{8}$. The banks will probably ask $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for their loans to the Stock Exchange for the settlement which commences to-day. New Consols, after being very flat, closed firmer at $99\frac{1}{4}$ to $99\frac{3}{8}$ both for money and account. New $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. $95\frac{1}{2}$ - 96 . India 3 per cents. $96\frac{1}{2}$ - 97 .

English Rails, notwithstanding the fine weather and exceptionally good traffic, have remained almost featureless, but should improve for next account. Brighton A, $117\frac{3}{4}$; Dover A, $101\frac{1}{8}$; Great Northern A, 101; Caledonian, $101\frac{3}{8}$; Chatham, $20\frac{3}{8}$; Great Eastern, $66\frac{3}{8}$; Great Western, $142\frac{3}{8}$; Hull and Barnsley, 25; Metropolitan, $68\frac{1}{2}$; Metropolitan District, 33; Midland, $128\frac{1}{4}$; North British, $106\frac{1}{2}$; North Eastern, $150\frac{3}{8}$; North Western, $166\frac{3}{8}$.

Foreign Stocks have been firm, and mark a rise, especially in Russian Securities. Egyptian Unified, $79\frac{1}{2}$; Greek, 1881, 71; Italian, $96\frac{3}{8}$; Mexican Converted, $37\frac{1}{2}$; Portuguese, $62\frac{1}{8}$; Perus, 6 per cents., $16\frac{7}{8}$; Ditto, 5 per cents., $15\frac{1}{2}$; Russian, 1873, $95\frac{3}{8}$; Spanish, $69\frac{3}{8}$; Turkish, Group I., 24; Group II., $14\frac{3}{8}$; III., 14.

Americans again a disappointing market, and subject to Bear attacks on Milwaukees, in which there must now be a considerable short interest. We have given our opinion so recently that for the present no further comment is needed, but the firmness of Norfolk and Western Preference may be mentioned, which is a source of satisfaction to us, and there is no doubt that this security will be one of the first to improve when the market gets into a more healthy state. Central Pacifics are quoted $31\frac{1}{4}$; Chicago, Milwaukee, 69; Denver Preference, $49\frac{3}{8}$; Eries, 25; Lake Shore, $93\frac{1}{4}$; Louisville, $56\frac{3}{8}$; New York Central, 108; Norfolk Preference, 48; Ohio, 20; Ontario, 16; Pennsylvania, $53\frac{3}{8}$; Reading, 32; Union Pacific, 56.

Foreign and Canadian Railways closed dull, especially Trunks, owing to the continued bad traffic. Canadian Pacifics are quoted 60; Grand Trunk Ordinary, $10\frac{3}{8}$; First Preference, $62\frac{1}{2}$; Second Preference, $43\frac{3}{8}$; Third Preference, $23\frac{3}{4}$; Guaranteed 4 per cent. Stock, 68; Mexican Rails, $41\frac{1}{4}$; First Preference, $118\frac{1}{4}$; Second Preference, $74\frac{1}{4}$; Mexican Central, First Mortgage, $69\frac{1}{4}$.

Mines dull and generally lower, except De Beers and Kimberley Central, on the amalgamation scheme mentioned below. Cape Copper, 64; De Beers, $38\frac{3}{8}$; Rio Tinto, $19\frac{1}{4}$; Sheba Gold, $1\frac{3}{8}$; Copiopa, $6\frac{3}{8}$; Alturas, $14\frac{1}{6}$; Dickens Custer, $7\frac{1}{6}$; Emma, $4\frac{1}{6}$.

Miscellaneous Market steady and higher in some specialities. Aerated Bread, $5\frac{3}{8}$; Bryant and May, $13\frac{3}{8}$; Hotchkiss, $14\frac{3}{8}$; Hudson's Bay, $19\frac{1}{2}$; Suez Canal, 86 (these shares have steadily risen every week since we drew attention to them); New Explosives, $6\frac{3}{8}$; R. Bell & Co., $5\frac{3}{4}$.

The traffic receipts of the Suez Canal on Friday amounted to 160,000 francs, that of

Wednesday to 220,000 francs, against 40,000 francs for the corresponding day of last year.

The receipts of the Mexican Central for the week ending May 3rd, show an increase of 2,890 dols.

The aggregate receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada up to the 19th May (viz. 20 weeks), amount to £1,606,520, as against £1,756,457 last year, showing a decrease of £149,937.

The receipts of the London General Omnibus Company for the week ending May 20th, amount to £13,762, against £12,450 for the corresponding week of last year, showing an increase of £1,312.

A meeting of the holders of Paraguay Land Warrants has been convened by the Council of Foreign Bondholders for Tuesday, June 5th, to consider the report of the Committee, and to pass resolutions.

The "Stroud Brewery Company" has been formed to take over the business of Messrs. Watts & Co. The present issue is for £180,000, viz., 5,000 Preference and 5,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, and £80,000 Five per cent. Debenture stock at par. The Accountants (Messrs. Quilter, Welton & Co.,) state that the annual profits for the last three years have averaged £12,060.

Another undertaking, "The National Pure Drinking Water Automatic Supply Association, Limited," is announced for the automatic supply of non-alcoholic beverages. What next?

Bar silver, which last week touched $41\frac{3}{4}$ d. (the lowest price yet recorded), has recovered slightly, and remains steady at 42d., owing to a demand having sprung up at Vera Cruz for Mexican Dollars, and the tendency of the market is towards an improvement in price.

One of the most important events of the week (if not the most important) has been the issue of a circular by the Kimberley Central Diamond Mining Co., Ltd., stating that after a lengthened negotiation a provisional agreement has been signed for the amalgamation of this company with that of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., by which the shareholders will be entitled to receive twenty-two £5 shares of the De Beers Co. for every ten £10 shares of the Kimberley Central. The united capital of both companies is not to exceed £3,950,000, and the amalgamation is to come into force on July 1st.

With this amalgamation as an acknowledged fact, we cannot but regard it as of the greatest importance, seeing that it raises these two properties out of their speculative position, and places them before the public more in the light of an investment. Whether the new company's shares will command an equivalent premium to that which now belongs to such separate undertakings is a matter which we would rather not express an opinion upon, but as a joint enterprise we are inclined to look upon them in a rather more fashionable light than we have hitherto done.

Cape Copper we took leave of when they were some pounds above present price, and we

hope our readers got out when we advised them to.

The Directors of the Carlisle Gold Mining Company have declared an interim dividend of 1/- per share, free of income tax, out of the profits of the current year.

Mr. H. Newson Smith, chartered accountant of Walbrook, has been duly appointed voluntary liquidator of the Dublin Brewery Co., Ltd.

As a proof that the present daily quotations of mining shares are in many instances fictitious, it may be mentioned that a buyer of some 2,000 "New Emma" shares, in April last, is unable to get delivery, and has had to have part of them bought in. The jobbers are all short of low-priced shares, and the making up prices, although they appear to be lower each account, would soon rise to their proper value if buyers would only insist on delivery. We have urged our readers to do this on previous occasions, and let them not forget that this advice is applicable to every low-priced mine which we have recommended from time to time.

Mysore shares recovered slightly, and now stand at round about 3. We think their estimate value is nearer double this amount.

Those who have not bought Balkis shares will regret it when it is too late. A fully-paid £1 share for about 7/- is not much to risk, and they may very shortly be worth as many pounds.

We hear Kapanga shares well spoken of. They are £1 fully paid, and stand at 7/-. Not so long ago they were selling at double this price.

Consolidated Esmeralda are looking up, and the latest report from this mine is encouraging, also Dicken's Custer.

Viola.—The following cable has been received for the week ending May 19th. Ore smelted 510 tons; lead produced 198 tons; silver produced 4,200 oz.; value 19,000 dols.

A Bill, authorising a loan of £2,000,000, has been passed by the New South Wales Legislature. The subscription in London opens in June.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. C. L.—The last dividend was at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum.

DANDY DICK.—We can only report on Companies quoted in the Official List. The only undertaking of the kind we should like to recommend is the Aerated Bread Company.

ANXIOUS.—We cannot reply to your enquiry, you should take legal advice.

TRUST.—Leeds and Manchester Corporation Stocks are 4 per cent. Nottingham is only 3 per cent.

A TENNIS CARNIVAL.

IN AND OUT AMONG THE CROWD.

AND now, my dear Idyott, having shown you round Dublin, and having succeeded in removing some of that crust of ignorance which caused your Cockney brain to imagine that Ireland was inhabited by a species of half-clad anthropophagi; that Dublin was a mere cluster of indifferently-clean houses, surrounding a gloomy castle, whence issued edicts which made the savage "pathriots" writhe and cry aloud to their tribune to redress their wrongs, let us now enter Fitzwilliam Square, and I will show you what manner of men and women our "natives" are, assembled at this carnival of tennis.

Look! Here comes dear old Lady O'Mara, struggling through the heterogeneous crowd; what a placid look of calm content she wears, albeit she hates being jostled by the vulgar herd; behind her come her fair niece, accompanied by that "beau sabreur," the honorable Ollove Jacke, of the long neck and perpetual smile. "How do you do, Lady O'Mara"—a nod, a smile, and she disappears into chaos. Idyott, my boy, it is well to be smiled upon by Lady O——. It confers a brevet rank, and all the little snobblings round will gaze upon you with envy, and you will be a snob to think so. The O'Maras have owned estates since the days of Ollamhí Fohdla; they are hereditary bottle-washers to the Irish Court; they have therefore rendered great services to their country. I once had the pleasure of a long conversation with the old lady, and she told me that in all her long experience the saddest thing she knew of was the gradual decay of Dublin seasons and Dublin society since in these days of mail boats and express trains to London. "There are," she told me, "three great classes of the people one sees about—the cream, the milk, and the buttermilk; young friends of mine would not dance with a man seen intimate with 'the milk.'" O Idyott! is it not enough to make Thackeray turn in his grave? such divine, crusted, old snobbishness!! Why should Edwin be cast forth from the society of these damsels because he admires an Angelina not of the O'Mara set? Surely no gentleman of her acquaintance would cut pretty Mrs. Struggleon (who married S—— to escape starvation, and now entertains her many youthful admirers in her charming little house off Lyde-road), or be rude to the fair Miss Pounder, whose father, having retired from the bacon trade, gives those excellent entertainments in Merrion Square—for all the O'Maras in the world. They are all here to-day, and when walking with "the cream" the honorable Snooks must bow to the "milk" and "buttermilk" of his acquaintance and look happy, although it is a little awkward at times.

Now fix your eye-glass in your sinister optic and gaze slowly round with me; all the sets, all the circles are here; the whole atlas of our "society" is spread before you—from the imperial purple of imitation royalty with its mock court and real toadies down, down, down, to the *haut cocoterie* with its mock complexion and real diamonds; each trying to "hold up its end of the plank" against the other; the lower the level the greater the ostentation. My lady Oldtowers glides amid the crowd with one-fiftieth the bang and bustle of Mrs. Giltcadd, the wholesale shopman's wife, who peacocks along as if the place belonged to her. See how

she frets until she has planted her handsome overdressed person on a seat in the vicinity of the enpurpled "great Panjandrum" and participated in the stare of double eye-glass power, of a goddess of the Olympus of Paddyland. Seated close by the gorgeous Mrs. Giltcadd you see the spreading figure of the well-known Mrs. Jabberton, "dressed in decent black;" note the searching eye that takes in all and yet communicates no emotion to that self-contented face—she is a power among us; her tongue is her sword and she never lets it rust!—she sees who is with who, and how they get on together—by and bye when young Boozle of the dashty second is spoken of she will say "Is it true Mr. Boozle is engaged to Miss Gusher? I saw him paying her a great deal of attention during the tennis week!" Snoozle of the same regiment will say that it is not true; but when he next meets Boozle he will slap him on the back and say, "So Boozle, my boy, we'll have to be drinking your health soon—its all over the place that you are engaged to Miss Gusher." Boozle bursts into a torrent of denial, but in vain, and he is solemnly warned by the other snoozles of his corps to be very careful or he will be married before he knows where he is. Boozle flies in future from the Gusher clan; his pleasant visits to the little house with the big gates—Gusherton Park—become monthly affairs of duty and all this comes about from the silly chatter of that wicked Mrs. Jabberton—I know of half a dozen cases of this sort even in this square, my dear Idyott.

Let us leave Mrs. Jabberton—I see from her fixed gaze over yonder that she has "spotted" the elements of a neat little scandal; and let us look across the square: resting on the grass by the centre court you observe a small neatly-booted foot, above it just a wee, wee bit of equally neat ankle—you may observe it, my blushing Idyott; it is there "on view"—the large ill-booted foot is kept strictly for home consumption. A couple of young men are lying round, basking in the beauty's smiles. The "swell swain" resting on his elbow is our afore-mentioned Boozle. What a nice young man he looks; what self-contentment is revealed in that half humorous, wholly supercilious smile; what an atmosphere of champagne, cigarettes, and verandah flirtations there seems round him. He believes the fair sex adore him—this is his little weakness; but his head is well screwed on, and he was as at home roughing it in Egypt as he is luxuriating in Fitzwilliam Square; he likes "soldiering" in the abstract, but strongly objects to all duty in the concrete. At five and twenty he assumes the air of a *blaze* Parisian *roué* of fifty.

Holding himself up by his left knee and talking volubly to the queen of the little court is young Jawer, a brilliant representative of the lower bar. From eleven till four-thirty Jawer may, as a rule, be found in the library of the Four Courts waiting to be "called." Waiting! Alas! with Voltaire he too may murmur "*Tout est pris*," as his seniors leave but little for his talents to work on; but he is clever and is rapidly rising; he has only been "called" five years, nevertheless, since January he has made twelve pounds, so he is on the high road to "taking silk," and ending a Lord Chancellor. But Jawer has no business to be there! He should have sterner work in hand! He should be paying his court to Miss Costs over yonder. She is the big solicitor's daughter—the hope of the junior bar! She is annoyed at her desertion,

but still smiles on the youth in the want-to-be-sat-upon period of life, who is with her.

"The mind and visage oft are things apart,
A smiling face may mask a breaking heart!"

Jawer will be clean out of the running unless he quickly remembers himself, but "*amari simul et sapere ipsi Jovi non datur*," so we must excuse him.

Those two solemn-faced young men standing near are Flimsey, of Flimsey, Wire and Co., stock brokers, and Flutter, of the Royal Crashers. Flutter dabbles in shares with the assistance of Flimsey, and I will wager that at this moment they are discussing the fall—an eighth—of Colorado, or hunting the gay "Contango" to its lair. Flimsey is prematurely old; his manner is brusque; his very speech is telegraphic; he will leave shortly to ponder over "closing prices"; and he would rather hear the shouts of Capel Court than the songs of Patti. Flutter is a sporting type of our country's defenders. During the winter his stud of two will be found located near Dunboyne on Dunshauglin; in the summer he beguiles himself with cricket, polo, and driving; he scorns tennis, which he terms "pat ball," and seeks to excuse himself for being here at all. "I must off it," he whispers to Flimsey, "this poodle taking is not my line one bit." In vain do the *beaux yeux* of Miss Languish try to detain him as he wanders off. He seldom appears at dances, and when he does he disappears after supper to the regret of many. Hostesses who intend giving "light champagne," at 38/- a dozen, should not ask him, for he always carries away with him gloomy forebodings for the morrow from those houses where they wash the labels off the bottles before the arrival of the guests.

Seated among the elect, smiling upon the lesser gods of Olympus, you see the splendid flower, borne by that plant, whose roots and suckers you sustain every time you yield to an inner craving for "summat to drink." O Idyott, Idyott! why cannot we brew something? Then would we trickle into wealth and honours as our aqua vitae trickled into the interiors of the multi-throated canaille. Then would we receive apotheosis and be enrolled among the gods, and then would the Herald's College manufacture for us a gigantic coat of arms—"Out of a bottle or a cork, argent; embroidered gules; supporters, two waiters in evening dress, proper, each holding a corkscrew in the outer hand," or some neat design of that sort. What a vision of the golden luxurious East, of bright lights, of music and of gracious smiles is not conjured up as we gaze upon an invitation card to Corkscrew Castle? King Midas rules the world, and he always has an army of parasites worshipping before his golden throne. Even when a De Bung, puffed up like La Fontaine's frog, assumes an almost royal prerogative, he produces a host to truckle at the threshold, to inscribe their names upon that list of poor little snobs! Shame! burn the book!

Look towards the gate, dear Idyott. You see that gay old man whose orbicular person is "trim, neatly-dressed, fresh as a bridegroom." He is Mr. O'Bore, late "something in the city," and now retired with a handsome fortune. He is a bachelor, and studies dining as an art. You have arrived at the age when men prefer dinners to dances, my dear Idyott, and I would that you could dine with him. You should starve yourself beforehand, as the crowd did when asked to swell the reception of the R y-l Pr-n-c-s, and tore one another in their struggles

for princely food. From the caviare to the coffee you would have a three hours of melligenous mastication; the soul of Soyer would be gladdened by the entrees; Francatelli would have rejoiced over the relevés; Lucullus, dining with Lucullus, would be no better off, and you would feel at peace with all men when you rose from his hospitable board. He is rich; need I say he could be married to-morrow, but he is not a marrying man. "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," he chuckles to himself, and he would not forego his bachelor orgies to marry the sweetest girl in Dublin, with all the attendant matrimonial cares. Still he is fond of the ladies, and you observe how he is smiling and pluming himself like an elderly turkey cock as he meets Mrs. and Miss Daisey with their attendant, the irrepressible Juggins. Mrs. Daisey is a widow. You have seen how in every street—

"The rich physicians, honoured lawyers ride,
Whilst the poor 'landlord' foots it by their side."

You observe the sign boards of the learned professions on half the hall doors in these squares. A few years ago none stood more proudly forth than that of "Dr. Daisey, M.D." His practise was a fine unhealthy one, he waxed fat, and rejoiced in a country house and a carriage and pair, and alas! he invested his savings in the Agra Bank. *En passant*, is it not strange how the Medicos have clustered in these squares. I suppose it is because a good house is the best advertisement a doctor can have. Well, Dr. Daisey died, the bank smashed, and Mrs. and Miss Daisey had to join the impoverished landowners out Merrion way. They are asked out a great deal, and occasionally give an "afternoon tea and music" in return: "it is cheap, and one must do something you know." Mrs. Daisey is not anxious for her fair daughter to wed, for as yet Miss Katie is only in her teens and dreaming of dukes; but she remembers the saying, "*Marie ten fils quand tu voudras et ta fille quand tu pourras*," and she would not object to see her well provided for. It is not an easy matter. Young men want money now-a-days.

"Oh why does Calliope wait so long a maid?"

"Because there is no dowry to be paid"

is the general answer. Nine-tenths of the young men here to-day, after "giving encouragement" as Mrs. Jabberton would say, jib at the last moment.

"When poverty enters the doors, young love
Will out of the window fly."

They sing and straightway transfer their butterfly affections elsewhere. For this reason, despite all our youth and beauty, marriages are few in Dublin, and the *passee* belles are as multitudinous as the lamp-posts in our streets.

The irrepressible Juggins is of the butterfly class—he is a brilliant *raconteur*, he infuses life into a dull dinner party,

"Few round the board as smart as he,
In joke and fun and repartee."

he will make love to any extent, but he won't "propose" to less than a thousand a year.

And now, my dear Idyott, the square is emptying itself; one can almost hear the sound of many mandibles at work in the hospitable houses round. Let us take one last look e'er we go at the waving trees, the green courts, the swiftly moving players in white, the multi-coloured long-handled parasols—the gaiety and "go" of the whole "*mise en scène*" will oblige you to confess, dear Idyott, that with weather and digestion normal an enjoyable afternoon may well be spent in Fitzwilliam Square.

And here coming towards us is the prettiest

sight of all. Those laughing chattering girls are fair members of our beauty set, our mutual admiration society. They go everywhere, they give pleasant dances, they picnic their friends on Bray or Howth heads, adding their quota to the cairns of bottles, sandwiches, papers, and lobster tins on those prog-devouring points. What do you say?—Well, suppose it is true that that wealth of golden hair is "tinged by her handmaids' jealous care with hue from saffron flowers distilled." What then?—a little *jeu de theatre* to please humanity—an evidence of a kindly disposition. Doff your hat, you growler, to our Irish beauty.

Observe! they have a guardian angel with them. The black coat, neat gaiters, and shovel hat diffuses an air of calm respectability around. Where the venerable wearer is there the flirtations of the gay captains and grass widows is harmless as the cooing of doves; he conducts away all elements of naughtiness, and society is not shocked. In the words of Ali Baba, he is indeed

"A good Archdeacon nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, to command,
And yet a spirit gay and bright
With something of the candle light."

And last of all, see coming towards us Mrs. Vaulte. Idyott, my boy, we are in luck, gaze upon her, for in all the square around you will perceive no more charming or satisfactory picture. I will introduce you—she will talk to you of many things, changing all by the alchemy of her sweet manner into laughter, and sunshine and song—of her children she will tell you, and her hopes and fears for them. You will love her, as we all do, for what else was so amiable a woman made. If you get on well with her, you will be asked to dine at her charming little house hard by, where that best of fellows, her husband, will rejoice your inner man with good wine, and your soul with witty converse.

"How do you do, Mrs. Vaulte? Allow me to introduce my old friend, Mr. Idyott, just arrived in Ireland. We have just been gossiping over our Dublin folk. I hope I have not maligned them to him, and I earnestly request every private man, as Scaliger did Carden, 'not to take offence.' Thank you! We will be delighted to come to tea—allons!"

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

The Mystery of a Hansom Cab: A Sensational Melbourne Novel, by Fergus W. Hume.

SUMMER has arrived. The piers, seaside parks, and silver strands receive the animated human dust from the cities. We must have something to read, as we sit facewards to the sea, sunshielded with straw, and inhaling the tonic ozone. There are intervals between flirtations to be filled: we demand mental excitement: without it we lapse into cabbages. Let us then procure that form of modern delirium impolitely termed the Shilling Shocker. Observe (from a safe distance) yonder sweet maiden seated alone on the brown rocks, with the eternal salt wash sighing below her feet. Above her the cloudless sky; Howth lying like a supine whale on the surface of the green sea far to the left; the white-sailed yachts gracefully wending towards the rim of the horizon; on her head the cool hat with a bunch of corn sheaves; over her shoulder the inevitable crimson sunshade.

A mere mite in the scene of universal beauty

she looks cool and happy. And yet this sweet product of the nineteenth century finds the green sea, the opal atmosphere, the blue sky, and the brown landscapes unsatisfactory. At present her brain is palpitating with the hunger of a detective, she is wallowing in the coarse epithets of Mother Guttersnipe, she is ravenous with the scent of human blood: she is reading *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. Like the majority of the unthinking public, she has fallen into the seductive snare of the Advertiser. She, the self-possessed and fairly mannered girl of good society, has been tricked into being a public medium for the advertisement of Warner's Safe Cure.

If the art of criticism has hitherto been useless and ornamental, the time has arrived when it should become a powerful weapon to face the vulgar advance of trade interests which threaten to engulf intellectual progress. It is a terrible conflict, this, of the conscientious critic against the powerful combinations of American Advertising Rings; but it is one that must be fought out at all hazards.

We do not believe that the educated public naturally hunger and thirst after detective stories, and delight in hunting their way through pages tinted with human blood. But we believe that the Advertising Rings have deliberately created an artificial taste for shilling dreadfuls, with the sole object of securing a sale for quack medicines. There suddenly appears thousands of attractive posters, and millions of paid newspaper puffs to assure the public that a new genius has arrived and produced a wonderfully realistic work of modern life: *The Stain of Gore*; or *the Mystery of the New York Detective Bureau*. On the cover of this sublime effort of transcendent genius the reader is invariably reminded, that if she suffers from debility; if she has sensations of heat and cold; if she inhales and exhales the air; if she walks by putting one foot before another; if she is liable to fall asleep at night and wake in the morning; then a frightful disease is approaching her, dissolution and the grave stare her in the face, and her only chance is, to invest half-a-crown in the world-renowned quack bottle issued by Messrs. Dollar, the famous medical swindlers of Chicago. Literature has thus become the latest instrument in the hands of unprincipled trade rings. They hire a writer to describe through three hundred pages the mystery of a murder; and they spend thousands of dollars describing the splendour of the writing, the thrilling interest of the plot, and fill the newspapers with biographies of the author, not, as the general public imagine, for the sake of literature, or because they believe thier own assertions, but to sell their pills and bottles. The sale of the "*Mystery of a Hansom Cab*," is a melancholy proof of the power of these scoundrels. As a literary work the volume is not worth an hour's time of any person of ordinary culture. A novel, to be a work of art, should be devoted to elucidation of character and picturing of aggregate human life. We find no such effort in the *Hansom Cab* work, or its fellow detective stories. Such work ranks as high as the art of conundrum and no higher. They are simply a literary puzzle like the familiar pictorial advertisements: "Here is a murder: puzzle, find the murderer." This is trickery not art, and trickery of such an easy character that, by mastering a few elementary rules—which we are about to give—there is not a reader of

ordinary intelligence who could not compose a shilling thriller for herself.

In the first place, you state that a murder has been committed in such a place. It will be more sensational if you locate the scene of blood in a tramcar, but if you prefer a house, state the number, the name of the street, and the rent, and begin your noble career of deceiving your reader with a bogus history of former tenants.

Your next step will be to incriminate your hero; and the whole of the tale must be devoted to making it clear that it was to his interest to commit this awful murder; he was last seen in company with the victim who was his rival; a glove, belonging to the victim was found in his possession; he starts at the charge of murder, is confused, and gives a contradicting history of his proceedings the night of the murder. Do not hesitate to invent as many details as possible, to make the hero seem the guilty man; for this is the very soul and essence of the interest which runs through three hundred pages, carrying the reader with open mouth and staring eyes to the conclusion, and the accompanying statement on the opposite page, that Dr. Smith's Indigestion Pills stand between the public and death. Twenty incriminating facts, minutely particularised, will suffice to make the ordinary reader believe that the hero is the murderer. But now, how to pilot the *real* murderer through the three hundred pages until he is unmasked in the last? It is an extremely simple matter. The real murderer must be introduced as a man of cool nonchalance. He is astonished and grieved at the announcement of the murder, the victim having been his nearest friend; he is not so wanting in bad taste towards the reader as to take the first opportunity of leaving the city of his crime: no, he is paid by the American Advertising Ring to remain on the spot, to assist the detectives, and to shew, by his engaging manners and the openness of his life, that (until we reach the last page) he was the last man to commit the deed of blood. The other important items in the stage properties, are the two detectives—one, a fat, stupid, blundering man who winds the plot round the hero; the other, a thin, quiet, thoughtful person who says little, but gradually tracks the real criminal to the bitter end.

For padding—if you require it—you have always plenty to spare with the conversation of a few conventional lovers, and a careful study of the slang dictionary.

You must not shrink from slang in a detective story. It gives an air of realism, and the most refined young lady is now too inured to it to be shocked.

If you do not like to write the elegant phrases "damn," or "blast," you can dress them for presentation in polite circles, thus: d——, b——. The device of the dash deprives these expletives of their natural offensiveness.

The simplicity of the construction of these tales must be apparent to the intelligent reader. There is no reason why a scientific inventor should not devise a machine which could turn out detective stories to order; it would be less intricate than the famous calculating machine of Babbage. The machine stories are different in one particular from literary works of art; they can never be read twice. It is possible to read George Eliot, Thackeray, or Dickens over and over again, because their works are the product of the human intellect; but the detective story,

being constructed on the same mechanical principle, involves merely a conundrum, and the discovery of the answer deprives the book of all further interest. A conjurer can bewilder until he explains the trick, and henceforth the trick fails to charm. It is, therefore, necessary that the advertising Rings should continue to unearth new geniuses, and puff new books, each of which, as they necessarily appear, being proclaimed as the most exciting story of modern times ever produced.

DONNYBROOK.

DEGENERACY OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

DR. JOZE, Secretary, wrote on 4th June, 1887, to Miss McIntyre: "You have been elected an Academy Organ Scholar for one year, subject to the regulations of the R.I.A.M."

We do not wish to discuss this personal matter further. Miss McIntyre and Miss Patterson are both organ scholars, and both a credit to this city. We think Miss McIntyre need not be disappointed at not receiving one of these peculiarly gold medals of the R.I.A.M. We are informed that one of these "gold" medals for last year was valued by a competent person at the sum of three shillings. In one year a "gold" medal was given as first prize, and £2 in cash as second prize. For our part we prefer the second prize.

The public are conscious, that to bring a serious charge against any man in an official capacity, is a very grave undertaking. "Delta" has communicated to us and writes as follows: "The mysterious silence of the Academy may be accounted for when I state that a *certain* member of the Council is seriously compromised by documentary evidence, which he is aware is in my possession."

"Delta" does not state the nature of this "compromising" evidence, nor does he disclose the name of the "certain" member of the Council. We simply place the statement before the public as we received it, and are conscious of its gravity. It is open to the member to come forward and clear himself. So long as a member of the Council lies under a charge of being "seriously compromised by documentary evidence," as "Delta" asserts, the public will hesitate before they send their children to an institution of which this gentleman is an official.

Our own attitude towards the Council is prompted solely in the interests of Art in this country. The Royal Irish Academy, by virtue of its position and funds, should be a centre of musical light and culture. Is such the case? Where are their distinguished pupils? Can any of our readers name one composer, one singer, one instrumentalist, of any note, which the Academy has produced within the last ten years? If not, how long is this farcical institution to stop the progress of Art, to absorb public funds and private bequests, to monopolise the concert halls of the city with a public exhibition of their contemptible incapacity? Is it not monstrous, that young persons with musical ability should have no institution to aid them in developing their powers and assist them in the difficult road to Art, but this one institution, with its Council of thirty-three men who have proved themselves unfit to guide the musical youth of this country? How long, we ask, will the public lie helpless at the feet of Sir Francis Brady and Mr. George Cree?

The Academy of Music in London has an income of £500 per annum. The Royal Irish Academy of Music in Dublin has, by the Coulson bequest alone, an income of £600. The London Academy has produced Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sterndale Bennett, MacKenzie, and a host of the most distinguished modern musicians on its income of £500. Now, what distinguished musicians has the Royal Irish Academy of Music produced on its vastly superior income? Yet, we call ourselves a musical nation. And, without doubt, there is a great deal of latent musical talent in the land, awaiting encouragement, unknown and uncared-for, because Sir Francis Brady and his friends are incapable of managing the Academy of Music. What can we hope from an institution which has allowed amateurs, like Mr. George Cree, Mr. Thomas Mayne, and others, to examine the pupils? What distinguished position, in the musical world, is held by Mr. George Cree, that he should take upon himself to settle the educational status of the pupils? Mr. Thomas Mayne, M.P., no doubt, can proudly declare that he was once a chorus singer in the old Theatre Royal; but we doubt if even this profound experience in musical culture qualifies him as examiner in an academy of music.

Matters have reached such a depth of intellectual demoralisation, that the affix, "R.I.A.M.," to the name of a performer, instead of being an honourable proof of the highest musical culture, is regarded by the public with the same reverence as the declaration of a shopkeeper that he is appointed purveyor to a Serene Highness or a Lord Lieutenant.

The letters, "R.I.A.M.," and the shopkeeper's declaration are about equally valuable as a test of the goods supplied.

The public have the remedy in their own hands. If they insist on it, the government officials will recall the Coulson bequest, and subsidise an Academy which, we hope, will be a credit instead of a disgrace to the country.

Our own duty is clear. We will not permit the Royal Irish Academy of Music to stand in the way of educational progress. We shall continue to proclaim the absolute necessity of an institution which will take charge of the interests of the musical youth of this country, who are now lost in the wilderness.

NINE tailors, it is said, will make a man. Whoever started this sentence ought to have finished. They will make a man a pauper.

"I DECLARE Mrs. Squildig is as pretty as a picture," remarked Mr. McSwilligen. "No wonder," replied his wife, "she is hand-painted."

A MEMBER of Parliament once rose in his place and solemnly declared: "Mr. Speaker, I can not sit here and keep silent without rising and saying a few words."

"WHAT is your name?" asked a teacher of a boy. "My name's Jule," was the reply. Whereupon the teacher impressively said: "You should have said, 'Julius, sir.' And now my lad," turning to another boy, "what is your name?" "Billious, sir."

HE WAS CHARGED.—"Well, Patrick, I see you stand charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct." "Impossible your honour, I only charged myself with a little fine whisky." "Well, then, I will charge you with a little whisky fine. Five shillings please."

IRISH SOCIETY

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WEEK ENDING 9th JUNE, 1888.

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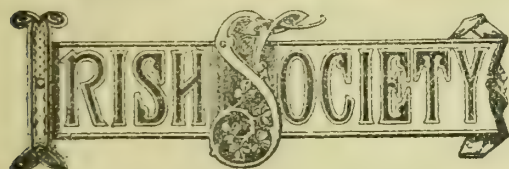
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WEEK ENDING 9th JUNE, 1888.

The Queen is now at her Highland home in Scotland, and although the bitter north-east winds have held the sway since her arrival there, yet Her Majesty has been enabled to take her daily drives over the mountains and through the glens of charming Balmoral. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg are residing at the castle with the Queen.

The Whitsuntide recess having become a thing of the past, and the Prince and Princess of Wales having returned to town, the London season is in full swing, and all that is now lacking there, as well as here, is warmer weather to infuse brilliancy into the gaieties of fashionable life.

The news published last week in reference to the health of the Duke of Edinburgh is a serious matter, and one which is causing some anxiety in royal circles. The report states that the Duke is suffering from blood poisoning, occasioned by drinking impure water while on his recent visit to Gibraltar with the Mediterranean Squadron. It is to be hoped that an official announcement will soon be made in order to allay the apprehension existing among the Duke's many admirers.

It is stated that Prince Henry of Prussia and his bride are to come to England towards the end of July on a visit to the Queen at Osborne.

We believe that the Queen contemplates a change in the sumptuary regulations for the winter drawingrooms of next year, and that in future the plea of cold weather will be quite sufficient to justify any lady in wearing a high dress if she wishes, without the hitherto existing necessity for obtaining a medical certificate of delicacy or ill-health. We are sure our lady readers will welcome this information.

Prince Alexander's betrothal to the Princess Victoria is postponed to "the Greek Kalends." It would be a gracious thing on Prince Bismarck's part to let this young and determined couple have their own way.

The Royal birthday review in the Park was a brilliant affair from a military point of view, and the attendance of the citizens and citizenesses was accordingly enormous. Nothing can draw so vast a crowd of Dublin folk, even with atmospheric conditions that are not exactly what might be called propitious, as a review; but with a fairly clear sky and moderate sunshine, a mimic battle in the Phoenix proves a loadstone which it is quite impossible for our light-hearted people to resist. At a moderate computation there were not less than fifty-thousand spectators in the Park on the occasion.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Walter Phillips, of Wrecchesham, and Miss Ethel Patey, daughter of Madame Patey, the celebrated contralto.

His Excellency arrived at Kingstown unostentatiously on Saturday morning from England, and left Ireland again, in the "Ireland," on Sunday evening for London. After the review on the fifteen acres, his Excellency entertained at luncheon, in the Viceregal Lodge, commanding officers of regiments, corps, and battalions, as well as heads of departments, and the staff. In the evening the usual "birthday dinner" took place, a slow and solemn function.

We have been favoured with a copy of "Early Cricket in Ireland," a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, embracing within its cover many pleasant recollections of early days. Mr. Arthur Samuels,

M.A., the author, goes back to the year 1844, and deals with many interesting incidents of the cricket field from that date forward. Some of the anecdotes related remind us of the good humour and wit that prevailed among the young men of Ireland before these times of class wars, and political strife dawned upon us. Mr. Samuels declares that the noble game of cricket possesses all the elements necessary for the mind and the invigoration of the body, and that it teaches discipline and obedience, self-reliance and pluck.

Several of the anecdotes are worth reproducing here. When the Earl of Carlisle was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland cricket seemed to have been at its zenith. A certain Captain Munday, a member of the Viceregal Club, was one day at a match introduced to the author. On being presented Munday said, "Oh, then, you bowl underhand?" Mr. Samuels answered "Yes." The Captain then took from his pocket a splendid gold watch and chain, and said, "Now, Samuels, I have never been bowled by an underhand bowler; and if you bowl me I will present you with this watch and chain." The Captain was one of the first to go to the wicket. Play was called, and the redoubtable "S. Arthur" took the gallant Captain's centre stump with the very first ball. The next that was seen of the Captain was his back as he was driving away from the grounds a few minutes afterwards, having in his hurry quite forgot to leave behind his watch and chain. The Viceroys' chaplain was captain of the Viceregal eleven. The following conundrum very frequently went the rounds of the different fields:—"Why is the Rev. Mr. Creyke, when batting, proving himself to be a most exemplary clergyman?" "Because he his doing his utmost to save the wicket!" We hope Mr. Samuels' pamphlet will have what it eminently deserves, a wide circulation.

On Saturday Major General and Mrs. Stevenson gave an afternoon party at Government House, Cork, in honour of her Majesty's birthday. The reception rooms were very prettily decorated with flowers, and the conservatory made a capital and cool resort. Outside tennis and rounders were enjoyed, whilst the band of the Cameronian Regiment performed several charming pieces which were heard with pleasure by the distinguished company present, amongst

whom we noticed—The Earl and Countess of Bandon, Sir John and Lady Arnott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pike, Sir A. R. and Lady Warren, Mr. Mangerton and Mrs. Arnott, Captain Pigott Beamish, Captain Plunkett, Colonel and Mrs. Auley, Admiral the Hon. and Mrs. Carpenter, and Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated in London on Saturday with an altogether unprecedented amount of dinner giving in high quarters. The reception at the Foreign Office, over which the Marchioness of Salisbury presided, was, in point of colour, worthy of the ornate ceremonies of an aged monarchy.

The Dowager Marchioness of Ormonde, the Hon. Captain Ormsby Gore, the Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Petre, Colonel Donovan, and Sir James Spaight have returned to Ireland during the past week.

Mrs. Casey, of the Denahys, Raheny, has contributed to Mr. Edmund Johnson's collection of antique Irish silver some very valuable specimens, amongst them a richly chased Potato Ring.

The Potato Ring occupied a place in all the plate chests of the Irish gentry of the olden time; it was the stand of the carved wooden bowl in which potatoes were served, and occupied the centre of the table.

The funeral of Admiral Gore-Jones, C.B., took place on Friday, at the Brompton Cemetery, after a most impressive funeral service at St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington. Amongst those present to pay the last tribute of respect to this gallant and distinguished Irishman, were Sir Digby and Lady Murray, Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, Sir Juland and Lady Danvers, the Misses Danvers, Admiral Bythesssea, C.B., V.C., and many other naval officers of high rank.

The Admiral's cocked hat and sword were placed on the coffin, which was covered with wreaths and crosses of exquisite flowers, tributes from warmly attached friends and relatives.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne arrived of Moville on Thursday evening in the Allan liner, Parisian, from Quebec. Shortly after, the Sarmatian, with Lord Stanley of Preston, the new Governor-General of Canada, left for Quebec. Salutes were exchanged as the vessel sailed.

Captain Speedy delivered a most interesting lecture on Abyssinia, in the Parochial Hall, Bray, on Thursday evening. Captain Speedy was a member of Lord Napier's staff in the expedition to release the British captives in 1868. The lecture was listened to throughout with marked attention, and was illustrated by the various costumes of warrior, citizen, and priest, and a vocal imitation of the war drums.

It is stated that a well-known Irish peer, finding the rents of his land shrinking and those in his coat increasing, meets misfortune like a man, and is earning an honest living as a clerk in Capel Court, London.

At the Drawingroom on Wednesday week, a noble lady was seen who has lately started

business as a dress-maker, and appeared at Court in an exceedingly pretty dress made in her own establishment.

A young Irish baronet of ancient family, who began his career in her Majesty's service, is now working as sub-manager of extensive iron works in Glasgow.

The Marquis of Conyngham and Mr. James Robertson, of La Mancha, Malahide, have sent some beautiful specimens of Kerry cows to the Exhibition at Olympia.

A grand bazaar, in aid of the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund, takes place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, by kind permission of the Duke of Wellington, in his riding school, Knightsbridge, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, the Princess Louise, the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and the Lady Mayoress.

Amongst the ladies of distinction who will preside at the stalls, Lady Edward Cavendish may be specially mentioned. The ladies from the neighbourhood of Lismore have sent her some exquisite specimens of needlework, and indeed all her friends in Ireland have seized the occasion to aid the good cause, and testify their esteem for this benevolent and sympathetic lady.

Amongst the articles forwarded to her ladyship from Dublin is a handsomely embroidered smoking cap, in which was stuck an Irish bog oak "dhudeen," carved with the national emblems—harp, shamrocks, &c.

We had no idea until we read in the "Military Intelligence" of a contemporary that "Sandy Hook" was in British territory, but it appears our geographical knowledge must be limited and deficient. The journal we allude to states:—"The annual inspection by the Inspector of Warlike Stores at Dublin, will take place as follows:—Magazine Fort—4th June. Sandy Hook, East Pier—5th June." "Across the herring pond" is a familiar term for crossing the Atlantic; but still the "Inspector" could hardly do "Sandy Hook," and the "East Pier" the same day. We take for granted, therefore, that Sandy Hook is in Ireland, not in the United States as heretofore had been our impression.

The pavement of Merrion Square West is being looked after by the City Fathers, but the east side of this fashionable square remains in an unfinished, almost dangerous condition, owing to the flags having been removed long weeks ago, and never having been replaced. Does no member of the Corporation live near Merrion Square, East.

"Two ladies without any character!" was the loud announcement of a stupid usher at a fancy ball, who had been told to announce persons in the character assumed, and who saw that the ladies in question were in ordinary attire.

It is marvellous what awful shocks the British Constitution has survived. "My Lords," said Lord Chancellor Eldon, "if you abolish the ancient past-time of cock-fighting you will sap the foundation of the constitution and endanger the stability of the throne."

We were told last week that the "barometer was recovering," but no such gratifying announcement was made of the thermometer. That instrument was seriously indisposed for several days.

In one respect the account of Sir Thomas Brady's successful transportation of 400,000 salmon ova from this country to Tasmania cannot be very pleasant reading for Londoners. Besides the ova he took with him several fish, but these died in the tropics, owing to his having placed them in London water. These unfortunate fish may be said to have gone *ab ovo usque ad mala*.

A dance, which proved most enjoyable, was given by Messrs. F. La Touche, at Granite Hall, Kingstown. Mr. Mervyn Browne supplied the music.

The Misses Falconer gave a capital dance at their residence, on Monday last, 44 Merrion Square East. Dancing was maintained with spirit to the strains of Mervyn Browne's band.

The Mayo Bachelors' Ball at the Moy Hotel on last Tuesday was a great success. The ballroom was nicely decorated with nautical flags, &c., and looked very pretty. Mervyn A. Browne's band played, and was much admired.

The Dublin University Boat Club will be represented at Henley this year by crews, none of whose members have been at that popular yachting and boating centre before.

What is the meaning of all this hubbub in connection with the Kingstown Amusements Committee? To say the least of it they seem to be a very undecided set of gentlemen, who are in need of nothing so much as a strong hand and clear head to guide them. The "Premier Township" is in danger of becoming the dullest place within a day's journey of the city, and if a reputation of this kind gets fastened on to Kingstown in the summer months that are upon us, a great deal of uphill work will become necessary in the future to remove it.

Some time since they organised certain sources of amusement for visitors, which, if carried out, would undoubtedly draw large numbers to that pretty township during the evenings of June, July and August, and they went the length of appointing a paid secretary, who held the office for only a brief period, and resigned owing to disputes among the members of the committee. Strangely enough they thereupon passed a resolution of thanks to that gentleman "for his magnanimous conduct in resigning his position;" but, as regards "amusements" or attractions, the township is as far off any prospect of alluring visitors with them as they were in January last.

We are now in the first week of the leafy month of June, and this precious "Amusements Committee" solemnly propose to concrete a portion of the East Pier! Gentlemen, this won't do. Dissolve, or disappear, and make room for better men.

The birthday of Tom Moore (Monday, 28th May), passed this year without any special recognition in Ireland, the country whose melodies he has made famous the wide world over. We should have thought that our Dublin musical societies would have remembered and honoured

the event, but from whatever cause arising they did not, and this is to be regretted. He was born in 1779, and would, if he were now alive, be 109 years old. "Lallah Rookh" brought him three-thousand guineas, and his "Irish Melodies" £15,000, or about sixpence a line.

The inventor of the sharp-pointed daggers or swords which are now placed at the disposal of young ladies for the purpose of keeping in position the massive structures with which they adorn their pretty heads, should be brought up and sentenced under the worst clause of the Crimes Act to imprisonment for at least six months. Our young men are becoming slowly acquainted with them, and one who has had painful experience of the dangerous things they are thus recounts to us what befel him.

He was one of a pic-nic party to the Glen of the Downs, just a week ago, and of course, he had his sweetheart with him. Returning in the evening, overcome with the fatigues of the day, the young lady's head naturally sought a resting place on her companion's manly shoulder, where it peacefully reposed for a few minutes. The pleasure, however, was but shortlived, for a sudden jolt of the train caused the maiden's head to sway, and the point of the miniature dagger made a long and irregular scratch on the youth's good-looking face. Really, girls should give over the use of these dangerous articles of the toilette.

Rathmines bears the reputation of being the most amorous suburb about the metropolis. The number of engaged couples to be seen is surprising, and were it not for the weather, like propensities of parents in "not permitting," many marriages would doubtless take place.

It is high time that Palmerston Park was watched nightly by an efficient police patrol. At present the place is crowded every evening with the criminal refuse of the city, to the annoyance of the residents, and to the detriment of the morals of the neighbourhood.

The Mount Temple Lawn Tennis Club opened their grass courts for play. The club now contains some 200 members, as well as an efficient executive.

Miss Mary O'Hea, daughter of the celebrated Irish artist of that name, lately entered the dramatic profession, and is now playing with success in the Compton Comedy Company.

Miss Gwendoline Thomas, daughter of General Thomas, of Sandycove, is another Dublin lady who recently went on the stage, having joined the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company.

It is stated that the Marquis of Donegal would be thrice as rich as the richest man in Ireland, had he not leased the town of Belfast at nominal rents on perpetual leases, receiving, in so doing, heavy fines on payments.

Mr. H. Newsom Smith, Chartered Accountant of Walbrook, has been appointed voluntary liquidator of the Dublin Brewery Co. (limited).

A strange but true story comes from Grosvenor Road, Rathmines. It appears that two young men, residents there, who had joined the ranks of the Buddhists, had conceived the idea

that transmigration of souls was easy of realisation at the present day. As the elder was a successful candidate in the Indian Civil Service, while the younger was but a competitor in a coming public examination, they decided to change souls and intellects for the "exam" day. Accordingly the two followers of Pythagoras repaired to their respective homes, situated on opposite sides of the roadway, and by concentration of ideas endeavoured to interchange souls. The younger idiot stated that his soul had reached his nose, but the other operator having dropped asleep it fell back again. This young man now sells tea in a Dublin grocery store, having given up all his wild dreamings.

On July 11 a Concert will take place in St. James Hall, under the management of Viscountess Folkestone. The entertainment is organised in aid of the Distressed Irish Ladies, and the attractions will include the Ladies' String Band.

By the death of Vice-Admiral Sir William Hewitt the British navy loses one of its most distinguished officers. Both as a sailor and as a fighting man, the deceased officer had few, if any equals in our fleet in these days. Sir William Hewitt won his Victoria Cross simply because it never entered his mind that Russians could beat English sailors, and this spirit of dogged determination and unconquerable gallantry attended him to the last. In the Ashantee war he commanded the blockading squadron on the West African coast, and when in charge of the West Indian squadron he was sent on a mission to King John of Abyssinia. His coolness and judgment in conducting the negotiations on that occasion won for him the highest opinions on the part of that warlike monarch. Admirable Hewitt was the best decorated naval officer of the day, and when in full uniform, with all his orders and medals displayed, presented a remarkable appearance.

The white-winged yachts now riding gracefully at anchor off the Royal Irish and St. George's Yacht Clubs are an earnest of the approaching yachting season. A few cruisers are still in dock at Ringsend Basin, whose owners have apparently not yet decided to fit out, but will probably do so with despatch now that warm weather is at hand, and by the end of the month the majority of the racers and cruisers will doubtless have had their summer toilettes. At the present moment only one new boat is in harbour, the "Breda," a steel cutter of 18 tons, built by Watson, the designer of the famous "Thistle." This little craft is stated to have cost her owner nearer £3,000 than £2,000. We wish him good luck in his costly pleasure-boat.

Writing of yachts naturally leads one on to regattas, and we cannot help thinking that both at Kingstown and Bray it would certainly be better to have one good day's sport rather than two indifferent days, such as last year was the case. Of late years the "Dublin Bay Sailing Club" and the "Waterwags" have afforded by far the best sport, and their performances will probably be quite as interesting this season.

The much-talked-of matinee of that theatrical star, the Comtesse de Bremont, came off last Thursday, at the Globe, Mr. Beerbohn Tree and Miss Julia Neilson were the chief attractions. It is not generally known that the Comtesse's

maiden name is Anna Durphy, and that she is of Irish parentage. Subsequently she married the Count de Bremont, a French doctor, and has since earned a certain amount of notoriety by her peculiar style of writing.

Wimbledon is lost to the Volunteers. The Duke of Cambridge is to have his way, and it is now doubtful whether the great rifle shooting contests will not begin to "pale their ineffectual fires," being held too far from London for the maintenance of public interest. No place has yet been chosen. The Commander-in-Chief has vetoed Richmond Park, which the Queen was willing to grant, and the N. R. A. will probably be forced to go into Berkshire. The not unlikely result will be a division between North and South.

The Bishop of the Falkland Islands has done a dreadful thing—he has gone and married a widow. We have it on the excellent authority of Mr. Weller, senior, that widows are dangerous persons, but if a man marries one the risk is his own.

Mr. O'Donnell's action against the *Times* will be commenced on the 19th inst. It will be the most sensational law-suit of the year, and may yield unexpected results. Mr. O'Donnell himself invites a complete investigation, and Mr. Parnell will be a witness on his side.

"General Sheridan's last ride" is the considerate head-line given by some Yankee newspapers to the report of the illness of the American veteran.

In a street branching off our greatest thoroughfare is the establishment of a licensed vinaler, which, for some time, has been undergoing repairs. The shop is propped up in every conceivable direction, and it is with difficulty and danger that travellers can make their way to the bar to refresh themselves. The proprietor, who is something of a wag, besides being an excellent business man, has posted up in flaming placards outside on the hoarding: "NOTICE.—Don't mind the *Props*, the *Malt is Proper*! Enterprize could scarcely further go.

What has become of all the five-pound pieces that were struck at the Mint last year? Does anybody see them now? And the two-pound pieces—where are they? They also seem to have vanished out of hand. A quarter of a million of money was the value of them, and they all have been absorbed. The Deputy Master of the Mint believes that "nearly the whole number must be hoarded as specimens." No more significant hint of the wealth of the country could be given than this fact. It absorbs a quarter of a million of gold without a sigh. Nobody knows what has become of all these coins.

It has long vexed the inventive faculties of the smart milliners to find novel tea-gowns. One has been discovered at length in the classic simplicity of the Egyptian Abbaya. This garment is of plain cotton or cloth, and is enormously full and wide. It has to be put on over the head, and no seam is visible back or front. The sleeves are very wide and long, and the front draperies are drawn through the girdle, while those at the back flow from the shoulders in a sweeping train.

The sad and fatal accident which befel the late Mrs. Mannix, of North Frederick-street, on Sunday, cannot fail to draw forth universal sympathy for the bereaved husband in this sore affliction. The deceased lady was highly respected by a large circle of acquaintances, and her sudden and tragic end will leave a blank which will not be easily to fill.

Professor Guilgault's lecture on "Victor Hugo," *l'inspiration satirique*, in St. Margaret's Hall, Burlington Road, on Saturday evening, was novel in form as well as substance. The lecturer dealt with the poet's classification of his own poetry into lyrical, dramatic, epic, and satiric. The lecture was listened to with marked attention by the distinguished company present, among whom were—Judge Townshend (in the chair), Lady Ferguson, Mrs. O'Donnell, Mrs. Going, Mrs. Sheekleton, Miss A. Digges-La Touche, Dr. and Mrs. Chetwode Crawley, and Miss McCarthy.

Colonel King-Harman, who passed through Dublin the other day, *en route* to Rockingham, his seat in Roscommon, seemed in anything but robust health. No flesh to spare, and his face seemed much drawn. Still the good air of his lovely home may do much for the much-abused Assistant Under Secretary for Ireland.

Sir Richard Martin entertained a large number of gentlemen to dinner, at his residence, Merrion Square, South, last week. Later in the evening Lady Martin had a reception numerous attended by those whose political opinions tally with those of Sir Richard. A *recherche* supper ended a pleasant evening.

The Blackrock Baths are a decided acquisition to those who love a dip in the "briny," and have not leisure to wait on the tide. In these baths, at all times of the tide, at all hours of the day, plenty of sea-room is to be found. The arrangements are of the most perfect description, and the proximity of the baths to the railway station and tram line bring them within reach of the multitude. We predict a large measure of success for this well-managed concern.

Kingstown, like Blackrock, is to have a People's Park. The "old quarry hole" is the site selected; with hanging gardens down to the sea. It is understood that the Lords of the soil (rubbish), will contribute to the laying out of the gardens, and that the ratepayers will not find their burthen increased by the new park. This will be welcome news to not a few.

The clock at Westland Row station is still in the hands of the doctors. Electricity has been recommended, but it is hinted that the physique of the clock would hardly stand any severe shock, so the battery idea will probably be given up. In the opinion of not a few "Cremation" would be the best course to adopt.

Our friends the Water Wags had an interesting match on Saturday evening last at Kingstown. There was a steady but not particularly strong breeze from south-eastward, and after three rounds of the principal marks of the harbour, Yum-Yum came in first, Eva following second. The event was witnessed by a large number of the residents of the township and by a considerable contingent of nautically-affected visitors.

Some interesting details have been made public of the results achieved by the deep-sea explorations of the Flying Falcon, an expedition entirely native in its conception, and altogether owing to the zeal of the Royal Irish Academy in the cause of science. The little steamer had quite an experience in the Atlantic, having been subjected to the discomforts and dangers of storms, heavy seas, and fogs, and when nearing the southern Irish coast she had an uncommonly narrow escape from being broken into match-wood by the White Star steamer "Republic," which shaved the Flying Falcon with unpleasant closeness.

The dredgers brought to the surface a rare assortment of submarine life from the enormous depth of more than 7,500 feet; one of the fish taken at that distance being described as perfectly black with white staring eyes. Mr. Day, of Cork, took photographs of this specimen and of others, and with a few dashes of his paint-brush, Mr. De Vismes Kane preserved the bright but evanescent colours of the strange objects. The most curious among the collection were secured a long way south-west of Cape Clear, and the scientific public will await with interest Dr. Ball's account of the specimens at the next meeting of the Academy.

The Royal Barracks have a particularly bad reputation in a sanitary sense, so many fatalities having occurred among the commissioned ranks, owing, it is believed, to defective drainage, which has engendered enteric and other fevers, resulting only too frequently in the loss of valuable lives. At the close of the past week a blue book was issued containing a report on the subject by Sir Charles Cameron and Dr. Grimshaw, a careful perusal of which cannot fail to put the authorities in full possession of the dangers to be guarded against if they would preserve the health of the troops quartered in that most unhealthy region.

Everything about the barracks is bad and dangerous to the health of the officers and men, and it would appear as if the only real remedy were to evacuate them and demolish the pile. The buildings are old, the timber in the floors is detrimental to health, and is made worse instead of better by frequent washings, and the rooms looking on to the surrounding squalid lanes are described as close and unhealthy. The latrine and sink system used by the infantry is not considered satisfactory, and altogether the structure is described as being in a particularly bad way.

Remedies are of course prescribed—Drs. Cameron and Grimshaw are at least equal to that effort; but it seems clear that all the improved drainage in the world will never make a job of the Royal Barracks, and it is now certain that the military authorities are of that opinion too, as the War Office has commenced, and is actually proceeding with, the erection of new barracks on a twenty-acre site in Grange-gorman, which is intended in the first instance for a regiment of cavalry, and no doubt afterwards accommodation will be provided for infantry in the same place.

A funny anecdote is related of a Dublin police official. It appears that the gentleman in question was enjoying a contemplative tricycle ride on the footpath, when a newly-joined

young policeman stopped him, and burning with martial dignity asked him for his name. "Oh, I am Mr. So-and-So, Chief of Police." "Look here, now, none of your jaw," was the forcible reply. The official gave his address. Next day he had the pleasure of deciding whether he should prosecute himself or not. It need not be said that the wary officer decided not to proceed.

A large number of guests assembled on Friday evening, the 1st inst., at Mr. Moloney's, 89, Amiens-street, to enjoy the brilliant entertainment provided by their charming hostess. A very happy time was spent, dancing being kept up with the greatest enthusiasm throughout. Some very pretty costumes were worn, and for exceeding tastefulness in dress we might mention the Misses Fegan, Miss Doyle, Mrs. Frazer, and Mrs. Molony.

We very much regret to announce the death of Mr. Arthur Aymer Hall, who is well known throughout Ireland, of Rockcliffe, County Cork, which took place a few days ago. The number of the humbler classes that attended the funeral testified to the respect and esteem in which the deceased and his family are held. We offer our sincere condolence to Mr. and Mrs. Hall in the sad and sudden bereavement they have sustained.

One of our well-known professors of natural science, who was married lately, took his wife a few days ago to a meeting of a learned society. Another eminent professor of the same branch of learning took pity upon the evident shyness of the bride, and came up to her, whereupon she—fishing, perhaps, for a little compliment, said—"I feel so out of it among all these clever people;" and he answered gallantly, as he thought, "Well, you know, scientific men never do marry clever wives!" The blush of passion which suffused the cheeks of the young bride was a neat example to the worthy professor of the things he would rather have left unsaid.

There is a club—political we believe—bearing the peculiar appellation of the Red Rose. The principal function of its members is that of dining—they are all fond of a good dinner. It is no wonder therefore, that some spiteful people—libellously inclined, have christened it the Red Nose Club. But what's in a name?

Corpulent widows have been the theme upon which the banter and squibs of many jokists in modern as well as ancient times have been exercised. We were reminded by a rather unpleasant accident which occurred in Westmoreland Street the other day, of the Irish widow whom Sydney Smith depicted in such a convulsing style, "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed bursting out laughing—"Going to marry her! Impossible! You mean part of her. He could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but of trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. One man marry her! It is monstrous. You might people a colony with her, or give an assembly with her, or take your morning's walk round her—always providing there were frequent resting places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half way, and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her. In short, you might do anything with her but marry her."

When not engaged with weighty political missions to the Vatican, the Duke of Norfolk is devoted to walking exercise. In his wanderings he has many times and oft given of his bounty to belated and needy travellers.

Lord Randolph Churchill is about to start a new newspaper, for which all sorts of new features are in contemplation.

The grouse prospects of the coming season were never better at this time of the year. The birds are both numerous and healthy and are nesting well, whilst, writes a correspondent, the young heather also looks promising.

Middle. Melba, the new prima donna, who has appeared at Covent Garden, London, has already won great favour, and it is confidently expected that she will, in a very short time, rank as one of the first sopranos in Grand Opera. Her voice, we are told, is as clear as a bell; her shake is delightful, and her runs are clear and true. In appearance she is graceful and charming, and although very young, she is no novice in acting.

A French astronomer has astounded us by stating that he has discovered, by means of a powerful telescope, that the planet Mars is not only inhabited by men and women, but by civil engineers, contractors, and "navvies." We await further information from Mars with considerable anxiety.

The other day, in a London Court of Justice, Miss Neville, a young lady of prepossessing appearance and of an extraordinarily affectionate nature, stated that she witnessed a coster belabouring his pony because it would not, or could not, go faster than a jog trot, and that, having been moved to tears by the inhuman conduct of the man, she, in order to soften his viciousness by a display of affection, "fell on his neck and kissed him." Lucky coster!

We have received a hint from one of the centres of fashionable life, that white ostrich feathers are to be worn on white hats during the summer. Violet leaves and single violets may now be seen sewn all over the inside of wide brims. Beetles and other insects are coming into favour again for bonnet trimmings, and foliage is extremely fashionable this season for hats and bonnets and dress trimmings. Crowns of hats and bonnets are covered with it, and whole panels of skirts are arranged of it.

The fashionable real flower of the present day is white lilac. It is carried in the hand, worn on bodices, and placed on dinner tables and about drawing-rooms. The other evening, in the vicinity of Dublin, a "lilac" dinner, at which each of the ladies had a posy of lilac fastened by a blue enamel brooch on the front of her bodice, and each gentleman present wore a neat little sprig in the left buttonhole of his coat, was given by a lady who is well known as an hospitable and charming hostess.

Miss Alice Longfellow, a daughter of the poet of that name, is at present the belle of American society. She is described as having large, soft, dark eyes, suggestive of the Italian beauty that her father enshrined in poetry, but is also a thorough Bostonian with an eye to the stylish and becoming in dress.

A movement is on foot in fashionable circles to introduce pale-coloured wedding gowns for brides.

Mrs. Rignold, who, it is believed, was the first actress to undertake the part of Hamlet, died at Birmingham. The fashion of actresses playing leading male parts is now, we are glad to think, extinct. Woman when gifted with grace and an equal temperament, is a delightful study; but when she essays to play the part of man all the romance and beauty which attaches to her own personality disappears, and but a very indifferent specimen of the masculine gender remains.

Lord James Douglas, who has been committed to prison for annoying a lady, belongs to an eccentric family. His eldest brother is the Marquis of Queensberry, whose recent career has made him also a public character. Another brother, Lord Archibald Douglass, conducts a Boy's Home in connection with one of the orders of the Roman Catholic Church. A sister, Lady Gertrude, some years ago married a baker, and lived happy and contentedly with him at his little shop in Shepherd's Bush, London. Lady Gertrude's twin sister is Lady Florence Dixie, of the Fisheries, Windsor, the Amazonian champion of Cetewayo, and the heroine of a dream battle in her own garden. Each member of the family has shown great abilities of a curious kind. Lord James writes readable novels; Lord Archibald works very hard as a benevolent priest; Lady Florence Dixie is very eloquent with her animated pen, and the Marquis of Queensberry attracts no little attention to himself as a secularist lecturer, pamphleteer, and politician.

A floating theatre is altogether a new idea; but it needed an American to construct one on a large scale. A St. Louis speculator has nearly finished making an enormous barge, with a stage for the actors and room for an audience of 800 persons. It will cost something like £100,000, and will be perfect in every detail. The enterprising speculator intends to take his show up and down the Ohio and Mississippi, giving performances at each riverside city in turn.

Mr. Barton McGuckin has signed a contract to sing with the Carl Rosa Opera Company in the provinces during the whole of the autumn, winter, and spring. He will create one of the tenor parts in the new English version of Halley's *La Juive*.

Some people are much occupied in London by the approaching marriage of the daughter of a highly popular clergyman of a parish near the city, with a young Mahomedan, her father's pupil. The Bishop has condescended to remonstrate. The bewildered father avows himself incapable of preventing the course of true love from running smooth, inasmuch as the fair heroine, who, in spite of position, dares to venture upon the life of the harem, is of age, and perfectly competent to judge of all the terrible difficulties she will have to encounter, whereupon the angry bishop is fain to transfer the blame from the overburdened shoulders of the father to the fair shoulders of the bride, and class her with women in general, who are stimulated rather than defeated by opposition.

Another case is likewise about to be presented for our consideration of the great wishes of this life. Another young Mahomedan, this time a mighty rajah of an important kingdom, though subject to British rule, has proclaimed his intention of leading to the altar, and then to India, as his wife third in command, a young lady proclaimed as the reigning beauty of last season. In vain do her friends, we are told, protest against the monstrous sacrifice. The young lady, however, deems it no sacrifice at all. The bridegroom is young and handsome, enormously rich, and a prince. What matters one wife more or less? No doubt the English girl feels quite sure of obtaining mastery of the harem.

The "Tourists' Guide" for June, just issued by the Dublin and Glasgow Steampacket Company, is at once the handiest and completest manual of its kind yet given to the travelling public, and should be in the hands of all who mean to spend a holiday in either Scotland or Ireland. The "Guide" is now in its eleventh season, and with each succeeding year it is becoming more and more indispensable to *voyageurs* by land or sea.

Its compiler and editor is Mr. J. H. D. Molony, and it is only doing the barest justice to that gentleman to say that he has succeeded admirably where compilers of other guides have failed, and that he has brought to his task an amount of knowledge of routes, fares, and points of attraction for the tourist and ordinary traveller that is simply marvellous.

We can pay Mr. Molony no higher compliment than to recommend his book warmly to all who intend visiting one or other of the many attractive summer resorts of Ireland and Scotland. The public, too, are under a debt of gratitude to the Dublin and Glasgow Company for their liberality in issuing their valuable and reliable guide, which, we trust, they will reap the benefit of in an extended passenger traffic to and from the Clyde.

Mrs. Donald Crawford, whose name was some time ago associated with that of Sir Charles Dilke in a rather sensational law suit, has, it is stated, become very devout. She is now a Wesleyan, and a regular attendant at St. James's Hall, London, where the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes officiates. She is further reported to have identified herself with mission work.

In a suburb on the southern side of the city there has just occurred as pretty a domestic incident as the mind of a novelist on the stretch for a telling subject could desire or hope for. Pathos and bathos are so funnily intermixed in the business that it is somewhat difficult to decide where the one begins and ends and the other drops in. This is how the matter occurred.

It can do no harm to say that the scene is laid in the district of Donnybrook, where a comfortable widower has his quarters. The gentleman has three engaging daughters, one only of whom is of marriageable age, and who is clearly determined not to "die an old maid." The *pere* thought of bringing home a step-mother to the young ladies, and a short time ago set about carrying out this intention by intimating in the second column of a leading morning paper his desire for a partner—replies to be left at the office, with photographs enclosed.

In a couple of days there was quite a pile of communications awaiting him, and among them was one superscription which seemed familiar to him. He opened it and found it was an application for the vacant chair from—his own daughter, who, of course, enclosed her photo, and in gushing terms assured the lonely widower that she would make him a true and loving wife. Needless to add, the Donnybrook gentleman received a mental shock from which he has not quite recovered, and will not venture on advertising for a wife again.

LA REVEILLE.

THE DUBLIN AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The orchestra steadily improves. It should be the ambition of every amateur instrumentalists to be seated under Mr. Telford's baton. The educational advantages of membership would be priceless. The concert on Monday evening opened with the overture to Weber's "Der Freischütz," which is considered by many critics to be the finest overture ever composed. It abounds with diverse features above the reach of any save a man gifted, like Carl Von Weber, with supreme musical-dramatic genius. Massenet's *Scenes Pittoresques*, is a new style of music descriptive not so much of emotion as natural scenery and effects. Giving a general analysis on the programme, this music is extremely fresh and fascinating. The fancy is agreeably exercised realising the strolling of the Spanish peasants along the country woods, their love-making and revels, the faint notes of the military bugle call indicating sunset, and giving distance to the landscape. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony was splendidly rendered; the time in the movement *vivace*, however, should have been more brisk and the bars better marked. The storm movement was interpreted with considerable power. There is a floating tendency in Dublin to worship Mendelssohn. We do not share this enthusiasm; and are inclined to accord him a second rank amongst the great musicians. Miss Barrington sang "Comme la naissante Aurore," by Gounod. She has a pathetic soprano, unsuited for "Within a mile of Edinboro' town," which she mistakenly gave as an encore. No artist can make this song acceptable without the finest touches of light comedy. Miss A. Burke-Irwin played *andante* and *finale* from Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Her tone is hard in *andante* movements, but is not so noticeable in *allegros*. Her sister, Miss Burke-Irwin, played several pianoforte solos with exquisite art. The Chopin Nocturne was one of the best items of the evening. Mr. T. J. Farrall sang a recitative and Romanza by Donizetti. He is probably the best baritone in Dublin. Are we supposed to criticise the banjo band, or treat it, merely, as a musical joke? We pause for a reply. Mr. Telford conducted without a score, a feat of memory and ability only possible to an accomplished musician like himself.

MR. C. KENDAL IRWIN'S COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT, ANTIENET CONCERT ROOMS.—A full house gathered to shew their appreciation of this popular young conductor. Mr. Irwin's programmes are always interspersed with unique and welcome items. His pupils, Miss Nora Teevan and Miss Mary Victory, performed "A Tarantella" by Raff as pianoforte duet,

with accuracy and spirit. Mr. J. P. Gaffney sang "Ora pro Nobis," the popular and stogy song by Piccolomini. Mr. Gaffney is a young amateur with possibilities; his tone is fresh and sweet, and we hope he will some day develop into an artist. Miss Mary Harris, now standing in the front rank of Dublin singers, sang "Vision of the Angel" from Martin Roeder's Oratorio, *Mary Magdalen*; and repeated it for an encore. The Chevalier Roeder is, apparently, a composer with strong individuality. His compositions are beginning to excite considerable interest amongst the musical public in this city. The "Vision of the Angel" is remarkable for its various transitions of phrasing, and startling dramatic episodes. We believe that the Chevalier Roeder could compose a successful opera. Herr Arthur Blüthner played a "Tarantelle," by Maszkowsky, very successfully. Mrs. Keane-Lynar's interpretation of Schira's "Sognai" was one of the most interesting items; the harp and cello obligati enhancing the performance. Mrs. Michael Gunn was encored for "The Garden of Sleep," and sang "Dinah Doe." The public delight in her rendering of these quaint negro songs which as folk-melodies, are just as "classical" as those of the best composers. Miss Romola Tynte recited "Aux Italiens," by George Meredith (Lord Lytton), with a soft and pathetic delivery. The Rev. Dr. Tisdall's reading of the "Blossomsbury Christening" was, as all the world is aware, supremely comic. We laugh even yet at the mere recollection.

CONCERT AT SANDYMOUNT METHODIST SCHOOLHOUSE.—A recital of the cantata "Judah's Captivity and Restoration" with miscellaneous programme, took place in Sandymount Methodist Schoolhouse, Tuesday 29th inst. The solo parts were interpreted by Miss Dora Maxwell, Miss Lottie Cole, Miss Carty, Mrs. Cowell, Mr. Poyntz and Mr. Atwood; piano accompaniment by Miss Henrietta Cole; the chorus of sixty voices performing under the baton of Mr. J. Robertson Coade. The Centenary Orchestral Union played the "Lost Chord" and most of the accompaniments. The name of the orchestral conductor was not given on the programme. The duet "Oh, had I the wings of a dove" was well rendered by Miss Dora Maxwell and Miss L. Cole. "Gloria in Excelsis" was accurately sung by the choir. We take this opportunity to state that next season we shall watch the Dublin choirs with particular care, as we are painfully conscious of the tendency of individual choristers to shirk home practise.

INTERNATIONAL CYCLING TOURNAMENT, BALLS' BRIDGE.—A large attendance assembled at Balls' Bridge on Saturday, most of whom were considerably disappointed at the absence of a military band. Though previously advertised neither Howell, Rowe, Williamson, or English appeared, and Temple's trick riding was also omitted. The mile and five mile professional races were won by Temple after close contests with Fred Wood; time, 2 min. 40 secs. Kilkelly defeated Crist, the American champion, in the amateur 3 miles, the handicapping in which race was entirely too severe.

CYCLING.—On a piercing cold evening the twelve-miles road handicap of the Leinster Cycling Club was won by J. S. Thackaberry.

ATHLETICS.—The Merrion Square Sports take place on June 20th. Mr. J. L. Dunbar will handicap. A band and fireworks will add *eclat* to the proceedings. The children's sports at the Band of Hope Festival will take place this month.

SWIMMING.—The Dublin Swimming Club held an Aquatic Tournament on Saturday afternoon at the new Blackrock Baths. Though the band of the Black Watch was engaged, the attendance was meagre. Mr. Fitzgibbon easily won the scratch and handicap 100 yards events. Perhaps the puerile prudery indulged in by sundry hypercritical persons during last year explains the fact that from a roll of seventy-two members only seven could be found to enter for the events. The new generation along the coast should drown Mrs. Grundy this summer. We shall be happy to afford them every assistance.

LAWN TENNIS.—With reference to the statement which appeared in last week's *Truth* to the effect that the Viceregal party on Saturday afternoon caused much grumbling by shutting out the view of the play, Master Courtney, the Hon. Sec., informed our representative that the Fitzwilliam Club will return the entrance money to any of those persons who found the inconvenience stated.

IRELAND AT OLYMPIA.

(BY ONE OF OUR STAFF.)

London, Monday Night.

TO-DAY was a great occasion for Ireland—a memorable one of which I fondly trust she will make the most. Our Exhibition has been fully launched with the heartiest good wishes from the thousands who witnessed the interesting ceremonies of the morning, and their fervent God-speeds will be cordially echoed in tens of thousands of Irish homes in the old country, in England, the United States, Canada, Australia, and in all other parts of the world in which the Celtic race has found a home. But what is perhaps of the highest importance in the matter, is the assured fact that this mighty London is taking more kindly to this effort of Ireland at Olympia than it has been ever known to do with regard to any of the many Colonial and other shows with which, of late years, the metropolis of the world has been inundated. And on this simple fact rests the certainty of an assured success for this most praiseworthy effort on the part of Irishmen—and Irishwomen, too—to show the world what we are capable of accomplishing when, as in this case, we go to work determined to achieve a triumph by means of the proverbial long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together.

The actual ceremony of declaring the Exhibition open occupied but a brief period, and was gracefully performed by Lord Mayor de Keyser, of London, who is a remarkably fine looking man, and by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who seemed to be engaged in a business which was particularly grateful to him. Only a comparatively small number of those in the building at the time took any special interest in this portion

of the proceedings, but that it was efficiently done was amply evidenced by the prolonged cheers which greeted the Lord Mayors of the first and second cities of the Empire as they left the dais and proceeded in an inspection of the building. This, I think, is the time to say to my readers that, although the Exhibition has been declared open, it is very far indeed from being in full swing, and that at least another week will elapse before all the stalls and stands are fully exposed and at work. As a consequence, it is quite impossible that in this my first communication from this most interesting reproduction of Ireland, on a miniature scale, I could attempt a description that would be at all interesting of the many beautiful Dublin exhibits which I am aware are on the ground. Some of them, by dint of extraordinary efforts, were showing their goods this afternoon, but there was an air of unpreparedness over the best of them, which a day or two more will remove, and then we will see them in all their attractive beauty. It may do no harm to apprise exhibitors from our own city and from Ireland generally that in these columns the principal stands and their varied contents will be noted week after week, and as the latter will be a constantly changing quantity, there will always be something fresh to write about.

Putting exhibits for the moment aside, a vast number of the visitors on the opening day made direct for the Irish Village, as the point which they regarded as the most interesting to make a start from. And they were right, as there they found all in apple-pie native order, and everything prepared for them. Many of these timid but highly curious people entered it with feelings of fear and trembling, as if it were a Sioux encampment they were about trusting their precious persons to, but they had scarcely been an hour in the village until they voted it the jolliest place, and its inhabitants the finest peasantry, under the sun. That they were charmed with the colleens of the village was as plain as the sun at noon-day; the fresh and clear complexion of the girls evidently impressed the Londoners most favourably, and among the commonest incidents of the afternoon were the constant visits paid by the interested crowd to the cabins of the "tenants," who, to do them justice, seemed by their volubility and by the genial smiles of welcome that overshadowed their good-humoured countenances, delighted with the attentions paid to them. The "peasantry" in the village, be it noted, are very superior specimens of their class. Physically, nothing could exceed the appearance of the men. Stalwart, strapping fellows, they are the *beau ideals* of what a man should be in his noblest development, and recall the appearance of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment many years ago when at a review at Aldershot the late Prince Albert declared them to be the finest body of infantry to be found in the army of any country in the world. And the women—well, I will say of those at present located in Olympia that sweeter or prettier specimens of Irish girlhood never crossed the Channel, and of every one of them it may be truly said, as it has been chronicled of Norah the pride of Kildare, that she is possessed of

"Eyes with love beaming—lips with truth teeming," as well as with a smile that is fascination itself. The Londoners seem to be quite taken with the soft *patois* of the girls, and I came across a couple of them this evening labouring severely but hopelessly in an attempt to imitate

it. But it couldn't be done, and they gave it up as an impossible job. One thing, however, may safely be predicted, and that is that long before the Olympian season closes the Irish Village will have been repeopled with female inmates many times, as it seems to be a foregone conclusion that the girls will be married right off as quickly as the management or the Executive can bring them over. And for this, as well as for the matrimonial fate certain to befall the dairy-maids from Leinster and Munster, Canon Bagot is primarily answerable. His reverence has the selection of them, and he certainly displayed the most admirable taste in his selections.

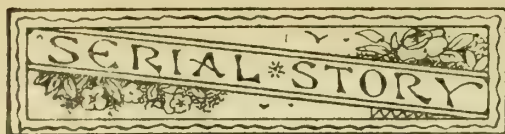
For the information of the thousands who will shortly be here, I may mention that the Village is on the left-hand side of the Blythe Road as you go up next the Beaconsfield Hotel, and is altogether a spacious allotment, admirably suited for its purposes. Nearly in the centre is a band-stand, from which lively Irish airs were proceeding this afternoon, by the bands of the Connaught Rangers and the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and the selections mostly jigs and reels. The Village was organised by the Earl of Leitrim and Mrs. Ernest Hart, and it may be regarded as placed in the garden of Olympia. It consists of a dozen cottages, built and thatched by native workmen in correct Donegal fashion, and these are so arranged as to form a picturesque Irish village street, which, as by a natural arrangement, is highly irregular in form, Doric or Corinthian architecture not being as yet affected by the peasantry. A veritable cross for the Village has been brought over from Ireland, and this adds largely to the realism of the surroundings and to the life picture as a whole. The cottages, it may be remarked, are occupied by native workers, and here the men, women, and children will pass their daily routine life. The processes of industry to be illustrated will be dyeing, carding, spinning, and the weaving by hand of homespun and linens, but there was little opportunity for anything of that useful kind being done to-day, as the Londoners were too busily engaged in making the personal acquaintance of the members of the various families. Peat has been sent over to supply the fuel for domestic purposes, and the iron potato kettle, with the usual humble furniture of an Irish cottage, contribute their characteristic features to the interior. The peculiar flavour of the burning peat deterred not a few from entering Pat's domicile for a time, but curiosity overcame this scruple by-and-by, and before the closing hour of the day large numbers had become practically familiarised with the native smoke. One elegantly dressed lady made quite a lengthened stay in one of the cabins, and on emerging, was heard to declare that she was so much pleased with what she had seen that she did not care if the odour of the peat should never leave her clothes.

At the western end of the village, facing the visitor, on entering, are the ruins of an Irish round tower, and this brings you into the immediate neighbourhood of Canon Bagot's famous dairy and his not less celebrated and handsome dairy maids. They are as good, too, as they look—sterling gold every one of them; charmingly and tastefully dressed in proper apparel for their interesting work, and looking all over as happy as happy can be. If there be not several vacancies in their ranks shortly, I will never prophecy again, as the admiration they elicited to-day was unbounded; and we

Irishmen assembled there in our thousands were as proud of them as if they had been our mothers' children and our natural sisters. Several of them speak Irish fluently, and one of them to-day had a long chat in the native language with a Kerryman, who looked as proud as if he had just dropped into an estate, while all the time the sprightly little colleen talked and worked without ceasing for a moment to pay the necessary attention to the manufacture of her butter. The Toboggan Switchback railroad is also convenient to the dairy, but it was not in full working order, though it probably will be to-morrow. Blarney Castle and Cavern will prove one of the most successful draws of the show, this being also in the neighbourhood of the dairy, but like most of the other points of attraction it wants a few days yet to become perfected.

The Loan Collection of ancient Irish silver will be a magnificent one when fully arranged, but some days must yet elapse before this will be possible. The labour in connexion with it has been incessant; the greater portion if not the whole of the work falling on the very capable and willing shoulders of Mr. Edmond Johnson, of Grafton Street, who makes it a labour of love, and whose energy seems never to tire. Nothing like this unique and costly collection, amounting to over 200,000 ounces, has ever been got together in one country before, nor would it be possible to find in any other country of the world ancient workmanship in the silversmith's art so magnificently displayed as it is on many of the almost priceless articles in Mr. Johnson's wonderful collection. In matters unique may be classed the contribution of the Corporation of Dublin, who send forward the whole of their ancient records dating from the time of Henry the Second; while the Corporation of Waterford do the best in their power in this way by sending all their ancient records dating back very far indeed. When completed—and it is rapidly approaching that stage—the Fine Art Gallery will afford many a pleasant afternoon to London *connoisseurs* in the productions of the brush and palette, as among the works of deceased Irish artists which will occupy a place on the walls will be specimens of the genius of MacClise, Barry, Sir Martin Shea, and Mulready; while the sculpture hall will contain some of the best works of Foley, Hogan, and other Irish artists whose works have rendered their names famous. Modern art is nobly represented in examples of members of the Royal Hibernian Academy and other art corporations in Dublin and other parts of Ireland. Fergus O'Hea's fine picture of PuncHESTOWN in 1868, where the Prince and Princess of Wales had their first Royal reception on the historic plains of Kildare, is sure to attract a vast deal of attention, as there are several eminent men still living in London whose features are reproduced on the speaking canvas, and who were, of course, present on that memorable occasion. The picture is lent by Mr. John Chancellor of Lr. Sackville Street.

But I must stop here. Next week I will have something to say of the exhibits and of the stands; and in the course of these articles I hope to be able to refer in detail to the efforts which each one is individually making for giving to the world of London a thorough knowledge of the resources of Ireland, and of the numerous industries which still exist more or less prosperously among us.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Vixen*," "*Ishmael*,"
"*Like and Unlike*," &c., &c.

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BOOK III.

ATROPOS—OR THAT WHICH MUST BE.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

MR. MALTRAVERS came after the vesper service, full of life and conversation, vigorous, self-satisfied, with an air of Papal dominion and Papal infallibility, so implicitly believed in by his flock, that he had learned to believe as implicitly in himself. The flock was chiefly feminine, and worshipped without limit or reservation. There were husbands and sons, brothers and nephews, who went to church with their women-kind on Sunday; but these were for the most part without enthusiasm for Mr. Maltravers. Their idea of public worship scarcely went beyond considering Sunday morning service a respectable institution, not to be dispensed with lightly.

Mr. Maltravers welcomed Mildred with touching friendliness.

"I knew you would not fail your aunt in the hour of need," he said; "and now I hope you are going to stay with her, and to take up her work when she lays it down, so that the golden thread of charity and womanly love may be unbroken."

"I hope I may be able to take up her work. I shall stay with her as long as she needs me."

"That is well. You found her sadly changed, did you not?"

"Yes, she is much changed. Yet how bright she looks this afternoon; what interest she takes in the conversation."

"The flash of the falchion in the worn-out scabbard," said Mr. Maltravers.

A layman might have said sword, but Mr. Maltravers preferred falchion, as a more picturesque word. Half the success of his preaching had lain in the choice of picturesque words. There were sceptics among his masculine congregation, who said there were no ideas in his sermons, only fine words, romantic similes, a perpetual recurrence of fountains and groves, sunset splendours, and roseate dawns, golden gates and starry canopies, seas of glass, harps of gold. But if his female worshippers felt better and holier after listening to him, what could one ask more; and they all declared that it was so. They came out of church spiritualised, overflowing with Christian love, and gave their pence eagerly to the crossing-sweepers on their way home.

The dropping in and the tea-drinking went on for nearly two hours. Mr. Maltravers took four cups of tea, and consumed a good deal of bread and butter, abstaining from the chocolate biscuits and the pound cake, which the ladies of the party affected, abstaining on principle,

as saints and hermits of old abstained from high living. He allowed himself to enjoy the delicate aroma of the tea, and the daintily cut bread and butter. He was a bachelor, and lived poorly upon badly cooked food at his vicarage. His only personal indulgence was in the accumulation of a theological library, in which all the books were of a High Church cast.

When the visitors were all gone Miss Fausset sank back into her chair, white and weary-looking, and Mildred left her to take a little nap, while she went up to her own room, half boudoir, half dressing room, a spacious apartment with a fine sea view. Here she sat in a reverie, and watched the fading sky, and the slow dim stars creeping out one by one.

Was she really to take up her aunt's work, to live in a luxurious home, a lonely, loveless woman, and to go out in a methodical, almost mechanical way, so many times a week, to visit among the poor? Would such a life as this satisfy her in all the long slow years?

The time would come, perhaps, when she would find peace in such a life—when her heart would know no grief except the griefs of others; when she would have cast off the fetters of selfish cares and selfish yearnings, and would stand alone, as saints and martyrs, and holy women of old have stood, alone with God and His poor. There were women she knew, even in these degenerate days who so lived and so worked, seeking no guerdon but the knowledge of good done in this world and the hope of the crown immortal. Her day of sacrifice had not yet come. She had not been able to dis sever her soul from the hopes and sorrows of earth. She had not been able to forget the husband she had forsaken—even for a single hour. When she knelt down to pray at night, when she awoke in the morning, her thoughts were with him. How does he bear his solitude? Has he learned to forget me and to be happy? These questions were ever present to her mind.

And now, at Brighton, knowing herself so near him, her heart yearned more for the sight of the familiar face, for the sound of the beloved voice. She pored over the time-table, and calculated the length of the journey—the time lost at Portsmouth and Bishopstoke—every minute until the arrival at Romsey, and then the drive to Enderby. She pictured the lanes in the early May—the hedgegroves bursting into leaf, the banks where the primroses were fading, the tender young ferns just beginning to uncurl their feathery fronds, the spear points of the hartstongue shooting up amidst broad docks, and the flower on the leafless blackthorn making patches of white amongst the green.

How easy it was to reach him—how natural it would seem to hasten to him after half-a-year of exile, and yet she must not. She had pledged herself to honour the law; to obey the letter and the spirit of that harsh law which decreed that her sister's husband could not be her's.

She knew that he was at Enderby, and she had some ground for supposing that he was well and even contented. She had seen the letters which he had written to his niece. He had written about the shooting, his horses, his dogs, and there had been no word to indicate that he was out of health, or in low spirits. Mildred had pored over those brief letters, forgetting to return them to the rightful owner—cherishing them as if they made a kind of link between her and the love she had renounced.

How firm the hand was: that fine and individual penmanship which she had so admired in

the past—the hand in which her first love letter had been written. It was but little altered in fifteen years. She recalled the happy hour when she received that first letter from her affianced husband. He had gone to London a day or two after their betrothal, eager to make all arrangements for their marriage, impatient for settlements and legal machinery which should make their union irrevocable—full of plans for immediate improvements at Enderby.

She remembered how she ran out into the garden to read that first letter—a long letter, though they had been parted less than a day when it was written. She had gone to the remotest nook in that picturesque river-side garden, a rustic bower by the water's edge, an osier arbour over which her own hands had trained the Céline Forestiere roses. They were in flower on that happy day, clusters of pale yellow bloom, breathing perfume round her as she sat beneath the blossoming arch and devoured her lover's fond words. Oh, how bright life had been then for both of them; for her without a cloud.

He was well; that was something to know; but it was not enough. Her heart yearned for fuller knowledge of his life than those letters gave. Wounded pride might have prompted that cheerful tone. He might wish her to think him happy and at ease without her. He thought that she had used him ill. It was natural, perhaps, that he should think so, since he could not see things as she saw them. He had not her deep-rooted convictions. She thought of him, and wondered about him till the desire for further knowledge grew into an aching pain. She must write to someone; she must do something to quiet this gnawing anxiety. In her trouble she thought of all her friends in the neighbourhood of Enderby; but there was none in whom she could bring herself to confide except Mr. Rollinson, the curate. She had thought first of writing to the doctor, but he was something of a gossip, and would be likely to prattle to his patients about her letter, and her folly in forsaking so good a husband. Rollinson she felt she might trust. He was a thoughtful young man, despite his cheery manners and some inclination to facetiousness of a strictly clerical order. He was one of a large family, and had known troubles, and Mildred had been especially kind to him and to the sisters who from time to time had shared his apartments at the carpenter's, and had revelled in the gaieties of Enderby Parish, the penny-reading at the schoolhouse, the sale of work for the benefit of the choir, and occasional afternoon tea and tennis at the Manor. Those maiden sisters of the curate's had known and admired Lola, and Mr. Rollinson had been devoted to her from his first coming to the parish, when she was a lovely child of seven.

Mildred wrote fully and frankly to the curate. "I cannot enter upon the motive of our separation," she wrote, "except so far as to tell you that it is a question of principle which has parted us. My husband has been blameless in all his domestic relations, the best of husbands, the noblest of men. Loving him with all my heart, trusting, and honouring him as much as on my wedding day, I yet felt it my duty to leave him. I should not make this explanation to anyone else at Enderby, but I wish you to know the truth. If people ever question you about my reasons you can tell them that it is my intention ultimately to enter an Angelican Sisterhood, or it may be to found a Sisterhood, and to devote

my declining years to my sorrowing fellow creatures. This is my fixed intention, but my vocation is yet weak. My heart cleaves to the old home and all that I lost in leaving it.

"And now, my kind friend, I want you to tell me how my husband fares in his solitude. If he were ill and unhappy he would be too generous to complain to me. Tell me how he is in health and spirits. Tell me of his daily life, his amusements, occupations. There is not the smallest detail which will not interest me. You see him, I hope, often; certainly you are likely to see him oftener than anyone else in the parish. Tell me all you can, and be assured of my undying gratitude.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"MILDRED GRESWOLD."

Mr. Rollinson's reply came by return of post.

"I am very glad you have written to me, my dear Mrs. Greswold. Had I known your address I think I should have taken the initiative and written to you. Believe me, I respect your motive for the act which has, I fear, cast a blight upon a poor man's life, and I will venture to say no more than that the motive should be a very strong one which forces you to persevere in a course that has wrecked your husband's happiness and desolated one of the most delightful and most thoroughly Christian homes I had ever the privilege of entering. I look back and recal what Enderby Manor was, and I think what it is now, and I can hardly compare those two pictures without tears—tears which I cannot deem unmanly, which I am not ashamed to shed.

"You ask me to tell you frankly all I can about your husband's mode of life, his health and spirits. All I can tell is summed up in four words. His heart is broken. In my deep concern about his desolate position, in my heartfelt regard for him, I have ventured to force my society upon him sometimes when I could not doubt it was unwelcome. He receives me with all his old kindness of manner, but I am sympathetic enough to know when a man only endures my company, and I know that his feeling is at best endurance. But I believe that he trusts me, and that he is less upon his guard with me than he is with other acquaintances. I have seen him put on an appearance of cheerfulness with other people. I have heard him talk to other people as if life had in no wise lost its interest for him. With me he drops the mask. I have seen him brooding by his hearth, as he broods when he is alone. I have heard his involuntary sighs. I have seen the image of a shipwrecked existence. Indeed, Mrs. Greswold, there is nothing else that I can tell you if you would have me truthful. You have broken his heart. You have sacrificed your love to a principle, you say. You should be very sure of your principle. You ask me as to his habits and occupations. I believe they are about as monotonous as those of a galley slave. He walks a great deal—in all weathers and at all hours—but rarely beyond his own land. I don't think he often rides; and he has not hunted once during the season. He did a little shooting in October and November quite alone. He has had no staying visitor within his doors since you left him.

"I have reason to know that he goes to the churchyard every evening at dusk, and spends some time beside your daughter's grave. I have seen him there several times when it was nearly dark, and he had no apprehension of

being observed. You know how rarely any one enters our quiet little burial ground, and how complete a solitude it is at that twilight hour. I am about the only passer by, and even I do not pass within sight of the old yew tree above your darling's resting place, unless I go a little out of my way between the vestry door and the lych gate. I have often gone out of my way to note that lonely figure by the grave.

"Be assured, dear Mrs. Greswold, that in sending you this gloomy picture of a widowed life I have had no wish to distress you. I have exaggerated nothing. I wish you to know the truth; and if it lies in your power—without going against your conscience—to undo that which you have done, I entreat you to do so without delay. There may not be much time to be lost.

"Believe me, devotedly and gratefully your friend,

"FREDERICK ROLLINSON."

Mildred shed bitter tears over the curate's letter. How different the picture it offered from that afforded by George Greswold's own letters, in which he had written cheerily of the shooting, the dogs and horses, the changes in the seasons, and the events of the outer world. That frank, easy tone had been part of the armour of pride. He would not abuse himself by the admission of his misery. He had guessed no doubt that his wife would read those letters, and he would not have her know the extent of the ruin she had wrought.

She thought of him in his solitude—pictured him beside their child's grave, and the longing to look upon him once more, unseen by him if it could be so, became too strong for her patience to bear. She determined to see with her own eyes if he were indeed as unhappy as Mr. Rollinson supposed. She, who knew him so well, would be better able to judge by his manner and bearing—better able to divine the inner workings of his heart and mind. It had been a habit of her life to read his face—to guess his thoughts before they found expression in words. He had never been able to keep a secret from her, except the one long-hidden story of the past; and even there she had known that there was something. She had seen the shadow of that abiding remorse.

"I am going to leave you for two days, aunt," she said rather abruptly on the morning after she received Mr. Rollinson's letter. "I want to look at Lola's grave. I shall go from here to Enderby as fast as the train will take me; spend an hour in the churchyard; go on to Salisbury for the night, and come back to you to-morrow afternoon."

"You mean that you are going back to your husband."

"No, no. I may see him perhaps—by accident. I shall not enter the Manor House. I am going to the churchyard—nowhere else."

"You would be wiser if you went straight home—remember, years hence, when I am dead and gone, that I told you as much. You must do as you like—stay at an inn at Salisbury, while your own beautiful home is empty, or anything else that is foolish and wrongheaded. You had better let Franz go with you."

"Thanks, aunt; I would not take him away on any account. I can get on quite well by myself."

She left Brighton at mid-day; lost a good deal of time at the two junctions, and drove to within a few hundred yards of Enderby Church, just as the bright May day was melting into

evening. There was a path across some meadows at the back of the village that led to the churchyard. She stopped the fly by the meadow gate, and told the man to drive round to Mr. Rollinson's lodgings and wait for her there, and then she walked slowly along the narrow footpath, between the long grass, golden with buttercups in the golden evening.

It was a lovely evening. There was a little wood of oaks and chestnuts on her left hand as she approached the churchyard, and the shrubberies of Enderby Manor were on her right. The trees she knew so well—her own trees—the tall mountain ash and the clump of beeches rose above the lower level of lilacs and laburnums, acacia and rose-maple. There was a nightingale singing in the thick foliage yonder—there was always a nightingale at this season somewhere in the shrubbery. She had lingered many a time with her husband to listen to that unmistakable melody.

The dense dark foliage of the churchyard made an inky blot amidst all that vernal greenery. Those immemorial yews, which knew no change with the changing years, spread their broad shadows over the lowly graves, and made night in God's acre while it was still daylight in the world outside. Mildred went into the churchyard as if into the realm of death. The shadows close round her on all sides, and the change from light to gloom chilled her as she walked slowly towards the place where her child was lying.

Yes; he was there; just as the curate had told her. He stood leaning against the long horizontal branch of the old yew, looking down at the broad white marble cross which bore his daughter's name. He was very pale, and his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks told of failing health. He stood motionless, in a gloomy reverie. His wife watched him from a little way off. She stood motionless as herself—stood and watched him till the beating of her heart sounded so loud in her own ears that she thought he too must hear that passionate throbbing.

She had thought when she set out on her journey that it would be sufficient for her just to see him, and that having seen him she would go away and leave him without his ever knowing that she had looked upon him. But now the time had come, it was not enough. The impulse to draw nearer and to speak to him was too strong to be denied. She went with tottering footsteps to the side of the grave, and called him by his name—

"George! George!" holding out her hands to him piteously.

CHAPTER IV.

THE marble countenance scarcely changed as he looked up at her. He took no notice of the outstretched hands.

"What brings you here, Mildred?" he asked, coldly.

"I heard that you were ill; I wanted to see for myself," she faltered.

"I am not ill, and I have not been ill. You were misinformed."

"I was told that you were unhappy."

"Did you require to be told that? You did not expect to hear that I was particularly happy, I suppose? At my age men have forgotten how to forget."

"It would be such a relief to my mind if you could find new occupations, new interests, as I

hope to do by-and-by—a wider horizon. You are so clever. You have so many gifts, and it is a pity to bury them all here."

"My heart is buried here," he answered, looking down at the grave.

"Your heart, yes; but you might find work for your mind—a noble career before you—in politics, in philanthropy."

"I am not ambitious, and I am too old to adapt myself to a new life. I prefer to live as I am living. Enderby is my hermitage. It suits me well enough."

There was a silence after this—a silence of despair. Mildred knelt on the dewy grass, and bent herself over the marble cross, and kissed the cold stone. She went no nearer than that marble to the child she loved. Her lips lingered there. Her heart ached with a dull pain, and she felt the utter hopelessness of her life more keenly than she had felt it yet. If she could but die there, at his feet, and make an end.

She rose after some minutes. Her husband's attitude was unchanged; but he looked at her now, for the first time, with a direct and earnest gaze.

"What took you to Nice?" he asked.

"I wanted to know—all about my unhappy sister."

"And you are satisfied—you know all—and you think as some of my neighbours thought of me. You believe that I killed my wife."

"George, can you think so meanly of me—your wife of fourteen years?"

"You spare me, then, so far—in spite of circumstantial evidence. You do not think of me as a murderer?"

"I have never for a moment doubted your goodness to that unhappy girl," she answered, with a stifled sob. "I am sorry for her with all my heart; but I cannot blame you."

"There you are wrong. I was to blame. You know that I do not easily lose my temper—to a woman, least of all; but that day I lost control over myself—lost patience with her just when she was in greatest need of my forbearance. She was nervous and hysterical. I forgot her weakness. I spoke to her cruelly—stung out of all consideration by her causeless jealousies—so persistent, so irritating—like the continual dropping of water. How I have suffered for that moment of anger God alone can know. If remorse can be expiation, I have expiated that unpremeditated sin!"

"Yes, yes, I know you have suffered. Your dreams have told me."

"Ah! those dreams! You can never imagine the agony of them. To fancy her walking by my side, bright and happy, as she so seldom was upon this earth, and to tell myself that I had never been unkind to her, that her suicide was a dream and a delusion,—and then to feel the dull cold reality creep back into my brain, and to know that I was guilty of her death. Yes, I have held myself guilty. I have never paltered with my conscience. Had I been patient to the end, she might have lived to be the happy mother of my child. Her whole life might have been changed. I never loved her, Mildred. Fate and her own impulsive nature flung her into my arms; but I had accepted the charge, I had made myself responsible to God and my own conscience for her well-being."

Mildred's only answer was a sob. She stretched out her hand, and laid it falteringly upon the hand that hung loose across the branch of the yew, as if in token of trustfulness.

"Did you find out anything more in your retrospective gropings—at Nice?" he asked, with a touch of bitterness.

She was silent.

"Did you hear that I was out of my mind after my wife's death?"

"Yes."

"Did that shock you? Did it horrify you to know you had lived fourteen years with a *ci-devant* lunatic?"

"George, how can you say such things. I could perfectly understand how your mind was affected by that dreadful event—how the strongest brain might be unhinged by such a sorrow. I can sympathise with you, and understand you in the past, as I can in the present. How can you forget that I am your wife, a part of yourself, able to read all your thoughts."

"I cannot forget that you have been my wife, but your sympathy and your affection seem very far off now—as remote almost as that tragedy which darkened my youth. It is all past and done with—the sorrow and pain, the hope and gladness. I have done with everything—except my regret for my child."

"Can you believe that I feel the parting less than you, George?" she asked piteously.

"I don't know. The parting is your work. You have the satisfaction of self-sacrifice—the pride which women who go to church twice a day have in renouncing earthly happiness. They school themselves first in trifles—giving up this and that—theatres, fiction, cheerful society, and then their ambition widens; these petty sacrifices are not enough, and they renounce a husband and a home. If the husband cannot see the necessity, and cannot kiss the rod, so much the worst for him. His wife has the perverted pride of an Indian widow who flings her young life upon the funeral pile, jubilant at the thought of her own surpassing virtue."

"Would you not sacrifice your happiness to your conscience, George, if conscience spoke plainly!" Mildred asked reproachfully.

"I don't know. Human love might be too strong for conscience. God knows I would not have sacrificed you to a scruple—to a law made by man. God's laws are different. There is no doubt about them."

The evening was darkening. The nightingale burst out suddenly into loud melody, more joyous than her reputation. Mildred could see the lights in the house that had been her home. The lamp-light in the drawing-room shone across the intervening space of lawn and shrubberies; the broad window shone vividly at the end of a vista, like a star. Oh, lovely room, oh happy life, so far off, so impossible any more!

"Good-night and good-bye," Mildred sighed, holding out her hand.

"Good bye," he answered, taking the small, cold hand, only to let it drop again.

He made no inquiry as to how she had come there, or whither she was going. She had appeared to him suddenly as a spirit in the soft eventide, and he let her go from him unquestioned as if she had been a spirit. She felt the coldness of her dismissal, and yet felt that it could be no otherwise. She must be all to him or nothing. After love so perfect as theirs had been there could be no middle course.

She went across the meadow by the way she had come, and through the village street, where all the doors were closed at this hour and paraffin lamps glowed brightly in parlour windows. Dear little humble street, how her

heart yearned over it as she went silently by like a ghost, closely veiled, a slender figure dressed in black. She had been very fond of her villagers, had entered into their lives and been a brightening influence for most of them, she and her child. Lola had been familiar with every creature in the place, from the humped-backed cobbler at the corner to the gray-haired postmaster in the white, half-timbered cottage yonder, where the letter boxes were on the other side of a neat little garden. Lola had entered into all their lives, and had been glad and sorry with them with a power of sympathy which was the only precocious element in her nature. She had been a child in all things except charity. There she had been a woman.

There was a train for Salisbury in half-an-hour, and there was a later train at ten o'clock. Mildred had intended to travel at the earlier hour, but she felt an irresistible inclination to linger in the beloved place where her happiness was buried. She wanted to see someone who would talk to her of her husband, and she knew that the curate could be trusted, so she determined upon waiting for the later train, in the event of her finding Mr. Rollinson at home.

The paraffin lamp in the parlour over the carpenter's shop was brighter than any other in the village, and Mr. Rollinson's shadow was reflected on the blind, with the usual tendency towards caricature. The carpenter's wife, who opened the door, was an old friend of Mrs. Greswold's, and was not importunate in her expressions of surprise and pleasure.

"Please do not mention to anyone that I have been at Enderby, Mrs. Mason," Mildred said quietly, "I am only here for an hour or two on my way to Salisbury. I should like to see Mr. Rollinson, if he is disengaged."

"Of course he is, ma'am, for you. He'll be overjoyed to see you, I'm sure."

Mrs. Mason bustled up the steep little staircase, followed closely by Mildred. She flung open the door with a flourish and discovered Mr. Rollinson enjoying a tea-dinner, with the *Times* propped up between his plate and the teapot.

He started up like a man distraught at sight of his visitor, darted forward and shook hands, and then glanced despairingly at the table. For such a guest he would have liked to have had turtle and ortolans, but a tea-dinner, a vulgar tea-dinner—a dish of pig's trotters, a couple of new-laid eggs, and a pile of buttered toast. He had thought it a luxurious meal when he sat down to it, five minutes ago, very sharp set.

"My dear Mrs. Greswold, I am enchanted. You have been travelling? Yes. If—if you would share my humble collation—but you are going to dine at the Manor, no doubt."

"No; I am not going to the Manor. I should be very glad of a cup of tea, if I may have one with you."

"Mrs. Mason, a fresh teapot, directly, if you please?"

"Yes, sir."

"And could you not get some dinner for Mrs. Greswold? A sole and a chicken, a little asparagus. I saw a bundle in the village the day before yesterday," suggested the curate feebly.

"On no account. I could not eat any dinner. I will have an egg and a little toast, if you please," said Mildred, seeing the curate's distressed look, and not wishing to reject his hospitality.

(To be continued.)



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 4th June, 1888.

The rate of discount for three months' bills is again lower, being quoted at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whilst short loans are done at from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Business in public securities is almost at a standstill, and in many instances prices are but nominal. With cheap money, fine weather, and the absence of political disturbances, it is difficult to account for the continued depression and want of public support. Prices are put up at the commencement of each new account, but elapse and dwindle down to the starting point. Everything is disappointing and unsatisfactory, and we look in vain for the promised (and in many cases warranted) rise in prices. New Consols are quoted $98\frac{3}{4}$ - $7\frac{1}{2}$ ex div.; New $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. 95 - $95\frac{1}{2}$ ex div.; India 3 per cents. $96\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ ex div.

English Rails have been a dull market, and the changes are about evenly balanced. Brighton A, $117\frac{7}{8}$; Dover A, $101\frac{1}{4}$; Great Northern A, $100\frac{3}{8}$; Caledonian, $100\frac{3}{4}$; Chatnam, $20\frac{1}{2}$; Great Eastern, $66\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western, 43 ; Hull and Barnsley, $27\frac{1}{2}$ (a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.); Metropolitan, $69\frac{1}{2}$; Metropolitan District, $3\frac{3}{4}$; Midland, $128\frac{3}{4}$; North British, $106\frac{3}{8}$; North Eastern, $151\frac{1}{4}$; North Western, 167 .

Foreign Stocks remain without material change. Egyptian Unified, $79\frac{7}{8}$; Greek, $188\frac{1}{2}$; Italian, 97 ; Mexican Converted, $38\frac{5}{8}$; Portuguese, 62 ; Perus, 6 per cents., $16\frac{5}{8}$; Ditto, per cents., $14\frac{3}{4}$; Russian, $187\frac{3}{4}$, $94\frac{1}{8}$ ex div.; Turkish, $69\frac{7}{8}$; Turkish Group I, 24; Group II, $14\frac{3}{8}$; III, 14.

Americans continue in the same unsatisfactory condition, and prices are lower on the week. Central Pacifics, $31\frac{3}{8}$; Chicago, Milwaukee, $67\frac{5}{8}$; Denver Pref., $48\frac{5}{8}$; Eries, $24\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore, 93; Louisville, 54; New York Central, 108; Norfolk Pref. 47; Ohio, $19\frac{1}{2}$; Ontario, 16; Pennsylvania, $53\frac{1}{2}$; Reading, $30\frac{1}{2}$; Union Pacific, $54\frac{5}{8}$.

Foreign and Canadian Railways are at, in sympathy with other markets. Canadian Pacific, $58\frac{3}{4}$; Grand Trunk Ordinary, $10\frac{1}{2}$; First Preference, $61\frac{5}{8}$; Second Preference, $42\frac{3}{4}$; Third Preference, $23\frac{1}{2}$; Guaranteed, $67\frac{3}{4}$; Mexican Rails, $38\frac{3}{8}$; First Preference, $110\frac{1}{4}$ ex Div.; Second Preference, $67\frac{3}{4}$ ex Div.; Mexican Central, First Mortgage, $68\frac{1}{2}$.

Mines have been more active, and an advance has taken place in some of the low priced shares. Cape Copper, 63; De Beers, $4\frac{1}{2}$; Rio Tinto, $19\frac{3}{8}$; Sheba Gold, $1\frac{3}{8}$; Copiapo, $\frac{3}{8}$; Alturas, $14\frac{1}{6}$; Dickens Custer, $7\frac{1}{6}$; Emma, $5\frac{1}{2}$; Balkis, $8\frac{1}{3}$.

Miscellaneous Market has been quiet, and the changes are of no importance with the exception of Hudson's Bay, which have been at, but have recovered part of the fall. Aerated read, $5\frac{1}{4}$; Bryant and May, $13\frac{3}{8}$; Hotchkiss, $4\frac{1}{4}$; Hudsons Bay, $17\frac{7}{8}$; Suez Canal, 86; New Explosive, $6\frac{1}{4}$; R. Bell and Co., 6.

The Suez Canal receipts from the 20th to the 1st May, amounted to 2,140,000 francs, show-

ing an increase of 390,000 francs, as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway traffic on Thursday last showed an increase of £2,138.

The net earnings of the Northern Pacific Railway Company for April show an increase of over 87,000 dols.

New York Ontario receipts for the month of April show an decrease of 2,900 dols. compared with the corresponding period of last year.

The gross receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for the month of April amount to £285,982, being £11,197 less than for the same period of last year.

The subscription list of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Three and a half per cent. Land Grant Bonds was closed on Friday at eleven o'clock. The amount applied for being over £25,000,000. After being quoted at $5\frac{1}{4}$ premium, the price relaxed to $4\frac{1}{4}$.

The well-known restaurant in the Strand, "The Tivoli," has been formed into a Limited Company, with a Capital of £90,000, in 18,000 shares of £5 each, and £50,000 in six per cent. Debentures. In addition to carrying on the present business, it is proposed to erect a Music Hall, which is likely to prove a great attraction in this crowded part of the West End. The Directors anticipate being able to declare dividends equal to 25 per cent. The shares are quoted $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 premium.

The Oriental Bank Corporation, of 40 Threadneedle Street, are prepared to receive tenders of £500,000 of Three-and-a-Half per cent. Perpetual Debenture Stock, redeemable at par by half-yearly drawings of 1 per cent. The minimum price is £80 per £100 Stock.

The New Zealand Loan has not been favourably received, and the premium is nominally about $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. This is not to be wondered at when the financial condition of the Colony gets worse every year. It is said that on the 31st of March last, there were deficiency bills amounting to £778,000, and that the debt of the Colony amounts to one-fifth of the total value of its real and personal property. The prospect is anything but encouraging, and under present circumstances the success of this new Loan extremely doubtful.

The present debt of the Colony amounts to some thirty-five millions, and the total value of its real and personal property is under one hundred and eighty millions, which would be a poor security for the money due to the bondholders.

Russian finances would seem to be in even a more hopeless condition. The deficit for the last four years amounts to more than twenty millions, thus raising the total amount of the public debt to the enormous amount of nearly 530 millions. That there are people who are content to hold Russian securities, and feel comparatively sure of receiving their interest for an indefinite period, is to us a mystery. We would not hold them at anything like the present price, and would advise our readers to avoid them altogether.

At a meeting of the Mysore Gold Mining Co. a dividend of 2/- per share was declared by the directors, payable on June 20 (present price, $3\frac{1}{2}$).

It was further proposed that the capital of the Company be increased to £175,000 by the issue of 25,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and that the same shares be issued at a premium of £1 each, and be offered in the first instance to the shareholders of the Company at the above premium in the proportion of one share for every six shares held by them, respectively, on the 26th day of June next.

At a meeting of the Balkis Consolidated Co. it was proposed to call an extraordinary general meeting to pass a resolution to create 60,000 new shares of £1 each, to be entitled to a preferential dividend of 10 per cent. per annum.

The difficulty will be to get any of these preferential shares, which will be absorbed by the present shareholders, but there is yet time to buy the ordinary shares, which can be picked up for about 8/-. Our advice to purchase these shares was given some weeks since, and we again repeat that they should be bought, and at once.

Viola (for the week ending 26th ult.) Ore smelted, 650 tons; lead produced, 226 tons; silver produced, 3,696 ozs.; value, 21,500 dols.

Canadian Pacifics at $58\frac{3}{4}$ look cheap, and might be bought. With a fresh working capital of 15,000,000 dols. at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as mentioned above, a new era of prosperity may confidently be looked for, and it will not be long before investors realize the soundness of this undertaking. As a dividend paying stock of 3 per cent. It yields at present a very good return with a prospect of standing again at its original price. It fluctuated in 1887 between 52 and 70.

Boland's, Limited.—It did not surprise us that the shares given for public subscription in this company were taken up with an avidity seldom displayed in matters of this nature, and that the capital was more than six times subscribed in less than four hours, with the result that the list closed on Monday forenoon instead of on Wednesday as at first proposed. The public appreciation of the enterprise and power of this local industry, which has been brought to such perfection under the able and efficient management of Mr. P. J. Donnelly, now managing director, must be a matter for congratulation amongst the directors of Boland's, Limited.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L.—You can demand delivery.

J. A.—We have written you fully on the subject.

TRUSTEE.—Send us the particulars of the Trust Fund as it stands at present.

J. Mc.—Brighton A is about the best we can suggest for the purpose you name.



A BLIND GAME.

BY MERLEY MIST.

A STRANGER in Clifton, should he lend his ear for a while to the gossips who lounged about the tavern, would soon be informed that the place, with its church, school-house, lumber yard and tannery, to say nothing of the grocery store, where everything from a shoe string up to a barrel of flour could be had, and the tin shop, where you could buy your tin ware, sell your rags and get your carpets woven, could "hold its own agin any village in the country."

The pretty little church that stands just at foot of the hill yonder, was built by Daniel Moore, a rich man, who lives just out of sight over the hill, in the finest house in Clifton. No need to tell you that the little white house with the green blinds, nestling amid flower beds and rose bushes, is the parsonage; but you would not be apt to discover without having been told that behind what appears to be but a dense group of cedar trees is an old brown house, almost smothered in the untrained vines that grow in wild profusion from foundation to chimney. What was once a gravel walk winds in and about the trees up to the front door; friendly cows and chickens have not quite demolished the border of box that once grew on either side, and the large willow tree that droops and pines just inside the gate is quite in keeping with the dreary aspect of the place.

Truly a dismal place. Mould and dampness are visible everywhere; but within, a little sun-beam—the deacon's daughter, a golden-haired, rosy-cheeked slip of a girl, with sapphire eyes—dispels the gloom, and lightens every spot within the dull walls.

The Cedars was purchased by its present owner, James Mullen—or "the deacon," as he was called, although no one knew when or where he had served in that capacity—when his daughter Agnes, who was now twenty years of age, was a little girl of ten. The father and daughter had lived alone since their advent into the village, and the hope that the residents had entertained of seeing the place repaired and kept up had died a lingering death years ago. The only interest now felt in the old house or its occupants was centred in Agnes, who was rightly called the village beauty.

There was not a young man in that vicinity who had not been haunted by sweet thoughts of her, and treasured up every word and smile she had ever bestowed upon him. The majority of them, however, felt that the old gentleman, with his queer ways, reserved manner, and college education, and the dainty little daughter, with that delicious, indescribable air of refinement about her, belonged to a world altogether different from theirs, and so refrained from making demonstrations of their admiration.

Agnes' education, under her father's tutorage, had been somewhat out of the ordinary routine, inasmuch as she could speak German quite well before she had conquered the "nine times," and had no mean knowledge of Latin before she had become acquainted with the divisions of the earth's surface. Latin and German

scholars were not plentiful around Clifton, and so the richest young man thereabouts—Clayton Moore—decided to marry this prodigy of learning. He felt sure that Agnes would feel flattered at the offer he intended making her, and had no fears about the answer she would vouchsafe.

Clayton was a young man of good moral character, and but for an over supply of conceit, would have been quite popular. He had always been fond of Agnes, but thoughts of how proud he would be of her beauty and learning, when she was once his wife, were uppermost in his mind when he thought of her.

Deacon Mullen said, more than once, that Agnes had promised never to marry or leave him without his consent; and as she was all that that he had in the world, he intended keeping her as long as he lived.

After pondering upon the matter for some time, Clayton decided to make war upon the deacon; or, in other words, woo him for, instead of, the daughter. With him to decide was to act; and from that time forth he strove with assiduous persistence to make himself indispensable to the old gentleman.

Upon an upper shelf in his father's library, Clayton found a musty-looking theological work, and after mastering a few head lines, felt quite sure that he could give the deacon a cue or two that would excite a long train of thought and conversation—the deacon to do the talking, while he sat respectfully silent. He called two consecutive days at The Cedars, but was embarrassed on both occasions by Agnes' presence during his entire stay. He saw at once that something must be done to get rid of her, or Mr. Mullen would very soon suspect that she was the loadstone that was drawing him hither.

A happy thought occurred to him; he would make use of his cousin, Jack Post. He'd take him along when he called, and Agnes would be under the necessity of entertaining him while he—Clayton—was engaged with theology and the deacon. Of course Jack was stupid and would no doubt annoy Agnes, but it would only be for a very short time, and it seemed the only way out of the difficulty.

Clayton said nothing to his cousin of his intentions, and although Jack was not the stupid fellow he thought him, he never once suspected Clayton's real motive in calling at The Cedars.

A severe attack of scarlet fever in boyhood had left Jack in a feeble condition physically, and the stupidity to which Clayton often alluded meant the spending of hours, when he was too weak to be about, over all kinds of interesting reading matter.

Jack was an orphan, and although he and Clayton had been brought up together, they never grew to be close friends. The secret of the matter was that Jack talked little, and Clayton never thought much upon things of mutual interest.

Jack and Agnes seemed to get along quite well together, for they spent whole afternoons reading to each other down under the willow tree by the gate, without even glancing toward the study where Clayton was having such a dull time with the deacon.

Clayton brought about an introduction between his aunt—Mrs. Wilson, a widow lady from the far West—and Agnes, and the two became warm friends.

Mr. Mullen, who was subject to rheumatism, was seized with an attack that confined him to

his room for several weeks. Mrs. Wilson prepared jellies and custards for the sick man in a way that gave great satisfaction to her nephew, who made up his mind that he would make her a handsome present as soon as everything was amicably settled.

When the deacon was once more able to be about and receive his friends in his dull little study, Clayton decided to broach the all-important subject. He felt sure that he had made a favourable impression upon the old gentleman, as, indeed, he had, for Mr. Mullen could but be pleased at the unusual attention he had bestowed upon him before and during his illness, and he was now confident that he could have Agnes for the asking.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon, and after carefully dressing himself in a fine black suit, and coaxing the fractious lock at the back of his head into unusual submissiveness, Clayton started forth to put his faith to the touch. Fearing he might encounter Agnes, should he proceed in his usual way and enter by way of the front gate and crooked path, he went across lots, and came up through the orchard just at the back of the house. Seeing no one about and hearing no sound he stepped cautiously around to the front and peered in through the study window. Good! Mr. Mullen was alone. He sat by the table, shading his face with his hand. It was an opportune moment! But just as Clayton was about to enter the old gentleman raised his head and said brokenly—

"Years ago, I loved a woman whom, on account of my poverty, I dared not ask to marry me. I have never forgotten her. I parted from her, not knowing whether she cared for me or not. If—if—I dared, I think I would be foolish enough to ask her now what I did not then."

The voice ceased, and Clayton, who seemed chained to the spot where he stood, saw his aunt cross the room and go to Mr. Mullen's side. There was a sob in her throat and tears in her eyes as she said,—

"Why don't you ask her, James? I think she would be sure to say yes."

At that point Clayton managed to break away from the spot, and walked hurriedly down the walk. His thoughts were so engrossing that he failed to see the pretty tableau at the gate until he nearly ran against the participants. A golden head rested contentedly on Jack's shoulder, and that young gentleman was telling a story, which no doubt most of you have heard, into the pretty pink ear so near his lips.

Instead of appearing disconcerted at his cousin's appearance, Jack stepped quickly forward, and seizing Clayton's hand, said with emotion,—

"Congratulate me, old boy! Agnes has said yes! We feel grateful to you for entertaining Mr. Mullen, and thus giving us so many happy hours. I shall never forget your kindness. My only trouble now is, that I fear Mr. Mullen will refuse to give up his treasure."

"If you go and ask him this minute," remarked Clayton, "I promise you he will refuse you nothing."

It is needless to say that this prophecy proved true; for the old gentleman was so happy himself that he was willing to do all he could for the happiness of others.

As for Clayton, the lesson he had learned proved the one thing needed to make him a noble man; and his friends, without knowing the cause, rejoiced at the change in him.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

Life is full of startling phenomena; but we take it for granted that one of the most extraordinary enigmas in the progress of society is the appearance of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne as a public moralist. We would not dare to suggest that the adoption of this new stage costume is possibly due to the declining years of Lord Tennyson, for that would be tantamount to the gross insinuation that Mr. Swinburne is qualifying for the Poet Laureateship. We are sure that the ethereal spirit of the younger poet rises far above the mere earthy considerations of a mere Government salary. The public mind revolts from the spectacle of the foretime Red Republican humbly drawing a cheque every quarter day on the Treasury. We resent the fancy that the resounding voice which glorified the Commune, could be modulated into the everyday tones of a customer in the Bank of England, demanding gold and silver for an "Ode on the Vaccination of the latest Baby of Princess Beatrice." Yet, without doubt, there is no man better equipped to play the part of public moralist than Mr. Swinburne. A clever general makes it his business to discover every movement and device of the enemy. It is in the possession of exhaustive information of this character that Mr. Swinburne confidently attacks the ranks of vice. He has not only made it his business, but his pleasure, to become acquainted with every phase, every movement, every device of that life of intellectual degradation which popular superstition considers the peculiar property of the Devil. It was probably with a view to his later appearance in a different character that Mr. Swinburne formerly plunged headlong into the profoundest abysses of sensuality and wallowed for years in the basest refuse of the human imagination. He now rises from the foul depths of this sea of abominations, and proceeds with all the confidence of the most unquestionable experience to slaughter his former friends.

It was thoughtful that, during this period of his reconnoitering, Mr. Swinburne should have filled several volumes of material notes for reference of what he saw and thought in the mental catacombs he so diligently explored.

We now understand the meaning of the title, "Songs before Sunrise," and we have no doubt that this book will henceforth be used as a testual basis for moral homilies in every well-regulated young ladies' school. Excited with the new and novel sensation of the enthusiastic public novelist, Mr. Swinburne has been striking out with a considerable appearance of virtuous ferocity. He has been sparring vigorously opposite the aged and serene countenance of the American poet, Walt Whitman, who, strange to say, has exhibited no signs of alarm at the formidable menace of his self-elected antagonist.

The supreme indifference with which the old writer regards the feverish gyrations of the quixotic moralist, is due, doubtless, to the humiliating fact that the American poet fails to realise the difference between his own moral blackness and the pure, noble, sublime whiteness of the moral nature of his opponent.

It is too painfully obvious that Walt Whitman has not yet begun to study Mr. Swinburne in

his new character of popular moral regenerator to modern literature.

The American poet is, in fact, still entranced in the delirious delusions, that it is possible to write poetry without rhyme; possible to create a new form of literature reflecting the changeful hues of the social and intellectual movements of these latter days; possible to indicate the expansive nature of the horizon of collective and individual freedom: day-dreams which Mr. Swinburne has long since relinquished as the disordered visions of adolescent genius.

A similar inexplicable indifference to the invective of the new Isaiah characterises the attitude of M. Emile Zola. The superabundance of furious adjectives, the heavy loads of laborious satire which Mr. Swinburne levels at M. Zola, does not deter that novelist from composing his own works of art in a manner most commendable to himself. Zola, in fact, makes the mistake of writing to please the public rather than Mr. Swinburne. This, to Mr. Swinburne's mind, is an error of choice deserving the severest public condemnation. If M. Zola was not grossly infatuated with self-confidence, he would submit his every manuscript to the expurgative censorship of the English moralist. No writer, in future, whether American, French, or English, is certain of the approbation of the public or posterity unless they compose their works according to the strict laws of art definitely laid down by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

DONNYBROOK.

TRAM FIENDS.

The pure and single-hearted philanthropists who form the Board of Directors of the United Tramways Company, need only be reminded of a few little defects in their system to have them remedied. We are all aware that the first consideration of these kind souls, is the comfort and convenience of the public; the creation of a half-yearly dividend is a secondary matter, and only enters incidentally into their benevolent schemes for the public welfare. The system of competition by which the public are benefited is one which is ruinous sooner or later, to either of the competing companies; and it was to prevent the pecuniary ruin of certain of their fellow citizens, that the different boards amalgamated. What is more touching, in the history of modern commerce, than this desire on the part of one body of men to stretch forth the hand of rescue to another? Contemplating this tender picture, the public will not be so selfish as to remember that a monopoly of this or any other description, may possibly place them in the position of the bleating sheep who must be shorn without any prospect of preventing the robbery of its wool. To prevent any persons lapsing into the demoralised condition of malcontents, these moral guardians of society—appeal for assistance to the House of Commons, where they are ably represented by numerous gentlemen who thrive on the same shearing system, and whose avocation, as members, is to pass acts of Parliament legalising monopolies. The consent of the Corporation to surrender possession of the streets, was easily obtainable. The elegant circle of public-house keepers and professional politicians who render the City Hall a centre of light and leading, are always willing to favourably consider the proposals of any company likely to shear a good

half-yearly supply of wool from the public sheepfold. Of course, they made a little dramatic fuss at first, just as they made a pretty little scene lately with the Gas Company; but the public are now well at the back of the stage, and thoroughly understand the mechanical arts which lie behind the fascinating tableaux.

The Tram Company secured their act of Parliament from the ever-willing House of Commons, and now wield the irresistible shears. But we err. The shears of this or any other company are not irresistible. This is a fact the general public must always keep in view. The general public could smash the Tram Company in a week, just as they could kick out the publicans from the Corporation and obliterate the stench of whiskey from the City Hall.

It is well to remind corporate combinations of sheep shearers of this wholesome fact.

When the Tram Company raised their fares they discovered, to their amazement, that their cars ran empty. There was consternation amongst the board of philanthropists. They realised that they had overstepped the line, and hurried to make amends. A combination of directors is a powerful engine, but a combination of the general public is more powerful still. What this city wants, and what every city wants, is a Citizens' General Protective Association; for, when men band together to satisfy the hunger for dividends, they must be treated as a common enemy. We do not say they instantly became human wolves, but we assert that they will go that length if society is weak enough to permit them.

The Tram Company received a check early in their career, and we are not unwilling to hold them up to corporate bodies, as an excellent example of a board which has not endeavoured to repeat a mistake. The citizens are now fairly well served by the Tram Company, because the citizens insisted on it. Had they submitted to the fourpenny fare, they would be paying it to this day.

That the board are as willing as any other board, to take advantage of the general feebleness of the public, is evidenced by the overcrowded appearance of the cars on a rainy day. As long as the public are willing to overcrowd, so long will the Tram Company forbear to run extra cars. It is obviously to the advantage of the company that the public should overcrowd. But let every citizen resolve to walk in case there is not ample room; and we confidently assert, that in a week's time there will be a special extra supply of trams organised for rainy weather. In a matter like this, we are not so disingenuous as to appeal to the company; but we assure the public that they have this remedy and every other affecting public service, in their own hands. All that is required is a little unselfishness, and a little self-control on the part of individual citizens. There is, however, one matter to which we may direct the attention of the board. It is notorious that most of the conductors are never particularly anxious to see a fare. The reason is obvious. The conductors receive their wages and nothing more. If, however, they were offered a pecuniary interest in the fares, it is astonishing how rapidly their eyes would acquire power of vision and precision of focus. We recommend this matter to the directors, because it would result in a gain to themselves, and this is the basis of all their plans for the public.

The conductors, poor fellows, are wretchedly paid and work harder, perhaps, than any other body in the community, and we do not wish to say a harsh word to them.

We rather turn to contemplate this lady who has just entered the car. Permit me to introduce you to the Tram Fiend.

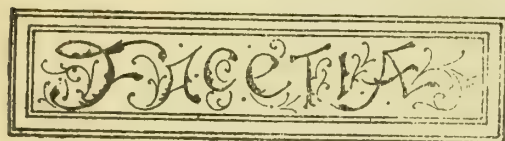
Observe, in the first place, that when the Tram Fiend entered, the car was full. Tired, weary-faced business men are seated, snatching a brief respite from the columns of the evening paper. The Tram Fiend has no pity for them. Her heart is as hard as the steel bangles on her elegant wrists. She stands conspicuously in the doorway. She looks sternly round, and the weary faces instantaneously disappear behind the evening papers. The Tram Fiend coughs significantly.

"I am afraid there is no seat, ma'am," the conductor says, deferentially.

"Oh, never mind," replies the Tram Fiend, in a hard audible voice; "I can stand, thank you."

There is no mistaking the tones of the Tram Fiend. She has publicly declared, without using definite words, that here she stands, a *woman*, whilst the tram is full of men devoid of all trace of chivalry.

The little comedy is soon over. A weary man, roused by the bitterness of her glance, rises and vacates his seat, and the Tram Fiend takes it as hers by natural and divine right—a prerogative appertaining to her sex. But, though the Tram Fiend is a woman, dressed by Worth, and may be pretty and accustomed to fine society, the moment she takes a seat specifically vacated for her—unless she is absolutely debilitated with fatigue—that moment the Tram Fiend forfeits her right to be considered a Lady.



MINISTER—"So you go to school do you, Bobby?" Bobby—"Yes, sir." Minister—"Let me hear you spell kitten." Bobby—"I'm too big a boy to spell kitten. Try me on cat."

"No, darling," said a Burlington mother to a sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

MRS. BROWN (after exceptionally fine dinner): "I tell my husband that if he will bring gentlemen home unexpectedly, he mustn't complain if everything isn't right." Dumley:—"Pray make no excuses, I wasn't at all hungry."

VISITOR:—"Don't you miss your little nephew very much, Freddie?" Freddie (whose nephew died the week before):—"Yes, I miss him very much, but I like to be the uncle to an angel."

"AN' are ye fond of milk, Mr. Killarney?" "Faith an' I am that same, Miss McGogan. I cud drink twinty tumblers a day, providin' ye put a drop of whiskey in aitch so that the sthrong taste of the milk wudn't be parceptible."

A YOUNG man in a railway carriage was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

"MAMMA," said Johnnie, "can anybody hear with their mouth?" "No, dear; I don't think they can," replied his mother. "Then, mamma, what made Captain Smythe tell Lucy he wanted to tell her something, and put his lips to her mouth instead of her ear?"

LADY:—"And why did you leave Mrs. Moffet?" Servant:—"Oh, she changed her color." Lady:—"Did what?" Servant:—"Changed her color. Me and two other ladies did her worruk, but she sint us off and got a lot or impedint naygurs in the place av us."

AUNTY:—"Here is an apple, Johnny. Share it with your sister in a Christian spirit." Johnny:—"How am I to do that, aunty?" "Offer her the largest piece." Johnny, handing the apple to his sister: "There, sissy, you share like a Christian."

"THE dead languages were killed by being studied hard," said a smart Oxford freshman at the breakfast table, but he fell heavily upon his book when a young lady opposite replied—"I am sure you didn't have anything to do with the murder!"

"No, Bobby," said his mother; "one piece of pie is quite enough for you!" "It's funny," responded Bobby, with an injured air; "you say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practise!"

"I DECLARE!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeavoured to dissect the turkey, "if you aren't the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's as old as Methuselah." "Possibly," replied Fogg, unabashed, "but my dear, it is a female bird, and courtesy to the sex prevented me from inquiring about her age."

"PA, what's a mirage?" "It's the union of one man and one woman until the law separate them." "That's a marriage, pa. I want to know what a mirage is." "Same thing, sonny, same thing. A man imagines he see wonders where there is nothing. Fight shy of them, sonny, fight shy of them, Each is a delusion and a snare."

"I DON'T see why you should sneer at my engagement ring," said a fair girl with a flush of indignation on her cheek as she faced a rival belle; "it's a good deal prettier than the one you wore three years ago and haven't worn since!"—"No, dear," replied her friend, with a cool far-away look—"not prettier, but quite as pretty. It is the same ring."

"THE power of the human eye is simply remarkable. Why, lion-tamers can control the fiercest beasts by simply looking at them." "That's all rot." "Did you ever try it?" "Yes. I was attacked by Grisby's bull-dog the other day, and looked it steadily in the eye, but the scheme wouldn't work." "Why not?" "I neglected to climb a tree before commencing to stare at the beast."

SAXE, the American joker and poet, was once taking a trip on a steamer, when he fell in with a lively young lady, to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said at parting, "Good-by, Mr. Saxe! I fear you will soon be forgetting me." "Ah, my dear young lady," said the inveterate punster, "if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you!"

JUDGE—"You were detected in the act of stealing your neighbour's silk handkerchief at the theatre! What have you to say in your defence?"

Prisoner—"It is a very curious story. They were playing a most affecting piece; each of the spectators felt himself overpowered, and pulled out a handkerchief. With me it was just the reverse. I pulled out a handkerchief, and then felt myself overpowered."

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.—A short time ago a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the oldest being the bride, when a neighbour, a young farmer, who was honoured with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom, said, "Well, you have got the pick of the batch!" The countenances of the four unmarried ones, as may be imagined, were a study.

A CURE FOR SCANDAL.—Mrs. Dusenberry—"What queer ways they have in some countries! This paper says that in Morocco when the women talk scandal their lips are rubbed with cayenne pepper."

Mr. Dusenberry—"An odd custom, indeed. (Half-an-hour later.) Where are you going, my dear?"

Mrs. Dusenberry—"To the sewing circle. Let me see; I've got my scissors, thread, thimble—"

Mr. Dusenberry—"And the cayenne pepper."

THE celebrated Dr. Abernethy hated the egotistic garrulity of people who came to consult him. A lady on one occasion entered his consulting room, and put before him an injured finger without saying a word. In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, and the lady instantly and silently put the usual fee on the table and retired. In a few days she returned, and held out her finger free from bandage and perfectly healed. "Well!" was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. "Well," was the lady's equally brief answer. "Upon my word, madam," said the delighted surgeon, "you are the most sensible woman I ever met with."

THE TELEPHONE IN RUSSIA.—The telephone, it is said, is not making much progress in Russia. And no wonder; fancy a man going to the telephone and yelling—

"Hello! Is that you Dvisostkivschmartvois ckichowsky?"

"Sezlmochoswiertj uak smy zyskischekeemo ff. I want to know if Xiferoomanskeffinskilma juwshzvas towsksv eibierski is still stopping with Dvisostkivski."

Such nomenclature over the telephone would tie the wire full of knots, and twist the annunciator all out of shape. Until the kinks are ironed out of Russian names the telephones will not be a great success in the land of the Czar.

IRISH SOCIETY

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IRISH SOCIETY

WEEK ENDING 16th JUNE, 1888.

Rumour has it that Prince George of Wales has become seriously involved in a love affair. The young lady is said to be the daughter of one of the poorest and proudest Irish peers. She is absolutely beautiful and positively penniless, and over the whole romance there has been considerable commotion at Marlborough House, where a decided objection exists to the attachment of the young lovers. The Prince has not given up hope yet, although it is more than probable that rank will prove an insuperable obstacle to his union with the object of his affection.

Certain Indian dignitaries pay an annual tribute to her Majesty the Queen. Indian shawls form the greatest part of this tribute, consequently her Majesty can afford to be generous in her bestowal of these costly and useful presents. It is said that the Prince of Wales does not lose an opportunity of bringing his standing joke *re* her Majesty's mohair tokens of affection into existence.

Prince Henry and Princess Irene fell in love with each other six years ago, when only just in their teens, although the betrothal was only formally announced last year. An English con-

temporary finds in this an instance of a true Royal love match, and not a *mariage de convenance*.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, who recently married Miss Ebba Munck, is an enthusiastic teetotaler. Before entering upon his duties at Carls-crona, each servant for his establishment had to pledge him or herself to abstain from drinking spirits whilst in the Prince's employment. He does not, however, object to the servants taking a moderate quantity of beer, thereby setting an example of tolerance which others might easily follow without the sacrifice of a single principle.

A stately German dowager, jealous of Royal dignity, lately discovered the Crown Princess perched upon a pair of steps, engaged in fixing up and arranging the window curtains. On being remonstrated with, the young Princess simply replied, "Mamma does so, and why should not I?" This is surely a lesson that mothers and daughters in even a lower position in life might learn to advantage.

The two most popular members of the Royal family are the charming Duchess of Teck and her only daughter the young Princess Victoria.

We wonder much why the Royal Family will continually boycott everything Irish. The Prince of Wales unveiled a statue to Sir Bartle Frere, visited the Horse Show in the Agricultural Hall during the same week as the opening of the Irish Exhibition at Olympia. Even the small state of Denmark can procure the Princess of Wales for the opening ceremony. This is not the right way to limit personal prejudices.

A marriage has been arranged between Lord Carew, of Castle Boro, County Wexford, and Julia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Albert Lethbridge, and grand-daughter of the late Sir John Lethbridge, Bart., of Sandhill Park, Taunton.

A marriage will shortly take place between the Hon. Philip B. Petre, third son of the late Lord Petre and Julia Cavendish Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Cavendish Taylor, of Elvas-ton Place, Queen's Gate, and grand-daughter of the late Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, United States of America.

The marriage has been announced, by cable-gram, on the 4th of June, at Melbourne, of Shirley Roberts, Esq., M.R.C.S., London, L.K.Q.C.P.I., etc., of Avoca, Victoria, son of William Roberts, Esq., Erinagh, Morehampton Road, Dublin, to Violet Maud, daughter of the late Captain John Wingfield King, of Bally-grehan, County Sligo, and grand daughter of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Henry King, K.C.B., younger brother of the Earl of Kingston and Viscount Lorton.

The bride is sister of the well-known Novelist, Katherine King; their father, Captain Wingfield King, was accidentally shot at an election riot in the town of Sligo, some years ago. The family are near relations of the late Colonel King-Harman.

The announcement that a marriage is arranged between Mr. Moore, of Barne, Co. Tipperary, and Miss Morgan, of Brampton Park, Huntingdon, appears in a Society paper of June 9th, it was announced in IRISH SOCIETY of May 5th.

It took two best men to put Major J. Davidson, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, through his wedding facings with Miss Berry, in St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, last week; Major Clowes, 8th Hussars, assisted by Capt. E. S. Duff, 8th Hussars, undertook the arduous duty, there were five Bridesmaids, each carrying a posy of wall-flowers and yellow tulips, tied with pale yellow ribbons, and wearing an 1888 brooch, in pearls, with the Brides' name, May, in small gold letters, the gift of the Bridegroom.

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place shortly, between Mr. F. Moore, of Barne, Co. Tipperary, and Miss M. Morgan, of Brampton Park, Kensington.

Another theatrical wedding took place last week. Mr. Cyril Maude (whom we remember meeting at the Vaudeville some weeks ago) was the bridegroom, and Miss Emery (of the Lyceum) the bride. She wore a dress composed of nun's veiling trimmed with Honiton lace, with a veil of the same material, and carried a bouquet of orchids and stephanotis. Amongst those present were the Earl and Countess of Longford, Mr. Thomas Thorne, Mr. Bram Stoker, and Lady Sudeley. The presents included gifts from Mr. H. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant continues absent from Ireland, his presence, we understand, being necessary in London for some little time longer. Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry has improved very much in health within the past couple of weeks, and an early return of the Court may be expected.

We hear rumours of festivities on an early occasion at the Castle, and what will delight ladies particularly is the talk of a garden party on a scale of great magnificence in the Viceregal grounds, which, it is said by those who certainly ought to know, will shortly be given by their Excellencies.

Meantime the government of Ireland is carried on by the Lords Justices, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Chancellor, Lord Ashbourne. Fortunately, however, the task of the Justices is only a nominal one.

** We have much pleasure in intimating to those of our readers who may visit the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, that IRISH SOCIETY can be obtained regularly at Stall No. 417, Avenue H.

During the past week many eminent men have passed away. The end of Colonel King-Harman was sad and sudden, whilst Sir Alfred Power's days had been long upon the earth. Another gentleman, Mr. Samuel B. Oldham, who, during his long life, was highly esteemed and respected, also passed away. Indeed the past week will be one long and sadly remembered at a great many firesides.

We are glad to learn that the bazaar held in London last week in aid of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, was a great success socially and financially. The stall for "old lace and china" presided over by H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and Mrs. Power Lalor, sold in two days £250 worth; whilst the sale of handkerchiefs realised over £90. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, honoured the bazaar with her presence on the opening day.

Mrs. George Rowan Hamilton will give a dance at her residence, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, on the 19th inst.

It is the general opinion that Hengler's this season is better conducted and the entertainment of a higher and more popular class than ever before presented by the managers of the circus to a Dublin audience. The intelligence and capabilities of the three performing elephants are simply marvellous, whilst Walker and his donkey, especially in the part of "Napoleon crossing the Liffey," are a sure source of merriment to the large crowds that nightly attend at the Rotunda Gardens.

The welcome band season is now almost in full swing. Already programmes have been performed in Kingstown, Stephen's Green, the Constabulary Depot Ground, Rutland Square, and Merrion. In all cases the attendance of the public was large; though the weather, which justified the carrying of waterproofs on each occasion, no doubt militated against anything like a full parade either in point of numbers, or in the display of fashion.

Mrs. Freeman Lumsden gave a very successful musical "At-Home" at her residence in Lower Baggot Street, on Saturday afternoon. The music, mostly of her own pupils, gave much pleasure to a large audience. Mrs. McIntosh, the Misses Vereker, Miss Ethel Cowper, the Misses Hanna, Miss Bell, Miss Cree, the Misses Irwin, Mr. Edwin Woolsley, Mr. G. Bell, and others assisted.

Mrs. Edward Blackburne gave on Friday, one of a series of Lawn Tennis parties, at Rathfarnham Castle. The day being extremely fine, it was well attended and a great success. It is a fine old place, and abounds in shady walks and green lanes.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Miss Lucy Sheahan, of Mallow, County Cork, who is a cousin to Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. John Cronin, a well-known sporting gentleman in the same county.

Those who had been looking forward to renewed health and vigour, or to the more decided pleasure and enjoyment which summer generally affords, have been sadly disappointed up to the present. Our summer, and it is now almost half over, has been *nil*, and the enjoyment or pleasure yet derived has not been of such a nature as to convey a feeling of satisfaction. The redoubtable Welsh prophet has however, predicted two months from the 23rd inst. onwards, of good weather.

The fine band of the King's Liverpool Regiment is still in the garrison here, and lovers of music will, we are sure, enjoy the music it will discourse from time to time. 16th (Queen's) Lancer's Band, however, is under orders for Aldershot, to which station the regiment will move in a fortnight, but musical critics will have an opportunity of proclaiming on the merits of the 11th Hussars, who will then be stationed in Dublin.

Evening bands are very popular in the city and its environs, and large numbers of people make their way to Merrion or to the Constabulary Depot on evenings when band performances are announced. On all occasions being thoroughly satisfied with the programmes and the excellent manner in which they are rendered.

This week, a most successful season, during which many sensational and modern plays have been produced, will come to a close in the Queen's Theatre. Mr. Whitbread, the courteous manager, showed in his engagements a spark of enterprise, which we hope has brought its own reward. Various dramas, of which we in Dublin had but a faint idea, were, for the first time, brought to our doors, and we are glad to think that the theatre-going public have not been slow to practically appreciate the season's programme presented by the management.

It is with sincere regret that Irishmen all over the world will receive the news of the death of Madame Balfe, the widow of our famous national composer, at the advanced age of eighty. She will be remembered by a great many as possessing a more than ordinary reputation as an operatic singer, which she won before her marriage with the late Michael Balfe.

When Mr. Gould's yacht was sailing through the Mediterranean, it was followed for some miles by a large and hungry-looking shark. It is said that when Jay and this shark caught sight of each other, they exchanged a smile of recognition.

By kind permission of the Colonel and officers the band of the 8th, The King's Regiment played in Merrion Square on Friday, from 4 to 6 o'clock. The afternoon was lovely, and many of the inhabitants after "Tea" strayed in. It was quite a pretty sight watching Lawn Tennis to the sweet strains of an extremely good band.

A dressmaker in London has just made the interesting discovery that women are both taller and bigger than they were some quarter of a century ago. We are also told that the English are the biggest people in the world!

We are not in the slightest degree jealous because our clever contemporary *Piccadilly* has taken an unmistakable hold of Irish readers. Not only has it a distinct speciality, being an illustrated, social, and literary paper, but it furnishes better and more interesting items of Irish gossip than any other English periodical.

Piccadilly is brightly written throughout, and we cordially wish it an increase of its present success. The current number is specially attractive, as it contains striking likenesses of her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Duchess of St. Albans, Leinster, Marlborough, and Abercorn, the Marchionesses of Waterford and Ormonde, Lady Arthur Hill, and Mrs. Power-Lalor, as well as illustrations of the bazaar held by these ladies in aid of their distressed countrywomen. "*Piccadilly Chimes*" on this subject, written by Mr. J. W. Gilbert-Smith, is a noble and touching tribute to the work of relief which will be much appreciated. There are also well-written sketches of the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, and altogether on this occasion *Piccadilly* is quite an Irish number.

Mdme. Patti was followed to Buenos Ayres by the gang that attempted to get hold of her jewels at Craig-y-Nos. It is stated that, failing to obtain the valuables, they had decided to kidnap the *prima donna* in the true banditti style. At all events Mdme. Patti seems anxious to return soon. Accordingly she and her husband, Signor Nicolini, will arrive in England at the end of August.

It is understood that the Directors of the D. W. & W. R. Railway Co. have invited all embryo soldiers studying crammers in Dublin to inspect the new earthworks recently thrown up by them in Westland Row Station; and which are believed to be in accordance with Vauban's (or Payne's) first system.

The "Absolute Club" the newest, the last, but not the least of the four clubs in Kingstown, is now in full swing; machinery working very smoothly, whilst its position is absolutely the best in the premier township. The internal arrangements are perfect—cuisine and wines excellent—no wonder then that the answer to many is "no room." In a word, the "Absolute" has supplied a want long felt in Kingstown, and although its promoters could not command success they deserved it, and have secured it.

Writing of clubs, we understand that the Hibernian United Service Club, Stephen's Green, decided at their last annual general meeting to admit officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary. This is a graceful recognition on the part of the members of Ireland's only Service Club of the gallant behaviour of the Royal Irish Constabulary during many years.

It is a pity that more Irish noblemen cannot devote their energies to their own country, as the Dukes of Leinster and Abercorn do. The Marquis of Ormonde is Colonel of the East Kent Yeomanry, and Lord Castletown Captain. Why do they not serve in Kilkenny and the Queen's County, from whence they derive both titles and incomes?

We are authorised to contradict the report that either the King's and Queen's Counties is to be boycotted on account of their unfortunate names. They are not to be held responsible for the names their sponsors gave them.

We have reached a stage in our local history when something really must be done by those responsible for the safety of the lives and limbs of the citizens—of men, women, and, we regret to add, of little lisping, helpless children too. Our observations apply to the system of reckless driving now so prevalent in every thoroughfare of the city, and from which disastrous consequences are perpetually resulting.

It is true, though it seems difficult to give credence to so astounding an assertion, that by the expenditure of a little simple sixpence you may enjoy all the fun of a steeplechase through the most crowded thoroughfares of the city by day or night, with the pleasurable excitement arising from the fun of scattering wretched pedestrians right and left as you fly along, and especially at crossings, where foot passengers in the "long ago" were supposed to have some protection against the man with the "yoke." And you will also have every chance of assisting at the running over of somebody or other—killing them perhaps. It may be some aged poor person, or a little child at play who suffers; but in any case you are comparatively safe, as, when the damage has been done, your noble Jehu will quickly place a long distance between you and any chance of identification.

Seriously we desire above all things to draw the attention of the Commissioner of Police to the frightful danger which pedestrians in the streets of the metropolis are at present exposed to in consequence of the system of reckless driving, which is permitted to prevail within the area of his jurisdiction. Mr. Harrel is, we know, a humane man who would not, we feel well assured, tolerate for a moment a pace of driving through the streets of the city which is not alone an actual menace to passengers using the thoroughfares, but is the cause almost every week of actual loss of life and serious injuries to the limbs of citizens.

The remedy is simple, and it is loudly called for. Mr. Harrel can apply it promptly and effectually if he is so minded, and in our opinion it should run in this way:—An order forbidding drivers of hacks or other vehicles to travel through the streets of the city, by day or by night, at a pace greater than five miles an hour, and to halt at crossings if necessary. Prompt

arrest for any infraction of this rule should follow, and the magistrates could complete the cure by refusing in every case of conviction to dispose of it by a fine. Small monetary penalties are but lightly felt, but if the offender were sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, and also had his license withdrawn, depend upon it street accidents would become few and far between, and pedestrians in Dublin would have a chance for their lives.

Mirabile dictu, some of the stations on the Kingstown Line are actually receiving an exterior coat of paint; but lovers of cheap literature will be glad to learn that the choice "morceaux" adorning the walls of all *First Class* Waiting Rooms will not be interfered with. It evidently seems to be the opinion of the Directors that these scribbles on the walls serve to pass away the tedious moments of waiting for overdue trains on a Sunday evening.

Another name has been added to the list of sudden deaths which have occurred this week, in that of the Rev. Thomas Ellis, M.A., Killylea. His death was sudden and unexpected; his age only fifty-five years, and he leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters to mourn his loss, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy.

The critical condition of the Emperor Frederick, which seems now to have assumed an acute stage again, leaves very little hope for recovery, and we may expect hourly to hear of a sudden relapse, which he cannot be expected to survive, considering that he is now prevented from taking nourishment, except through a tube.

Davy Stephens has evidently been going the pace across channel. We have seen it in print that he interviewed many distinguished gentlemen in London, as well as numerous Irish M.P.s, after his return from Epsom, where he backed the winners of the Derby and the Oaks.

We were aware that Davy's genius was of a high and far-reaching order, but according to the journal from which we quote he has exhibited another phase of ability for which we did not give him credit. It appears that at Olympia he was introduced by Canon Bagot to his pretty dairymaids, and having gracefully paid his compliments to them he proceeded without any display of mock modesty to milk the bovines under their charge, and we are assured that he made an excellent job of it—left them, in fact, without as much of the lacteal fluid as would cover a cup of tea. The dairymaids thanked Davy warmly.

A stroll through Mountjoy Square on Saturday last could not fail to impress upon the mind the fact that the quiet and select athletic meeting which is held there every year is becoming more the centre of attraction upon that day of fashionable life. Many beautiful dresses and still more beautiful ladies, could be observed, not in solitary grandeur, but the life and soul of the various coteries that crowded round the ropes. Two dresses were conspicuous by the beauty of their design and the neatness with which they had been fitted upon the extremely handsome young ladies. One was in that now favourite shade called ocean, whilst the other was of a pale yellow nature. Each lady's hat matched her dress, and the effect was such that we soon

expect to see a perfect deluge of such dresses in Dublin.

It will be in the recollection of many of our readers that little more than a year ago the Journalists of Ireland formed themselves into an Association for the purpose of improving their status as a profession, and of strengthening their position as a great teaching power in the country. Within that short period the members of the "Fourth Estate" have made excellent progress in their meritorious objects, and at the present time—with only a very few unimportant exceptions—every Pressman in the four provinces is enrolled in its ranks.

The Association of Irish Journalists is as purely non-political an organization as could well be conceived, and although its membership includes men of the most diverse views, they yet work in admirable harmony for the promotion of the general interests of the profession to which they are all proud to belong.

The presidential chair, for the present year, is filled by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., who will, on Friday evening, June 15th, deliver a lecture in the Leinster Hall in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Association, the title of the lecture being "The Press: its Power and its Dangers." The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M.P., will preside.

The entire community are deeply indebted to the Press, and in support of the Association's Benevolent Fund we trust to see the Leinster Hall crowded to its utmost capacity on Friday evening, June 15th.

Some of our musical readers may be interested in the following anecdote:—Haydn in his latter days used to give a ludicrous account of the difficulties he met with in attempting to represent a sea storm in the opera "The Devil upon Two Sticks." *Neither the author of the words, who was Curtz himself, nor the composer had ever seen the sea*, and their notions of its appearance in a storm were necessarily somewhat vague. Haydn sat at the harpsichord, whilst Curtz paced about the room and endeavoured to furnish the composer with ideas. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising and then a valley sinking, and then another mountain and another valley; the mountains and valleys must follow each other every instant. Then you must have claps of thunder and flashes of lightning and the noise of the wind, but above all, you must represent distinctly the mountains and valleys." Haydn, meanwhile, kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping the chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hands to the extremity of the keys and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed: "The deuce take the tempest, I can make nothing of it." "That is the very thing," exclaimed Curtz, delighted with the truth of the representation.

Don't mind the *Props the Malt is Propper* is the facetious advertisement of a Dublin publican, carrying on business in Capel Street, and who is at present making extensive alterations in his premises. Judging from the trade he is at present doing there would appear to be some truth in this witty advertisement.

A pleasant afternoon "At Home" was given in the Zoological Gardens last week. The guests, numbering some 300, thoroughly enjoyed the dancing to the strains of the Gasparro and Black Watch bands. Mr. Lovell catered.

The Rathmines Lawn Tennis Club gave a pleasant "At Home" on Saturday last at the Rink grounds, when the club finals were determined, Miss Kitty Shipworth and Mr. W. K. Rogerson proving the winners.

Mr. William M'Fayden Orr, Senior Wrangler, Cambridge, is the son of Mr. Blakely Orr, of Ballystockart, Co. Down. He is twenty-two years old, and was previously educated at the Queen's College, Belfast.

Mr. Albert Christian, who now plays Squire Bantam in that successful comic opera, *Dorothy*, was for many years employed in Messrs. Switzer's, Grafton-street.

Mr. Lewis Carroll, the author of those two delightful books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice through a Looking-glass," in an article contributed to the June number of *The Theatre*, finds fault with Mr. W. S. Gilbert. He deems the chorus of *Pinafore*, respecting the Captain's expletive, "damn me," when sang by children, to be sad and painful. By this means he states children grow callous to the meaning of such words.

Most of the Dublin theatre goers no doubt remember the agile Fred Vokes, whose death we regret to record. In his own peculiar line he has never been surpassed.

The channel squadron will arrive at Kingstown about the middle of the month. Up to the present Kingstown tradesmen declare that little, if any, benefit has resulted from these visits. No doubt Jack prefers to push on to Dublin.

Two Irish peers will be admitted to the House of Lords next year. The first is Lord Ashtown, of Woodlawn, Co. Galway, who will be of age on February 2nd, and the other is Lord Louth, of Ardee, Co. Louth, who will reach years of discretion on September 24th. If the Irish representatives in the Upper House equalled the members of the lower in intellect, the laws would be less muddled.

The "Lawford" tennis rig is all the go among male tennis players. It is curious to observe the figures that fat little men cut in this juvenile "get up."

The Forty-Foot Hole, or gentlemen's bathing place, at Sandycove, has lately undergone extensive alterations. It is now one of the best places for a "dip" along the coast.

Killiney Hill which was lately opened to the public, is stated to be the camping-out ground of tramps and other loafers at night. We trust that this is not the case, as it would certainly deter numerous pic-nickers for which the locality is famous.

Kenilworth Square has been replanted and laid out as a recreation ground for the residents. Several tennis courts are also in process of completion.

We hope that further efforts will be made this year to improve the ladies' bathing place at Sandycove. This popular female resort and gossip ground would not be the worse for a wholesale clearing up.

A thing of beauty is stated to be a joy for ever, but sometimes it may prove embarrassing also as the following story, which comes from Stillorgan, will illustrate.—In that neighbourhood there resides a family containing several very beautiful maidens. One afternoon a strange-looking young man called and stated that he wished to see Miss—the youngest and handsomest daughter of the house. The family were seated in the drawingroom when the eccentric being was shown in. Wondering much at his strange demeanour, they sought to engage him in conversation which, however, was limited to monosyllables on the part of the uninvited guest. For the space of two hours the young man sat staring fixedly at the young lady he had inquired for. All efforts to dislodge him proved unavailing. The servant was ordered to rattle the fire-irons, and the "awful" young brother was heavily bribed to enter and ask "if Mr. so and so was going yet," even the babies were displayed, but the youth did not budge. When Paterfamilias arrived home, not knowing the facts of the case, he invited the visitor to remain for dinner. It was not till the master of the house sent for two stablemen at eleven o'clock, that the departure was made. It appears the young man was of unsound mind, and his friends intended to have his liberty restrained. Dwellers in the vicinity of Stillorgan Park may rest contented as the unfortunate young man is now safely lodged.

The great sensational action for an alleged libel, Hart v. Sinclair, which was expected to be heard this week, has been brought to a sudden termination by a full and ample apology from Mrs. Sinclair.

The plaintiff in the case was Mrs. Ernest Hart, so well known in connection with the Donegal industries, and the defendant, Mrs. Sinclair, wife of William Sinclair, Esq., D.L., of Bonnyglenn.

Mrs. Ernest Hart was a Miss Rowland, and is a very highly-educated lady. She and her husband are well-known philanthropists. Her sister married the Rev. Mr. Barton, and both Mr. and Mrs. Barton devote their time and talents to works of charity among the very poor in the East end of London.

Among the gentlemen called to the Irish Bar last week was Frederick William Ewart, B.A., Oxford, youngest son of Sir William Ewart, Bart., of Glenmachen, Co. Down, M.P.

Absinthe is not a popular drink in Ireland—one thing of which we can at least boast. However, boasting generally comes before defeat, as it is more than probable that the habit of imbibing this pernicious liquor will, before long, be established amongst us. In England and America absinthe-drinkers are now frequent guests at the hospitals and asylums of these countries. It is a drink that serves as a powerful stimulant at first, but in the end, because of its strength, it becomes most injurious. It is easy to drink absinthe to excess because it requires such a small quantity to do the work.

The intoxication it causes is exhilarating and pleasant, writes one who has been unfortunately addicted to its use, but after it is drunk to excess the digestive organs are destroyed and the appetite paralysed. No drink will hasten a man's ruin, both of soul and body, than this seductive and overpowering liquid.

What will undoubtedly prove the book of the season will be the Olympia edition of the "*Irish Times*' Tours in Ireland," now in the press, and to be published almost immediately. We have been favoured with an advance glance at the book, and are consequently in a position to speak of its contents, which make up most delightful and entertaining reading.

The work is a descriptive series of tours in Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and Leinster, and has been designed for the use of travellers as a handbook of general reference and information, historical, social, and antiquarian. It has been written with a view to the encouragement of tourist traffic in Ireland, as well as with the object of recommending the great natural attractions of our country to the travelling public at home and abroad, and its style is so fascinating that it cannot fail to prove a gratifying success.

The districts covered by its descriptive sketches traverse the entire Northern Coast from Dublin to the Giant's Causeway, Londonderry and its surroundings, the Antrim Coast, and the highlands of Donegal, the whole of Connemara, the Counties of Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford; the Blackwater, (famously known as the Irish Rhine) and its regions; Youghal, Cork, Queenstown, Skibbereen, Glandore, Bantry and its famous bay, Castletown, Berehaven, Gengariffe, and Killarney. We can truly say that as a companion to ordinary guide books it will be found indispensable.

The Marquis of Lansdowne took his seat in the House of Lords on Thursday night for the first time since the termination of his Governor-Generalship of Canada; forgetful of the change of Government during his absence, he sat down on the ministerial benches, but soon discovering his mistake he quickly passed to the other side. The incident caused much amusement.

It is quite time that Miss Phyllis Broughton, the singer and dancer of the Gaiety Theatre, London, has issued a writ commencing an action for breach of promise of marriage against Lord Dangan. A *cause celebre* as remarkable as that in which the present Earl Cairns and Miss Fortescue figured so prominently, is expected. Miss Broughton is accounted one of the greatest beauties of the opera-bouffe stage, and her engagement to a nobleman was announced some four or five months ago. The defendant is the heir to the Earldom of Cowley. His uncle, Colonel Wellesley, is the well-known husband of Miss Kate Vaughan and the proprietor of the new club. Lord Dangan is just twenty-two years of age. His mother is the sister of the Dowager Lady Aylesford. No damages, we hear, are named in the writ, but Miss Broughton probably hopes to get as much as Miss Fortescue. If she has only got a complete letter writer, and writes so extremely nice and proper a letter as Miss Fortescue sent to Lord Cairns, she may find a very sentimental jury to appraise the value of the wrongs of her heart.

Lord and Lady Wolseley, who have taken up their abode at Brighton, are constant visitors at lunch time at the little dairy in the King's Road—a quiet little rendezvous and a popular resort for the "upper ten" who "do" Brighton as regularly as that brightest of all seasons comes round.

At last an enterprising genius has invented a process for renovating wet and dirty tennis balls. It consists of a hemisphere of metal, which is internally heated. The ball is placed therein, after having been cleansed with soda, and worked round, when it resumes its true shape and the flannel becomes again closely glued on. This invention will remove one of the hindrances to the general adoption of this charming and enervating pastime, as, hitherto, the supply of balls was not an inconsiderable expense in connection with tennis.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, who had been spending their honeymoon on the Continent, have returned to London.

Mr. Buchanan's new play, which is to be called "The Bride of Love," will be produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, on the 21st inst. by Miss Harriet Jay.

Mrs. Langtry has secured the American rights of a new play, entitled "The Love Story."

Lady Magheramorne will give her first evening party at her charming London residence on the 18th inst.

The Countess of Listowel's annual ball will take place on the 19th inst.

Lady George Hamilton's second evening party will be held in her ladyship's London residence, on the 27th inst.

Freshness and daintiness were the conspicuous characteristics of the dresses at the state ball on Wednesday evening last. Tulle was the favourite material, appearing to have been indispensable to four-fifths of the skirts. Green was largely in favour, as it has been throughout the season. Many white dresses were trimmed with this tint in *moiré* ribbons or knots of velvet. One of the most successful of these was in white silk and tulle, with paniers of green *moiré*, and long sash ends of the same, formed of two wide breadths fringed out at the edges. Many white gowns were ornamented with masses of foliage, a novelty introduced this season.

The great majority of the white dresses had coloured trimmings, either green, heliotrope, yellow, blue, or pink. Poppies larger than a man's hat and sunflowers about the size of a small table, were to be seen. A handsome black and gold dress was trimmed with gilt sunflowers. The shamrock is in great favour this season. It appears in brocades or ribbon, and among the groups of foliage which are so much worn. Ivy shares its extensive popularity.

The prettiest head present at the ball was one in which a string of lovely pearls was twisted through the loops of hair in a fashion that looked ingenuous though it may have been the result of some elaborate painstaking. Diamonds were more worn than pearls.

Jewels have come into fashion again this year. Many dress bodices were dotted all over the front with diamond clasps, stars, and other devices. Pearl and bead trimmings were lavishly used on both skirts and bodices, but galloons of gold or silver gauze were even more largely introduced as trimmings.

The Dowager Marchioness Conyngham and Lady Blanche Conyngham are at present residing at 36 Belgrave Square, London.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford are sojourning at the Granville Hotel, St. Laurence-on-Sea, Thanet.

The Earl and Countess of Erne have gone to Hamburg for the summer.

The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, Vicountess Mandeville, and the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Fitzmaurice have arrived in London.

Ladies who go out "shopping" would do well to exercise caution in carrying their purses and money-bags. Within the past few weeks the police have been almost inundated with complaints from ladies whose purses were either snatched from their hands or less audaciously abstracted from their dress pockets.

In face of the many newspaper reports concerning such occurrences, it is really astonishing to notice the methods of purse-carrying which some ladies adopt.

What could be more tempting to a hungry man or a hard-up thief than a purse dangling at the end of an extremely slender chain attached to a lady's index finger? It is not a mean thing for a lady to carry her purse in a safe pocket, and even were it so, we must remember it is "better to be mean than at a loss," and often a heavy loss.

Perhaps of the many persons in our city who have fallen from a position of opulence to that of beggary, the history of the "Harold's Cross Singer" is the most pitiful. The "Harold's Cross Singer" who is still young in years, and still bears traces of comeliness, roams about the Southern suburbs in a condition of beggary. The poor woman is strange in her mind, and in her peregrinations sings snatches of songs in a voice which many singers might envy.

Her history is strange and sad. Once a lady of considerable means, and the wife of a city merchant, she occupied a prominent position in society. She was but a few years a wife when her husband deserted her, taking with him both their fortunes, and depriving her of her means and living. The blow was severe, and soon had the effect of unseating her reason, and reducing her to the pitiful mental condition in which she now wanders about, a despised beggar, as mad as Hamlet.

At first she would not believe her friends when they broke the news to her, and stood for days at the window watching for the return of her faithless husband; but at last she had to believe what she at first thought mistaken rumour. In her weakened mental condition she fled from her home, and was lost to the sight of her friends; and soon was reduced to a condition similar to that of the far-famed "Katty the Flash."

It will surprise most people, we fancy, to discover that though our population is increasing at the rate of a thousand a day, the electoral list is, if not declining, almost at a standstill. There were only 11,242 more voters put upon the register this year in the United Kingdom than appeared upon it in 1887. The voting strength of England, indeed, is still increasing, though slowly; but both in Scotland and in this country there is a perceptible decrease. In Ireland, a register which once contained 779,389 names, now contains only 763,145—a difference of 16,244.

Miss Anna Lang, the celebrated Swedish violinist, gave her first concert at the Steinway Hall, Seymour Street, on 1st June, and was in every way an unqualified success.

It is remarkable that Paris, the gay capital where the pernicious laws of fashion are so strictly adhered to, and where artificial means are so extensively resorted to for hiding or compensating for personal defects or heightening, as is thought, personal beauty, should contain within its precincts the large number of old people that it does. It boasts of twenty centenarians—eleven males and nine females, and of no fewer than 6,386 octogenarians. Surely these people are not the devotees of fashion.

The marriage of Prince Amedeo, Duke d'Aosta, ex-King of Spain, with Princess Letitia Bonaparte, is now finally arranged, and the Pope's consent has been obtained. On Sunday the 3rd inst., during the review which the Duke held at Turin, he announced his approaching marriage to one of the high military authorities, and in the evening a dinner took place at the Palace in honour of the event.

The marriage, which will be celebrated with great magnificence, will take place next September at Turin.

The Duke d'Aosta has completed his 43rd year, and has been a widower since the death of the Princess Maria Victoria della Cisterna in 1876. He was proclaimed King of Spain in 1870, and abdicated the throne in 1873.

Princess Letitia was born in 1866, so is therefore 22 years of age. She is the daughter of Prince Jerome Napoleon and of Princess Clothilde, eldest sister of King Humbert, and bears some resemblance to her grand-uncle, the great Napoleon.

At King Humbert's special desire, Prince Amedeo and his bride will take up their residence at the Royal Palace at Turin, and the Duke's own Palace will be placed at the disposal of his three sons.

It is said that the Empress Eugenie will be amongst the wedding guests.

At the Copenhagen Exhibition, Alexander the Third of Russia has exhibited some plates belonging to a famous collection of kitchen utensils which is the Czar's own private property.

Upon the concave part of the plate are depicted historical battle scenes which are more to be admired for their military correctness than for their artistic beauty, all the various uniforms of the Russian army are displayed.

Lord Dunraven has taken the Oaks, Ascot, for the races, he entertains visitors there this week, among them are the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Mandeville, Lord Hartington, and Lord Randolph Churchill.

On Friday evening last Messrs. Winter and King, of College Green, held a capital subscription dance at the Rotunda. The Gasparro's fiddled, and Lovell catered to the satisfaction of all present.

An amusing anecdote comes from Upper Rathmines. It appears that an elderly lady, resident there, who has the reputation of being a regular tartar in the vicinity, lately met her match in the person of a bibulous domestic, whom she had hired a few days previously. Arriving home with her daughters one evening, the lady was surprised to find the maid of all work seated on a chair placed on the drawing-room table, while at the same time celebrating her birthday, as she termed it, by imbibing copious draughts from a bottle. Her mistress threatened and implored, but in vain.

The hired girl then began to shout and to howl a Bacchanalian melody, till the neighbours collected in the adjacent garden. The master of the house assayed to interfere, but a blacking brush hurled at his head proved a reward for his ill-timed temerity. It caused four policemen considerable exertion before Maria Ann could be ejected. To avoid an exposée no prosecution took place, consequently, the domestic treasure is still at large. We warn our readers in time.

LA REVEILLE.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The recent concert of this Academy at the Royal University is considered under the heading, "Intellectual Dublin."

TRINITY COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Though the University Athletes were not favoured with the Italian sky which smiled during the Fitzwilliam week, they have no reason to be dissatisfied with the weather. These sports have not lost their old popularity, and were attended by many thousands, who varied the pleasure of watching the games by promenading round the pleasant walks, where white and red hawthorn and yellow laburnum scent the dewy way. The magnificent cycling of Kilkelly was the sensation of the day. We are glad to see that the University still turns out splendid athletes by the score, and share the universal regret that the Synod should limit the athletic carnival to one solitary day. The variegated picture formed by thousands of spectators before the pavilion, during the distribution of prizes, was a sight to delight the most enthusiastic artist.

NANA.—This lovely picture is still on view, and we advise everybody to go and see it. It represents a semi-nude girl, reclining on a couch, in the highest ecstasy of self adoration, inspired by solitude and the contemplation of her own exquisite form in a mirror. Her eyes expand and dance with the delirium of self-love and the consciousness of her physical perfection. Her flesh seems to throb and palpitate with the irresistible sensations of robust and restless life. With one hand she holds her tawny hair, as if

the mere touch was a pleasure. It is one of the best paintings of the modern realistic school, and is alone worth all the rubbish in Mr. Doyle's Anti-National Gallery. The artist, Suchorowsky, is a Russian, and the picture is not named after Zola's splendid masterpiece, but the artist's niece, who sat for the face.

UNIVERSITY CHORAL SOCIETY.—The latest concert of this autocratic society was held in the dining hall of Trinity College. As we were not invited to take part in the musical feast, we cannot criticise the menu in detail. We understand that one of the principal features was a solo on the bassoon, but as to whether the bassoon artist was the Provost or Professor Mahaffy, or some lesser person, history is mysteriously silent. The University Choral Society prefer conducting their mystic rites behind a veil. They have discovered that the public will not tolerate mediocrity though presented in the awe-inspiring costume of cap and gown. We know this much, that the students gave three cheers for their own concert—a demonstration of excessive modesty calculated to impress outsiders with a sensation of astonishment.

CRICKET.—The victory of the Leinster over a very powerful team, representing the Phoenix Club, confirms in no uncertain manner the opinion expressed by good judges, that the erstwhile premiers are stronger this year than they have been for several seasons back. The win was achieved by sterling good all-round cricket, there not being the slightest element of flukiness about it; and we rejoice to see the wearers of the rose and white on the high road to recover the position they once held as the premier Irish club.

CONCERT, PAROCHIAL HALL, RINGSEND.—For this benefit concert Mrs. Maguire presented a tasteful and varied programme. Mrs. Maguire sang "I'll take you back to home, Kathleen," by Westendorf, and Miss M. Maguire "It was a dream," the famous song by Cowen, one of the best known of the limited circle of English composers. Amongst others who kindly assisted were Miss Camac, Miss Wright, and the silver medal elocutionist, Miss Constance Porter. Mr. M. A. Lloyd, the most popular of our comedy readers, interpreted "Major Namby," by Collins, and "My first love," by the many-talented Theodore Parkes. We cordially wish Mrs. Maguire many happy returns.

The Mount Temple Lawn Tennis Club announce a band promenade for next Saturday afternoon, at their picturesque grounds, Upper Rathmines, when the finals of the week's tournament will be played off. This is a new departure for this neighbourhood, and we commend the Club for its enterprising spirit.

A Ballad Concert will be given in St. Paul's Parochial Hall, Blackhall Parade, on the 19th June. Mr. W. Aylmer Kelly will conduct.

A most successful variety entertainment was given on Thursday evening last by the members of the St. James' Gate Brewery Athletic Club, in the Concert Hall, Bellevue, which was largely attended. Mr. Arthur J. Boucher's rendering of "Climbing up the Golden Stairs" elicited an hearty encore, in response to which he gave "Pretty Eyes," which was also highly appreciated. Amongst others may be mentioned Mr.

P. J. McDonnell and Mr. J. Daniell whose comic songs were most amusing; also a banjo solo, "The Liver Complaint," by Mr. Montague, which literally brought down the house. On Friday evening the programme, with some alterations, was repeated.

IRELAND AT OLYMPIA.

(BY ONE OF OUR STAFF.)

SECOND ARTICLE.

London, Monday Night.

THE first week of the Irish Exhibition has come and gone, and still the "fixings" are incomplete; but enough in the way of preparation has been accomplished to give ample warrant for believing that before this famous show closes "the land of shillelaghs and fun" will have scored a magnificent success. Glorious in many fashions; as it will have done for us wonders in the way of promoting real national prosperity by opening up to all sections and classes of our industrial population many avenues of profitable trade which it was next to impossible to utilise before. Just think of all the grand things we have here, right under the eyes of the wealthiest people in the world, who seem, every man and woman of them, to be animated by the kindest of feelings towards everything Irish, and place a limit if you can to the good results that are likely to flow from the happily-conceived idea of the Exhibition. Unlike the Irish section at Manchester last year, which was in every sense a thorough satisfactory exposition of the mechanical and manufacturing excellence to which Ireland has attained, the show at Olympia aims at the accomplishment of a miniature re-production of the Emerald Isle as it is, and in the ever-changing character of the necessary material lies its chiefest attraction and its irresistible charm. So far as I am aware there is nothing produced or producible at home that may not be had here on just as reasonable terms—I beg pardon; I find I am wrong; there is an Irish product that it is quite impossible to procure for either love or money in Olympia, and that is a glass of our native poteen wholly innocent of a gauger's interference or of paying the Queen's duty. To this extent the big show will be unfortunately incomplete, and I merely refer to the matter because it occurred to me that a mistake has been made in not having a private still at full work here. It would have proved one of the hits of the Exhibition, and under the circumstances it is scarcely possible that the Excise authorities would have interfered with it. What a rush there would have been for it by Londoners who never imbibed or even tasted our incomparable and peaty-flavoured "mountain dew," and if only the still had been stowed away in the inaccessible recesses of a gloomy cavern, to reach which the cunning and strategy of the Ballybotherem fox would have been required, what a pot of money would have been rolled in by the patentee of that "pub!" Why, to have overcome the difficulties of entering the cavern, and to have tasted the "blessed liquor" at the still-head, your ordinary Londoner, who is one of the most persevering of mortals when his curiosity is aroused, would have risked all the perils that might have confronted him in an attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, much less the slight intervening impediments that stood between him and a genuine Irish

still at full work. But the omission cannot now be rectified, and we must get along as best we may without the attraction of a modern Myles-na-Coppaleen or a Shaughraun, and illicit distillation as one of the products of Ireland.

One of the wonders of Olympia is to be found in the circumstance, that while on the grounds you cannot quite realise the fact that you are not still treading the old sod, and that you are really and truly in the Kingdom of Cockaigne. As an illustration, I may mention that I have saluted and spoken to more Dubliners to-day than would have sufficed me for a calendar month at home. Some of them I had only a casual acquaintance with, and others I had previously never spoken to at all, but we all hailed from the dear old dirty city on the Liffey, and conventionality quickly gave way to the claims of a common native brotherhood. Some of the avenues are so excessively metropolitan in a Dublin sense that the visitor from the Irish capital will be apt to forget he is not at home. Turn where you may you will encounter a familiar face behind one or other of the stalls; and in a ramble through the avenues you will hear the accent of every county in Ireland, from the sharp and decisive twang of Antrim and Down to the musical cadence of Cork, the mellifluous Doric of Kerry, and the peculiar but not unpleasant *patois* of Galway.

I have not by any means done with the Village and its surroundings, and I must return to it for a while in preference to the avenue stands. The Village holds the position as the premier attraction for so far; and next to it in popular esteem are undoubtedly Canon Bagot and his fascinating dairy maids. We Irishmen are accustomed to the appearance of these charming countrywomen of ours, and properly stand to one side to give the Londoners an opportunity of admiring them in all their loveliness at work; and that they do admire them immensely is as patent as the sun at noonday. Their stand is always crowded, and it is amusing to watch the little pretexts which suffice to justify an attempt on the part of gentlemen in the crowd to open up a conversation with them. Swells whose only idea of deliciously sweet butter is that it is a necessary concomitant of the breakfast and tea table here affect an intimate knowledge of its manufacture which would make you laugh if you had a raging toothache, just as it made me do under a smart attack of this irritating malady, and I can scarcely expect you to believe me when I add that the heartiness of the cachination, induced by the ridiculousness of the situation, involved as it was in the mashers' affected knowledge of the business of the dairy, actually stilled the raging of my tooth, and the pain departed instantly from me. If that doesn't beat your best patent medicine men, I am no authority on the subject of neuralgic affections.

But these magnificent mashers have caused me to digress sadly, and I must now get back to my dairymaids, and to the Village, as quickly as I can. The show has only been opened for a week, and I was assured this afternoon on what I regard as very reliable authority that no less than three of our colleens are as good as gone already. The trio have made good use of their eyes in the short space of six working days, as my information goes the length of saying that within that time they have perfectly bewitched a similar number of responsible and well-to-do Cockneys, who have already made solemn offers of their hearts and hands. Not so

bad that; and if it only continue, as it most probably will, Canon Bagot will have his work cut out for him in keeping up the supply. But this will be a labour of love for the genial and bucolic parson of Fontstown, for it will be remembered that at a little convivial luncheon given a couple of weeks ago at a private press view of the Exhibition, the jolly Canon launched his scheme for the thorough unification of the two countries, and it was this—that every Englishman should marry an Irishwoman, while every true son of the sod should take to himself an Englishwoman as wife, as he himself had done. Is there no political party among us who, with this bright idea thrown lovingly before them, will work it up energetically, and so fuse Saxon and Celt into one homogeneous unit for ever and a day?

The Village is becoming natural and life-like, and more distinctively Irish than it was at the start—Byron has written something about certain things becoming “more Irish and less nice,” but this won't apply to the little hamlet from distant Donegal, which is regarded by English visitors as charming in its originality and unique in its primitiveness and simplicity, while the interiors of the cabins are such quaint little nooks, and at the same time so thoroughly clean and inviting, that fashionable ladies in sparkling summer toilettes are quite delighted if they can find room within them to rest and have a chat with the naturally polite inmates, who are now feeling more at home, and who are more inclined to converse with their fashionable, and I will add, sympathetic visitors, than formerly. The greatest possible interest is being taken in their home industries worked on the spot, and there can be nothing more certain than that an enormous stimulus will be given in London to the sale of these humble women's work, many of them having already received orders from distinguished ladies which will take them a considerable time to clear off.

At the close of the week Olympia was honoured by the presence of the first Royal visitor in the person of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, her Royal Highness, who was cordially received by everyone, being accompanied by her secretary, Captain Collier, and Lady Sophia Macnamara. The immediate object of the Princess's visit was the opening of a stall of fancy needlework in connection with the Irish Cottage Industries and the Ladies' Work Society, and having accomplished this business, which she did under the guidance of Lord Arthur Hill, the Royal Lady spent close on an hour in watching the working models and looms, in which she seemed to take the greatest interest. She was shown, and examined with genuine curiosity the famous umbrella of Dan O'Connell, which many men still living in Dublin have often seen the great Irishman carry on his way to Conciliation Hall or the Courts, and which now graces the stand of a well-known Dublin tradesman, in the appropriate company of some stunning specimens of the native blackthorn. By-the-by, talking of blackthorns, it is really surprising to see the number of them carried about just now in Olympia. Everybody appears to be going in for them, and so numerous are they here, there, and everywhere about—they are the correct thing now, you know—that if dear old Donnybrook Fair could be revived for even one afternoon, there would be such a flashing of “kippeens” in West Kensington as would make the world of London stare. The gallant Teddy Hogan had a grand time of it

entirely while the Princess was present. Ted has not been much heard of in Dublin lately, nor have his pipes charmed us so much as they should have done, and indeed with the exception of one appearance which he made a couple of months ago on the boards of the Queen's Royal Theatre in Brunswick Street, for the benefit of the lamented Charley Sullivan's children, he does not appear to have been before the public for an age. But he made up for it all on this occasion. He was introduced to her Royal Highness, and bowed his very best before taking his seat on a stool and filling the bag of his “chanther.” Teddy was dressed to death, being arrayed in the traditional bottle-green cut-away coat, knee breeches, and gray worsted stockings, with neatly-fitting “pumps” and bright brass buckles, and he fairly electrified the Princess and an enthusiastic auditory by his spirited rendering of “The Wind that shakes the Barley,” “Miss McLeod's Reel,” “Teddy you gander, you're like a Highlander,” “Kate Kearney,” and other Irish airs. Mr. Hogan scored creditably, and the Princess was good enough to express to himself the pleasure which his music gave her. To say that Ted is a proud man does not exactly describe the situation. He is elated, and he has every right to be, for he never played better, and received thunders of applause from the listening crowd.

I had intended to commence in this letter my notices of the stalls, but I am afraid I have outrun the space at my disposal, and will only make a beginning with one—the Dublin branch of the Junior Army and Navy Stores. This well-known establishment is represented here by an attractive stand in “F” gallery, near the centre of the Exhibition and which is known as stall No. 514. Visitors from Ireland will take pleasure in inspecting it, more particularly as it is attracting much attention from Londoners within the building. The Dublin branch exhibits a varied selection of high-class and genuine Irish products and manufactures, among which will be found such diversified articles as provisions, Irish butter packed in tins, biscuits, starch, candles, brushes, wickerwork, portmanteaus, and an infinity of things which it would be almost impossible to particularise. The brushes shown are unmistakably fine specimens of Irish manufacture, made in the best class patterns and the newest designs, while the wickerwork is exceptionally good. Everyone will readily admit that the Junior Army and Navy Stores people deserve the greatest possible credit for bringing these two important branches of Irish manufacture into such prominent notice; and I may say the same of the handsome collection of portmanteaus forming part of their interesting exhibits, these being really excellent examples of workmanship both in substantiality and finish. One only requires to inspect the contents of stall No. 514 to recognise a genuine and honest effort on the part of the Junior Army and Navy Stores to further our native industries, and this recognition will be all the more readily accorded to them when it is stated that the various classes of goods shown by them have not been got up simply for the Exhibition, but have been in daily sale at their stores for the past three or four years. This, coupled with the fact that more than ninety per cent. of their *employees* at their branch in D'Olier Street, Dublin, are Irishmen, is indeed, a pleasing instance of what is being done by the Junior Army and Navy Stores for Irish interests.

Till next week, good-bye.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"
"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK III.

ATROPOS—OR THAT WHICH MUST BE.

CHAPTER IV.—continued.

"WILL you, really now. Mrs. Mason's eggs are excellent; and she makes toast better than anyone else in the world, I think," replied Rollinson, flinging his napkin artfully over the trotters, and with a side glance at Mrs. Mason which implored their removal.

That admirable woman grasped the situation. She whisked off the dish, and the curate's plate with its litter of bones and mustard. She swept away crumbs, tidied the tea tray, brought a vase of spring flowers from a chiffonier to adorn the table, lighted a pair of wax candles on the mantel-piece, and gave a touch of elegance to the humble sitting-room, while Mildred was taking off her mantle and bonnet, and sinking wearily into Mr. Rollinson's easy chair by the hearth, where a basket of fir cones replaced the winter fire.

She felt glad to be with this old familiar friend—glad to breathe the very air of Enderby after her six months' exile.

"Your letter frightened me," she said, when she was alone with the Curate. "I came to look at my husband. I could not help coming."

"Ah, dear Mrs. Greswold, if you could only come back for good—nothing else is of any use. Have you seen him?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"And you find him sadly changed?"

"Sadly changed. I wish you would try to rouse him—to interest him in farming—building—politics—anything. He is so clever; he ought to have so many?"

"For his mind, perhaps; but not for his heart. You are doing all you can to break that."

Mildred turned her head aside with a weary movement, as of a creature at bay.

"Don't talk about it. You cannot understand. You look up to Clement Cancellor, I think. You would respect his opinion."

"Yes; he is a good man."

"He is—and he approves the course I have taken. He is my confidant and my counsellor."

"You could have no better adviser in a case of conscience—but I can but regret my friend's ruined life all the same. But I will say no more, Mrs. Greswold. I will respect your reserve."

Mrs. Mason came bustling in with a tea tray, on which her family teapot—the silver teapot that had been handed down from generation to generation since the days of King George the Third—and her very best pink and gold china sparkled and glittered in the lamp light. The toast and eggs might have tempted an anchorite, and Mildred had eaten nothing since her nine o'clock breakfast. The strong tea revived her

like good old wine, and she sat resting and listening with interest to Mr. Rollinson's account of his parishioners, and the village chronicle of the last six months. How sweet it was to hear the old familiar names, to be in the old place, if only for a brief hour.

"I wonder if they miss me?" she speculated. "They never seemed quite the same—after—the fever."

"Ah, but they know your value now. They have missed your husband's old friendly interest in their affairs. He has given me carte blanche, and there has been no one neglected, nothing left undone; but they miss the old personal relations, the friendship of past days. You must not think that the poor care only for creature comforts and substantial benefits."

"I have never thought so. And now tell me all you can about my husband. Does he receive no one?"

"No one. People used to call upon him for a month or two after you left, but he never returned their visits, he declined all invitations, and he made his friends understand pretty clearly that he had done with the outside world. He rarely comes to the eleven o'clock service on Sundays, but he comes to the early services, and I believe he walks into Romsey sometimes for the evening service. He has not hardened his heart against his God."

"Do you see him often?"

"About once a week. I take my report of the sick and poor. I believe he is as much interested in that as he can be in anything, but I always feel that my society is a burden to him, in spite of his courteousness. I borrow a book from him sometimes, so as to have an excuse for spending a few minutes with him when I return it."

"You are a good man, Mr. Rollinson, a true friend," said Mildred, in a low voice.

"Would to God that my friendship could do more for him. Unhappily it can do so little."

The fly came back for Mildred at nine o'clock. She had telegraphed from Brighton to the inn at Salisbury where she was to spend the night, and her room was ready for her when she arrived there at half-past ten, a spacious bedroom with a four-post bed, in which she lay broad awake all night, living over and over again that scene beside the grave, and seeing her husband's gloomy face, and its mute reproach. She knew that she had done wrong in breaking in upon his solitude, she who renounced the tie that bound her to him; and yet there had been something gained. He knew now that under no stress of evidence could she ever believe him guilty of his wife's death. He knew that his last and saddest secret was revealed to her, and that she was loyal to him still—loyal although divided.

She went to the morning service at the cathedral. She lingered about the grave old close, looking dreamily in at the gardens which had such an air of old world peace. She was reluctant to leave Salisbury. It was near all that she had loved and lost. The place had the familiar air of the district in which she had lived so long—different in some wise from all other counties, or seeming different by fond associations.

She telegraphed to her aunt that she might be late in returning, and lingered on till three o'clock in the afternoon, and then took the train which dawdled at three or four stations before it came to Bishopstoke—the familiar junction where the station-master and the super-

intendents knew her, and asked after her husband's health, giving her a pain at her heart with each inquiry. She would have been glad to pass to the Portsmouth train unrecognised, but it was not to be.

"You have been in the South all the winter. I hear, ma'am? I hope it was not on account of your health?"

"Yes," she faltered, "partly on that account," as she hurried on to the carriage which the station-master opened for her with his own hand.

His face was among her home faces. She had travelled up and down the line so often in the good days that were gone—with her husband and Lola, and their comfort had been cared for almost as if they had been royal personages.

It was night when she reached Brighton, and Franz was on the platform waiting for her, and the irreproachable brougham was drawn up close by, the brown horse snorting, and with eyes of fire, not brooking the vicinity of the engine, though too grand a creature to be afraid of it.

She found Miss Fausset in low spirits.

"I have missed you terribly," she said, "I am a poor creature. I used to think myself independent of sympathy or companionship—but that is all over now. When I am alone for two days at a stretch I feel like a child in the dark."

"You have lived too long in this house, aunt, I think," Mildred answered gently. "Forgive me if I say that it is a dull house."

"A dull house? Nonsense, Mildred. It is one of the best houses in Brighton."

"Yes, yes, aunt, but it is dull, all the same. The sun does not shine into it—the colouring of the furniture is gray and cold—"

"I hate gaudy colours."

"Yes, but there are beautiful colours that are not gaudy—beautiful things that warm and gladden one. The next room," glancing back at the front drawing-room and its single lamp, "is full of ghosts. Those long white curtains, those faint gray walls, are enough to kill you."

"I am not so fanciful as that."

"Ah, but you are fanciful, perhaps, without knowing it. The influence of this dull, gray house may have crept into your veins, and depressed you unawares. Will you go to the Italian Lakes with me next September, Aunt? Or better, will you go to the West of England with me next week—to the north coast of Cornwall, which will be lovely at this season. I am sure you want change, this monstrous life is killing you."

"No, no, Mildred. There is nothing amiss with my life. It suits me well enough, and I am able to do good."

"Your lieutenants could carry on all that while you were away."

"No. I like to be here; I like to organise, to arrange. I can feel that my life is not useless, that my talent is placed at interest."

"It could all go on, Aunt; it could indeed. The change to new scenes would revive you."

"No. I am satisfied where I am. I am among people whom I like, and who like and respect me."

She dwelt upon the last words with unction, as if there were tangible comfort in them.

Mildred sighed and was silent. She had felt it her duty to try and rouse her aunt from the dull apathy into which she seemed gradually sinking, and she thought that the only chance of revival was to remove her from the monotony of her present existence.

Later on in the evening the fire had been lighted in the inner drawingroom, Miss Fausset

feeling chilly in spite of the approach of summer, and aunt and niece drew near the hearth for cheerfulness and comfort. The low reading lamp spread its light only over Miss Fausset's book table and the circle in which it stood. The faces of both women were in shadow, and the lofty room with its walls of books was full of shadows.

"You talk so despondently of life sometimes, Aunt, as if it had all been disappointment," said Mildred, after a long silence, in which they had both sat watching the fire, each absorbed by her own thoughts, "yet your girlhood must have been bright. I have heard my dear father say how indulgent *his* father was, how he gave way to his children in everything."

"Yes, he was very indulgent; too indulgent, perhaps. I had my own way in everything—only—one's own way does not always lead to happiness. Mine did not. I might have been a happier woman if my father had been a tyrant."

"You would have married, perhaps, in that case, to escape from an unhappy home. I wish you would tell me more about your girlish years, Aunt. You must have had many admirers when you were young, and amongst them all there must have been some one for whom you cared—just a little. Would it hurt you to talk to me about that old time?"

"Yes, Mildred. There are some women who can talk about such things—women who can prose for hours to their granddaughters or their nieces—simpering over the silliness of the past—boasting of conquests which nobody believes in—for it is very difficult to realise the fact that an old woman was ever young and lovely. I am not of that temper, Mildred. The memory of my girlhood is hateful to me."

"Ah, then there was some sad story—some unhappy attachment. I was sure it was so," said Mildred, in a low voice. "But tell me of that happier time before you went into society—the time when you were in Italy with your governess, studying at the Conservatoire at Milan. I thought of you so much when I was at Milan the other day."

"I have nothing to tell about that time. I was a foreigner in a strange city, with an elderly woman who was said to take care of me and whose chief occupation was to take care of herself, a solicitor's widow, whose health required that she should winter in the South, and who contrived to make my father pay handsomely for her benefit."

"And you were not happy at Milan?"

"Happy, no. I got on with my musical education—that was all I cared for."

"Had you no friends—no introductions to nice people?"

"No. My chaperon made my father believe that she knew all the best families in Milan, but her circle resolved itself into a few third-rate musical people who gave a shabby little evening party now and then. You bore me to death, Mildred, when you force me to talk of that time, and of that woman, whom I hated."

"Forgive me, aunt, I will ask no more questions," said Mildred, with a sigh.

She had been trying to get nearer to her aunt, to familiarise herself with that dim past when this fading woman was young and full of hope. It seemed to her as if there was a dead wall between her and Miss Fausset—a barrier of reserve which should not exist between they who were so near in blood. She had made up her mind to stay with her aunt to the end, to do

all that duty and affection could suggest, and it troubled her that they should still be strangers. After this severe repulse she could make no further attempt. There was evidently no softening influence in the memory of the past. Miss Fausset's character, as revealed by that which she concealed rather than by that which she told, was not beautiful. Mildred could but think that she had been a proud, cold-hearted young woman, valuing herself too highly to inspire love or sympathy in others; electing to be alone and unloved.

After this, time went by in dull monotony. The same people came to see Miss Fausset day after day, and she absorbed the same flatteries, accepted the same adulation always with an air of deepest humility. She organised her charities, she listened to every detail about the circumstances and even the mental condition and spiritual views of her poor. Mildred discovered before long that there was a leaven of hardness in her benevolence. She could not tolerate sin, she weighed every life in the same balance, she expected exceptional purity amidst foulest surroundings. She was liberal of her worldly goods, but her mind was as narrow as if she had lived in a small village a hundred years ago. Mildred found herself continually pleading for wrong-doers.

The only event or excitement which the June days brought with them was the arrival of Pamela Ransome who was escorted to Brighton by Lady Lochinvar herself, and who had been engaged for three weeks to Malcolm Stuart, with everybody's consent and approval.

"I wrote to Uncle George the very day I was engaged, Aunt, as well as to you; and he answered my letter in the sweetest way, and he is going to give me a grand piano," said Pamela, all in a breath.

Lady Lochinvar explained that much as she detested London she had felt it her solemn duty to establish herself there during her nephew's engagement, in order that she might become acquainted with Pamela's people, and assist her dear boy in all his arrangements for the future. When a young man marries a nice girl with an estate with fifteen hundred a year—allowing for the poor return made by land nowadays—everything ought to go upon velvet. Lady Lochinvar was prepared to make sacrifices, or, in other words, to contribute a handsome portion of that fortune which she had intended to bequeath to her nephew. She could afford to be generous, having a surplus far beyond her possible needs, and she was very fond of Malcolm Stuart, who had been to her as a son.

"I was quite alone in the world when my husband died," she told Mildred. "My father and my own people were all gone, and I should have been a wretched creature without Malcolm. He was the only son of Lochinvar's favourite sister, who went off in a decline when he was eight years old, and he had been brought up at the Castle. So it is natural, you see, that I should be fond of him and interested in his welfare."

Pamela kissed her by way of commentary.

"I think you are quite the dearest thing in the world," she said, "except Aunt Mildred."

It may be seen from this remark that the elder and younger lady were now on very easy terms. Pamela had stayed in Paris with Lady Lochinvar, and a considerable part of her trousseau, the outward and visible part, had all been chosen in the *ateliers* of fashionable Parisian dressmakers and milliners. The more hum-

drum portion of the bride's raiment was to be obtained at Brighton, where Pamela was to spend a week or two with her aunt before she went to London to stay with the Mountfords, who had taken a house in Grosvenor gardens, from which Pamela was to be married.

"And where do you think we are to be married, aunt," exclaimed Pamela, excitedly.

"At St. George's?"

"Nothing so humdrum. We are going to be married in the Abbey—in Westminster Abbey—the burial place of heroes and poets. I happened to say one day when Malcolm and I were almost strangers—it was at Rumpel-meyer's, sitting outside in the sun, eating ices—that I had never seen a wedding in the Abbey, and that I should love to see one, and Malcolm said we must try and manage it some day; meaning anybody's wedding, of course—though he pretends now that he always meant to marry me there himself."

"Presumptuous in him," said Mildred smiling.

"Oh, young men are horridly presumptuous; they know they are in a minority—there is so little competition—and a plain young man, too, like Malcolm. But I suppose he knows he is nice," added Pamela conclusively.

"Don't you think it will be lovely for me to be married in the Abbey?" she asked presently.

"I think, dear, in your case I would rather have been married from my own house, and in a village church."

"What, in that poky little church at Mapledown? I believe it is one of the oldest in England, and it is certainly one of the ugliest. Sir Henry Mountford suggested making a family business of it, but Rosalind and I were both in favour of the Abbey. We shall get much better notices in the society papers," added Pamela, with a business-like air, as if she had been talking about the production of a new play.

"Well, dear, as I hope you are only to be married once in your life, you have a right to choose your church."

Pamela was bitterly disappointed presently when her aunt refused to be present at her wedding.

"I will spend an hour with you on your wedding morning, and see you in your wedding-gown, if you like, Pamela; but I cannot go among a crowd of gay people, or share in any festivity. I have done with all those things, dear, for ever and ever."

Pamela's candid eyes filled with tears. She felt all the more sorry for her aunt, because her own cup of happiness was overflowing. She looked round the silver gray drawing-room, and her eyes fixed themselves on the piano which *he* had played, so often, so often, in the tender twilight, in the shadowy evening when that larger room was left almost without any light save that which came through the undraped archway yonder. But Castellani was no longer a person to be thought of in italics. From the moment Pamela's eyes had opened to the excellence of Mr. Stuart's manly and straightforward character, they had also become aware of the Italian's deficiencies. She had realised the fact that he was a charlatan; and now she looked wonderingly at the piano, at a loss to understand the intensity of bygone emotions, and inclined to excuse herself upon the ground of youthful foolishness.

"What a silly romantic wretch I must have been," she thought; "a regular Rosa Matilda. As if the happiness of life depended upon one's husband having an ear for music."

Mildred was by no means unsympathetic

about the trousseau, although she herself had done with all interest in fashion and finery. She drove about to the pretty Brighton shops with Pamela, and exercised a restraining influence upon that young lady's taste, which inclined to the florid. She sympathised with the young lady's anxiety about her wedding gown, which was to be made by a certain Mr. Smithson, a *faiseur* who held sway over the ladies of fashionable London, and who gave himself more airs than a Prime Minister. Mr. Smithson had consented to make Miss Ransome a wedding gown—despite her social insignificance and the pressure of the season—provided that he were not worried about it.

"If I have too many people calling upon me, or am pestered with letters, I shall throw the thing up," he told Lady Mountford one morning, when she took him some fine old rose point for the petticoat. "Yes, this lace is pretty good. I suppose you got it in Venice. I have seen Miss Ransome, and I know what kind of gown she can wear. It will be sent home the day before the wedding."

With this assurance, haughtily given, Lady Mountford and her sister had to be contented.

"If I were your sister I would let a woman in Tottenham Court make my gowns rather than I would stand such treatment," said Sir Henry, at which his wife shrugged her shoulders and told him he knew nothing about it.

"The cut is everything," she said. "It is worth putting up with Smithson's insolence to know that one is the best dressed woman in the room."

"But if Smithson dresses all the other women—"

"He doesn't. There are very few who have the courage to go to him. His manners are so humiliating—he as good as told me I had a hump—and his prices are enormous."

"And yet you called me extravagant for giving seventy pounds for a barb," cried Sir Henry; "a bird that might bring me a pot of money in prizes."

The grand question of trousseau and wedding gown being settled, there remained only a point of minor importance—the honeymoon. Pamela was in favour of that silly season being spent in some rustic spot, far from the madding crowd, and Pamela's lover was of her opinion in everything.

"We have both seen the best part of the Continent," said Pamela, taking tea in Mildred's upstairs sitting-room, which had assumed a brighter and more home-like aspect in her occupation than any other room in Miss Fausset's house; we don't want to rush off to Switzerland or the Pyrenees; we want just to enjoy each other's society and to make our plans for the future. Besides travelling is so hideously unbecoming. I have seen brides with fusty hats and smuts on their faces who would have been miserable if they had only known how they were looking."

"I think you and Mr. Stuart are very wise in your choice, dear," answered Mildred. "England in July is delicious. Have you decided where to go?"

"No, we can't make up our minds. We want to find a place that is exquisitely pretty—yet not too far from London, so that we may run up to town occasionally and see about our furnishing. Sir Henry offered us Rainham, but as it is both ugly and inconvenient I unhesitatingly refused. I don't want to spend my honeymoon in a place pervaded by prize pigeons."

What do you think of the neighbourhood of the Thames, Pamela," said Mildred thoughtfully, "are you fond of boating?"

"Fond! I adore it. I could live all my life upon the river."

"Really! I have been thinking that if you and Mr. Stuart would like to spend your honeymoon at The Hook it is just the kind of place to suit you. The house is bright and pretty, and the gardens are exquisite."

Pamela's face kindled with pleasure.

"But, dear aunt, you would never think—" she began.

"The house is at your service, my dear girl. It will be a pleasure for me to prepare everything for you. I cannot tell you how dearly I love that house, or how full of memories it is for me. The lease of my father's house in Parliament-street was sold after his death, and I only kept a few special things out of the furniture, but at The Hook nothing has been altered since I was a child."

Pamela accepted the offer with rapture, and wrote an eight-page letter to her lover on the subject, although he was coming to Brighton next day, and was to dine in Lewes crescent. Mildred was pleased at being able to give so much pleasure to her husband's niece. It may be also that she snatched at an excuse for revisiting a spot she fondly loved.

She offered to take Pamela with her, to explore the house and gardens, and discuss any small arrangements for her own comfort, but against this Miss Ransome protested.

"I want everything to be new to us," she said, "all untrodden ground, a delicious surprise. I am sure the place is lovely, and I want to know no more about it than I know of fairyland. I haven't the faintest notion what a Hook can be in connection with the Thames. It may be a mountain or a glacier for anything I know to the contrary; but I am assured it is delightful. Please let me know nothing more, dearest aunt, till I go there with Malcolm. It is adorable of you to hit upon such a splendid idea. And it will look well in the society papers," added Pamela, waxing business-like. "Mr. and Mrs. Stuart! oh, how queer that sounds, 'are to spend their honeymoon at The Hook, the riverside residence of the bride's aunt.' I wonder whether they will say 'the well-known residence,'" mused Pamela.

Mildred went up to town with Miss Ransome, and her betrothed at the end of the young lady's visit. Miss Fausset had been coldly gracious, after her manner, had allowed Mr. Stuart to come to her house whenever he pleased, and had given up the rarely-used front drawingroom to the lovers, who sat and whispered and tittered over their own little witticisms, by the distant piano, and behaved altogether like those proverbial children of whom we are told in our childhood, who are seen but not heard. Mildred lunched in Grosvenor Gardens, and went to Chertsey by an afternoon train. The housekeeper who had once ruled over both Mr. Fausset's houses, subject to interference from Bell, was now caretaker at the Hook, with a housemaid under her. She was an elderly woman, but considerably Bell's junior, and she was an admirable cook and manager. A telegram two days before had told her to expect her mistress, and the house was in perfect order when Mrs. Greswold arrived in the summer twilight. All things had been made to look as if the place were in family occupation, although no one but the two servants had been living

there since Mr. Fausset's death. The familiar look of the rooms smote Mildred with a sudden unexpected pain. There were the old lamps burning on the tables, the well-remembered vases—her mother's choice, and always artistic in form and colour—filled with the old June flowers from garden and hothouse. Her father's chair stood in its old place in the bay window in front of the table at which he used to write his letters sometimes, looking out at the river between while. Mrs. Dawson had put a lamp in his study, a small room opening out of the drawingroom, and with windows on two sides, and both looking towards the river, which he had loved so well. The windows were open in the twilight, and the rose garden was like a sea of bloom.

His room—nothing was altered here. As it had been in the last days he had lived here, so it was now.

"I haven't moved as much as a penholder, ma'am," said Dawson tearfully.

(To be continued.)



ONLY A WORD.

ONLY a bitter hasty word—
Easy enough to speak;
But it cut to a loving heart,
And paled a gentle cheek.
And the streams of two happy lives,
That flowed in sweet accord,
Were parted wide for all future time
By that hasty, passionate word.

Only a word in angry scorn,
Repented of soon as spoken,
But it sent a frail life to the grave,
And a strong man's heart was broken.
And burning tears fell down in vain
For what was so lightly said;
They can bring no sweet forgiving smile
In the pale face of the dead.

A bitter word from one we love,
Oh! who may gauge its pain?
Or tell if angry parted now
We e'er shall meet again.
Then guard you well the passionate word.
And deem it no trivial thing;
It poisons the very fount of life
With its keen and bitter sting.

HARU.

SUMMER.

SUMMER—lovely summer weather,
Hills are covered o'er with heather,
Roses bloom in garden sweet,
Fuschias thrive in bed so neat,
In the field men cut the hay,
Children in their garden play,
The air is sweet, the sun is hot,
Fresh is the blue "forget-me-not,"
Beautiful butterflies flit in the air,
Beautiful flowers both fragrant and rare,
Summer! sweet summer! oh stay with us here,
We've waited and longed to welcome thy cheer.

VIOLET W.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 11th June, 1888.

The reduction of the Bank rate to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is the only alteration of importance to be noticed in the Money Market. Three months' Bank bills are taken at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and loans on call are negotiated as low as $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. New Consols closed at 99-99 $\frac{1}{2}$ for money, and 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ for account. New $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., 95 $\frac{1}{2}$. India 3 per cent., 96 $\frac{1}{2}$.

English Rails show in some instances an improvement on the week, but are very dull, and business almost at a stand still. Brighton A have been a hard market, and closed steady at 118 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dover A 101 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Northern A 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. Caledonian 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. Chatham 20 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Eastern 66 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western 143 $\frac{1}{2}$. Hull and Barnsley 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. Metropolitan 68 $\frac{1}{2}$. Metropolitan District 33 $\frac{1}{2}$. Midland 129 $\frac{1}{2}$. North British 106 $\frac{1}{2}$. North Eastern 151 $\frac{1}{2}$. North Western 167.

Foreign Stocks opened firm and advanced sharply (especially Spanish), but have eased off fairly in view of the approaching settlement. Egyptian Unified 80. Greek 1881, 72 $\frac{1}{2}$. Italian 97 $\frac{3}{4}$. Mexican Converted, 38 $\frac{1}{2}$. Portuguese 63 $\frac{1}{2}$. Peru 6 per cent. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$; ditto 5 per cent. 14 $\frac{1}{2}$. Russian 1873, 94 $\frac{1}{2}$. Spanish 70 $\frac{1}{2}$. Turkish, Group I 24. Group II 14 $\frac{1}{2}$. Group III 14.

Americans improved slightly in the early part of last week, but relapsed as usual, and closed with an unsettled appearance. Even the assured success of the new Reading loan appears to have no effect on this wretched market with which everyone is getting thoroughly disgusted, but this is seldom the time to get out, and the market may turn round at any moment. We should rather for choice buy than sell. Central Pacifics closed at 31 $\frac{1}{2}$. Milwaukee 66 $\frac{1}{2}$. Denver Pref. (owing to rumours of the dividend being passed) 46 $\frac{1}{2}$. Eries 25. Lake Shore 92 $\frac{1}{2}$. Louisville 54 $\frac{1}{2}$. New York Central 107 $\frac{1}{2}$. Norfolk Pref. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ohio 19. Ontario 15 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pennsylvania 54. Reading 30 $\frac{1}{2}$. Union Pacific 55 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Foreign and Canadian Railways closed very irregularly, and a heavy fall has taken place in Trunks on the publication of the half-yearly report. Canadian Pacifics are quoted 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ (and are certainly cheap at this price). Grand Trunk Ordinary 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. First Pref. 58. Second Pref. 39 $\frac{1}{2}$. Third Pref. 22. Guaranteed 65 $\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Rails 38 $\frac{1}{2}$. First Pref. 110. Second Pref. 68 $\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Central First Mortgage 68 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Mines have been demoralised owing to a sort of panic in De Beers, but recovered slightly towards the close. Many of the cheaper class should be bought and taken off the Market. Alturas, which we strongly recommended, have advanced to 16/6. Cape Copper 62. De Beers 31. Gold Fields of South Africa 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Sheba Gold 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dickens Custer 7/-. Emma 4/6. Balkis 7/6. Russell 3/- (worth buying, also Republics at 4/6.) Pesterena at 2/9 should be bought. Viola 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Miscellaneous Market, like the rest, dull and little doing, and the changes are mostly unimportant.

The traffic receipts of the Suez Canal for Thursday last show an increase of 50,000 francs, and the receipts on Friday amount to a total of 200,000 francs, and Saturday and Sunday 300,000 francs.

The London Brighton Traffic for the same date amount to £251 increase.

The report of the Hudson's Bay Company states that the net profits for the year amount to £10,923, which, together with the sum brought forward, show a total of £43,822. The directors state as their reason for non-payment of a dividend that in their opinion it is highly essential that the reserve fund should be maintained so as to ensure the credit and efficient working of the Company. The decrease in the profits are due to the results of the fur sales, which have been very disappointing.

Another Canadian Three per Cent. Loan has just been announced for £4,000,000, at the minimum price of 92 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The so-called success of the New Zealand Loan (which is said to have received applications for something like four times the amount required) may be questioned, when it is reported that more than three quarters of the necessary sum was actually subscribed for by seven individuals only. Evidently the public are not in it, and they do well to leave it alone.

The Virginian Bondholders' Committee recommend that all matured coupons of the bonds of 1871 and 1879 should not be detached, in view of the late State legislation, respecting the proof of the coupons being genuine, in which case their value is increased by their remaining attached to the bonds.

It is rumoured that Mr. Goschen will shortly give notice that all holders of outstanding Three Per Cents. will be paid off at par within twelve months.

The Alliance Aluminium Company, Limited, have gone to allotment.

Grand Trunks have been a lively market for some time, but always the wrong way. Its fixed charges increase, and its earnings decrease. There seems no hope now for anything but its Guaranteed and First Preference Stock, and the dividends on these seem likely to be reduced.

Some of the American Traffics are good, especially Norfolk and Western. The net increase in earnings from the 1st January amount to 121,000 dollars. We have continually spoken of this Line, but as things are just now nothing will move.

Even Brighton A, with good traffics, remain round about 118. This time last year they were selling at 123, and should be worth that now.

The Sheba Gold Mining Company have crushed 525 tons of ore, which have yielded 1890 ozs. of gold, representing 23 days work, with 20 stamps. This is by no means bad work.

Diamond Shares have completely demoralised the Mining Market, and no wonder. De Beers selling over 40, and within a fortnight or so done at 26 $\frac{1}{2}$. We warned our readers of these some weeks since.

We are tired of reporting week after week on such dull and uninteresting Markets (gamble excluded), and possibly our readers may take some interest in a comparison of prices for the last three years, showing highest and lowest points touched, omitting fractions of one per cent. This week we shall confine ourselves to Consols, Colonial Stock, and English Railways, and in following issues we shall treat Foreign Stocks, American Railways, Foreign Railways, and Miscellaneous Shares, etc., etc.

CONSOLS AND COLONIAL STOCKS.

	1887.		1886.		1885.	
	High-est.	Low-est.	High-est.	Low-est.	High-est.	Low-est.
Consols, 3 per cent.	103	99	102	99	101	94
India 3 per cent.	94	84	91	85	92	85
India Rupee Paper						
4 per cent.	71	66	74	64	78	72
Bank of England Stock	310	293	299	291	308	287
New Zealand Consols,						
5 per cent.	106	101	110	102	109	104
Cape of Good Hope						
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	109	102	107	101	103	94
Queensland 4 per cent.	104	99	104	100	104	97
South Australia 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	105	99	106	100	103	100
Victoria 4 per cent.	108	101	107	102	105	97
Canada 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	103	96	99	92	94	89

ORDINARY ENGLISH RAILS.

	1887.		1886.		1885.	
	High-est.	Low-est.	High-est.	Low-est.	High-est.	Low-est.
Caledonian ..	105	93	105	96	103	90
Great Eastern ..	70	64	74	62	69	57
Great Northern ..	116	110	117	108	114	104
Great Western ..	140	132	139	126	140	124
London & Brighton ..	137	125	133	115	120	105
London & Chatham ..	25	19	26	18	20	13
London & N. Western	169	160	167	151	170	153
London & S. Western	133	123	128	118	129	119
Metropolitan ..	72	62	—	—	—	—
Metropolitan District	43	33	44	37	60	36
Midland ..	129	121	131	122	134	125
North British ..	106	96	97	87	97	83
North Eastern ..	158	149	159	142	160	142
South Eastern ..	132	124	130	117	123	110
Taff Vale ..	242	209	262	212	271	234

DEFERRED STOCKS.

	1887.	1886.	1885.
Brighton A ..	122	106	119
Dover A ..	113	97	114
Great Northern A ..	109	96	113

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. Q. C. K.—We should certainly recommend a purchase of Balkis; you can get them for the moment at about 7/6. We should not recommend you to part with the other two securities at present prices.

MINE.—Nearly every mine has been affected by the violent fluctuations in Diamond Shares. You only want a little patience to see your property above the price you paid for it.

P. D.—We should not think of selling them yet; the rise has hardly commenced.

SPANISH.—The present price is very tempting, and in our judgment, they are high enough. There is a talk of a new Loan which may account for the recent rise.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1.—They are not likely to reach this figure again. 2.—Balkis certainly. 3.—See answer to Mine.

RAILWAY.—The last dividend was equal to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum.

MY AVIARY.

I NEVER see one of our native wild birds confined within the narrow limits of a cage, without a feeling of indignation at the thoughtless selfishness that condemns one of God's creatures to such a torture chamber. Nor, indeed is the wire contrivance called a drawing-room aviary much of an improvement on the humble bird-cage. True, its feathered inhabitants have a foot or so more space in which to exercise, but this limited concession to their natural love of freedom is but a sorry substitute for the joyous liberty of the woods.

My aviary is a very different sort of affair. Imagine a large room, the roof and windows festooned with creeping plants, the centre of the floor covered by a good-sized fir-tree (set in a tub, of course), and the four corners by smaller ones. When the sun brightly illumines the chamber, and gilds the fir-trees which stand within it, my stable loft is converted into a fairy grove. This is the roomy prison, if prison it can be called, of about thirty birds, constituting a "happy family" in as true a sense, I believe, as would be fairly applicable to many well-reputed Christian households. Of course, it was at first necessary to restrict their liberty; but as soon as they became accustomed to each other, and to the comforts provided for them, they were permitted free egress, and all, with the exception of two quails in delicate health, availed themselves of the privilege, but nearly all came back again. Two only, a black-cap of disreputable character, and a pugnacious pigeon, preferred the wide, wide world to the restraints of civilized life.

Nothing is easier, in fact, than to domesticate any bird, if you only begin early, and, as it were, teach the young idea to understand when it was well off.

The Starling, of all my happy family, is most influenced by civilization—delighted by its pleasures and demoralized by its corruptions. He takes most readily of all birds to man, and amongst his companions is the ever-mirthful buffoon and merry-maker. It is impossible to be sour or cross when he has taken it into his head to be merry. He is the most imitative of birds, and in his songs there is nothing strained or artificial. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the crowing of the cock, he imitates with wonderful exactness. He is an epicure, too, and chooses the best of everything, prefers white bread to brown, tender veal to tough beef. He is the most inquisitive fellow in the world, thrusting his beak into everything. But see how carefully the rogue touches a strange object, fearful that it may be some trap to ensnare him; examines it above and below, within and without, and when at last convinced that it is all right, falls in with a will.

The best tempered of birds, as a rule, he can on occasion be fearfully angry. With his feathers erect, his eye full of vengeful fire, he can avenge himself for every ill-treatment he received. Wonderfully conceited of his singing abilities is the starling, and it is amusing to see the egotistic air with which he struts out upon the tiny platform in front of his dormitory, and begins to pipe. However occasionally mischievous he may be, he is always good-natured and condescending, although he certainly assumes a sort of hauteur towards some of his mates. He is a generous fellow, and while yielding nothing to his equals, is very indulgent to his inferiors. A robin, the most pugnacious

of birds, with, perhaps, the exception of the raven, often snatches a meal-worm, his favourite luxury, from under his very beak, but he is evidently more astonished at the boldness of the youngster than angry at his loss.

Well, this pattern starling of mine, though with that glazing tongue of his, and his glittering variegated robe, he might have often married very respectably, long declined doing so. Perhaps he was unwilling to wed out of the family, or he might have recoiled from the perils of matrimony as exhibited in some households of my happy family. He was, however, caught at last, carried away captive by the charms of a turtle dove, with whom for a time he lived in the utmost harmony. But every union, no matter how happy, has, I suppose, its cloudy days. Mr. and Mrs. Starling had, but it is a fact, whether believed or not, that madam, the gentle, amiable turtle dove was a hundred times more quarrelsome than her husband, who bore her infirmities with great patience. Often when he sidled up affectionately to her she would reward his advances by a sudden flap with her wing, which sent him to the ground, and it was very seldom, not more than three or four times during their married life to my knowledge that he replied to such salutation by a poke with his beak. One day the dove had flown under some excitement out of her dormitory to a corner of the room where she sat sulking, with swollen feathers. There had evidently been a marital dispute. In about twenty minutes the starling, touched with remorse for his part in the matrimonial fray, flew down to her and tried to make friends by a few gentle pushes, but that not succeeding, expressed his sorrow and repentance by bending his head under his wing and standing meekly by her side, addressing her from time to time in the softest, kindest plaints for forgiveness. He would not, I believe, have long outlived her, but she has been a widow quite six months, and does not appear to grieve for her loss. My present starling is a bachelor, and will, I hope, have the resolution to continue so.

Among other birds love played a distinguished part. Two bulfinches quarrelled about the same lady, and a fight ensued. One of the duellists was left dead upon the field, and the other, blinded by the wounds he had received, drooped and died. And these had been the best of friends previously.

A pair of thrushes were an example of how wood birds may live in comparative confinement when their natural life is not crushed out of them by straitened captivity. Their wedded state, if not a very model one, was yet a pretty faithful reflex of what is often seen in human life. The male had whistled to his beloved the tenderest strains, songs of love and spring and perennial bliss, and the silly maiden, caught by the melody of his vows, believed him and thought that the golden time of love's young dream would be eternal. She ought to have known better. He early deceived her. Immediately after the affair was settled, and they began to furnish, she laboured without intermission to make up her dowry, and he, the supercilious scamp, sitting idly by the while, watches her complacently. Nay, sometimes in the very blush of the honeymoon he would pay his court to other birds, striving to fascinate them (impudent Lothario that he was), by his bewitching power of song. And the most anxious part in this place of bird-world is that the blackbird appeared to play the part of

monitor or policeman, and warn the offender off under penalties. This is an absolute fact, which all who keep happy families of birds will readily endorse.

It is true that after the young pair had furnished their house (a nice nest on the branch of one of the fir-trees), the honeymoon passed off very well, but presently domestic jars broke out. The husband was not content with the household arrangements. The wife vindicated her mode of management, words of defiance were hurled at each other, and sometimes from words they came to blows, the wife generally coming to grief. But the blackbird always came to the rescue, and without uttering a note of warning rushed swift as an arrow between the combatants, and sent the wife-beater to the right about. Is the blackbird a sort of *cavaliero servente* to the female thrush, the merle a guardian over the morals of the mavis.

The Mars of birds is the robin, and mine (I had two) were the most daring, sauciest villains of the company. By dint of sheer impudence and pluck the eldest raised himself to position of quite unmerited pre-eminence. No other bird, not even the starling, dared show himself at feeding time on the board where he used to take food from my hand. He lived to be old and bald-headed.

Titmice, which are somewhat smaller than robins, are even more lively and vivacious, but not at all so fiercely pugnacious. So shy and wild are they that it is only with great difficulty they can be reared. They are capricious in their tastes. Sometimes they will only eat meal worms, then only ants' eggs, then they will become exceptionally dainty, and only spiders will please their palates. They are a most unsociable bird, and always keep by themselves, flying away terrified if a stranger approaches them. Robin, taking a mean advantage of their panic fears, has robbed them of many a worm.

By far the most beautiful member of my bird family was a hybrid of a goldfinch and a canary. Monarch of the finch species, he plays the part of a despot, strutting in the fine crown which he inherited from his mother. He has the lion's share of everything, and none dare come near a salad leaf, a pear, a plum, or an apple till he has had his fill, always excepting his wife, the canary, with whom he lived in conjugal felicity for three years. Now they are a model couple. They take wing together, remain together all day, and, indeed, the canary wife seems to be overwhelmed with her uxorious husband's delicate attentions. Woe be to the goldfinch who should dare to venture into the presence of his wife. If one but flies past obtrusively near, he is after him with fierce curse. The impudent finch, compelled to inglorious flight, the triumphant husband returns to his charming wife, and gives her looks of love which she returns with praise and compliments. It is not because older bald-headed birds have not yet had time or inclination to compile a dictionary that they do not understand each other's language. To suppose so would be a great ornithological mistake.

With the raven I shall end these sketches. This gentleman had once the ambition to rival the starling in polite behaviour and genteel accomplishments. He failed egregiously, but is nevertheless, a marvellously clever rascal. His faculty of imitation is truly remarkable. He will imitate the cry of a cross, restless child, and create a chorus of discord throughout the house. He is a most adroit thief, seizing the first thing

he can find and hiding it in some hole or corner. But his mischievous waggery is most displayed in his treatment of a small and rather mild house dog. If a plate of fragments is set before the dog, he, taught by bitter experience, first looks anxiously round to see if the raven intends to dispute the feast with him. The latter will sometimes affect perfect indifference. Poor Carlo steals towards the dish, and is beginning to eat in fear and trembling, when up springs master raven, beats him off, and falls upon the feast himself. Poor raven's fate overtook him in the form of a neighbour's brood hen, who, apprehending danger from him to her chickens, flew at him, and before he could be rescued handled him so roughly that he drooped and died.

These anecdotes could be multiplied, but enough has, perhaps, been said to show that a bird-room is an epitome of the world in which passions which agitate, demoralize, or elevate mankind may be found in their undeveloped forms.

If any of my readers, who have leisure and taste for such an undertaking, should think of forming a bird family, even on a limited scale, I may give them a word of warning. They will find the task no easy one, although the outlay of time and patience will be repaid in the end. The one essential point is this: every act deserving of punishment must promptly meet with it. This can be done by confining the offender in a cage and letting him fast for one or two meals, whilst the other members of the family are feeding. One lesson—at most, two—will suffice.

J. H. V.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

The simple and at the same time, difficult aim of the critic should be, to tell the truth. He should be neither a hypocrite or a liar. If he allows himself to be prejudiced by personal feelings, or becomes the tool of any class or any clique, he would be more useful to the community if he were floating in the stagnant waters of a used-up quarry, with his lifeless eyes turned towards the eternal stars. Yet the commercial interests which haunt the lives of editors and newspaper proprietors forces them to shackle and gag their critics to a degree which makes the opinions of these writers practically useless to the public. The word is sent round to the staff, to write in a manner "to please everybody," and the result is the complete and wholesale degradation of the Press.

The writers, instead of being honest and conscientious leaders of public opinion, are dragged like slaves behind the wheels of the great Juggernaut chariot of the Advertising Idol before whom the editors and proprietors daily and hourly prostrate themselves. We are aware that most of the musical and dramatic critics on the Dublin press, are clever and cultivated men; and we object to the shameless custom which renders them merely mechanical instruments for the increase of the half-yearly dividends. We will not, at present, discuss this process of demoralization through all its branches. It has worked incalculable mischief. It has forced the critic into a stereotyped form of criticism which has flooded the world of art with conceited mediocrity; making Mr. A. who "sang with his usual ability" and Miss B. who "performed this difficult piece with considerable display of execution," look upon themselves as artists of the first rank. The press of this country is worked on a misconception. "Don't make

enemies of our advertisers" is the golden rule of the proprietors. "Tell the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth" is the better motto which we venture to suggest to the Association of Irish Journalists.

It must have been obvious for years to the public journalist, that the Council of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, were men guilty of a most flagrant failure. Yet, lest they might for one moment disturb the serene trance of self-satisfaction of their thirty-three "influential" gentlemen, not a single paper ventured to speak the truth about them. In other words, to please thirty-three citizens, the public journals have betrayed the trust of the entire community. We are far enough behind the march of the civilized nations, already; but if we go on much longer, cultivating the disgusting art of mutual adulation, we shall soon drop out of the ranks altogether, and become merely camp-followers to the main army.

The intelligent reader studying the daily critiques on the last Academy Concert must have observed that they were prompted not by the love of progressive art, but the commercial interests of the several journals.

From a pictorial aspect nothing could be more satisfactory than the crowded tiers of young ladies attired in white with green sashes, interspersed with a few gentlemen in evening clothes, massed to the roof on the orchestral platform of the Royal University. The entire view, though suggesting a sprinkling of pepper in a great deal of salt, was, to some extent, a successful demonstration of the numerical resources of the Academy. To those members of the Dublin Musical Society who assisted in the chorus, and the artists from the Gaiety and the Star Music Hall who helped the band, we ascribe the best intentions, but, at the same time, when we attend an Academy concert we prefer listening to the pupils rather than outsiders. Nothing would afford us more pleasure than to assist the Academy out of the mire in which the present Council have deposited it; and it is with extreme regret that we point to the paucity of vocalists at this concert. From all that pictorial assemblage of pupils, only two girls appeared to demonstrate the power of the Academy as a school for voices. Miss Connolly has a fairly pleasant voice, and seems to have a clear conception of her work; but Miss Coghlan sung through several pages of *La Favorita*, like a young lady dutifully repeating the responses in Church. Out of a programme of sixteen items there were only two vocal solos. The violin class consists, apparently, of six or eight young persons who perform indifferently well. As for the orchestra, how many of its members were professionals, and how many pupils? To stuff the chorus with outsiders and the orchestral band with professionals is an act of the coolest swindling; a deliberate insult to the intelligence of the public. The instrumental soloists deserve the warmest praise.

The Misses Bloom, McClean, Hopkins, Hogg, Goulding, Stirling, Scarff, and Gerty merited every applause, which we are happy to say, they received. At the next concert we shall anxiously await the appearance of more than two vocal soloists. The burden laid on the shoulders of the new members of the Council is to devise new schemes and new methods to revivify the now almost defunct art of vocalism in this country.

DONNYBROOK.

CAPTAIN EVA COSTIN, S.A., AT HOME.

THOSE of our readers who have recently visited the Salvation Army Barracks in what was formerly the Earlsfort Terrace Rink must have noticed amongst the women on the platform a young pale-complexioned girl in the regimental dress and poke bonnet, who occasionally addressed the audiences in peculiarly earnest and persuasive orations. On the first night even the fashionably-dressed savages, who had come to interrupt the meeting, were instinctively silenced before the unassuming presence and gently modulated voice of this young girl. We have no desire to popularise the principles of the Salvation Army, but we do not believe that war-whooping and cock-crowing compose the best intellectual weapons in face of one of the greatest religious movements of this century. No young man, however well-dressed, can persuade us of his moral or mental superiority to the Salvationists by the sheer strength of his lungs. As citizens, the Salvationists have as much right to proclaim their doctrines in the streets and public halls as any other body of the community; and those who attempt to oppose them by physical force demonstrate nothing but their own inability to grasp the primal laws of civilization.

Captain Eva Costin was discovered at home in the house of a certain friend in Harrington Street. It was difficult to realise in the person of the pale, slender young girl who entered the drawingroom, one of the redoubtable captains of the army of Blood and Fire. She has brown hair, blue eyes, and is only twenty years old. In a fashionable circle of life, Captain Eva Costin would be noticeable for her extreme prettiness of face, the sweetness of her manners, an unusual facility for expression of her ideas, and a broad intellectualism singular in one so young.

The frank, straight look of sincerity in her clear blue eyes would dissipate the most deeply rooted suspicion of hypocrisy in the mind of any rational observer. To be in her society a few moments suffices to realise that she is one of those rare enthusiasts who possess the gift of complete self-abnegation, and are devoted to accomplishing the distant task of the moral regeneration of society. She sees this vision, and follows it in her own way, and whatever we may think of her methods, there can be no doubt that she has annihilated all self-desires on the altar of this ethereal dream.

Those who take a narrow view of human character will be surprised to learn that Captain Eva, though a moral enthusiast of the purest type, has a considerable fund of humour; and it will be equally a matter of astonishment to any who look upon religion as a gloomy concern to learn that Captain Costin possesses the happiest of temperaments, and a face which most readily dimples under every ripple of merriment. Yet under her habitual prowess to be amused at the ludicrous side of things, there burns unwaveringly the pure flame of the religious enthusiast.

"I like the life in the Army better than anything on earth," said Captain Costin. "You see all our time is occupied, and we have to write out a report of every hour's work and forward it weekly to headquarters. Oh, we have little time for sighing after worldly amusements, I assure you, even if we were inclined. In the Training Home in London, under Mrs. Booth,

we girls had to scrub the floors and do all the house work, besides the singing and preaching. The rule is to spend about six months in the Training Home, then, if suited, you are made a lieutenant or captain. Yes, I am in command of the Ballymacaratt corps in Belfast; and I am pretty busy from morning to night. Apart from the duties of the corps, I have to visit from house to house. Learn my sermons by heart? Oh, no. I would not have time. I just think very seriously over what I should say, and pray for clearness of ideas. I had always the desire to be of use to my fellow creatures. I joined the Army when I was seventeen, as it seemed to afford me the assistance I required. Yes, we know it is hard to make way in Dublin, but we can only do our best.

Captain Eva Costin frankly afforded whatever information she possessed concerning the Army; but it is necessary to state, in view of the possible displeasure of her official superiors, that she was unaware of the personal form which this article should take.

Her attitude towards the Bureau which controls the Army, is one of the most unquestioning submission, and she is ready at an hour's notice to go to the ends of the earth if commanded. Indeed, the habit of unhesitating and unquestioning obedience inculcated by the Salvation Bureau, is one of its worst characteristics. In this respect its officials cease to be independent human beings, and become merely passive automata; and it is impossible not to start at the thought of the immense power in the hands of General Booth and the Salvation Colonels if they were to use the Army for political purposes, an event by no means impossible in course of time.

But, leaving the future to take care of itself, we must say that if Captain Eva Costin is a typical Salvationist, the Army deserves the warmest praise for creating much sweetness, if little light through society.



DIFFIDENT LOVER—"I know that I am a perfect bear in my manner." She—"Sheep, you mean. Bears hug people—you do nothing but bleat."

STRANGER (to Irish workman on railway)—"Are you working for the contractor of this railway line?" Pat—"No, soir, Oi'm working for the extender av it."

REASONABLE FOR ONCE.—Lady—"There! for the first time your bill is reasonable." Florist (excitedly)—"Quick! Let me see! I must have made a mistake."

SWELL (bad payer):—"That stripe looks well, so does this check. What would you prefer for yourself if you were choosing?" Long-suffering tailor:—"A Cheque."

OVERHEARD between Dublin and Liverpool—Captain to the man at the wheel:—"Another point-a-port, quartermaster." Lady passenger:—"Goodness gracious! that's the second pint of port he has called for within a few minutes. How those captains drink!"

MOTHER—"Now, Gertie, be a good girl, and give Aunt Julia a kiss, and say good-night." "No, no! if I kiss her she'll box my ears, like she did papa's last night."

A BIG dragoon called on a shoe-black for a "shine." Looking at the tremendous boots before him, he called to a brother shiner across the street: "Come over and help, Paddy; I've got an army contract!"

JUDGE—"What a shame for a well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow like you to be arrested for yelling on the street at eleven o'clock at night! What is your profession?" Masher—"Howling swell." Judge—"Ten shillings."

"TEN SHILLINGS," said the judge. "I have no money," said the prisoner. "Ten days" said the judge. Prisoner (struck by a happy thought)—"I haven't got time, judge." But he found he had.

SHE MEANT IT.—"You shouldn't have taken 'No' for an answer so readily, Charley," said his more experienced friend. "Don't you understand that a girl's 'no' often means 'yes'?" "She didn't say 'No,' Jack," responded Charley, utterly without hope, "She said 'Naw.'"

A LADY with a very harsh voice attempted to sing a piece called "The Tempest" at a concert. She made wretched work of it, and a sea-captain who was present said to a fidgety friend: "Don't be alarmed! It isn't a tempest. It's only a squall, and it will soon be over!"

MINISTER (to widow)—"I was at the cemetery to-day, my dear Mrs. Bentley, and I discovered that your husband's grave is quite overgrown with grass." Widow (fetching a sigh):—"Yes, I promised poor John just before he died I would see it was kept green."

"MOTHER," said Miss Clara, "do you think Bobby ought to lounge in that handsome chair?" "Certainly not, Bobby," said his mother reprovingly, "you might break it." "If it's strong enough to hold Clara and Mr. Featherly," argued Bobby, as he slowly slid down, "it ought to be strong enough to hold a little boy."

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer that one day, after having a slight discussion with the Judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage and started to walk off. "Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the Court?" asked the Judge sternly. "No, sir," was the reply; "I am trying to conceal it."

A SUDDEN AT-TACK.—He dropped on his knees at her feet and began the speech he had been so long rehearsing—"Darling love, I hate you—I mean, darling, hate, I love you, no—I mean—" Here his face assumed a livid hue and began to tie itself in hard knots. "What is it—paralysis?" she asked frantically. "No, love," he whispered hoarsely, "I am kneeling on a tack!"

A GENTLEMAN kept the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper:—Monday, rather cloudy: in the afternoon rainy. Tuesday, vapourish; brightened up a little towards evening. Wednesday, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. Thursday, high wind, and some

peals of thunder. Friday, fair in the morning, variable till afternoon, cloudy at night. Saturday, a gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning. Sunday, tempestuous and rainy; towards evening somewhat calmer.

A RADICAL CURE.—"Doctor, I am afflicted with soreness of the throat, which is a great annoyance to me. I sing in the choir, you know." "Yes; I hear you every Sunday." "Can you tell me what I can do that will effect a satisfactory cure?" "Certainly; I can recommend a cure that will be satisfactory to all concerned." "What's that?" "Stop singing."

MR. SIMPSON, passionately—"I love you devotedly, Miss de Brown, but my pecuniary affairs have prevented my making a declaration before. I have put by enough now, however, to feel justified in asking you to become my wife." Miss de Brown, hesitating but sweetly—"I confess that I am not wholly indifferent to you, but—but—" "But what, dear?" "Would you mind telling me how much you have put by?"

A CERTAIN Irish Judge and a parish priest were dining at a friend's house, when the conversation turned on the custom of kissing under the mistletoe. The Judge was appealed to as to the origin of the custom. "Oh," said he, "H. here knows more about that sort of thing than I do!" "Yes," said H.; "but you know, Judge, when you and I went in for that, we did it under the rose."

A PREACHER expatiating on the nature of man, pointed out that one point of distinction between human beings and lower animals consisted in the capacity for progress. "Man," exclaimed the preacher, "is a progressive being; other creatures are stationary. Take, for example, the ass! Always and everywhere it is the same creature; you never have seen and never will see a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment."

EVOLUTION GOES ON.—Visitor (to lunatic asylum a century hence)—"What a beautiful girl!" Superintendent—"Yes, poor thing. She was a great society belle once, the pride of one of the most fashionable circles in the city. Her parents' hearts are almost broken. It is a pity, a great pity, that so lovely a casket should contain such a diseased mind. She is not dangerous; only a monomaniac, but the case seems hopeless." "What is her mania?" "She wants to marry for love."

A FAMOUS musician was spending a short holiday in the country. On the Sunday he went to the parish church and asked the village organist if he would kindly allow him to play while the people were going out. Consent was readily given. But such wonderful and beautiful music did the accomplished stranger bring out of the old-fashioned organ that everybody kept their seats to enjoy it. This vexed the ordinary player, and he rudely pushed the visitor aside, saying, "That kind of playing will never get the people out; I will show you how to do it." So saying, he took his place and began droning away in his usual style. Speedily the congregation rose from their pews and fled. "There," cried he, with a self-satisfied smile, "that is the way to play them out."

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WEEK ENDING 23rd JUNE, 1888.

Frederick the Third, Emperor of Germany, has at length come to the end of his heroic sufferings, and passed to the rest that no roar of battle or mighty strife of nations can disturb. His noble heart and sublime courage sustained him against the awful agony inflicted by lingering disease. He died quietly at Potsdam an hour before noon on the 15th inst., and in face of death, as throughout his life, he proved himself worthy to be ranked among the great soldier Kaisers, against whose heroism death has no sting, the grave no victory.

The hopes that were centred round the German throne are now all shattered. The good man, the Bayard of Emperors, *sans peur et sans reproche*, has been, as it were, revealed only that the curtain may fall upon his unfulfilled mission. In his very death he taught a lesson to the world. An illness borne without complaint; a consciousness of great powers without ability to use them, occupying his mind without causing him one peevish moment; a calm looking for the end; an acceptance of his fate as the will of God—these things, watching by his very bedside, the careless multitude has seen and noted. With him departs all immediate hope of a liberalised Germany; but what is more, with him

departs some of the greatness and the goodness which help to build up and strengthen humanity to the resistance of all that is evil and unworthy, because destructive.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Moore Barrister and Miss Cecil Colles, sister of Lady Ashbourne, and daughter of Mr. Cope Colles, Elgin Road.

The marriage of Marcus Leigh Bridger, Lieutenant Royal Navy, to Amy de Courcy Stretton took place on Wednesday, at St. Laurence's Church, Southampton. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Stretton, and granddaughter of the twenty-eighth Baron Kingsale.

A marriage has been arranged between Major Frederick Tottenham, Royal Fusiliers, eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Robert Tottenham, Annamult, county Kilkenny, and Mabel Caroline, daughter of the late Very Rev. T. Garnier, Dean of Lincoln, and Lady Caroline Garnier. The marriage will take place on the 17th of July, at Guidenham, Norfolk.

Maud, youngest daughter of the late Major Sir Edward Robert Wetherall, C.B., K.C.S.I., Under Secretary of State for Ireland, was married last week to Captain W. H. Raymond, Royal Irish Rifles, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. The bride wore a dress of white satin, the front being draped with embroidered crepe de chine, trimmed with orange blossoms, myrtle, and jasmine; also a tulle veil. The bridesmaids were attired in cream-coloured silk, with Zouave jackets of rifle green moire, trimmed with silver lace, and they wore hats of cream straw, trimmed with green moire ribbon and pink roses. The newly-married pair subsequently left for Gloucestershire. The bride's travelling dress was of gray cashmere and white moire trimmed with steel, and hat to match.

The marriage of Mr. C. C. Wellesley with Miss C. J. Humphreys, second daughter of T. W. D. Humphreys, Esq., of Donaghmore House, was celebrated at the church of Castlefin, North of Ireland, on Wednesday, last week. The bride was attired in a dress consisting of a tablier of handsome old point and train, with bodice of rich moire; also a veil of rich Honiton lace. The bridesmaids, nine in number, wore

white muslin dresses, richly embroidered, with jacket bodices and silk vests. The bride and bridegroom afterwards left for Belfast. The bride's travelling dress was of dark blue serge, with a white sash and vest to correspond, and a hat embellished with blue tulle and corn blossoms. Among the guests were the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis of Hamilton, Sir Samuel and Lady Hayes, etc.

Lord and Lady Ardilaun gave a garden party at St. Anne's, Clontarf, on Wednesday. Some of the *elite* of Dublin were present, and many of the rural inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The grounds and picturesque views of that attractive place looked to great advantage; but cold showers in the morning and afternoon had caused some damage to the beautiful flower beds.

The Bishop of Derry and Mrs. Alexander have left the Palace, Derry, for London.

Mr. and Mrs. John Olphert and Miss Olphert have left 4 Lower Fitzwilliam Street for their residence, St. John's, where they will pass the summer.

The Archbishop of Dublin and Lady Plunket have left Old Connaught, Bray, for a short visit to London.

The widow of the well-known Irish composer, Michael Balfe, who died on Friday last at Kensington, after a brief illness, was Hungarian by birth. As Lina Rosa she appeared as prima donna at Milan in 1831, along with Malibran, Rubini, and other famous artistes.

The death is announced at Cannes of Miss Anne Cavendish Bentinck, daughter of the late Lord Charles Bentinck. She will be missed by a large circle both of Irish and English visitors to Cannes, as well as by many charities of which she has been a generous supporter.

The Countess of Kenmare, who has been for some time past laid up with rheumatic fever at Kenmare House, Killarney, is now rapidly recovering.

Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, has left Ford Castle, Northumberland, for Highcliffe, Hampshire.

* * We have much pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made by which we have secured the sole right of publication of a new and realistic serial novel. Those of our readers who have been entertained for the past six months by the weekly instalments of Miss Braddon's "Fatal Three" will, we are sure, derive as much, if not more, real intellectual pleasure from Edward M'Nulty's new story, entitled "Phantasms of the Streets," in which the scenes are local, the incidents varied and vivid, the interest never flags, and the leading characters are described with a minuteness and detail that gives evidence of no mean ability on the part of the author of this charming story.

* * The opening chapters of "Phantasms of the Streets," will appear in our issue for July 7th, and the publication will continue from week to week. The author of this new story of Dublin life is not unknown to the readers of IRISH SOCIETY. The facility with which he can draw scene after scene, and the gracefulness of his literary style, have no doubt made for him amongst our numerous readers hosts of friends who will not hesitate to give publicity to the announcement that in a few weeks one of the most realistic stories of Dublin life which has yet appeared from the pen of any writer will be commenced in these columns.

* * On Monday all that was mortal of Frederick, German Emperor and King of Prussia, was committed to the grave. With a never failing sense of the fitness of things, the late Emperor felt that the usual pageantry of an Imperial funeral would be a mocking contrast to the ninety-nine days of suffering which comprised his reign. Accordingly, the imposing ceremonies which accompanied the veteran founder of German unity to the tomb were not to be seen. In the little church at Potsdam, in the presence of his near relatives and his late household, the Emperor Frederick was laid to rest, with the solemn service rendered at the grave of every soldier who has done his duty. If his rule as supreme commander was short and nominal, his record of military deeds is long and real. A soldier he lived, and as a soldier he was buried. Whatever laurels have yet to be won by the Princes of his house, they will not easily dim the remembrance of those gained in the early struggles for German unity.

* * The special dispensation for the marriage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Aosta with the Princess Letitia Bonaparte cost £4,000.

* * The Marquis and Marchioness of Donegal have left London for St. Leonard's-on-Sea. On the 11th inst. his lordship attained the age of 89 years. He has been married 67 years.

* * Irish talent has been coming to the front lately. At the Middle Temple the First Scholarship in Equity of one hundred guineas has just been awarded to Mr. Robert J. Doyle, and the Second Scholarship, in real and personal property, of thirty guineas to Mr. J. B. Bond, both Irish law students.

* * Sir Alfred Power, K.C.B., who died recently at his residence, Raglan Road, in his 84th year, was for fifty years employed in the public service as Poor Law Commissioner, Chief Commissioner of Irish Poor Law, and Vice-President of the Local Government Board for Ireland.

He married in 1846 Lucy Anne, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Starkie, Q.C.

* * Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blackburne gave a garden party at their residence, Rathfarnham Castle, on Thursday. The gardens and grounds of that beautifully situated mansion were looking their best, but in the afternoon heavy showers somewhat interrupted the outdoor amusement of the guests.

* * Miss Edith Badham, who distinguished herself in the Cambridge Historical Tripos, is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Leslie Badham, Fenagh, County Carlow.

* * A most interesting work of philanthropy will shortly be inaugurated at Bundoran, by Mrs. Edward Archdale, of Clifton Lodge, as a memorial to her late husband, Colonel Archdale. A Holiday Home for the reception of all classes of women. The management will be under an experienced superintendent. Some rooms will be furnished for those who desire separate accommodation at very moderate charges. This benevolent project originated with Colonel Archdale, and his widow and many personal friends have united to carry it out.

* * The lovely estate of "Rockingham" in the County Roscommon has been left by the late Colonel King-Harman to his widow for her life—then to his only daughter, and to her husband should she marry, on condition that he assumes the family name. The conditions are easy. Two gentlemen are already spoken of as being desirous of altering their surnames. The Longford property will, it is understood go to Col. King-Harman, Royal Artillery.

* * The famous Cutter yacht "Irex," J. Jamieson, Esq., Royal St. George's Yacht Club, arrived in Kingstown on Saturday afternoon, from Southampton, she was shewing three winning flags. This time last year the "Sea Eagle" had only one win to her credit.

* * We are glad to learn that the new Blackrock Baths are doing a good business despite the fact, that the summer is very long coming. On Saturday last, more than six hundred ladies and gentlemen engaged a dip in this well appointed and scrupulously clean bathing place. The promoters cannot, of course, command success, but they deserve it. Those who have not yet paid a visit to the Blackrock swimming baths should do so, now that summer is nigh.

* * It is surely a preposterous state of affairs that causes a wealthy suburb such as Rathmines to possess a modernized Noah's Ark for a Town Hall. By this means the inhabitants are completely debarred during the winter months from holding local entertainments, bazaars, etc. The Commissioners seem bent on forcing the vartry water down the ratepayer's throat by a policy as dilatory as that of the proverbial plumber. It would prove a charming change if they could see their way to supplying a popular want instead.

* * A correspondent states that the amateur circus is now all the rage in Parisian society. The performers are reported to include several of the noblest, as far as lineage goes, in the gay city. We suspect the demi-monde is freely represented.

The death, in the prime of a vigorous manhood, of Colonel King-Harman, M.P., has removed from the scene of political turmoil the last, with one exception, Army Officer who commenced Parliamentary life under the banner of Home Rule as interpreted by the followers of Mr. Isaac Butt.

* * Colonel Nolan alone now represents the band of the Queen's officers, with whom, some years back, were Colonel the Honourable Charles White, Major O'Gorman, Capt. Stackpool, Capt. O'Shea, and Colonel King-Harman. Col. White quitted the party and retired from political life; Capt. Stackpool died; and Capt. O'Shea's opinions and those of Major O'Gorman were considered not sufficiently advanced to justify their re-election after the last dissolution. All these gentlemen were men of position and landed property in the counties they represented, and Colonel Nolan is the only military representative of a constituency which can forgive such a crime.

* * The list of names of members of the Royal Commission on National Defences has just been published. Amongst the distinguished men are Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. I. H. Ismay, of Liverpool; Mr. W. H. Smith, and General Brackenbury. Lord Hartington will be President.

* * Mrs. Bernard-Beere is contemplating a visit to the United States, which has not yet, we believe, been finally decided upon. A journey across the Atlantic is regarded as necessary to the eminence of all our actresses. No performance on the stage is satisfied without this *cachet*. The States are regarded as the gold mine alike of the comedy and the strong dramatic artist. Mrs. Bernard-Beere ought to have a great success across the Atlantic, for she is undoubtedly the English Sarah Bernhardt.

* * Kingstown is still practically empty. The season has not commenced it is said—when will it? The present attractions of the premier township consist of a walk on the East Pier, and a band on the same two days in the week.

* * Boatmen charge prohibitive prices for "a nice light boat for an hour;" and it costs a good penny to go far on an outsider; and even the tram car to Dalkey has raised the fare, to induce the people to travel, we presume. When will boatmen, carmen, tramway companies, learn that the best way to prevent traffic is to charge too high? We fear never in Kingstown. *Auri sacri fames* seems to have too great a hold on all classes.

* * A West of England journal tells us that a certain gentleman who came to London without a shirt to his back has managed to accumulate a quarter of a million. It's our opinion that he will never live to wear them out.

* * We referred last week to the approaching issue of the book of the season, "The Irish Times' Tours in Ireland," and we have much pleasure in stating that the work is now available at the bookshops and railway stands in all parts of the country. It is a crown octavo, containing 230 pages beautifully illustrated, the letter press being copiously interspersed with pictorial initial letters. It is marvellous how so much interesting matter can be produced for a shilling, and

in addition to this the style of the book is most artistic, the frontispiece giving a prettily-designed view of scenery in wild Donegal.

Its clever author is a well-known member of the Dublin Press, whose facile pen invariably adorns every subject which it touches. He has made his mark already in the world of literature, and is destined to achieve still greater things in this direction; but meantime his intensely interesting and graphic "Tours in Ireland" may be recommended to both the travelling and the stay-at-home public as highly vivid and attractive narratives of journeys through some of the most enchanting scenery to be found in any country in the world.

The Jersey Lily will flourish in California from henceforth. The excellent facilities afforded by the Californian divorce laws have tempted her to this decision. The last time Mrs. Langtry visited this city she caused considerable excitement by walking up Palmerston Road attended by a black servant in gorgeous apparel.

The Irish-bred colt, Shillelagh, winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot last week, has been sold by Captain Machell for 5,000 guineas. This looks as if the Green Isle is still capable of producing horses of the very highest classes. Ashplant, another Hibernian equine, was also a winner of an important race on the Royal Heath.

The Lucan season is about commencing, and those interested in the prosperity of that beautiful little town are bestirring themselves actively to provide all sorts of attractions for visitors. Apart from the natural beauties of the place and the medicinal spas, special features will be found in the accommodation provided in the newly-opened and comfortably-prepared hotel, while military and other bands will render these pleasant summer afternoons and evenings specially agreeable and enjoyable. The steam tram service from Parkgate-street is very handy, but doubtless many will patronise the Broadstone route with a pleasant walk of a mile and a half from the Lucan station to the town.

Cross-channel business people deserve credit in a general way for their attention to everything that will likely draw the public and pay. We have now in operation an extensive system of cheap circular tours from Sillioth and Douglas to Connemara and the West of Ireland, and during the summer and early autumn months a large stream of traffic is certain to come to Ireland from the North of England and the Isle of Man in connection with these tours.

What in the name of all that's wonderful can have come over the frequenters of our beautiful Botanic Gardens that they will continue to deny themselves the pleasure of a military band on at least one evening in the week during this splendid summer weather? It is on record that some four or five weeks ago, through the exertions of a few gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood of the Gardens, a band was provided, which attracted vast numbers of ladies and gentlemen as well as children, who enjoyed the music and the promenade immensely. The expense, we believe, was a matter of a few pounds.

It could not, however, be expected that the gentlemen who went to the trouble of originating these musical promenades would continue to

pay out of their own pockets for the enjoyment of the general public attending the Gardens on those special occasions, and it may be mentioned that the band *reunions* were largely attended by residents of the Southern parts of the city and the suburbs on that side. Nothing could be fairer than that a subscription list should be provided, guaranteeing the slight cost of the band on one evening of the week, but this was not forthcoming, and the music was discontinued.

We believe it was suggested that a box for the reception of subscriptions, small or large, to meet the expense of the band, from parties attending the Gardens, should be placed somewhere in the neighbourhood, and we have heard it stated, though we cannot vouch for its accuracy, that on the first occasion the receipts proved to be less than two shillings, while on the occasion in question more than five thousand individuals, most of them of a good class, visited the grounds and enjoyed the music.

This was particularly shabby, and reflects the reverse of credit on the would-be genteels who love to lounge about and enjoy at other people's expense music for which they should pay their fair proportion of the cost. It is a pity that such individuals could not be entirely excluded from the Gardens, as they would certainly be, by the levying of a charge for admission. Persons of this mean class are never found in the Zoo on a Thursday when a military band performs there, though the *genus* is occasionally encountered along the boundary wall in the Park on such occasions listening to the musical strains which cost him nothing, and for which he could not be prevailed upon to pay.

After a somewhat prolonged absence the clock has returned to Westland Row Station, apparently quite convalescent. Indeed, it looks years younger than four short weeks ago. There is an air of freshness and youth about it—the hands seem strong as ever—none of that nervous falling about so unpleasant to witness, before its late illness came on and they were unable to do their duty. It is to be hoped, however, that the rejuvenated clock will not do too much now that it feels so well and strong. There is no occasion for it to try and make up for lost time—in its sickness it is true it went slow, let it not in health go too fast. It must long years ago have sown its wild oats—forgot the fleeting hours, counted them as moments—there must be no second crop of obliviousness of time—rather let it show in its mature years that it is, what it ought to be, what the public would like to see it, what those who first made it to "tick" would wish it to be "steady and reliable."

Children in arms will learn with a sense of great satisfaction that the *Lancet* solemnly condemns the use of the mustard plaster as a mode of punishment for juvenile offenders. The *Lancet* points out with truth that a mustard plaster on the back makes its victim an invalid, and expresses its medical opinion that this is not justified in the interests of discipline. From the serious tone adopted by the chief journalistic authority on subjects connected with health, we presume that in some classes of the community, or in some quarter of the globe, blisters have been raised in the interests of education. If this be so it is to be hoped that professional opinion will discourage the barbarous practice.

Punishment at school sometimes went by the name of "getting it hot." It was also called "pepper;" but the idea of punishment by mustard plaster is a decided novelty.

Among the obituary notices of a country paper appeared the following.—"Mr. —, of —, aged seventy-nine, passed peacefully away, on Tuesday morning last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short but sudden attack of Mrs. —, a blooming widow of thirty-five.

The betting fiend has now obtained an entrance to certain Dublin Lawn Tennis Clubs. The sooner this pernicious habit is quashed the better for the purity of the game. At present the bookmakers find easy prey in the numerous unfledged goslings who are always to be found in suburban circles.

A good story comes from the Phoenix Park. It appears that, unknown to each other, two young Constabulary Cadets were engaged in night patrol at the Viceregal Lodge. It was a foggy evening when the first youthful commander was startled by observing a body of suspicious-looking individuals, armed with rifles, stealing across the plantation. Being in ignorance of their numerical proportions he directed his squad to lie flat on the ground till a favourable moment for a seizure should arrive. The enemy halted and adopted the same tactics. When the mist lifted two bodies of Constabulary were observed, each waiting to capture the other. Neither of the strategic Napoleons applied for medals for active service.

We are gratified to observe that the Dublin Tramway's Co. now place a spare car at the termination of their various lines, thus enabling their employees to enjoy a well earned meal in solitude. While on this subject we must be pardoned if we enquire whether the Palmerston Park Tramways were built after the model of cradles so pronounced is their swaying motion.

This week we give prominence to the request of a number of Rathmines and Rathgar folk who wish for an omnibus or long car to run during the summer months from the vicinity to the seaside. Here is an opportunity offered to the proprietors of the famous Blessington "machine" which will soon be laid on the shelf owing to the steam tram communication. With the first-class facilities now offered by the Merion and Blackrock Baths the venture ought to succeed.

Dundrum is probably the sleepest and most snobbish little spot near Dublin. The residents seem to pass their time in sublime self-appreciation. For example, the Lawn Tennis Club which possesses the best of Irish players never or at least very seldom engages in contests with other clubs. Why!

Mr. W. J. Lane, M.P., was passing down one of the quays at Cork, when he observed two children fall into the River Lee. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped in to their assistance, and, though the current was strong he succeeded in bringing the children safely to shore. The Member for Cork County is a man of the right sort.

A gentleman who has made a study of the eye says, for the benefit of the people who have to earn a livelihood with the pen: "Never write on white paper if you can get yellow paper. A sheet of card of the same shade, placed on the wall over the desk, will assist in giving the eye rest, and this will facilitate the work." He has made this suggestion to many, and in each case has received the thanks of those who have been benefited by it. It is simple, and does not, we think, require any philosophy to prove it.

Artists' models have been a fertile theme of much acrimonious and sanctimonious discussion lately. The life of a model is a hard one, surrounded by much physical pain and danger. Those employed by Mr. Frith appear often to have furnished him with curious experiences, and he gives some very strange incidents to show that the career of these people is not as easy as it looks. "Artists know (he says) how constantly persons unaccustomed to sitting, or rather standing, in the fatiguing attitudes required, are attacked by fainting fits so suddenly as to require a constant look-out on the part of the painter for the premonitory symptoms that he knows so well. A deadly pallor overspreads the face; the lips become colourless; and unless a change of attitude is afforded at once, the model falls to the floor, and work is over for the day. I have known soldiers, boxers, and the like—powerful-looking men—unable to endure the strain of standing still in one position—though the action may be simple and easy enough—for a quarter of an hour without sensations which they declare they have never felt before. In one of my friend's studies, a girl fell into a stove and disfigured herself for life." This slight insight into the peculiar hardships of a model's life may help us to think more sympathetically of this much suspected and hard worked class of useful men and women.

The poor shop-girls of Dublin are also deserving of the keenest sympathy. Their lot is a tedious, and at times heart-breaking one. The constant strain of standing behind a counter from nine in the morning until six or seven—in some cases to ten and eleven o'clock at night—very often breaks down even the hardest and toughest constitution. There are many shop-keepers in our city who do not provide seats for their assistants, and whose every thought regarding them is summed up in the anticipation of how much money can be made out of them during business hours. We hope in a future issue to have something to say upon this important subject. Meanwhile we shall make all possible inquiries respecting the treatment of shop-girls in Dublin.

Tears, idle tears, let them fall for the unmarried sister-in-law. Another year is like to pass, and no redress will be found for her grievances. Still she sits lamenting her unmarriageable state. Last Wednesday the House of Commons just touched upon the Bill. A majority for it was assured. An amendment to make the brother-in-law also marriageable did not call for serious debate, the brother-in-law being wiser than the sister-in-law, and being in no anxiety to get married to his brother's widow. The promoters of the measure thought that by the avoidance of speech-making they would get to the division. They actually wanted to move the closure before there had been a debate, but

the Speaker would not have it. Then arose the slow, solemn, tall, cypress-like Mr. Talbot. From his accents one would have imagined that he was discussing a funeral rather than a marriage; and, indeed, a funeral it proved to be, for his oration put an end to the Bill for the year 1888.

London is to have a new opera house. Mr. Carl Rosa has made arrangements for building one, and it is to be somewhere to the north of Trafalgar Square. Lord Dudley's house in the Haymarket having failed to recommend itself as an opera house, and being just now on the eve of translation into a music hall, Covent Garden remains the only theatre devoted entirely to the lyric stage. Mr. Carl Rosa's house will not be, I understand, as large as Carden, nor as costly as Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, but it will be specially designed for opera.

It is a significant fact that in London last year 32 deaths occurred from starvation. Eleven of them took place in the central division of Middlesex, but none of them, it is solemnly recorded, occurred in the Queen's Household. Some of them came to be aged men and women over 75, and most of the cases were those of people who had passed the prime of life. But none of them ought to have occurred. They are evidence of the imperfectness of our system.

The Royal University of Ireland is adding to the number of its degrees. The last warrant issued enables it to confer the degree of Bachelor of Surgery, with the right of affixing to the name the letters B.Ch., and of Bachelor of Obstetrics, with the letters B.O. In sanitary science a special diploma is to be permitted. The Royal University of Ireland, has, however, still to give high value to the degrees it confers.

It is expected that in a few days the new steam tramway line to Blessington will be opened for traffic, and by this route one of the loveliest districts in Ireland will be opened up to the tourist, and, what is, perhaps, of more importance to the revenue of the company, the citizens of Dublin will have the opportunity of patronising it largely, which they are certain to do in this delightful summer weather.

The new line has its junction on this side with the Dublin Tramways Company's terminus at Terenure, and runs through a delightful region, amply supplied with woodland and water scenery nearly all the way to Blessington. Running as it does near to Punchestown, the steam tram will form an agreeable route for visitors from the city and the district which it traverses to the great steeple chase carnival of Kildare and Ireland.

The rolling-stock has been largely provided in England, but that is a misfortune for which the directors of the new line are in no sense blameable, as it was simply impossible to have the work done in Ireland. That, however, is a misfortune which can and should be remedied in the good days coming when our native industries of all kinds will be revived and developed. There are many among our artisan classes who, doubtless, are ready to reproach the directors with want of patriotism in sending such large orders as those involved in the supply of engines and carriages for Irish lines; but these re-

proaches, if any, must disappear when the true facts of the case are considered.

The Dublin United Tramways Company build all their own rolling-stock in their well-appointed works at Inchicore, but while they are able to do this, as well as to effect all the necessary repairs to their big stock of working tram-cars, they are not in a position to undertake new work for other Companies. They have done and are doing a great deal for an important branch of industry in Ireland, and deserve all the credit that can be given to them for their enterprise and public spirit in this respect; and it is not unlikely that for their own requirements alone their extensive works at Inchicore will shortly require to undergo extension.

Meantime, what is to be done to keep these large orders at home? We remember seeing it suggested some years ago, before the Inchicore works were in full form, and at a time when the Dublin Tramways Company got some vehicles built in England, that the ordinary carriage-builders of the city, who were at the time complaining loudly of a terrible condition of dulness in their trade, and were actually discharging numbers of their workmen, should get an opportunity of building these cars; but if our recollection serve us correctly, they, or some of them, intimated their inability to do the class of work required, and that put an end to all agitation on the subject.

It was revived again a couple of years ago, when the directors of the Midland Great Western Railway, in preparation for the accelerated mail contract, which is now in force, required a number of carriages for that service which the Broadstone people were unable to turn out in time. Their chairman, Sir Ralph Cusack, anxious to keep the order at home, put himself in communication with the carriage building trade in Dublin, with the result that the order could not be taken on here, and the directors were accordingly reluctantly obliged to send it off to England, where it was promptly carried out.

Doubtless the Blessington Company will soon have their own works in full swing, giving large employment in a special class of work, and promoting the prosperity of numbers of skilled artisans in our own country. As these steam and other tramways extend in Ireland new industrial establishments in connection with them will necessarily spring into existence, and with this object, if for no other, we should all look with particular favour on their development in all the provinces in Ireland.

Miss Ethel Sharpe, the young Dublin pianist, played last week at Mrs. Franklin Taylor's "At Home" before the following distinguished musicians: Sir George Groves (Director of Royal College of Music), Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Madame Nordica. When will pupils of the Irish Academy be fit for such an audience?

Macbeth is the forthcoming Shakesperian production at the Lyceum, with Henry Irving in the title role. Special music will be supplied by Sir Arthur Sullivan. It is to be regretted that the great tragedian's voice seemed to be failing somewhat when we heard him a few weeks ago in London.

The sad death of the German Emperor will be much felt in the upper circles in Dublin, in connection with some Garden festivities which were said to be in preparation by their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry on their return to the Viceregal Lodge. It is a curious coincidence that the death of the old Emperor of Germany also interfered with festivities here, St. Patrick's Ball being postponed in consequence of that event.

The English Court will go into mourning for probably seven weeks, and that example will, no doubt, be followed here; so that the summer will unfortunately be well spent before Court parties can be given in Dublin. This is hard on the ladies, and distressing to *modistes*, but there is no help for it, and both parties must bear the deprivation with what patience they can summon to their aid.

This may be regarded as the first week in which our own Exhibition at Olympia is really in the position of being regarded as a complete Show, and it will afford everybody in Ireland the greatest satisfaction to know that it is now in full swing. The attendance daily is enormous, and it is particularly gratifying to know that business in the various avenues and galleries is such as to delight the hearts of those who have goods to dispose of, and who are just now enjoying the benefits of a ready-money market such as they have never known before.

Since the opening day we have had three excursions from Dublin to London, all of them being well patronised by those of our citizens who are tourists and travellers, but for so far no movement of any importance has taken place from the provinces in the direction of Olympia. This requires explanation on the part of the Irish railway companies, as if cheap booking facilities were offered by them, thousands of visitors would avail themselves of the opportunity, benefitting at the same time both themselves and the shareholders of the several lines, as well as the cross-Channel steamship companies.

Messrs. Gaze have had two remarkably attractive excursions, so far as fares were concerned, and large parties of ladies and gentlemen, as well as a good many artisans of the better class, travelled by them, the route being *via* Holyhead. Messrs. Cook's trips go by the City of Dublin Company's steamers to Liverpool, and thence by the Midland line to London, the run from that city occupying only four hours, and by both routes the utmost satisfaction has been given to the parties who travelled by them.

There is some talk of a weekly excursion from Dublin to London while the Exhibition at Olympia continues; and there should be no difficulty whatever in arranging for one to start on each Friday or Saturday, which is a more convenient time generally for parties starting on holiday tours than the beginning or the middle of the week. This might be done by Messrs. Gaze and Cook running one each on every alternate week at the cheap fares now offered. The project would pay.

The Drogheda Steampacket Company deserve great credit for having so promptly acted on the excursion idea. They are fortunate, however, in the possession of a capital business

secretary in the person of Mr. Archer, who has almost completed his arrangements for an attractive excursion from Drogheda to London by way of Liverpool. The first trip will be made on the 4th of July, and we venture to think that it will be a large and successful one.

Tourists from Dublin leaving Amiens Street at five p.m. on the evening of that day will be whirled down to Drogheda in an hour, and fifteen minutes afterwards will be on board the "Kathleen Mavourneen," or one of the other fine steamers of the Company, making the journey across channel usually in eight hours. A good night's sleep will be an excellent preparation for a four hours' run next morning from Lime Street to London, the great metropolis being reached only in the afternoon in time for an examination of Olympia.

The Handel Festival will take place at the Crystal Palace on the 22nd, 25th, 27th, and 29th inst., and by several of the routes visitors are afforded special privileges in the matter of admission to the Palace on these great musical occasions. Large numbers from this side will be drawn to London in connection with the Festival, at which the most eminent vocalists and instrumentalists in the profession will assist.

The summer burglary season is now in full swing. People cannot be brought by the misfortunes of others to understand that to go away for a holiday and leave their houses empty and unprotected during their absence is a very questionable proceeding in these days of advanced civilization. The consummate audacity of the burglar fraternity is increasing, and the old-time precautions which were considered essential by the contemporaries of some of the gentlemen in "Oliver Twist" seem to be altogether useless and uncalled for now.

The London burglars some time ago had the cool effrontery, in the absence of money, plate, or jewellery, to bring vans to the doors of the houses of several well-known gentlemen, and calmly removed the pick of the furniture in broad daylight. We have not yet been treated to a specimen of this acme of house-breaking perfection, but the knights of the jemmy and bludgeon who frequent the suburbs of Dublin require sharp watching, whilst householders cannot be too particular as to the manner in which they leave their houses when they are left uninhabited.

It is just sixteen years ago since Charles Lever, the novelist, died. His works at one time were very popular, and even yet the adventures of Harry Lorrequer, Charles O'Malley, and Jack Hinton delight thousands of readers. That individual has a poor sense of enjoyment who can read Lever's humorous descriptions of the fun and frolic of Irish life without giving way occasionally to hearty laughter. There is such rapidity of movement and joyous audacity in Lever's dashing heroes, and such a fecundity of invention on the part of the author, as sometimes works up a perfect overflow of humorous incidents.

We are now reminded by a contemporary that Lever's powers of description and facility of composition certainly entitle him to hold a permanent place in literature. He seemed to write as if there was no such thing as sorrow in

the world, and mundane existence a mere round of pleasure.

The women are coming to the front more than ever in France. They are not only *jolies mondaines*, who set the fashions and are miracles of "make-up," but they are pushing their way everywhere among the males. There are lady doctors, lady stockbrokers, lady reporters, and, recently, a lady defended her father in a law court with acumen worthy of an ancient forensic hand. Now the Sorbonne has awarded for the first time to a woman a diploma of Doctor of Sciences. The recipient of this honour is a modest young lady named Mademoiselle Leblois, daughter of a Strasbourg pastor, and she is described as a veritable prodigy of learning, intimate to familiarity with the Differential Calculus.

There seems to be no end to the avenues opening up to women in which their varied abilities and talents are finding scope. Mrs. Shaw, the American whistler, whose services are so much in request London drawing-rooms, gets £20 a-night, for which sum she whistles thrice. She is good-looking, and began her whistling at ten months. She has children whom she does not lullaby, but whistles to sleep. "Do not pucker," she said to a lady friend who whistles Scotch airs to perfection as to sound, and to honour as to appearance, and "try to whistle in, not out, and not upon an empty stomach, nor upon stimulants."

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has an income of £200,000 a year, and—is constantly in debt. She intends in the near future to pay her first visit to England.

Now and again we hear and read of instances of noble self-sacrifice that serve as an example and stimulus to those who may be placed in positions where a considerable amount of self-abnegation is necessary. The latest case of which we have read is that of a humble curate, residing in a remote village in England. A poor woman was removed to hospital suffering from smallpox, and as the husband, a joiner, who had caught the infection, had already been removed there, three little children, one an infant at the breast, had to be left in the house. The neighbours were afraid to venture near them, but the Rev. Mr. Keene, hearing of the sad case, went and prepared the little ones' food, washed and got them to bed, and stayed with them the whole night. A case like this is well worth recording.

A breach of promise is an oasis in the arid legal desert; there is nearly always some fun to be got out of it. Quite recently a jury was called upon to decide what the difference was between two persons (of different sexes) "keeping company" and being "engaged lovers"—and this in the case of a defendant who denied that he had asked the plaintiff to be his wife, but admitted that he had promised to marry her. Taken in conjunction with his admission that he had "put a lot of dots after a postscript, but declined to say what the dots meant"—which is as mysterious as "that blessed word Mesopotamia"—perhaps the explanation of the matter is that the gentleman is "dotty." The jury, simple-minded folk, seem to think that the promise to marry was—a promise to marry, and the lady got her verdict.

We are glad to observe that at the present time Dublin is pretty liberally supplied with American and English tourists who are exploring with much interest the numerous attractions in the city and suburbs. The Irish jaunting-car is coming in for a large share of patronage, and to do our local Larry Doolins justice they seem to be perfectly satisfied with the generosity of the strangers. This, at any rate, means that they are paid the full amount of their statutable fares. County Wicklow is getting the visitors in regular order, whence they usually return to Dublin and take the Midland line in the direction of Connemara. It is stated that Ireland will have at least a couple of thousand American tourists in the month of July. They will be all very welcome.

Bray is now most inviting, the esplanade is in capital condition, and the salt sea breeze mingling with the scent of roses secures for this charming seaside resort the first claim upon those who can afford the time and money to spend an evening or two there each week. Bray is particularly suited for children, and those who can take their families for a month or two out of the city into the purer and healthier atmosphere of Bray, will be well repaid by the renewed and invigorated health with which they will return. There are a few drawbacks, however, to Bray, and we intend to write unsparingly against those individuals who, by their greed of gain each season, do their utmost to ruin a rising and deserving township.

The carmen are particularly guilty in this respect. An esteemed correspondent has asked us to enlighten our readers as to the illegitimate charges which these men are in the habit of demanding whenever strangers engage them. Our correspondent states that on Sunday last the carman who engaged to drive him to the Dargle for 2/- stopped just outside Lord Monck's gate, and refused to go further, stating that he had fulfilled his contract. Two shillings for a short drive of one mile and a quarter is enough to disgust the most extravagant individual, let alone a man with a family who has to look upon each side of a shilling before parting with it. Visitors to Bray should take a note of the fact that the rate per mile is 8d., and that the charge for four persons on a car to the Dargle is 6d. each. Also that the drive does not end at the gate of Lord Monck's demesne, but right up at the top of the avenue, where the scenery is surpassingly lovely. We should advise the carmen of Bray to take a lesson from honest Tom the Fiddler, whose principles of equity and justice are well known to them.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue sends us the following:—Mr. Gabriel Thorpe's annual evening concert took place on Wednesday last week, at Steinway Hall, London, and was very fully attended. Miss Helen D'Alton was the only absentee, and her place was amply filled by Miss Alice Fairman, who sang some of her best songs. Miss Adele Myers was charming in "For you;" Miss Frances Thomas played two clarinet solos, a novelty, but one of an ungraceful sort; Miss Amy Hickling gave songs by Dancla and Ries; Mrs. L'Estrange sang "A Rose Song" with no especial effect; Miss Bertha Moore was delicious in "Sweet and Low"; Miss José Sherrington showed well in Gounod's dreary "Prière," and better in Godard's "Florian" song; the Brothers Cecil

and Fraherne contributed some of their selections by which they have made their names; Mr. Lawrence Kellie sang two of his own compositions; Mr. W. Nicholl's displayed refinement in "There be none of beauty's daughters," charmingly sung, indeed, but made an unwise selection in the two Italian songs in which he accompanied himself; his singing of them lacked style, though certainly not sweetness. The concert giver was not altogether suited in "Eri tu," but "To Anthea" was exceedingly finely rendered, and "A Bedouin Love Song" could not possibly have been better. My best congratulations to Mr. Thorpe, who has laboured hard and honourably for successes in his profession.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF IRISH SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—I have observed in your widely circulated journal many comments on such subjects as defective and dangerous footpaths, an erratic and misleading clock at a Railway Station, &c., and I notice with pleasure that any such topics of public importance have been speedily attended to by the authorities after your satirical allusions have drawn the public attention to them, although they may have been neglected for months before, and I am happy to find our intelligent and patriotic Town Councillors are about to cleanse and paint the many public statues that now disfigure, instead of adorn the city. But there is one other subject of great importance to Dear Dirty Dublin which you and they appear to ignore—you do not keep your windows clean, and in common with most other Dublin residents appear to think that dirty windows are inseparable from respectability and indicative of commercial or literary standing. I am an Englishman, and like most of my countrymen who visit this fine city am puzzled when I see such fine substantial new buildings as that of the Alliance Gas Co. with windows encrusted with dirt to such an extent as greatly to exclude the light, and make gas light on a dull day necessary. I suppose in their case they consider that by setting the example of clean windows in keeping with the rest of the edifice they might lessen the dividends, by the saving other consumers would effect by following their example, or are you actuated by the desire to retain for your, in other respects, beautiful city the appellation of dirty, a name unmerited but for these two glaring defects.

Yours truly,

E. HARRISON.

LA REVEILLE.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, ROTUNDA GARDENS.—The densely crowded houses which nightly shake the roof of Hengler's with applause, prove that the Dublin public consider this not only one of the best but, perhaps, the best circus that ever pitched its spacious tent in the Rotunda Gardens. Naturalists assure us that the elephant ranks next to man in the scale of intelligence, but we could name many of our acquaintances who, in this respect, rank below the three marvellous elephants of Mr. G. Lockhart. To see the acrobatic performances alone of these huge animals is to be struck speechless with astonishment. Fancy two full grown elephants standing on their heads, and deliberately crossing the circus on a dozen beer

bottles! Then the jokes of the little clown elephant, "Boney," are excessively comic, and, we are credibly informed, that they are perfectly original. If the circus possessed nothing more than Lockhart's elephants, it would be worth travelling miles to see. The three brothers Leotard are acrobats who have mastered the most difficult problems of their art. Studying their matchless physical development, one cannot but feel cynical as to the boasted figures of the Greek athletes; and we feel confident that five minutes of the splendid performance of the Leotards would outshine an entire day of the Olympian games. To any one possessing even a rudimentary sense of sculptural beauty, to observe the physical symmetry of these accomplished athletes is, in itself, a pleasure. The clever clown, Le Quips, has introduced a welcome and amusing novelty in the creation of his "Golden Band," who correctly perform several popular melodies on the style of musical instruments which one might see in a nightmare after a Wagnerian concert. The graceful Jessica successfully demonstrates that her powers are not limited to the slack wire. She ascends to the roof and executes the most daring feats on the trapeze, holding the upturned eyes of the assembled thousands in a trance of wonder. To stand erect on a trapeze swinging to its further limits without seeking the slightest support with the hands is one of the bewildering performances which this young and graceful artist seems to accomplish with perfect ease. The circus programme at present closes with a most exciting and realistic Arabian spectacle, which is a beautiful series of dramatic and picturesque tableaux.

NANA.—The hundreds who visited this lovely picture is sufficient evidence that the general public have the common sense to scorn the silly insinuations of covert immorality evolved from the imaginations of the super-sensitive. Rational citizens do not deny themselves the pleasures of looking at a work of art, which is a masterpiece of human genius, because it happens to bear the name of a novel to which a certain section of the public object. No one is compelled to read Zola's novel, or to look at Suchorowsky's picture. The day is gone by when the literary and pictorial arts were overshadowed with the midnight mantle of a diseased theology. We demand freedom for every artist. If we do not like his work, that is no reason why we should object to others liking it. Society in general is well able to take care of itself. We regret that this beautiful picture ceases to be on view after Friday, as it has been engaged for a protracted tour in the United States.

CRICKET MATCH, COLLEGE PARK.—The cricket match between the College and the Military of Ireland opened with splendid weather, perhaps a trifle too hot for the fielders. The attendance of the public was very good, but should have been more numerous. We know of no finer promenade, given a fine day and a band, than the splendid walks offered by the College Park. Those who do not care to turn brown in the open, can pace the cloister-like paths carpeted with daisies beneath the interlacing branches of the trees.

LAWN TENNIS.—Though we are close upon the dog days of June the *Primrose Club* is still flourishing. Six grass courts now afford the fifty members ample facilities for play. Lord Ardilaun has consented to become president.

The championships will be contended for early in July.

THE WILTON, though probably more of a winter than summer club, is now in full swing, and we shall expect to see some good work done by them this year.

THE FITZWILLIAM seem to have gone in for an abstinence policy just now. The courts are almost empty, and most of the fixtures have been postponed. The premier club must look to its laurels by practice, if they wish to retain their coveted position.

THE HOWTH CLUB promises a most enjoyable gala week at their tournament in August. A dance is down for the first Friday and a dinner party for the following day. All information can be obtained from the courteous hon. sec., C. Knox, Esq., Howth.

THE LANSLOWNE TOURNAMENT comes off on July 2nd. Military band will attend, and the club, which is, perhaps, only second to one, ought to have some first class entries.

THE SANDYCOVE TOURNAMENT takes place early in July. Prizes have been presented by Judge Munro, Mr. W. North, J.P., and Messrs. Poyntz of Grafton-street. The club contains that promising Irish player, Pim, whose gallant struggle this year against the veteran Lawford remains fresh in the memory of all.

THE MOUNT TEMPLE CLUB were engaged last week in playing off the rounds of their Tournament. The weeding out process has now been fully accomplished. The gentleman's events are remarkable for promising play from Messrs. H. Cooper, Carruthers. V. Ireland, and Gelston. The ladies contest has resolved itself into an exciting struggle between Miss Kitty Skipworth and Miss Violet Gelston. A Band Promenade is promised for next Friday.

ATHLETICS.—A splendid meeting is expected at Ball's Bridge on the 7th July. The Manhattan and New York teams, as well as the best English and Irish flyers will compete. Conneff and Carter contest is an item in the programme which will be run to draw great numbers.

THE DALKEY BANDS are now inaugurated, and Sorrento is filled with fashionable throngs every Saturday evening. Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the versatile editor of *Truth*, described the spot as the most dangerous flirtation ground in the United Kingdom. From personal observation, though not participation, we must agree with him.

The usual Cyclist meeting came off on Thursday last, at the College Park. A novel feature was Hunt's trick riding, introduced from Dan Lowry's Music Hall. The Bros. Pakenham, Kilkelly, and the "young veteran" R. J. McCreedy, secured most of the prizes.

THE DUNDRUM CLUB have just reason to be proud of their representative, Hamilton's, victory over Renshaw last week. This club appears to adopt a somewhat secretive policy. Rarely do we hear of any club contests from the quiet little village that sleeps on the D. W. & W. R. line.

Those who attended at the depot of the Royal Irish Constabulary on Friday night to hear the

fine band of the Force, had no reason to regret having done so. The weather, though cloudy, was excellent for promenading. A large concourse thronged the fine Parade ground, and all seemed thoroughly satisfied. Mr. Van Maanen wielded his baton.

CONCERT, ST. PAUL'S PAROCHIAL HALL.—On Tuesday evening last, a ballad concert under the conductorship of Mr. Aylmer Kelly was given in the schoolhouse Blackhall Place. The proceedings opened with an excellently performed pianoforte solo "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" by Mr. Charles Kendal Irwin, followed by a somewhat guttural rendering of "The New Kingdom" by Miss Torney; Dr. W. A. Carte sang "Shipwrecked" in a stirring manner, though a trifle hard at times; and Mrs. Harte secured an encore for her feeling interpretation of Robinson's "Summer."

IRISH EXHIBITORS AT OLYMPIA.

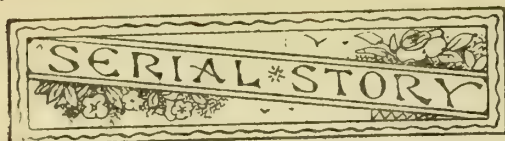
AN extremely good business is, we are glad to know, being done in the various avenues and galleries at Olympia by exhibitors of many classes of goods and manufactures from Ireland, and among them some of our well-known Dublin houses are driving a brisk trade. Excursions from this side have brought several hundreds of visitors to West Kensington since Friday last, and among the Irish population of London the greatest possible interest is being felt and displayed in the success of the Exhibition. One extensive Irish employer of labour in Lambeth has given his workmen and girls, numbering more than a thousand, a holiday for the purpose of enabling them to see the various productions of their native land, and to mingle for an afternoon with their countrymen from all the four provinces, and in addition he provided them with admission tickets, which amounted to a considerable sum. Their delight was unbounded, and their pride in the excellence and variety of the wares from Ireland was loudly expressed in all parts of the building. Among the stands which all through has attracted marked attention is that of

MESSRS. J. W. ELVERY & CO., ELEPHANT HOUSE, LOWER SACKVILLE STREET, which will be found at No. 29. Its get up is really artistic, rendering the stall one of the neatest and most attractive in the entire Exhibition. What the firm is capable of doing in the manufacture of waterproofs is well-known to the ladies and gentlemen of Dublin, and the working classes of the Irish metropolis have also a very fair idea of the nature of the goods they supply for the turning aside of heavy rains; while those given to angling pursuits are quite familiar with the sterling qualities of the articles they supply to enable the disciples of Izaak Walton to enjoy the luxury of wading to any extent in water without the smallest danger of wet feet or limbs. Members of Lawn Tennis and Football Clubs know thoroughly the reliable character of the appliances for those games supplied by Messrs. Elvery, who by their show at Olympia, are opening up a big trade in many parts of England, where their specialities are sure to penetrate and become popular. Their stand at No. 29 is 20 x 20, and, as stated, is one of the neatest in the building. Handsome mirrors at one end reflect the goods splendidly, and specimens of all the many varieties of waterproofs manufactured by them are shown at their stall.

Each garment is decorated with a bloom to match the garment, and the effect is really pretty. A special tennis racquet at 6/-, which is looked on as extra value, is regarded with great interest, and is selling freely. A feature of Messrs. Elvery's stand, and one which constantly draws crowds, is the sending out from the stalls a number of large balloons which float gracefully all over the Exhibition.

MESSRS. TAAFFE & COLDWELL, 81 GRAFTON-ST.—At Stand No. 197, Avenue D, will be found a stall which does credit to the industrial skill of Dublin in the matter of high class and genuine Irish hosiery and in all the details of general outfitting. This is where Messrs. Taaffe & Coldwell have their attractive exhibits. The shirts and collars shown by the firm are of the purest Irish linen, white as the driven snow, and made up with an evident eye to neatness of finish and comfort in the wear. They are cut and made from start to finish on the premises of the firm in Grafton Street, in which a large staff of workmen and workwomen find constant and remunerative employment, and, in an industrial sense, they are real benefactors deserving of the most extended encouragement from all anxious to promote and encourage native trade. A marked feature of their business is found in the fact that their work is not in any instance given out to roomkeepers in the city, as is frequently done by some other houses, thereby avoiding all danger of infection while the goods are in process of making up. Messrs. Taaffe and Coldwell are, we believe, the only firm in Dublin who make all their own collars, these goods being in most cases purchased outside by retailers. They have also on their stand at Olympia a beautiful show of Irish cambric and silk handkerchiefs and poplin scarfs. Purchasers are numerous, but, better still, they are extremely pleased, and say that the goods are fully twenty-five per cent. cheaper than city West-End prices. The Grafton Street house, we are glad to know, are taking large orders from high-class customers at Olympia, and their business arrangements are so extensive and complete that they can supply customers in any part of the world by means of their useful and much-appreciated system of self measurement, which is so simple as to be easily understood, thus guaranteeing to people at a distance a perfect fit in an important article of the toilette.

Quite an attractive stand is that of Mr. Richard T. Martin, ladies' tailor and habit-maker, 85 and 86 Grafton Street, who has his stall at No. 298 F. Ladies will find much to admire on this stand, and Irish visitors especially will be proud of the native skill which is capable of producing such beautiful results in the matter of exquisite costumes. Among the specialities on this stand—all attracting marked attention—is an exquisitely-draped skirt, a crimson travelling costume, jacket body with patch pockets and belt of rough frieze. There is also a lovely royal blue face cloth gown, richly braided in gold, which is quite a work of art. Pretty covert coats with collar of Ottoman and vest of check vesting, strap seams of very pale fawn coating, are also shown. Among the other articles exhibited are green jackets, braided gold cord richly braided and fastened at the side, as well as handsome travelling coats with long cape of smart check tweed, lined all through with silk. Mr. Martin's stand is attracting widespread attention.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Vixen*," "*Ishmael*,"
"*Like and Unlike*," &c., &c.

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BOOK III.

ATROPOS—OR THAT WHICH MUST BE.

CHAPTER V.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

THE house and grounds were in such perfect order that there was very little to be done in the way of preparation for the honeymoon visitors. Even the pianos had been periodically tuned, and the clocks had been regularly wound. Two or three servants would have to be engaged for the period, and that was all; and even this want Mrs. Dawson proposed to supply without going off the premises.

The housemaid had a sister who was an accomplished parlour-maid and carver. The under-gardener's eldest daughter was pining for a preliminary canter in the kitchen, and the gardener's wife was a retired cook, and would be delighted to take all the rougher part of the cooking, while Mrs. Dawson devoted her art to those pretty tiny kickshaws in which she excelled. There were peaches ripening in the peach-house, and the apricots were going to be a show. There was wine in the cellar that would have satisfied an alderman on his honeymoon; Mildred's business at the Hook might have been completed in a day, yet she lingered there for a week, and still lingered on, loving the place with a love which was mingled with pain, yet happier there than she could have been anywhere else in the world, she thought.

The chief gardener rowed her about the river, never going very far from home, but meandering about the summer stream, by summery meadows, and reedy eyots, and sometimes diverging into a tributary stream, where the shallow water seemed only an excuse for wild flowers. He had rowed her up and down those same streams when she was a child with streaming hair, and he was the under-gardener. He had rowed her about in that brief summer season when Fay was her companion.

She revisited all those spots in which she had wandered with her lover. She would land here or there along the island, and as she remembered each particular object in the landscape, her feet seemed to grow light again, with the lightness of joyous youth, as they touched the familiar shore. It was almost as if her youth came back to her.

Thus it was that she lingered from day to day, loath to leave the beloved place. She wrote frankly to her aunt, saying how much good the change of air and scene had done her, and promised to return to Brighton in a few days. She felt that it was her duty to resume her place beside that fading existence; and yet it was an infinite relief to her to escape from that dull gray house, and the dull gray life. She acknowledged to herself that her aunt's life was a good

life, full of unselfish work and large charity, and yet there was something that repelled her, even while she admired. It was too much like a life lived up to a certain model, adjusted line by line to a carefully studied plan. There was a lack of spontaneity, a sense of perpetual effort. The benevolence which had made Enderby village like one family in the sweet time that was gone had been of a very different character. There had been the warmth of love and sympathy in every kindness of George Greswold's, and there had been infinite pity for wrongdoers. Miss Fausset's alms-giving was after the fashion of the Pharisee of old, and it was upon the amount given that she held herself justified before God, not upon the manner of giving.

In those quiet days, spent alone in her old home, Mildred had chosen to occupy Mr. Fausset's study rather than the large bright drawing-room. The smaller room was more completely associated with her father. It was here—seated in this chair before the writing table, where she was sitting now—that he had first talked to her of George Greswold, and had discussed her future life, questioning his motherless girl with more than a father's tenderness about the promptings of her own heart. She loved the room and all that it contained for the sake of the cherished hands that had touched these things, and the gentle life that had been lived here. There had been but one error in his life, she thought, his treatment of Fay.

"He ought not to have sent her away," she thought, "he saw us happy together, his two daughters, and he ought not to have divided us, and sent her away to a loveless life among strangers. If he had only been frank and straightforward with my mother she might have forgiven all."

Might perhaps. Mildred was not sure upon that point; but she felt very sure that it was her father's duty to have braved all consequences rather than to have sent his unacknowledged child into exile. That fact of not acknowledging her seemed in itself such a tremendous cruelty that it intensified every lesser wrong.

Mrs. Dawson understood her mistress's fancy for her father's room, and Mildred's meals were served up here, at a Sutherland table in the bay window, from which she could see the boats go by, Mrs. Dawson having a profound belief in the efficacy of the boats as a cure for low spirits.

"People sometimes tell me it must be dull at the Hook," she said; "but, lor, they don't know how many boats go by in summer time. It's almost as gay as Bond Street."

Mildred lived with old memories in the flower-scented room, where the Spanish blinds made a cool and shadowy atmosphere, while the roses outside were steeped in sunshine. Those few days were just the most perfect summer days of the year. She felt sorry that they had not been reserved for Pamela's honeymoon. Such sunshine was almost wasted on her, whose heart was so full of sadness.

It was her last afternoon at the Hook, or the afternoon which she meant to be her last, having made up her mind to go back to Brighton and duty on the following day, and she had a task before her, a task which she had delayed from day to day, just as she had delayed her return to her aunt.

She had put away these special and particular objects which had belonged to her father and mother, and had been a part of their lives. These were too sacred to be left about now that strangers were to occupy the rooms of the dead.

Hitherto no stranger had entered these rooms since John Fausset's death, nothing had been removed or altered. No documents relating to business or property of any kind had been kept at The Hook. Mr. Fausset's affairs had all been put in perfect order after his wife's death and there had been no ransacking for missing title deeds or papers of any kind. It had been understood that all papers and letters of importance were either with Mr. Fausset's solicitors or at the house in Parchment Street, and thus the household gods had been undisturbed in the summer retreat by the river.

Mildred had spent the morning in her mother's rooms, putting away all these dainty trifles and prettinesses which had gathered round the frivolous, luxurious life, as shells and bright-coloured weeds gather among the low rocks on the edge of the sea. She had placed everything carefully in a large closet in her mother's dressing-room, covered with much tissue paper, secure from dust and moth; and now she began the same kind of work in her father's room, the work of removing all those objects which had been especially his. The old-fashioned silver inkstand, the well-worn scarlet morocco blotting-book, with crest on the cover, and many inky spots on the leather lining inside, his pen-holders and pen-knives, and a little velvet pen-wiper which she had made for him when she was ten years old, and which he had kept on his table ever afterwards.

She looked round the room thoughtfully for a place of security for these treasures. She had spent a good deal of time in re-arranging her father's books, which careful and conscientious dusting had reduced to a chaotic condition. Now every volume was in its place, just as he had kept them in the old days when it had been her delight to examine the shelves and to carry away a book of her father's choosing.

The bookcases were by Chippendale, with fretwork cornices and mahogany panelling. The lower part was devoted to cupboards, which her father had always kept under lock and key, but which she supposed to contain only old magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers, part of that mass of literature which is kept with a view to being looked at some day, and which finally drifts unread to the bourne of all waste paper, and is ground into pulp again, and rolls over the endless web again, and comes back upon the world printed with more intellectual food for the million of skippers and skimmers.

Yes, one of those mahogany panelled cupboards would serve Mildred's purpose admirably. She selected a key from one of the bunches in her key-box, and opened the cupboard nearest the door.

It was packed tight with army lists, New Monthly Magazines, and "Edinburgh Reviews"—packed so well that there was scarcely an interstice that would hold a pin. She opened the next cupboard. Sporting magazines, Blackwood, Ainsworth, and a pile of pamphlets. No room there.

She opened the third, and found it much more loosely packed, with old newspapers, and old Prayer Books and Bibles, shabby old-fashioned books, which had served for the religious exercises of several generations of Faussets, and had been piously preserved by the owner of the Hook. There was room here, perhaps, for the things in the writing table, if all these books and papers were re-arranged and closely packed.

Mildred began her work patiently. She was

in no hurry to have done with her task. It brought her nearer to her beloved dead. She worked slowly, dreamily almost, her thoughts dwelling on the days that were gone.

She took out the Prayer Books and Bibles one by one, looking at a flyleaf now and then. "John Fausset, from his loving mother, on the day of his confirmation, June 17, 1835." "Lucy Jane Fausset, with her sister Maria's love, April 3, 1804." "Mark Fausset, in memory of little Charlie, December 1, 1807." Such inscriptions as these touched her, with their reminiscences of vanished affection, of hearts long mingled with the dust.

She put the books on one side in a little pile on the carpet, as she knelt before the open cupboard, and then she began to move the loose litter of newspapers. The *Morning Herald*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Sun*. Even these were of the dead.

The cupboard held much more than she had expected. Behind the newspapers there were two rows of pigeon-holes, twenty-six in all, filled—choke full, some of them—with letters, folded longwise in a thoroughly business-like manner.

Old letters, old histories of the family heart and mind, how much they hold to stir the chords of joy and pain. Mildred's hand trembled as she stretched it out to take one of those letters, idly, full of morbid curiosity about those relics of a past life.

She never knew whether it had been deliberation or hazard which guided her hand to the sixth pigeon-hole, but she thought afterwards that her eye must have been caught by a bit of red ribbon—a spot of bright colour—and that her hand followed her eye mechanically. However this may have been, the first thing that she took from the mass of divers correspondence in the twenty-six pigeon-holes was a packet of about twenty letters tied with a red ribbon.

Each letter was carefully endorsed, M.F. and a date. Some were on foreign paper—others on thick gilt-edged note. A glance at the uppermost letter showed her a familiar handwriting—her aunt's, but very different from Miss Fausset's present precise penmanship. The writing here was more hurried and irregular, bolder, larger, and more indicative of impulse and emotion.

No thought of possible wrong to her aunt entered Mildred's mind as she untied the ribbon, seated herself in a low chair in front of the bookcase, with the letters loose in her lap. What secrets could be in a girl's letters to her elder brother which the brother's daughter might not read, nearly forty years after they were written? What could there be in that yellow paper, in that faded ink, except the pale dim ghosts of vanished fancies and thought which the thinker had long outlived?

"I wonder whether my aunt would like to read these old letters," mused Mildred. "It would be like calling up her own ghost. She must have almost forgotten what she was like when she wrote them."

The first letter was from Milan, full of enthusiasm about the Cathedral, and the Conservatoire, full of schemes for work. She was practising six hours a day, and taking nine lessons a week, four for piano, two for singing, three for harmony. She was in high spirits, and delighted with her life.

"I should practice eight hours a day if Mrs. Holmby would let me," she wrote, "but she won't. She says it would be too much for my health. I believe it is only because my piano

annoys her. I get up at five on these summer mornings, and practice from six to half-past eight, then coffee and rolls, and off to the Conservatoire. Then a drive with Mrs. Holmby, who is too lazy to walk much; and then lunch. After lunch vespers at the Cathedral, and then two hours at the piano before dinner. An hour and a half between dinner and tea, which we take at nine. Sometimes one of Mrs. Holmby's friends drops in to tea. You needn't be afraid, the men are all elderly, and not particularly clean. They take snuff, and their complexions are like mahogany; but there is one old man with bristly gray hair standing out all over his head like a brush, who plays the 'cello divinely and who reminds me of Beethoven. I am learning the Sonate Pathétique, and I play Bach's preludes and fugues two hours a day. We went to La Scala the night before last, but I was disappointed to find they were playing a trumpery modern opera by a Milanese composer, who is all the rage here.

Two or three letters followed, all in the same strain, and then came signs of discontent.

"I have no doubt Mrs. Holmby is a highly respectable person, and I am sure you acted for the best when you chose her for my chaperon, but she is a lump of prejudice. She objects to the Cathedral. 'We are fully justified in making ourselves familiar with its architectural beauties,' she said, in her pedantic way, 'but to attend the services of that benighted church is to worship in the groves of Baal.' I told her that I had found neither groves nor idols in that magnificent church, and that the music I heard there was the only pleasure which reconciled me to the utter dullness of my life at Milan—I was going to say my life with her—but thought it better to be polite, as I am quite in her power till you come to fetch me.

"Don't think that I am tired of the Conservatoire, after teasing you so to let me come here—or even that I am home-sick. I am only tired of Mrs. Holmby, and I daresay after all she is no worse than any other chaperon would be. As for the Conservatoire, I adore it, and I feel that I am making rapid strides in my musical education. My master is pleased with my playing of the Pathétique, and I am to take the Eroica next. What a privilege it is to know Beethoven. He seems to me now like a familiar friend. I have been reading a memoir of him. What a sad life—what a glorious legacy he leaves the world which treated him so badly.

"I play Diabelli's exercises for an hour and a-half every morning before I look at any other music."

In the next letter Mildred started at the appearance of a familiar name.

"Your kind suggestion about the Opera House has been followed, and we have taken seats at La Scala for two nights a week. Signor Castellani's opera is really very charming. I have heard it now three times, and liked it better each time. There is not much learning in the orchestration; but there is a great deal of melody all through the opera. The Milanese are mad about it. Signor Castellani came to see Mrs. Holmby one evening last week, introduced by our gray-haired 'cello player. He is a clever-looking man—about five-and-thirty—with a rather melancholy air. He writes his librettos, and is something of a poet.

"We have made a compromise about the Cathedral. I am to go to vespers if I like, as my theological opinions are not in Mrs. Holmby's keeping. She will walk with me to the

Cathedral, leave me at the bottom of the steps, do her shopping or take a gentle walk, and return for me when the service is over. It only lasts three-quarters of an hour, and Mrs. Holmby always has shopping of some kind on her hands, as she does all her own marketing, and buys everything in the smallest quantities. I suppose by this means she makes more out of your handsome allowance for my board—or fancies she does."

There were more letters in the same strain, and Castellani's name appeared often in relation to his operas; but there was no further mention of social intercourse. The letter grew somewhat fretful in tone, and there were repeated complaints of Mrs. Holmby. There were indications of fitful spirits—now enthusiasm, now depression.

"I have at least discovered that I am no genius," she wrote. "When I attempt to improve the poverty of my ideas freezes me; and yet music with me is a passion. Those vesper services in the Cathedral are my only consolation in this great dull town.

"No, dear Jack, I am not home-sick. I have to finish my musical education. I am tired of nothing, except Mrs. Holmby."

After this there was an interval. The next letter was dated six months later. It was on a different kind of paper, and it was written from Evian, on the Lake of Geneva. Even the character of the penmanship had altered. It had lost its girlish dash, and something of its firmness. The strokes were heavier, but yet bore traces of hesitation. It was altogether a feebler style of writing.

The letter began abruptly—

"I know that you have been kind to me, John—kinder—more merciful than many brothers would have been under the same miserable circumstances; but nothing you can do can make me anything else than what I have made myself—the most wretched of creatures. When I walk about in this quiet place, alone, and see the beggars holding out their hands to me, maimed, blind, dumb perhaps, the very refuse of humanity—I feel that their misery is less than mine. They were not brought up to think highly of themselves and to look down upon other people, as I was. They were never petted and admired as I was. They were not brought up to think honour the one thing that makes life worth living—to feel the sting of shame worse than the sting of death. They fall into raptures if I give them a franc—and all the wealth of the world would not give me one hour of happiness. You tell me to forget my misery. Forget—now! No, I have no wish to leave this place. I should be neither better or happier anywhere else. It is very quiet here. There are no visitors left now in the neighbourhood. There is no one to wonder who I am, or why I am living alone here in my tiny villa. The days go by like a long weary dream, and there are days when the great lake and the gray mountains are half hidden in mist, and when all nature seems of the same colour as my own life.

"I received the books you kindly chose for me, a large parcel. There is a novel among them which tells almost my own story. It made me shed tears for the first time since you left me at Lausanne. Some people say they find a relief in tears, but my tears are not of that kind. I was ill for nearly a week after reading that story. Please don't send me any more novels. If they are about happy people they irritate me—if they are sorrowful stories they

make me just a shade more wretched than I am always. If you send me books again let them be the hardest kind of reading you can get. I hear there is a good book on natural history by a man called Darwin. I should like to read that.

"Gratefully and affectionately your sister,
"M. F."

This letter was dated October. The next was written in November from the same address.

"No, my dear John, your fears were unfounded, I have not been ill. I wish I had been—sick unto death! I have been too wretched to write, that was all. Why should I distress you with a reiteration of my misery—and I *cannot* write, or think about anything else? I have no doubt Darwin's book is good, but I could not interest myself in it. The thought of my own misery comes between me and every page I read.

"You ask me what I mean to do with my life when my dark days are over. To that question there can be but one answer. I mean, so far as it is possible, to forget. I shall go down to my grave burdened with my dismal secret; but I shall exercise every faculty I possess to keep that secret till the end. He is not likely to betray me. The knowledge of his own baseness will seal his lips.

"Your suggestion of a future home in some quiet village—either in England or abroad—is kindly meant, I know, but I shudder at the mere idea of such a life. To pass as a widow—to have to answer every prying acquaintance—the doctor, the clergyman—people who would force themselves upon me, however secluded my life might be. To devote myself to a duty which in every hour of my existence would remind me of my folly, and of my degradation. I should live like the galley slave who drags his chains at every step.

"You tell me that the tie which would be a sorrow in the beginning, might grow into a blessing. That could never be. You know very little of a woman's nature when you suggest such a possibility. What *can* your sex know of a woman's agony under such circumstances as mine? You are never made to feel the sting of dishonour."

A light began to dawn on Mildred as she read this second letter from Evian. The first might mean anything—an engagement broken off—a proud girl jilted by a worthless lover—the sense of degradation that a woman feels in having loved unwisely—in having wasted confidence and affection upon an unworthy object. Mildred had so interpreted that despairing letter; but the second revealed a deeper wound.

There were sentences that stood out from the context with unmistakable meaning. "When my dark days are over"—"to pass as a widow"—"to devote myself to a duty which would remind me of my folly and my degradation."

The suggestion of a secluded life—of a care which should grow into a blessing—could mean only one thing. The wretched girl who wrote that letter was about to become a mother, under conditions which meant life-long dishonour.

White as marble, and with hands that trembled convulsively as they held the letter, Mildred Greswold read on, hurriedly, eagerly, breathlessly, to the last line of the last letter. She had no scruples, no sense of wrong doing. The secret hidden in that little packet of letters was a secret which she had a right to know—she above all other people, she who had been cheated and fooled by false imaginings.

The third letter from Evian was dated late in January—

"I have been very ill—dangerously, I believe, but my doctor took unnecessary trouble to cure me, and I am now able to go out of doors again, and I walk by the lake for half an hour every day in the morning sun. The child thrives wonderfully, I am told; but if there is to be a change of nurses, as there must be—for this woman here must lose sight of her charge and of me when I leave this place—the change cannot be too soon. If Boulogne is really the best place you can think of your plan would be to meet me with the nurse at Dijon, where we can take the rail. We shall post from here to that town. I am very sorry to inflict so much trouble upon you, but it is a part of my misery to be a burden to you as well as to myself. When once this incubus is safely disposed of I shall be less troublesome to you.

"No, my dear John, there is no relenting, no awakening of maternal love. For me that must remain for ever a meaningless phrase. For me there can be nothing now, or ever more, except a sense of aversion and horror, a shrinking from the very image of the child that must never call me mother or know the link between us. All that can possibly sever that link I shall do; and I entreat you, by the love of past years, to help me in so doing. My only chance of peace in the future is in total severance. Remember that I am prepared to make any sacrifice that can secure the happiness of this wretched being, that can make up to her—"

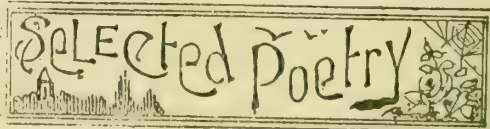
"That can make up to *her*!"

Mildred's clutch tightened upon the letter. This was the first mention of the infant's sex.

"For the dishonour to which she is born, I will gladly devote half my fortune to her maintenance and her future establishment in life, if she should grow up and marry. Remember also that I have sworn to myself never to entertain any proposal of marriage, never to listen to words of love from any man upon earth. You need have no fear of future embarrassment on my account. I shall never give a man the right to interrogate my past life. I resign myself to a solitary existence—but not a life clouded with shame. When I go back to England and resume my place in society I shall try to think of this last year of agony as if it were a bad dream. You alone know my secret, and you can help me if you will. My prayer is that from the hour I see the child transferred to the new nurse at Dijon I shall never look upon its face again. The nurse can go back to her home as fast as the train will carry her; and I can go back to London with you."

The next letter was written seven years later, and addressed from Kensington Gore:—

(To be continued.)



THE UNDIVIDED.

"SAY, mother, will he come to-night?
I feel so strangely weak!
Shall I yet hear his loving voice
Its farewell blessing speak?
Or must I go without one word—
One accent of good-bye?
'Tis this would make it doubly hard
To die.

"Nay, do not weep, my gentle one,
But rather joy with me
That from this prison-house of pain
So soon I shall be free;
And yet if Jack were only here
To see his wife once more,
I think I'd start less tremblingly
For that dim shore.

"He wrote he would be here to-day,
Not knowing how I lay
In mortal pain, and in that room
Our tiny bit of clay—
Dear little angel!"—here a moan
Surgeon from her gentle heart—
"Twere doubly sad for John from me
And our sweet babe to part.
And yet—oh I am young to die!
I wonder if he'll ever grow,
As other men I've seen, to bear
Such bitter blow.

"Yet tell him, mother, if I'm gone
Before the morning dawns and brings
My dear one for his farewell glance—
(Oh, would the cars had lightning's wings)
Tell him—oh, mother, I'm so weak!
I half forget the words I'd say—
Tell him we'll wait till he shall come
One day.

"And yet, in dreams of happy home
With him and baby dear, I've seen
Around our cottage roses twine
With many a tendril green;
And at the simple evening meal
Three happy faces there;
And then before Our Father's throne
Three hearts as one in prayer.

"And his dear image, when away
To win our daily bread,
You little one would mirror me;
And to my heart I've said,
'In other days, when bent and gray
We linger, John and I,
He in his dawning manhood's day
Shall our lost youth supply.
And when he, like his father, brings
A loved one to our board,
For her our heart's best offerings
Shall be outpoured;
And may be, in that distant day,
His children round my knee,
Will his sweet baby image bring
Across the bridge of years to me."

"But he is there—and e'er the night
Shall pale into the ashen day,
Perhaps I too shall rest beside
His fragile clay;
It may be best—no other boy
Could ever fill his place for me;
It may be best—yes, God knows best—
That we in death together lie.

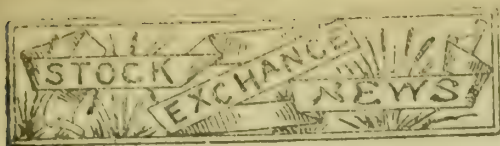
"Well, good-by, mother; in your grief
Remember Jack, and bid him mourn
Not, as the hearts of those for whom
The loved shall ne'er return;
We will be with you and with him
In whispers from the deathless land;
And then at last together be
An undivided band.

"And yet I longed to see him once—"
Hark to the hastening feet
Of him whom scarce a day gone by
She hoped—poor child!—to greet
With love's best offering and hear
His double welcome ring;
This would have soothed her fevered brow
And robbed the sting.

Yet as he starts in terror back
At that fixed, glaring eye,
One farewell gaze yet meets him,
As if from vonder sky
An angel murmured, "Follow me!"
And there, in that last sight,
They hear the echo of a song
That cannot die.

WM. B. CHISHOLM.

As surely as day conquers night, the cause of
God shall prevail, and he shall reign whose
right it is to reign.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 19th June, 1888.

The lamented death of the Emperor of Germany, which has cast a gloom over society at large, has had anything but a bad effect on the Stock Markets. The sad event has been so fully discounted that purchases to cover sales for a fall have had to be made, and an almost general advance has taken place. We are of opinion that things must improve, but care should be taken in the selection of securities to be operated in, and for choice we prefer English Rails, such as Great Eastern, Brighton A, and Great Western. Our opinion of Americans will be found in another paragraph, but for Foreigners we have no fancy at present high prices (Perus excepted), which are again enquired for, and closed nearly 1% above the lowest point. Business in the Money Market is very quiet, and rates steady at from 1 to 1½%. Consols for money, 99-99½; for account, 99½-1%; India 3%, 96-4.

English Rails closed firmer all round. Brighton A, 118½; Dover A, 101½; Great Northern A, 93½; Caledonian, 100; Chatham, 20½; Great Eastern, 60½; Great Western, 144½; Hull and Barnsley, 26; Metropolitan, 68½; Metropolitan District, 33; Midland, 129½; North British, 106½; North Eastern, 152½; North Western, 167½.

Foreign Stocks closed very steady, the chief alteration being in Perus. Egyptian Unified, 79½; Greek 1881, 72½; Italian 97½; Mexican Converted, 39; Portuguese, 63½; Perus, 6 per cent, 16; ditto, 5 per cent, 14½; Russian, 1873, 94½; Spanish, 71½; Turkish, Group I, 24; Group II, 14½; Group III, 13½.

Americans decidedly better, and closed with a more healthy appearance. Central Pacific, 30½; Milwaukee (after having been done under 63) at 64½. Denver Pref. 45½. Erie 24. Lake Shore, 91½. Louisville, 53½. New York Central, 107½. Norfolk Pref. 47½. Ohio, 18½. Ontario, 15. Pennsylvania, 53½. Reading, 30. Union Pacific, 54½.

Foreign and Canadian Railways have been a very dull market, but improved somewhat at the extreme close. Canadian Pacific, 57½. Grand Trunk Ordinary, 9½. First Pref. 58½. Second Pref. 39½. Third Pref. 22½. Guaranteed, 66½. Mexican Rails, 39½. First Pref. 111½. Second Pref. 69½. Mexican Central First Mortgage, 68½.

Mines show more firmness in sympathy with the improvement in Diamonds. Cape Copper, 56 ex div. De Beers, 29½. Carlisle, 1½. Copi-210, 6. Dickens Custer, 6/6. Gold Fields of South Africa, 1¼. Kapanga, 7/- Mysore Gold 3 ex div. Panulcillo, 2¼. Russel, 3/- Sheba, 1½.

Miscellaneous Market flat, and very little doing. Suez Canal, 85½. Alsopps, 11. Aerated Bread, 5½. Guinness, 32½. Hotchkiss, 12½. Hudson's Bay, 17½. Nordenfelt, 1¼. Spratts, 8½.

Suez Canal receipts for Friday show an increase of 20,000 f.

London Brighton traffic for the same date amounts to £515 increase.

Our prediction as to the American Market has been pretty correct. We advised a purchase in preference to a sale, and, notwithstanding the anxiety in connection with the late settlement, and the repeated attacks of the bear's prices have hardened during the last few days, the tendency is towards improvement.

We think that such stocks as Milwaukee, New York Central, Norfolk Pref., should be well worth attention at present prices. These are a few for which we have a particular fancy, but others on the list will improve, such as Readings, Central Pacific, Ontarios, &c.

We have no particular fancy for Grand Trunks in general, but the 4%, guaranteed at about 66, are sure to go better, and we think that no harm would result from a purchase at this price.

Mexican Central First Mortgage Bonds are going better. We drew attention to them some months ago.

An interim dividend of 6d. per share has been declared by the Sheba Gold Mining Co. Ltd.

Alturas, Mount Morgan Extended, Kapanga, and Russell, may all be bought for higher prices, but the shares should be taken up and paid for to save the extortionate demands made for carrying over.

The capital required for Boland's, Ltd., is said to have been covered many times over. The amount applied for is estimated to have reached about 5¼ millions.

We quote at length from the *Financial News*, which has a long leading article on the above Company. After mentioning the early history of the business, and the sale of it to Mr. Murphy, it goes on to say that Mr. Murphy straightway turned it over to Bolands, Limited, for £280,000, of which he will take £43,330 in fully-paid Ordinary shares. As this sum represents the entire capital of the company (£130,000 in Ordinary £5 shares; £75,000 in Six per Cent. Preference shares of £10; and £75,000 in Five per Cent. £10 Debentures), there is no working capital left. But, as the stock-in-trade is valued at £65,000, "the directors believe that the above sum (the £65,000) "with the daily receipts, form a working capital "more than sufficient to enable the company to "carry on its business on the most favourable "terms." The prospectus contains a very nice calculation of the profits of the business, basing it upon the average return of the past three years of £24,830. The debenture interest will absorb £3,750, and the Preference dividend £4,500, leaving £16,580, which the directors say is equal to 12½ per cent. upon the Ordinary share capital. But two very important considerations are neglected in this estimate. The first is that, as admitted in the prospectus, "no estimated depreciation has been calculated "in the above-named profits." This easy-going method of doing business might suit a private

concern, but in a joint-stock company it will be necessary to set aside something out of revenue every year for depreciation. Indeed, to start with, it should have been seen whether or not past depreciation should not be allowed for. But as over £2,000 a year is said to have been spent upon repairs and renewals that may be allowed to pass.

The other omission is more remarkable. The debentures are "redeemable at the Company's option after the expiration of ten years from 1st January, 1888, at 120 per cent." The company reserving the option, of course there is no absolute necessity to provide for this redemption, but as the shareholders will probably wish to reduce the excessive capital of the Company, it is right that a sinking fund to pay off the debentures should be set on foot. Thus the sum necessary to provide £90,000 at the expiry of ten years should be deducted from the free proceeds after the fixed charges are met. There must also be deducted from the returns, fees for directors and auditors, secretary's salary, and other expenses which would considerably reduce the surplus available for dividend. As a rule, when a business is transformed into a limited liability company an increase of capital is expected to produce the greater profits required to meet these new expenses entailed by the change in the mode of management. But in this case nothing is put into the business which will at once have to bear the drain of additional costs. We have nothing to say against the value of the property itself, which is, and has been, a productive and important one; but the manner of its introduction to the public is not sound, and the financing of the Company is slovenly, to say the least. The vendor is under no obligation to hold the shares allotted to him in part payment of the purchase money, and as four per cent. premium was the quotation on the first day of the issue of the prospectus, it is clear that he had a splendid opportunity to make good the preliminary expenses which he undertook to pay. With a smaller capital Boland's would have been a good investment, and even with its present burden of capital it may pay reasonably, but certainly nothing sufficient to justify a four per cent. premium on £5 shares!

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. L. S.—Your question is fully answered in this week's issue.

ANXIOUS.—We think you should hold them in view of the improved tendency of this market.

W. P. M.—The lowest price we can trace is 6½.

Physic is but a substitute for temperance.

Successful treachery is worse than honest defeat.

The art of living easily with regard to money is to pitch your scale of living at least one degree below your means.



HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY CLARA MERWIN.

"FAIR as a lily, graceful as a gazelle! Who is she! I would give a hundred dollars if I might but paint that face!"

The words were spoken hurriedly, and somewhat too loud for the time and place. Many by-standers heard them, and looked at the speaker, the lady, then at each other, and smiled.

But the lady herself—a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, pale golden hair, and a face like the picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed—held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression, or even a startled, sidelong glance to show that the artist's impetuous wish had reached her ear.

Calmly she sat in her box at the concert that evening, with her blue eyes fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below, and in a secluded corner of the stalls sat Gustave Livingston, the artist, gazing at her with his heart and soul in his large dark, passionate eyes.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend.

"I do not know. The face is a new one," was the low reply.

A new one! It looks as if it were but just created—as if those eyes had never looked upon a sinful world!" raved the artist. "Years ago, when I was a boy in the country, I knew a child with a face almost as pure and sweet. She died, as earthly angels always do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that girl. Poor little May."

Leaning his head upon his hand, the artist lost himself in a dream of his boyhood's love. When he looked up again the concert was drawing to a close, and the box was empty—the divinity was gone.

Hurrying from the house, he inquired right and left among the attendants at the door; and finally, by a gift of money, so refreshed the memory of one that he said he had seen the young lady drive off in a private carriage before the concert was over, "with a gentleman as might be her father, and they went to the Evans House."

To the Evans House followed the enamored artist, only to be disappointed. The servant, whom he feed liberally, assured him that no such young lady was stopping there. Some wild impulse, for which he could scarcely account, led the artist to examine the hotel register. He looked for the name of "May Cleveland"—it was the name of his earliest love—and it was not there.

Meanwhile the fair object of his search was speeding from the city as fast as the midnight train could carry her towards Boston. Although the hour was so late she was wakeful, and clasped her hands over her eyes, as she rested her head on the pillow, in a vain attempt to shut out from mind and memory the picture of a haunting face.

"He did not recognise me," she thought, with a sigh. "And yet I knew him in spite of the change—in spite of the added height, the altered face, the dark moustache—I knew him

at the moment when his eyes met mine as we entered the door."

And then she blushed at the memory of the words he had uttered.

"Lena," she called softly.

The second occupant of the section stirred on her narrow couch, and answered drowsily—

"What is it, May?"

"Are you asleep?"

"What a question! No, not now," replied Lena, stifling a groan. "What troubles you, my May of Mays? You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the pillow."

"But not to-night. Lena, I cannot sleep. I've been thinking of all you have told me about—"

"About Gustave Livingston," asked Lena, finishing the sentence.

"Hush! Speak lower. There are so many people near. Yes, I am troubled—deeply troubled by what you say of him."

"It is true, May."

"Who told you?"

"My brother in the first instance. He knows him well—is often at his rooms—and regrets his intemperance more than any of the rest of his friends, I think."

"Does your brother think—does he consider him entirely past reform?" asked May with a trembling voice.

Hearing it, and the suppressed sob that followed the question, Lena Danks, who was a kind-hearted little city belle, came out of her nest and sat beside her friend.

"Dear May, my brother James has often said that if Livingston had a reason—a motive—for reforming, his reform would be a settled thing," she said.

"What motive?"

"I explain myself bunglingly, I fear. James meant that if Livingston could be induced to fall in love, the lady might work his reformation easily, if she chose to do so."

"He loves no one, then, at present!"

"No one, May. James says that he believes him to be faithful to the memory of a child who died years ago. It is an odd thing to say of such a man, but James declares that Livingston really loved that child, and that he loves her now."

"If that be true he may yet be saved," said May, drying her eyes.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I mean that I am that child, Lena."

"You! But the child died!" exclaimed Lena in surprise.

"No. My cousin, Mary Cleveland, died, and he must have seen the notice of her death, or heard of it, and supposed it to be mine. Just before her illness my uncle Warburton came to my country home, and finding me a poor and friendless orphan, adopted me as his own daughter, and gave me his name."

"And was it in that little country town that you knew Gustave Livingston as a boy?" inquired Miss Danks.

"Yes. He had been sent to the house of some old family servant for his health, and he remained there for two years while his parents were in Europe. Oh, Lena, he was the noblest, kindest, most generous-hearted boy! If you will only help me now to save him!"

"I!" exclaimed Lena.

"You," replied May, caressing and kissing her. "Oh, don't refuse me! Dear papa is so stern and unforgiving about such things. He would think that Gustave Livingston wasn't worth saving because of this one fault. It is in

vain to hope for help from him. But if you will only assist me, dear, good Lena, I have such a plan."

"Indeed!" said Lena, laughing. So I am to be bribed with a kiss. Well, let me hear your plan for the benefit of Gustave—I mean Mr. Livingston—and we will see what can be done."

"And I shall need your brother's aid, too, but that you must secure. And both of you must promise to keep my secret from everyone," concluded May, earnestly.

Then, leaning her cheek against Lena's, in the silence of the midnight, she whispered her innocent plot for the redemption of a human soul.

Lena Danks' stay in Boston was but a short one, and on her return to New York it was noticed by her escort that she carried in her own hands, and for the whole distance, a small ebony box mounted with silver, and fastened with a silver lock and key. A jewel box, as he supposed.

On the evening of her arrival at her home in Avenue, after the family greetings were over, Lena sought a private interview with her brother, and after a long explanation left the ebony box in his care.

"May is a trump, Lena, and you are another," was the young man's somewhat undignified exclamation. "Livingston is well worth saving, and the little box shall be in his possession to-morrow night before he sleeps."

"Secretly, James, remember," said Lena. "He must not know from whom the gift comes till he has shown himself worthy of it."

"Trust me for that," replied her brother. "If there were more women like you and May, women ready to use their influence over a man in this fashion, we should be a great deal better than we are, my dear."

So James Danks carried off the prize to his own room.

The next evening a party of gay friends met, as they were often in the habit of meeting, at the artist's rooms. Wine flowed freely, and the pictures on the walls could scarcely be seen for the clouds of smoke that rose from a dozen cigars. When the revel was at its height, James Danks rose in his chair and held out his hand to the host.

"Good-by, Livingston."

"What! are you going so soon?" said the artist surprised.

"Yes, going for good and all, my boy," was the reply.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Danks seriously, "that there is a time for all things, and the time for reflection has now come to me. We are all on the downward track, boys—you know it as well as I. An angel has warned me, and I am going to stop now while I am able. Follow my example, if you have any regard for yourselves, or for your mothers, sisters, and wives at home who love you. Good-by, boys. Good-by, Gustave. I shall never join you here again."

He left the room. They all sat gazing at each other in silence. His words had struck home to every heart, as he had intended them to do. One after another of the now quiet party stole away with some excuse. In half an hour after James Danks had closed the door behind him, the artist sat alone by his fireside, leaning his head upon his hand and gazing sadly into the coals.

"The wives, the mothers, the sisters at home who love you," he muttered to himself. "They

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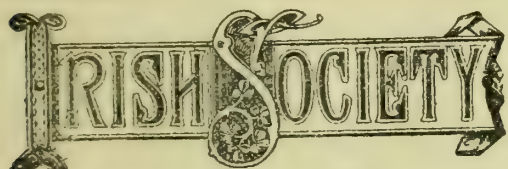
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WEEK ENDING 30th JUNE, 1888.

* * We have much pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made by which we have secured the sole right of publication of a new and realistic serial novel. Those of our readers who have been entertained for the past six months by the weekly instalments of Miss Braddon's "Fatal Three" will, we are sure, derive as much, if not more, real intellectual pleasure from Edward M'Nulty's new story, entitled "Phantasms of the Streets," in which the scenes are local, the incidents varied and vivid, the interest never flags, and the leading characters are described with a minuteness and detail that gives evidence of no mean ability on the part of the author of this charming story.

* * * * *
The opening chapters of "Phantasms of the Streets," will appear in our issue for July 7th, and the publication will continue from week to week. The author of this new story of Dublin life is not unknown to the readers of IRISH SOCIETY. The facility with which he can draw scene after scene, and the gracefulness of his literary style, have no doubt made for him amongst our

numerous readers hosts of friends who will not hesitate to give publicity to the announcement that in our next issue one of the most realistic stories of Dublin life which has yet appeared from the pen of any writer will be commenced in these columns.

* * * * *
The Queen has gone south again, and is now at Windsor, within easy reach of her ministers. She stays at the castle, however, for only a brief time, and will soon depart to spend the holidays of July (if there are any) at Osborne.

* * * * *
The Queen's command of a public mourning has put the ladies in a flutter. Is it necessary to loyalty to wear a black dress for a fortnight? Will bright colours at a dance identify the wearer with Republicanism? Is it right to dance at all when the Queen has ordered her people to mourn? Even if they do not mourn for the Kaiser they shed tears of perplexity, the ladies of fashion, over the insoluble problem of what is the right thing to do. As a matter of fact, we take it the order for public mourning, at least in Dublin, will be very generally ignored.

* * * * *
Her Majesty the Queen will visit the Glasgow Exhibition on Thursday, August 23rd. No mention is yet made of any arrangements concerning a visit to the Irish Exhibition, Olympia, by Her Majesty. It will not appease Irish grievances in this respect simply to order lace and damask.

* * * * *
A marriage has been arranged and will take place in July between Lieutenant-Colonel Inigo Jones and Miss Charteris, daughter of Lady Margaret Charteris and the late Hon. Richard Charteris.

* * * * *
A wedding has been arranged between Captain Alexander Hood, eldest son of Sir Alexander Hood, and the Hon. Mildred de Moleyns, second daughter of Lord and Lady Ventry, of Burnham House, Dingle, Co. Kerry.

* * * * *
A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between W. G. Raleigh Chichester, Esq., of Runnamoate, Co. Roscommon, Captain "The King's" Regiment, eldest son of Colonel C. R. Chichester, D.L., and Edith, third daughter of J. H. Smyth Pigott, Esq., of

Brockley, and Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire.

* * * * *
The marriage of Mr. William Foster Verschoyle, younger son of J. J. Verschoyle, Esq., of Tassaggart, Co. Dublin, to Frances H. Unett, widow of the late Captain Unett, 21st Hussars, was solemnized on Saturday, at St. George's, Hanover Square, London. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. S. Verschoyle, brother of the bridegroom.

* * * * *
The marriage of Mr. Moore, barrister-at-law, and Miss Ethel Colles, will not take place till some time in August.

* * * * *
The marriage of Miss Flora Sackville West and M. Gabriel Salanson was celebrated on Monday at the English Passionate Church in the Avenue Hoche, Paris. The Papal Nuncio and the Archbishop of Paris officiated. Lord Lytton and a large and fashionable assembly were present.

* * * * *
Lord and Lady Ardilaun have left St. Anne's, Clontarf, for London.

* * * * *
A concert and musical promenade took place at the Absolute Club House, on Tuesday, the 26th June, at 3.30, in aid of the Kingstown Coffee Palace. A number of distinguished amateurs assisted, and, by kind permission of Colonel Dawson, the band of the 1st King's Regiment was in attendance.

* * * * *
A lady residing in Upper Rathmines, who is a well known caterer for the amusement of young people, gave on Saturday, 16th inst., the second of a series of "Gipsy Teas and Dances," taking thirty-six of her young friends to Lucan. The party left Parkgate Street by the 4.15 o'clock steam tramcar, the courteous manager having placed at their service, at greatly reduced charge, a spacious carriage, which accommodated the entire party. After a delightful walk through Colonel Vesey's charming demesne, they reached the Lucan Spa Hotel, where they found a "High Tea" which could not be surpassed by any hotel, quantity, quality and cleanliness being all that could be desired by the most fastidious or exigent. Tea being disposed of waltzing began in the spacious dining hall, and was kept up till the departure of the last tramcars. The music was supplied by an "Ariston," lent at a very

moderate fee by Messrs. Mansfield, Grafton St. The expenses of this most enjoyable entertainment were only 2s. 6d. per head. It is a pity the matrons of Dublin do not follow the example set them by this energetic Rathmines lady, and give their young friends opportunities of enjoying, at small cost, a "Gipsy Tea and Dance" at Lucan or elsewhere.

The Viceregal Court is now in mourning for the late Emperor of Germany, who was singularly beloved by men of all parties in his own kingdom, and esteemed in a special manner by the people of every state in Europe. The period extends from the 16th of June to the 28th of July, or about six weeks. This will make a dull season for Dublin, so far as the Irish court is concerned, and our modistes, too, will suffer. This knocks on the head the pretty *al fresco* fête, which according to report was in preparation by their Excellencies for the early days of July in the viceregal grounds.

It is to be hoped, however, that other Irish ladies and gentlemen of social eminence and means, many of whom are now resident in the squares and suburbs, will make up in some way for the deprivation which we are sure their Excellencies regret inflicting on society in the metropolis.

What is there to prevent a series of garden parties being given, on a scale of magnificence, in the beautiful grounds of Merrion-square—by subscription of course? We can see nothing to interfere with such a *festa*, which with a little management in the right quarters would eventuate in a brilliant success. Surely gentle hearts, and masculine ones as well, will throb at the vision of chinese lamps, pretty illuminations, sparkling music, exhilarating dances, and refreshments in gaily adorned tents on the lawn. And the whole thing could be arranged splendidly if it were only set properly a-going.

We have discovered a new way of obtaining a hat. A short time ago a "gentleman" lost his "tile" on one of the excursion steamers, and as he wistfully watched it receding he was the subject of much good-humoured banter. He did not mind this, but, turning round to his fellow-passengers with a look which indicated "I know a game worth two of that," proceeded to the courteous captain of the popular pleasure boat, and was "obliged" with a temporary head-dress. This he faithfully promised to return at eight o'clock in the evening, when he would have another secured for himself. He did not turn up. Days have since passed, and he is doubtless chuckling over his cleverness. The game of getting a good hat for a bad one in a barber's shop, or a good umbrella for a bad one in church, is becoming quite too stale, and so new methods are resorted to.

The Directors of the D. W. & W. R. Co. have decided to issue no more bulletins *re* the Westland Row clock. It is now, they are happy to say, quite itself again, and it is the opinion of those who ought to know that there is no immediate danger of a relapse. The pretty earth-works recently thrown up by the Company will, however, remain on view during the summer months, as they daily attract much attention, more especially from strangers to Ireland, who are not accustomed to see fortifications thrown up inside railway stations.

The Rev. Higginson White Melville, at one time a clerk in the Custom House, Dublin, and now the divorced husband of the widow of the novelist, Melville, has disappeared miraculously from public view lately. The police "want him" in connection with the cab affray in Parliament Street.

A story which rivals in asinine interest that of David Copperfield's aunt, hails from Rathmines. It appears that a number of young men observing the prowess of the polo players in the Phoenix Park, sought how to emulate their doughty deeds. As the regulation ponies were not available, a number of all sorts and conditions of donkeys were hired. When the eventful day of the contest arrived what was the surprise of the members to see not a dozen but fifty asses accompanied by a horde of dirty and ragged gamins waiting at their entrance gate, each of whom demanded some compensation for his journey out. Sooner than become bankrupt the gates were shut and a siege ensued. A running fire of billingsgate with an occasional shower of sundry missiles was endured by the imprisoned garrison, till a few burly policemen arrived.

The dictum of Mr. Commissioner Harrell, permitting ladies to ride tricycles on the footpath though chivalrous, is not consistent with recognized principles of equity. The Dublin gentleman who was recently fined for simply walking beside his machine on the footpath is surely less to be blamed than the lady who rides her machine down the footpath of Grafton-st. Yet the former is punishable by the recent regulations. This is law not justice.

Foxrock is to be the locale of the new Dublin race course, which will be opened about the middle of August. The district is remarkable for magnificent mountain and marine scenery, and at one time was a fashionable resort as the neglected ruins of a huge hotel testify. No doubt all the pristine glories will again be revived.

Many persons object to the chamber in most modern houses known as the drawingroom, which in many cases is used by families on an average of about once a week. Generally it is filled with second rate nic-nacs which are preserved in a museum-like fashion for years. The original idea was to provide a chamber suitable for the household to withdraw to after meals.

An interesting subject of dispute was put to the test at the close of last week on the Malahide Road, the question being—How many feet a horse at full gallop places on the ground at the same time. This was carefully ascertained, the result being that the animal places only one foot at a time on the ground. Any one may find this out for himself while listening to a horse galloping on a hard road if he will place his little finger on a table, and cause the other three fingers to follow in rotation. By so doing the precise sound made by a galloping horse will be produced. Then comes the bound, and again the 1, 2, 3, 4, in rapid succession.

A new industry has been started at Bandon, which is to acclimatise the magpie ducks that flourish in vast flocks near the Gulf Stream. These birds have a most beautiful plumage, and it is expected that many persons with orna-

mental ponds in their grounds will send for eggs. We hope to see many of these magpie ducks next season on the ponds in St. Stephen's Green, the Zoological Gardens, and other popular resorts that possess tiny lakes in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

Ireland is still *par excellence* the country for horseflesh, and we trust it may long continue so. Official accounts just published mention that out of 1,431 remounts recently purchased for the army 700 were obtained in Ireland and 586 in England, the remainder being bought in Canada. The average price was £45.

"Mashers" as a rule excite only derision from sensible people. Pity for the youths who are so brainless as to make duds of themselves is the feeling with which they are generally regarded; and, after all, there is something to be said for these beardless boys springing into manhood—they are carried away by a vanity which urges them to outshine all rivals in the absurdity and grotesqueness of their apparel, and, for the time being, they cannot realise the ridiculousness of their figure.

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us to see oorsel's as ithers see us;" but the gift does not come to the "masher," and he remains the foolish thing he is. But when a man considerably beyond the "fifties" takes to this style of modern adornment of his person, with a view to conquests which he has no right to look for or attempt, the question becomes a grave one, and that particular "masher" incurs the danger of having his little peccadilloes talked of.

Such a one as we are describing dwells among us, and is very well known, indeed, in the best thoroughfares of the metropolis. Among people of this class, when women become susceptible to attentions, they are considered "mashed"—that, we believe, is the term employed to describe the victory. Well, then, the Adonis referred to is married and done for long ago; but, notwithstanding this little obstacle, he has literally "mashed" beyond identity the fluttering heart of a gushing spinster, who is—well considerably over twenty.

It is decidedly unpleasant to fall out with one's wife, and it is worse still to leave her in a huff and to take up your abode for even a single night under the roof of your nearest relations. This is what a rather nice young gentleman, holding a fairly good appointment in a government office, and residing in nice apartments in the neighbourhood of Mount-street, has just done, with results that, to say the least, have astonished him considerably, and will probably prevent his indulging in such freaks for a long time to come. This is how it all came about.

The young gentleman had a mild disagreement with his spouse, who is still young and fairly lovely. In a "pet" he left home, vowing never to return, and proceeded forthwith to his grandmother's residence, within a convenient distance of Drumcondra, where he announced his intention of remaining for the night. By-and-bye the quiet household retired to their bedrooms, and sleep had fallen on them, when—

Crash went the glass in the windows below, and the startled inmates speedily discovered the

avenger in the person of the youth's indignant wife, who took this prompt and summary method of demanding possession of her liege lord. That individual, after discovering the assailant from a vantage-point at one of the upper windows, had tucked himself carefully in the bed-clothes, and awaited events which followed rapidly.

Clearly the lady was not to be trifled with, and she was admitted by the doorway as quickly as the bolts could be undone. There was no hesitancy whatever in her action, as she proceeded direct to the bedroom of her lord, and in the language of an eye-witness, the style in which that youthful husband hopped out of his hammock and into his garments was a caution to married men who are disposed to dispute the authority of wives with wills of their own. He returned with her to their home, and it is only right to add that he has restored the broken glass in his grandmother's shattered windows. They may be happy yet.

It was a glorious Saturday evening in this present month of June—it fact it was Saturday last. The pretty village of Lucan had many visitors, brought by afternoon train from Dublin, but among them were two, conspicuous by the elegance of their attire and of their generally *distingue* appearance. One was a city gentleman, married, and a “masher,” made up to conquer; his companion a lady from one of the seaside suburbs on the northern side, but who was not his wife. The sun was setting in all his glory, irradiating the western heavens, when the “masher” proposed a sail on the lovely lake, which is the source of the Anna Liffey, and his fair companion consented.

It was delightful, this community of “two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one;” but there were anxious eyes in Lucan on that eventful afternoon, and some of their busy owners communicated particulars of that innocent aquatic pleasure-trip to the “masher's” wife, with results such as we dare not describe. However, we may add that he has expressed his determination of avoiding Lucan for the remainder of the season. Who is he?

Pearls in fresh-water mussels taken in county Tyrone! This is a startling and agreeable piece of intelligence which we sincerely trust is true. A gentleman from Omagh has taken to London a packet of pearls that has been found as described. One was over a quarter of an inch in diameter and seemed of particularly fine quality, while a score of others ranged downward to the size of small gun-shot. It is said that a twelve mile stretch of the river in which the mussels were taken contains many similar specimens, and that a careful search might prove of immense benefit to the district. It certainly should be engaged in.

As a considerable number of people are interested in the sport afforded by the Water-Wags in and around Kingstown Harbour, we may state that on the 30th instant their tenth race will come off. On July 7th there will be a cruise to Killiney shore; on the 14th, the eleventh race; on the 21st, the twelfth race; and on the 28th, the thirteenth race. The officer of the day will, on each race day, anchor on the starting line off the Victoria Wharf, Kingstown Harbour, and hoist the club colours

at 2.40 p.m. to receive entries and give sailing directions.

It is scarcely possible that anything we can write can add to the numbers that attend the afternoon and evening levees of the great “Medicine Man” from the backwoods of America, who, on the spacious site of the Lyceum Theatre in Great Brunswick Street, is entertaining audiences of three thousand at each *seance*. Regard him from what point of view one may, it must be admitted that Professor Hartley (that, we believe, is the name of this “prairie flower,”) knows how to interest and even to fascinate a crowd, who began by first staring wonderingly at the show of the grand gilt coach, the spanking horses, the clever musicians quaintly clad, and the “medicine man” himself, apparelled *a la* Colonel Cody, or “Buffalo Bill,” and who now, rightly or wrongly, swear by the “doctor.”

As to the merits of his medicines we can offer no opinion, not being fortunately in need of them, and trusting to remain long so. But we are not without earnest assertions from many of those attending his receptions in Brunswick St., that he has effected marvellous cures of rheumatic affections behind the buffalo robe on the tall gilt coach, and enthusiasts are even found to declare that he has restored the sense of hearing to people who were stone deaf.

This may, or may not, be so. We offer no opinion on the point. But the crowds are there, and that they believe in him—faith in the doctor being the great quality necessary in the patient—is sufficiently visible by the delight with which they listen to him and the thundering plaudits they bestow on him when a sufferer emerges from his hands relieved from the torment of the rheumatism.

But, on one point, there can be no deception. The Professor knows how to extract molars. We may observe that he has not operated on ours; but all the same, we would stake our last dollar that in this domain of art he stands unapproachable and alone. Nothing like the ease and dexterity with which the operation is performed has hitherto been seen here, and if the patient shouts he will not be heard, as his momentary agony is soothed by the strains of *Semiramide* from the band, and he generally descends smiling bravely. It is only right to add that in the case of poor persons unable to pay for his medicines, and who may be recommended by clergymen of any denomination, the Professor gives them gratis.

By the kind permission of Mr. John Vernon a bazaar will be held in the beautiful grounds of Clontarf Castle, early in July, under distinguished patronage, in aid of the Organ Fund of Clontarf Church.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, Earl de Montalt, Ladies Maude, Dowager Lady Rosmore, Sir West and Lady Ridgeway, Sir Thomas and Lady Jones, the Attorney-General, and Hon. Robert Daly have left Dublin for England.

The old market place of Belfast was opened on Monday, and is a very interesting portion of the Irish Exhibition, eighteen Irish girls serve in the shops, dressed in characteristic costumes;

lace embroidery and knitted work of the highest class is sold. Early in July the places of the ordinary shop attendants will be taken by ladies of distinction, who are interested in the Exhibition, and who, attired in Irish peasant garb, will sell at these mimic shops.

Lord and Lady Ashbourne have left Dublin for their chateau, near Boulogne, and will be absent for some weeks.

His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, G.C.B. Commander of the Forces in Ireland, proceeded to Galway on the 26th inst. for the purpose of selecting a site for new barracks which are to take the place of the Shamble Barracks, stated by Sir Redvers Buller, giving evidence before the Committee on the Army Estimates, to be the worst in the world.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Distressed Ladies' Fund, held at 30, Molesworth Street, the Right Hon. Stephen Flanagan in the chair, the members present were W. Robertson, Longworth Dames, David Sherlock, Esqrs.; Major Whyte, Mrs. Power-Lalor, and Miss Blanche Tottenham. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to H.R.H. the Princess Louise and H.R.H. the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, for having so kindly presided over the old silver and old china stalls at the recent bazaar held in London; and also to her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Duchess of St. Albans, the Marchioness of Waterford, and the other ladies who, by their presence and assistance, so warmly promoted the interests of the sale.

Water, water everywhere, but at the Curragh Camp, where the present supply is very short, and the prospect of its becoming less is within unreasonable distance. The new tank, or reservoir rather, constructed by the Royal Engineers with soldier labour took so long to make, that when finished there was no water to fill it, and so the proposed Summer drills on a large scale are knocked on the head, and the money voted for that purpose, £1,500, be re-audited to the Financial Department of the War Office. Two Militia Battalions the 5th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and the 5th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles which were to have assembled at Ireland's only camp on the second proximo have received orders to look out for some other place to train at; and the Cavalry regiment also received orders to stand fast where they are. Who is to blame for the want of water at the Camp should be made the subject of inquiry—for evidently some one has blundered, and blundered badly. Under the circumstances, however, it seems a pity that the Heath of Maryboro is not utilised as a camping ground. It is only some twelve miles as the crow flies from the Curragh, and the troops at each camp might be exercised one against the other. There is said to be a plentiful supply of water to be had by boring.

Smoking on the top of trams is becoming a terrible nuisance—not alone the fumes of the vile tobacco used being most disagreeable to ladies, but the amount of expectoration that takes place makes the top of the trams most offensive. We hope that now that the attention of the Directors of the United Tramways Co. is called to this nuisance they will take steps to prevent a recurrence of the same.

With all our nineteenth century luxury we are not as far advanced as the Fijian chiefs, who, according to a recent traveller's tale, employ exclusive hair-dressers, whose duties are confined to keeping in order the employers woolly tresses. But the male inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands surpass even these, for there it is nothing uncommon for the husband to have his wife's head shaved, and to appropriate to his own adornment the borrowed locks.

The great criminal soon receives his glorious recognition now-a-days. It took the police three weeks to catch the murderer Jackson. It has taken the artists at Madame Tussaud's less time to do his portrait into wax, and to put him into the "chamber of horrors," caught and chained. More people, probably, will go to see the very rapidly secured portrait of the murderer than ever would be anxious to look upon the counterfeit presentment of the Kaiser.

Sir Morell Mackenzie will soon be in England. He is spending a portion of the fee which he received for his services to the late Emperor of Germany in a thoroughly English manner. He is building for himself a country-house. He has chosen for his home out of London the prettiest spot on the River Thames—a site near Maidenhead, and there, when weary of studying bad throats, he will retire to recuperate, and to think out new plans for tubing the larynx and operating upon its affected portions.

The old celebration of Waterloo, by the way, seems to have faded out altogether. It has become a memory of one's boyhood. Waterloo heroes still abounded in those days at military stations. If they were not Waterloo heroes, they said they were, and when one is young fiction is nearly as good as truth. But there are very few Waterloo heroes now. The churches no longer ring their bells on June 18, even the military celebration of the day is forgone. The great fight is faded into history, like those other victories over the French which were the glorious boast of our ancestors.

Sorrow has again entered the home of the Duke of Westminster. It seems only lately, though it was in 1884, that he lost his eldest son, Lord Grosvenor, and now Lord Robert Grosvenor is dead. Lord Robert was not twenty years of age, and had not begun to take any interest or part in public affairs. He was known, however, as a very amiable and loveable lad, and his death will be a great blow to the Duke. The Duke of Westminster has now nine children remaining to him, two of whom, a son and a daughter, are by the second marriage.

New York State has adopted a system by which women, yclept "police matrons," are to be in attendance at the station houses, to take charge of female prisoners.

Dalkey Regatta, one of the most popular aquatic fixtures round the coast, is arranged to take place on the 4th of August and will, no doubt, as in previous years, be a huge success. For spectators there is no better place for a regatta—yachting men have their opinion, we only say it does not coincide.

Why can't small and large hotel-keepers in this country use their own language, "call a spade a spade" and "a bill of fare a bill of

fare" not a *menu*. We lately came across a "menu" of an hotel not a hundred miles from Dublin. Here it is—a curious salad of French and English, the former so disguised as to be scarcely recognisable:—

POTAGES.
Consomme ay Royal,
Puree de Cheux Fleurs!
POISSON.
Haddock, Bouilli; Sauce Hollandaise,
Cotelettes de Saumon,
Sauce Indienne.
ENTREE.
Rissoles a la Reine,
Riz de Vean au Financiere!
RELEVES
Filletts de Vean, Roti,
Poulets Bouilli au Jambon,
LEGUME.
Eppinards a la Creme,
Pommes de Terre-Noveller.
ENTREMETS
Vianilla a la Creme!
Alexandera Pudding!

The food in its raw state was probably excellent, but, if the French cooking was no better than the French spelling, we are afraid a lot of good material was wasted.

The Right Hon. the Attorney-General has taken a residence in Monkstown-avenue, Monkstown, for the summer months. It is understood that if there is no summer, which seems quite on the cards, that the clerk of the weather will be prosecuted under some old law.

An ordinary joke by repetition falls very flat, and a practical joke by repetition becomes very stupid. The days when the Berner's-street hoax created a sensation are gone; but, nevertheless, some silly person in Sandycove has been endeavouring to revive it. Some days ago General Rice, of Bayswater-terrace, Sandycove, was made the victim of a hoax, and about two in the afternoon the road leading to his residence presented for that dull part of the world quite a lively appearance. All sorts and conditions of trades were represented—funeral proprietors, painters, glaziers, plumbers, sweeps, wine merchants, float owners, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, even a barber was there, who waxed very wrath at finding no corpse to shave. If the perpetrators of such a "joke" can be discovered it is to be hoped they may learn that such jokes are, like kisses, sometimes an expensive commodity.

Mr. Frederic Mouillot, the "leading man" and stage manager of Miss Janetta Steer's Lady Clare Company, is on leave at present. He will give a couple of recitals at the Assembly Rooms, Bray, this week.

Mr. Leslie Crotty and his talented wife, Madame Georgina Burns, will rejoin the Carl Rosa Company at Dublin, on August 20th. The popular baritone was formerly the favourite pupil of Professor Barraclough of 24 Pembroke Street.

Howth is a watering-place that needs reviving. Though once the principal fishing station on the eastern coast, it is now almost neglected. The train service is defective, while the inhabitants complain that the freshly caught fish cost more in the village than elsewhere. In addition the bathing places are reported to be unfit for use owing to the newly-constructed drain discharges into Calscadder Bay.

Mr. Walter Raynam, the late stage manager of the Gaiety, Dublin, telegraphs from Melbourne that the receipts of Miss Ellen Terry's tour beat all record.

It is not generally known that the "Messiah" of Handel was first produced at Fishamble Street, Dublin.

A most enjoyable children's garden party was given by Mrs. Hunter, at her residence, Glenvar, Howth Road, on Saturday. The children amused and exercised themselves to their hearts' content in the beautiful grounds surrounding Glenvar.

It is stated that a contingent of English medical men will visit Dublin early in August. Already extensive preparations are being carried out. The week's stay is certain to prove a gala time.

Mr. Richard Purdon, at present playing as Myles-na-Coppaleen in the Standard Theatre, London, is a son of the late Alderman Purdon, at one time Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Mr. Frederick Mouillot, who appeared last week as "leading man" in Miss Janette Steer's Company, is stated to be a son of the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Bray.

The friends of Mr. R. M. Levey, that is, the entire population of Dublin, will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Levey has been dangerously ill for the past four months. Under these circumstances Mr. Levey's annual benefit is necessarily deferred until late Autumn.

Summer has at last put on a pleasant face, but not a moment too soon. The best half of the quarter is now over, and we have had only two or three days of really fine weather—days upon which ladies need have no fear of the elements nor concern for their bright summer costumes, and days upon which the children can be taken to the seaside there to play and romp, and build castles to their heart's content, and when the jaded business man can enjoy undisturbed his evening walk.

The beautiful and charming Lady Dudley is going to get married again—at least rumour says so. From one source we have it that the favoured mortal who is to become her husband is a French officer in a cavalry regiment. We believe, however, that Lord Rowton is to be Lady Dudley's future husband, the engagement between them arising out of an arrangement which her ladyship's parents at one time made with the late Lord Beaconsfield.

A Kildare breach of promise action which the plaintiff wished to have tried in the Superior Courts has been remitted for trial before Judge Darley, at Kildare, in October. Breaches of promise invariably excite more interest than any other kind of case; but unfeeling juries have reduced their number considerably. In the vicinity of Naas where the Romeos and Juliets of the neighbourhood seem to be particularly unhappy in their engagements—there are disquieting rumours floating about, and although no action has yet been entered, yet before long we shall no doubt be able to gloat (ladies especially enjoy these cases) over the loveable and loveless effusions of some Kildare gentlemen.

Only that relentless time winds on in its unbroken course, we could otherwise scarcely be brought to believe that Midsummer Day has been numbered with the past. The idea of Midsummer Day with fires blazing merrily and the thermometer down to a point which ought to make that meteorological instrument blush for very shame, is a new experience. In the good old days of long ago, summer used to be summer, and not spring, winter, and summer beautifully jumbled up together in maddening confusion. We sincerely trust, however, that the clerk of the weather will make up during the next two or three months for the remissness and want of consideration which have characterised his conduct so far.

One of the secret arts at present in existence is the manufacture of artificial human eyes. It is carried on behind strongly-bolted doors, through which outsiders are never allowed to enter. There are no books upon the subject. The skilled artisans are adverse to instructing pupils other than their own relatives. Few exceptions are made. In France, which, we believe, is the real home of the manufacture, the custom is to hand the secret down from father to son. Not over one hundred persons in the world are engaged in the manufacture.

Whether ladies should smoke cigarettes at or after dinner, may be considered an open question; but all ladies alike will agree with the spirit of a petition presented by physicians, clergymen, and school teachers, in favour of a Bill introduced at Washington to prohibit the sale of cigarettes to boys under sixteen years of age. The evil is a great one, and therefore we have no sympathy with those who declare that paternal government in a narrower sense would meet the case.

Among the latest *morceaux* of fashion gossip, we give the following:—Green tones are seen in a very large number of fashionable dresses; combs are quite a feature of the day, and the light tortoise-shell seems the favourite; veils are universally worn in the form of straight pieces of tulle carried across the face; a fashionable wardrobe is now incomplete unless it includes a jewelled fan to match every toilet; silk gloves with kid tops are very durable—the only danger is that the kid pulls away from the silk where the two materials unite. For summer dinner-dresses, silk muslins streaked with velvet are very elegant; light flowers are brocaded in velvet between the series of streaks. Russia leather shoes in deep red, tan, and other colours have become very popular among ladies. They are worn with almost any kind of costume. Glace silks seem likely to be more fashionable than ever this summer. Even the newest fancy silks, in floral or eccentric patterns, have glace grounds, shot with two shades of colour.

Dining out is becoming quite an institution in our midst, that is, if the multiplicity of restaurants is any criterion of public predilection. Strangers declare that Dublin restaurants can vie with the best of similar establishments to be found in cities in the sister countries, but again and again we have heard it stated that the manner in which the waiting is done is anything but satisfactory. A correspondent has asked us to ventilate this question, "in the hope that some change may take place in the manner in which people are served" in a certain restaurant

in Sackville Street. The waiting is done by young girls, our informant tells us, who seem to have favourites among the gentlemen who dine at that establishment, and that unless a person is known it is quite a common thing to have to sit there, hungry and in want, for ten minutes before even the order is taken. This delay takes place during the time certain young gentlemen describe to the waitresses their experiences of the past evening, etc., etc. Our correspondent has no objection to the young girls making the best of their time amongst the gentlemen, but they should be taught not to forget that a hungry man is generally an unsociable one, and that while they are enjoying the confidences of their friends he is patiently waiting for a much-needed repast in no very amiable mood.

We feel sure the courteous and painstaking proprietor of this establishment will have our correspondent's grievance removed, while we equally hope the young girls will exercise a little more consideration for those who are not of their acquaintance.

Under certain conditions no greater amusement can be found than to watch the different kinds of salutes given by passers-by on the streets to their acquaintances. One who has frequently passed an hour away in this way, sends us the following record of his experiences. Gentleman No. 1 passed a nice young lady, and while she merely gave him the slightest nod of recognition, he lifted his hat with a courtly grace that did one's heart good to see. In the second case the lady bowed with a bewitching, fascinating smile, while the happy masculine mortal on whom such a gracious salutation was bestowed, merely elevated his hat about one inch above his manly brow, and quickly replaced it as if he were afraid of catching cold, while not the shadow of a smile passed over his impassive countenance. Gentleman No. 3 passed lady No. 3 with a cheery "good evening" and a bow and then passed on with a happy smile on his face. The lady seemed equally pleased to have seen him, and after each had gone on a few yards in opposite directions, they simultaneously turned round and looked back. Of course their eyes met, and each hurried away in slight confusion at being so discovered by the other.

Many stories of the late Colonel King-Harman are finding their way into print. One of them records the role played by one of the late Colonel's charming daughters which reflects the highest credit upon the young lady. It is said that much of the hard work which latterly devolved upon the Colonel was undertaken by the daughter referred to, and that she thought out and put upon paper many solutions of difficult political problems. Such young ladies are rare now-a-days, and it is with sincere pleasure we give space to the foregoing statement.

Visitors to Bray of the nautical fraternity generally are beginning to cry out loudly against the want of a boat slip at the strand of this fine little town. Last winter the boat slips were practically washed away during the heavy storms, and have never been either replaced or repaired. As matters now stand, those who wish to enjoy an hour on the "rolling deep" must put to sea under great difficulty not altogether unattended by danger. They must enter the boats on the strand and be pushed off by the boatmen, and, if the sea be in any way

"lumpy," they are almost sure to be deluged by the rollers that break over the gunwales of the craft often half filling them with water before they reach half-a-dozen yards from the shore.

An existence of the inconvenience caused by the absence of a boat-slip was afforded the other day when a number of young ladies and gentlemen who formed part of an excursion party to Old Connaught, entered boats, with the intention, no doubt, of enjoying themselves. They were launched as described above, but before they had got two lengths to sea, flop! came several rollers in succession over the party, leaving hardly a dry yard of muslin or tweed on some of the boaters, and giving the ladies a good idea of one of the chief causes of seasickness.

This would not have happened had there been a landing stage, the absence of which is a positive disgrace to those whose duty it is to have one erected. There are many visitors now at Bray from across channel and elsewhere, and such a bar to enjoyment as this is will not impress them with good opinions. A want of a boat-slip is a shame on the authorities, an injustice to boatmen, who must lose many fares, and a legitimate cause for discontent on the part of visitors and inhabitants generally. It is to be hoped the township Commissioners will see their way to take the matter up.

Miss Mary Anderson is expected in Dublin on October 22nd, to fulfil a week's engagement at the Gaiety Theatre. The repertoire includes "The Winter's Tale," "Romeo and Juliet," "As you like it," "Lady of Lyons," and "Imogen."

We cannot help ventilating a grievance to which pedestrians through Dublin have often given expression. We refer to the filthy practice that prevails in almost every street. Young men and middle-aged men stand at corners and spit right out. If one happens to be passing rather quickly, a coat or a dress is likely to bear the evidence. The removal of such a detestable practice might exercise the tactical talents of Mr. Harrel, who has always shown a praiseworthy desire to shape his actions and orders in consonance with public opinion.

Tram conductors have often complained about the want of consideration exhibited by many frequenters of these vehicles. They, however, are not in the habit of making their grievances public; but they undoubtedly possess a power over the captious traveller which is sometimes used to good purpose. The other evening four people sitting together handed the guard a shilling, a sixpence, a florin, and a half-crown; but the owner of the latter coin was well ballasted in return, he having received in his change twenty-three penny pieces. The joke was carried a shade too far in this instance, but it was a sight to see the gleam of satisfaction which this "revenge" brought to the conductor's countenance.

Servant girls in Dublin are a constant source of worry and trouble to their mistresses. A lady who has had a great deal of experience amongst them declared to us that to find a really good obedient girl is quite as difficult as the finding of a fortune in a waste and barren country. The lady referred to was in Switzer's

establishment the other day. Near by her were two ladies in earnest conversation. The theme of their gossip was a certain servant girl whom one of the ladies wished to engage, but not before receiving the girl's character from the other lady. "And you could not recommend her?" was the question put over and over again. "No; I cannot conscientiously recommend her. She is an extremely nice girl, but an exceedingly bad servant." Such is a correct description, says our informant, of two-thirds of the Dublin servant girls.

The Bray Flower Show will take place in the grounds of the International Hotel, on Tuesday, July 17th. The Earl of Meath and Viscount Powerscourt have promised their assistance and given handsome subscriptions, as have many other gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Commissioner Harrel, a word with you, *s'il vous plait*. You have the reputation of being a courteous gentleman, and we readily admit that when citizens find it necessary to complain that the public interests suffer from neglect in the great department under your control, you have at all times done your best to rectify matters, and to make the police force as useful to the population as possible.

Your consideration for the welfare of your men is, however, from a humane point of view, an open question; and it may be no harm to remind you in a kindly sort of way, of how that question stands. Out of it, however, arises a positive inconvenience to the public, as well as the infliction of unnecessary cruelty on a highly-deserving force; but we are satisfied that your attention only requires to be directed to the subject to have everything put straight and fair.

According to our information, you have recently sanctioned a system of drilling men engaged on lengthened duty in the streets, when they should be enjoying a natural and desired rest, and this, too, in the case of members of the force whose years of service should be sufficient to protect them from the initiatory processes involved in re-learning the "goose step" and practising extension of arms which, at their time of life, is simply ridiculous. And while this martial preparation is progressing the "beats" are denuded of their guardians.

You also make no time or other allowance to constables who are obliged to attend the police courts prosecuting night charges or summons cases, thereby—though we admit not desiring or approving of it—holding out, as it were, a premium to men to avoid entangling themselves in cases of arrest, in which they must attend early next morning to prosecute, and afterwards go on night duty at their usual hour, just as if their rest had not been interfered with.

Mr. Harrel, we have received numerous complaints on these subjects, and we mention the matter thus publicly, believing that you will promptly effect the desired reforms, which are all within your hand to grant or to withhold. You have a splendid body of men at your command, and, if you will believe us, the best method in the world to make them thoroughly effective is to treat them with humanity and consideration. They deserve it.

LA REVEILLE.

"IDALIA," COMIC OPERETTA, LIBRETTO BY HENRY T. H. GRUBB, MUSIC BY W. S. ESSEX MORTON.—This is an original work, and successfully appeared during the three latter days of last week at 79 Waterloo Road. When amateurs, write, compose, and perform, the art-critic has an instinctive tendency to look down on them from the lofty height of professional experience. In this instance, the most cynical critic could not fail to admire, not alone the music, and the clever libretto, but the acting and singing as well. The librettist is seventeen years old, and the composer only eighteen. Of course traces of immaturity and imitative phases must be expected from work devised by such youthful genius. There is a little of *Faust* and a sprinkling of *Patience* in "Idalia," but, on the whole, there is sufficient evidence of melodic power in the operetta to assure us that if Mr. Morton studies music as a science for some years, he may confidently anticipate the applause of the general public. The operetta consists of twenty numbers, mostly bright and pleasantly written. The "Incantation Duet" (No. 9.) is, however, of a Meyerbeer gloominess, and a welcome break in the series of comic numbers. The chief parts were successfully taken by Messrs. Rambaut, Mercer, Wym, Hill, Murphy, and H. T. H. Grubb; and Misses Birmingham, Browne, Grubb, Ashe, Foley, Coyle and Worrall performed the part of village maidens, singing well and being picturesquely costumed. Miss Grandison took the part of "Idalia," and in spite of excusable nervousness, received several encores. The *finale* of the first act is a conclusive demonstration of the dramatic ability of the young librettist; and we sincerely hope that both he and Mr. Morton will spare neither time, thought, or labour to develop the talents which they undoubtedly possess.

CYCLING.—The general meet, as well as the sixteen miles' Bicycle Road Race took place at the Phoenix Park on Saturday last. The usual march past was gone through, and the demonstration went off quietly. We are glad to announce that Kilkelly will cross the "duck pond" to compete for the N.C.U. Five Miles Championship.

FLOWER SHOW AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, HIBERNIAN BAND OF HOPE UNION.—The annual carnival of amusements takes place on Friday 29th, at Ballsbridge. There will be two open air concerts on grand stand, a promenade concert in large hall, accompanied by the band of the Liverpool Regiment, and a grand balloon ascent by Captain Whelan, of Huddersfield, at 7 o'clock, p.m. The entire premises will be open all day, and we anticipate that thousands of citizens, young and old, will assemble to demonstrate the popularity of this annual festival. We believe not only in children being total abstainers, but in affording them, as often as possible, every form of amusement which human ingenuity can devise. The happier we strive to make them the better citizens will they grow up. Consequently it is philosophic as well as gracious to give to children the widest freedom and plenty of daily pleasure.

THE MOUNT TEMPLE CLUB TOURNAMENT terminated with a musical promenade on Friday last when some 800 visitors put in an appear-

ance. Mr. W. Carruthers secured first prize in the gentlemen's singles, the second falling to the share of Mr. B. W. Scott. Most interest was centred, however in the contest between Miss Kitty Skipworth and Miss Violet Gelston for the ladies singles. Neither of the players were in their best form, probably owing to nervousness, brought on no doubt by the non-applaudive nature of the audience. Miss Skipworth, however, won through superior pounding play. The club deserve commendation for supplying refreshments gratis in the spacious marquee.

PEMBROKE CLUB.—Unless this club drops the absurd habit of members continually playing under assumed names they must sink into oblivion, as far as chronicling their record goes. It is a paltry excuse to allege that professional prospects are damaged by participation in a pastime such as lawn tennis.

FITZWILLIAM CLUB.—It was almost a curiosity to find this club actually playing at their grounds on Saturday last, with the Lansdowne as opponents. There has not been any match that the first team have engaged in this season, although programmed for six fixtures. We noticed that the volleying of both sides was exceptionally good. Perhaps the fact that there are no lady members in either clubs accounts for the games being fast throughout.

WILTON CLUB.—Not doing much just at present, those of our readers who wish to purchase first-class racquets cannot do better than to patronize the workshop of Dowling, the club caretaker. The fact that Mr. Ernest Renshaw has specially ordered a couple testifies to the appreciation they meet with universally.

THE PRIMROSE CLUB easily defeated the Mount Temple 2nd team at Rathgar on Saturday. The home team won all the events save two. It must be conceded that the grass courts displayed considerable signs of deterioration. Miss Butler for the winners showed up well, while Mr. Clive Ryan was the only one who made any fight for the Palmerston contingent.

LAWN TENNIS.—It is worth noticing that Ernest Renshaw (Champion of Ireland) defeated Mrs. Hillyard (Lady Champion of Ireland and Wales) by two sets to 1, last week. The gentleman player allowed his opponent half forty.

THE BLACKROCK COLLEGE SPORTS, were held on Friday last in the School grounds. The attendance was good, and the band of the Artane School contributed an excellent selection. Some forty events were successfully got through. The French College still holds undisputed sway over scholastic realms in athletic contests.

THE GLENAGEARY CLUB seems to be somewhat second-rate, as up to the present no player has, to our knowledge, appeared before the public at any tournament whatsoever. The grass courts are reported to be in good condition, though the membership role might be larger.

THE SANDYCOVE CLUB provides excellent facilities for visitors to the seaside, by affording cheap subscription rates, and deserves extensive patronage. The Tournament opens next Wednesday.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY Tennis Club now contains 120 members, with T. S. Campion as their champion representative. We do not wish to pick more holes than there are at present in the asphalt courts, but repairs are necessary.

THE DUNDRUM CLUB look upon their representative, W. J. Hamilton, as a "likely 'un" to secure the Championship of the North of England at Wimbledon next month. His recent play at Penarth and Liverpool almost justifies their anticipations.

THE MERRION SQUARE SPORTS, though thoroughly juvenile, still are deservedly popular. W. F. Rowland, by his victory in the half mile, has permanently secured the challenge cup. The weather was not what was wished for, the rain to some extent obliterating the polytechnic portion of the programme.

SWIMMING.—The Sandycove Bathing Committee have fixed their Aquatic Sports for Saturday, 28th July, to take place at the Forty Foot Rocks.

CONCERT AT BRAY.—The annual concert of the Bray Boat Club took place on the 26th in the Assembly Rooms, Bray, and was numerously attended. A number of distinguished amateurs lent their services for the occasion, with the result that the concert was a pronounced success.

CONCERT IN MARYBOROUGH.—A very successful and highly enjoyable concert was given in the Town Hall on the evening of the 15th, every available seat being occupied. An excellent programme was arranged under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred Simms. The following were the artistes:—*Soprano*, Miss Dora Maxwell, Miss Blanche Williams; *Contralto*, Miss May Boylan; *Tenor*, Mr. T. Mawhinny; *Baritone*, Mr. C. J. M'Dermott; and *Basso*, Mr. E. P. Monk. All the various items were loudly applauded, but Martini's "Tickling Trio" as sung by Miss Williams, Messrs. Mawhinny and M'Dermott, with "Spoons" by the latter gentleman, and Miss Dora Maxwell's rendering of "Scenes that are brightest" were undeniably encored. We must not omit to mention that the famous quartette "Un di si ben" was capitally sung by Miss Maxwell, Miss Boylan, Messrs. Mawhinny and M'Dermott, the tenor singing admirably his conspicuous part. We take this opportunity of stating, that in future, we shall require the notices of concerts, &c. from the provinces to be authenticated with name and address, and accompanied with programme when necessary.

IRELAND AT OLYMPIA.

THE Exhibition is now in full swing in all its many departments, and the support accorded to it by Londoners, ever on the look out for attractive novelties, is most gratifying. Olympia has had the honour of a visit from the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and a good many of the stalls were considerably benefited thereby. At the close of the week his Serene Highness the Duke of Teck, who is married to the popular Princess Mary of Cambridge, paid a visit to the Exhibition, and he certainly took the greatest interest in the building and its varied contents. Mr. Thaddeus, whose fine portrait

of Pope Leo XIII was lately on view at the gallery of the lamented Tom Cranfield, in Grafton Street, did the honours to a large extent to his Serenity, who expressed high appreciation of the Irish painter's grand collection. What is wanted, however, is a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales, who would be certain of a right royal welcome in any spot where Irishmen and Irishwomen congregate, but at Olympia they would receive an overwhelming ovation. There is some talk of their Royal Highnesses going to West Kensington on an early day with a numerous train of lordly personages, and that this would do the Exhibition a world of good is admitted by everybody. As the days progress the attendance of the public is increasing, and Canon Bigot's charming charges in their picturesque costumes making the sweetest of butter are attractions of which the London public seem never to tire. Several purchases of the natty little Kerry cows have been made by gentlemen resident in the metropolitan suburbs, and good prices have been paid, for them, their vacant stalls being supplied as promptly as possible from Ireland, and it is believed that by this means a very large number of these useful animals will be introduced between this time and the end of the year to the out premises of the nobility and gentry in London, who will thus have at hand a supply of pure milk for household use which it would be idle to look for in London. The Village, too, continues an attractive resort for the constant crowds, who generally manifest great interest in the occupations and proceedings of the primitive "natives" at work within their cabins and outside. Here, at intervals the irrepressible and humorous Teddy Hogan may be discovered discoursing the best music he knows on his Irish pipes. Teddy seems to have hit off the popular taste in the matter of selections, which is distinctly in favour of planxties and jigs, and these he dashes off in a manner that would almost make cripples dance. Large numbers of Irish excursionists have reached Olympia from Liverpool, Manchester, and other large English centres, and several batches from Ireland itself have gone thither on their holidays; but many thousands more are expected during July, and there can be no doubt that they will all experience not alone pleasure but pride at their visit. Say what people will, the fact remains that when the old country puts forth her energies in an industrial way, she can accomplish wonders.

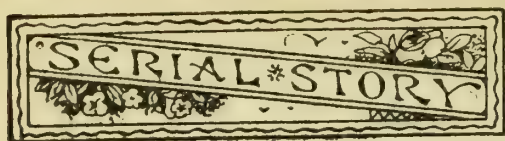
We note to-day a few of the more attractive stalls in the building:—

MESSRS. FRANCIS SMYTH & SON, GRAFTON-ST.—This well-known and thoroughly Irish manufacturing firm occupy Stall E 268, this being of good proportions—10 feet long by 6 feet deep, and having two wings with wood at back. During their visit to this section of the building her Royal Highness Princess Louise and the Baroness Burdett Coutts made a considerable stay at this attractive stall and purchased a number of pretty things in parasols trimmed with fine Irish lace, and seemed delighted with the goods. They had both a long look at O'Connell's famous umbrella, which occupies a post of honour on the stall and invariably fetches a big crowd of admirers. The firm's sale of blackthorns is something marvellous, and to keep up the supply will tax their best energies, as everybody seems to want a "Tipperary rifle," and it may be taken for granted that Mr. Frank Smyth will see that they are provided with this now popular "arm of precision" that is said to

"never miss fire." It is greatly to the credit of the Grafton Street house that they make on their premises in Dublin everything they sell, the coverings being all native-wove silk, and that for a long number of years they have never ceased to keep the old Irish industry of umbrella and parasol manufacture well to the front at home, turning out goods that for excellence of wear and beauty of finish cannot be matched elsewhere. Londoners in Olympia are certainly recognising this fact in a liberal fashion, and if the public at home only patronised Irish work of this kind as they should, Messrs. Smyth and Co. would be able to quadruple the large number of hands, chiefly girls, to whom they now give employment.

Messrs. Phillip's and Healy's handsome stall is attracting marked attention from all who admire admirable cut and make combined with excellent material in articles of wear. They are well known in Dublin as a very eminent house in this respect, being tailors by appointment to almost every member of the Royal Family, and a distinct feature of their stall, and an immensely admired one too, is the Irish poplin smoking suit, as supplied to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, which is a model of elegance, lightness, and comfort for indoor wear, while their patent shooting coat must prove equally acceptable to sportsmen out for a day among pheasants and grouse. The shooting coat is most ingeniously contrived, having a double cape of waterproof, a deep game pocket, and a gun bearer in which the fowling-piece can be supported, leaving the sportsman's hands quite at liberty when desired.

Among the most attractive stalls in Olympia is that provided by Mr. J. H. Fielder, who is favourably known to an extensive circle of customers as the ladies' artist tailor and habit and mantle maker, at 78 Grafton-street. On the stand a chaste design, and, we might add, a most original one, is a tailor made gown of a beautiful material in gray, the skirt being artistically draped. The under petticoat is of gray velvet of a lighter shade, with side panels of cloth on one side and velvet on the other, handsomely braided with steel cord. The bodice is embellished with white buckskin, and is also embroidered with steel cord. A double-breasted princess paletot made of Irish material, braided, with smart pockets and flaps, and velvet collar embroidered with black braid, is uncommonly pretty. A fawn dress, very neat, is shown. It is handsomely braided with fawn and gold braid of a darker shade than the material. There is a tastefully draped skirt edged with braid, and with very high collar. Mr. Fielder also shows black tight-fitting jackets, double-breasted, with coat-collar to button with five large horn buttons. These jackets are nicely bound with braid, and have small and handy pockets with flaps in front, this being quite a new style of jacket. A loose-fronted and tight back covert coat of fawn cloth, with velvet nankeen collar edged with cloth and strapped seams, is attracting much attention on the stand. The garment is certainly worthy of notice, as, although hanging perfectly straight in the front, it yet shows the contour of the figure, and sets perfectly tight in the back. Mr. Fielder, we are glad to know, has been honoured with the patronage of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Countess of Aberdeen.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"

"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

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BOOK III.

ATROPOS—OR THAT WHICH MUST BE.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

I suppose I ought to answer your long letter by saying that I am glad the child has good health, that I rejoice in her welfare, and so on. But I cannot be such a hypocrite. It hurts me to write about her—it hurts me to think of her. My heart hardens itself against her at every suggestion of her quickness or her prettiness, or any other merit. To me she can be nothing except—disgrace. I burnt your letter the instant it was read. I felt as if someone was looking over my shoulder as I read it. I dared not go down to lunch, for fear Mrs. Winstanley's searching eyes should read my secret in my face. I pretended a headache and stayed in my room till our eight o'clock dinner, when I knew I should be safe in the dim religious light which my chaperon affects as the most flattering to wrinkles and pear powder.

"But I am not ungrateful, my dear John. I am touched even by your kindly interest in that unfortunate waif. I have no doubt you have done wisely in placing her with the good old lady at Barnes, and that she is very happy running about the common. I am glad I know where she is so that I may never drive that way, if I can possibly help it. Your old lady must be rather a foolish woman I should think to change Fanny into Fay, on the strength of the child's airy movements and elfin appearance; but as long as this person knows nothing of her charge's history her silliness cannot matter."

A letter of a later date was addressed from Lewes Crescent.

"I am horrified at what you have done. Oh, John, how could you be so reckless, so forgetful of my reiterated entreaties to keep that girl's existence wide apart from mine, or yours? And you have actually introduced her into your own house, as a relation; and you actually allow her to be called by your name! Was ever such madness? You stultify all that has been done in the past. You open the door to questionings and conjectures of the most dreadful kind. No, I will not see her. You must be mad to suggest such a thing. My feeling about her to-day is exactly the same as my feeling on the day she was born—disgust, horror, dread. I will never—willingly—look upon her face.

"Do you remember those words in 'Bleak House'—'Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace and you were hers.' So it is with that girl and me. Can love be possible where there is this mutual disgrace?"

"For God's sake get the girl out of your

house us soon as you can. Send her to some good school abroad—France, Germany, where you like, and save me from the possibility of discovery. My secret has been kept—my friends look up to me. I have outlived the worst part of my misery, and have learnt to take some interest in life. I could not survive the discovery of my wretched story."

A later letter was briefer and more business-like.

"I fully concur in the settlement you propose and would as willingly make the sum £40,000 as £30,000. Remember that so far as money can go I am anxious to do the *utmost*. I hope she will marry soon, and marry well, and that she may lead a happy and honourable life under a new name—a name that she can bear without a blush. I should be much relieved if she could continue to live abroad."

This was the last letter in the bundle tied with red ribbon. In the same pigeon-hole Mildred found the draft of a deed of gift, transferring £30,000, India stock, to Fanny Fausset, otherwise Vivien Faux, on her twenty-first birthday, and with the draft there were several letters from a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, relating to the same deed of gift.

The last of the letters fell from Mildred's lap, as she sat with her hands clasped before her face, dazed by this sudden light which altered the aspect of her life.

"Fool, fool, fool!" she cried. The thought of all she had suffered, and of the suffering she had inflicted on the man she loved almost maddened her. She had condemned her father—her generous, noble-hearted father—upon evidence that had seemed to her incontrovertible. She had believed in a stain upon that honourable life—had believed him a sinner and a coward. And Miss Fausset knew all that she had forfeited by that fatal misapprehension, and yet kept her shameful secret, caring for her own reputation more than for two blighted lives.

She remembered how she had appealed to her aunt to solve the mystery of Fay's parentage, and how deliberately Miss Fausset had declared her ignorance. She had advised her niece to go back to her husband, but that was all.

Mildred gathered the letters together, tied them with the faded ribbon, and then went to her father's writing table and wrote these lines, in a hand that trembled with indignation:—

"I know all the enclosed letters can tell me. You have kept your secret at the hazard of breaking two hearts. I know not if the wrong you have done me can ever be set right, but this I know that I shall never again enter your house or look upon your face if I can help it. I am going back to my husband, never again to leave him, if he will let me stay.

MILDRED GRESWOLD."

She packed the letters securely, in one of the large banker's envelopes out of her father's desk. She sealed the packet with her father's crest, intending to register and post it with her own hands, on her way to Romsey. And then with a heart that beat with almost too suffocating force she consulted the Time Table, and tried to match trains between Reading and Basingstoke.

There was a train from Chertsey to Reading at five. She might catch that, and be home—home—home—how the word thrilled her—sometime before midnight. She would have gone back if it had been to arrive in the dead of night.

CHAPTER VI.

MARKED BY FATE.

IT was nearly ten o'clock when Mildred drove through the village of Enderby, and saw the lights burning in the familiar cottage windows, the Post Office, and the little fancy shops where Lola had been so constant a purchaser in the days gone by. Her eyes were full of tears as she looked at the little street, happy tears, for her heart thrilled with hope as she drew near home.

"He cannot withhold his forgiveness," she told herself. "He knows that I acted for conscience sake."

Five minutes more and she was standing in the hall, questioning the footman, who stared at her with a bewildered air, as the most unexpected of visitors.

"Is your master at home?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, master's in the library. Shall I announce you?"

"No, no—I can find him. Help my maid to take my things to my room."

"Yes, ma'am. Have you dined, or shall I tell cook to get something ready?"

"No, no. I have dined," she answered hurriedly, and went on to the library, to that very room in which she had made the fatal discovery of Fay's identity with her husband's first wife.

He was sitting in the lamp-light, just as he was sitting that night when she fell fainting at his feet. The windows were open to the summer night, books were scattered about on the table, and heaped on the floor by his side. Whatever comfort there may be in such company, he had surrounded himself with that comfort. He took no notice of the opening of the door, and she was kneeling at his feet before he knew that she was in the room.

"Mildred, what does this mean? Have we not parted often enough?"

"There was no reason for our parting—except my mistaken belief. I am here to stay with you till my death, if you will have me, George. Be merciful to me, my dearest. I have acted for conscience' sake. I have been fooled, deluded, by appearances which might have deceived anyone—however wise. Forgive me, George, forgive me for the sake of all I have suffered in doing what I thought to be my duty."

He lifted her from her knees, took her to his heart without a word, and kissed her. There was a silence of some moments, in which each could hear the throbbing of the other's heart.

"You were wrong after all, then," he said at last. "Vivien was not your half sister?"

"She was not."

"Whose child was she then?"

"You must not ask me that, George. It is a secret which I ought not to tell even to you. She was cruelly used, poor girl, more cruelly even than I thought she had been, when I believed she was my father's daughter. I have undeniable evidence as to her parentage. She was my blood-relation, but she was not my sister."

"How did you make the discovery?"

"By accident—this afternoon at the Hook. I found some papers and letters of my father's in a cupboard below the bookcase. I knew nothing of their existence—should never have thought of searching for private papers there, for I had heard my father often say he kept only magazines and pamphlets—things he called rubbish—in those cupboards. I wanted to put away some things—and I stumbled on a packet of letters which revealed the secret of Fay's

birth. I can come back to my duty with a clear conscience. May I stay with you, George?"

"May you? Well, yes, I suppose," with another kiss, and a tender little laugh, "one cannot make a broken vase new again, but we may pick up the pieces and stick them together again—somehow. You have taken a good many years out of my life, Mildred—and I doubt if you can give them back to me. I feel twenty years older than I felt before the beginning of this trouble—but now all is known, and you are my wife again—well, there may be a few years of gladness for us yet. We will make the most of them."

All things dropped back into the old grooves at Enderby Manor. Mrs. Greswold and her husband were seen together at church on the Sunday morning after Mildred's return, much to the astonishment of the congregation, who immediately began to disbelieve in all their own convictions and assertions of the past half year, and to opine that the lady had only been in the south for her health, more especially as it was known that Miss Ransome had been her travelling companion.

"If she had quarrelled with her husband, she would hardly have had her husband's niece with her all the time," said Mrs. Porter.

"But if there was no quarrel, why did he shut himself up like a hermit, and look so wretched if one happened to meet him?" asked somebody else.

"Well, there she is anyhow, and she looks out of health, so you may depend some London physician ordered her abroad. They might as well have consulted Porter, who ought to know her constitution by this time. He'd have ordered her to Ventnor for the winter, and saved them both a good deal of trouble; but there—people never think they can be cured without going to Cavendish square."

Mildred's strength seemed to fail her more in the happiness of that un hoped for reunion than it had ever done during her banishment. She wanted to do so much at Enderby; to visit out among her shabby-genteel old ladies and her cottagers as in the cloudless time before Lola's death; to superintend her garden; to visit old friends whose faces were endeared by fond association with the past; to be everywhere with her husband, walking with him in the copses, riding about the farms, and on the edge of the forest, in the dewy summer mornings. She wanted to do all these things, and she found that her strength would not let her.

"I hope my health is not going to give way, just when I am so happy," she said to her husband one day when she felt almost fainting after their morning ride.

He took alarm instantly, and sent off for Mr. Porter, though Mildred made light of her feelings next moment. The family practitioner sounded her with the usual professional gravity, but his face grew more serious as he listened to the beating of her heart. He affected, however, to think very little of her ailments, talked of nerves, and suggested bromide of something, as if it were infallible; but when George Greswold went out into the hall with him he owned that all was not right.

"The heart is weak," he said. "I hope there may be no organic mischief, but—"

"You mean that I shall lose her," interrupted Greswold, in a husky whisper.

His own heart was beating like the tolling of a church bell—beating with the dull, heavy stroke of despair.

"No, no. I don't think there's any immediate danger, but I should like you to take higher advice—Clarke or Jenner perhaps—"

"Of course. I will send for some one at once—"

"The very thing to alarm her. She ought to be kept free from all possible anxiety or excitement. Don't let her ride—except in the quietest way—or walk far enough to fatigue herself. You might take her up to town for a few days on the pretence of seeing picture galleries or something, and then coax her to consult a physician, just for *your* satisfaction. Make as light as you can of her complaint."

"Yes, yes. I understand. Oh, God, that it should be so, after all; when I thought I had come to the end of sorrow." This in an undertone. "For pity's sake, Porter, tell me the worst. You think it a bad case?"

Porter shook his head, tried to speak, grasped George Greswold's hand, and made for the door. Mr. and Mrs. Greswold had been his patients and friends for the last fifteen years, and in his rough way he was devoted to them.

"See Jenner as soon as you can," he said. "It is a very delicate case. I would rather not hazard an opinion."

George Greswold went out to the lawn where he had sat on the Sunday evening before Lola's death. It had been summer then, and it was summer now—the time of roses, before the song of the nightingale had ceased amidst the mystery of twilight branches. He sat down upon the bench under the cedar, and gave himself up to his despair. He had tasted again the sweet cup of domestic peace—he had been gladdened again by the only companionship that had ever filled his heart, and in the near future he saw the prospect of another parting, and this time without hope on earth. Once again he told himself that he was marked out by Fate.

"I suppose it must always be so," he thought, "in the lots that fall from the urn there must be some that are all of one colour—black—black as night."

Mildred came out to the lawn with him, followed by Cassandra, who had deserted the master for the mistress since her return, as if in a delight mixed with fear, lest she should again depart.

"What has become of you, George? I thought you were coming back to the morning-room directly, and it is nearly an hour since Mr. Porter went away."

"I came into the garden—to—to see your new shrubbery."

"Did you really?—how good of you. It is hardly to be called a new shrubbery—only a little addition to the old one. It will give an idea of distance when the shrubs are good enough to grow tall and thick. Will you come with me and tell me what you think of it?"

"Gladly, dear, if it will not tire you."

"Tire me to walk to the shrubbery. No, I am not quite so bad as that, though I find I am a bad walker compared with what I used to be. I dare say I am out of training. I could walk any distance at Brighton last autumn. A long walk on the road to Rottingdean was my only distraction; but at Pallanza I began to flag, and the hotel people were always suggesting drives, so I got out of the habit of walking."

He had his hand through her arm, and drew her near him as they sauntered across the lawn, with a hopeless wonder at the thought that she was here at his side, close to his heart, all in all to him to-day, and that the time might soon

come when she would have melted out of his life as that fair daughter had done, when the grave under the tree should mean a double desolation, an everlasting despair.

"Is there *any* world where we shall be together again?" he asked himself. "What is immortality worth to me if it does not mean reunion? To go round upon the endless wheel of eternity—to be fixed into the universal life—to be a part of the Creator Himself! Nothing in a life to come can be gain to me if it do not give me back what I have lost."

They crawled about the shrubbery, man and wife, arm linked with arm, looking at the new plantings one by one, she speculating how many years each tree would take to come to perfection.

"They will make a very good effect in three or four years, George. Don't you think so? That *picea nobilis* will fill the open space yonder. We have allowed ten feet clear on every side. The golden brooms grow only too quickly. How serious you look. Are you thinking of anything that makes you anxious?"

"I am thinking of Pamela and her sweetheart. I should like to make Lady Lochinvar's acquaintance before the marriage."

"Shall I ask her here!"

"She could hardly come, I fancy while the wedding is on the *tapis*. I propose that you and I should go up to London to-morrow, put up at our old hotel—we shall be more independent there than at Grosvenor Gardens—and spend a few days quietly, seeing a good deal of the picture galleries, and a little of our new connexions—and of Rosalind and her husband, whom we don't often see. Would you like to do that, Mildred?"

"I like anything you like. I delight in seeing pictures with you, and I shall be glad to see Rosalind, and if Pamela really wishes us to be present at her wedding I think we ought to be there, don't you, George?"

"If you would like it, dearest, if—"

He left the sentence unfinished, fearing to betray his apprehension. Till he had consulted the highest authorities in the land he felt that he could know but little of that hidden malady which paled her cheek, and gave heaviness to the pathetic eyes.

They were in Cavendish square, husband and wife, on the morning after their arrival in town, by special appointment with the physician. Mildred submitted meekly to a careful consultation—only for his own satisfaction, her husband told her, making light of his anxiety.

"I want you to be governed by the best possible advice, dearest, in the care of your health."

"You don't think there is danger, George; that I am to be taken away from you, just when all our secrets and sorrows are over."

"Indeed, no, dearest. God grant you may be spared to me for happy years to come."

"There is no reason, I think, that it should not be so. Mr. Porter said my complaint was chiefly nervous. He would not wonder at my nerves being in a poor way if he knew how I suffered in those long days of banishment."

The examination was long and serious, yet conducted by the physician with such gentle bonhomie as not to alarm the patient. When it was over he dismissed her with a kindly smile, after advice given upon very broad lines.

"After the question of diet, which I have written for you here," he said, handing her half a sheet of paper, "the only other treatment I can counsel is self-indulgence. Never walk

far enough to feel tired—or fast enough to be out of breath. Live as much as possible in the open air, but let your life out of doors be the sweet idleness of the sunny South, rather than our ideal, bustling, hurrying British existence. Court repose—rest for body and mind in all things."

"You mean that I am an invalid for the rest of my life, as my poor mother was for five years before her death?"

"At what age did your mother die?"

"Thirty-four. For a long time the doctors would hardly say what was the matter with her. She suffered terribly from palpitation of the heart, as I have done for the last six months; but the doctors made light of it, and told my father there was very little amiss. Towards the end they changed their opinion, and owned that there was organic disease. Nothing they could do for her seemed of much use."

Mildred went back to the waiting-room while her husband had an interview with the doctor; an interview which left him but the faintest hope—only the hope of prolonging a fading life.

"She may last for years, perhaps," said the physician, pitying the husband's silent agony, "but it would be idle to disguise her state. She will never be strong again. She must not ride, or drive, or occupy herself in anyway that can involve violent exertion, or a shock to the nerves. Cherish her as a hothouse flower, and she may be with you for some time yet."

"God bless you, even for that hope," said Greswold, and then he spoke of his niece's wedding, and the wish for Mildred's presence.

"No harm in a wedding, I think, if you are careful of her, no over-exertion, no agitating scenes. The wedding may cheer her, and prevent her brooding on her own state. Good day. I shall be glad to know the effect of my prescription, and to see Mrs. Greswold again in a month or two, if she is strong enough to come to London. If you want me at any time in the country—"

"You will come, will you not? Remember she is all that is precious to me upon this earth. If I lose her I lose everything."

"Send for me at any time. If it is possible for me to go to you I will go."

CHAPTER VII.

LIKE A TALE THAT IS TOLD.

PAMELA'S wedding was one of the most successful functions of the London season; and the society papers described the ceremony with a fulness of detail which satisfied even the bride's avidity for social fame. Mr. Smithson sent her gown, just an hour before it had to make its reverence before the altar in the Abbey, and Pamela, who had been in an almost hysterical agony for an hour and a half, lest she should have no gown in which to be married, owned as she pirouetted before the cheval glass, that the fit was worth the suspense.

The ladies who write fashion articles in the two social arbiters were rapturous about Mr. Smithson's *chef d'œuvre*, and gave glowing accounts of certain trousseau gowns which they had been privileged to review at an afternoon tea in Grosvenor Gardens a week before the event. Pamela's delight in these paragraphs was intensified by the idea that César Castellani would read them, though it is hardly likely that listless skimmer of modern literature went so deep as fashion articles.

"He will see at least that if he had married me he would not have married quite a nobody,"

said Pamela, in a summer reverie upon the blue water in front of the Hook, where she and her husband dawdled about in a punt nearly all day, expatiating upon each other's merits. And so floats this light bark gaily into a safe and placid haven, out of reach of privateer or pirate, such as the incomparable Castellani.

It was not till after Pamela's wedding, and nearly a month after Mildred's discovery of the letters in the bookcase, that Miss Fausset made any sign; but one August morning her reply came in the shape of a letter, entreating Mildred to go to her as an act of charity to one whose sands had nearly run out.

"I will not sue to you *in forma pauperis*," she wrote, "so I do not pretend that I am a dying woman; but I believe I have not very long to live, and before my voice is mute upon earth, I want to tell you the history of one year of my girlhood. I want you to know that I am not altogether the kind of sinner you may think me. I will not write that history, and if you refuse to come to me, I must die and leave it untold, and in that case my deathbed will be miserable."

Mildred told her husband only that her aunt was very ill and ardently desired to see her; and after some discussion it was arranged that she should travel quietly to Brighton, he going with her. He suggested that they should stop in Miss Fausset's house for a night or two, but Mildred told him she would much prefer to stay at an hotel, so it was decided that they should stop at the quiet hotel on the East Cliff where Mr. Greswold had taken Pamela nearly a year before.

Mildred's health had improved under the physician's régime, and her husband felt hopeful as they travelled together through the summer landscape, by that line which she had travelled in her desolation—the level landscapes with glimpses of blue sea, and stretches of grey beach or yellow sand, bright in the August noontide.

George Greswold had respected Mildred's reserve, and had never urged her to enlighten him as to the secret of his first wife's parentage; but he had his ideas upon the subject, and remembering his interview with the solicitor, and that gentleman's perturbation at the name of Fausset, he was inclined to think that the pious lady of Lewes Crescent might not be unconcerned in the mystery. And now this summons to Brighton seemed to confirm his suspicions.

He went no further than Miss Fausset's threshold, and allowed his wife to go to her aunt alone.

"I shall walk up and down and wait till you come out again," he said, "so I hope that you won't stay too long."

He was anxious to limit an interview which might involve agitation for Mildred. He parted from her almost reluctantly at the doorway of the gloomy house, with its entrance hall of the pattern of forty years ago, furnished with barometer, umbrella stand, and tall chairs, all in Spanish mahogany, and with never a picture or a bust, bronze porcelain, to give light and colour to the scene.

Miss Fausset had changed for the worse even in the brief interval since Mildred had last seen her. She was sitting in the back drawing-room as usual, but her table and chair had been wheeled into the bay window, which commanded a garden with a single tree, and a variety of house tops and dead walls.

"So, you have come," she said, without any form of greeting. "I hardly expected so much

from you. Sit down there, if you please. I have a good deal to tell you."

"I had intended never to enter your house again, aunt, but I could not refuse to hear anything you have to say in your own justification. Only there is one act of yours which you can never justify—either to me or to God."

"What is that, pray?"

"Your refusal to tell me the secret of Fay's birth, when my happiness and my husband's depended upon my knowing it."

"To tell you that would have been to betray my own secret. Do you think, after keeping it for nine-and-thirty years, I was likely to surrender it lightly? I would sooner have cut my tongue out. I did what I could for you. I told you to ignore idle prejudices and to go back to your husband. I told you what was due from you to him, over and above all sanctimonious scruples. You would not listen to me, and whatever misery you have suffered it was misery of your own creation."

(To be continued.)

THE THREE FATES.

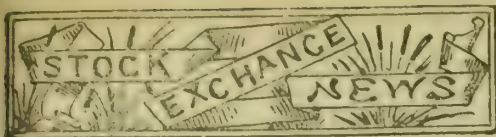
[We give the following for the information of several of our readers, who have asked why Miss Braddon's Novel is called "The Fatal Three."]

THREE furious females, did the ancients say,
Watched over mortals from their natal day,
And o'er those lives held such tremendous sway,
Their future prospects with them ever lay—
Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, by name,
Daughters of Jupiter, of pagan fame.
Clotho presided over each one's birth,
Holding a distaff from the heavens to earth,
With which she spun the thread of mortal life,
A mischief-maker she, and loving strife.
Her name translated really means "to spin,"
And she could weave her web for good or sin.
Lachesis spun out each event and deed,
Holding a spindle for her sister's need;
Her name implies "to measure out by lot,"
And of the future—knowledge she had got.
While Atropos, most powerful of the three,
"Inexorable" means her name, and she
Did cut the thread of life her sisters spun,
Without regard for age or sex 'twas done,
All clothed in black, and holding shears in hand,
The destinies of all at her command.

FREDERICK THE GOOD.

Frederick the Good has passed from earth away,
And every flag is half mast high to-day.
Throughout the universe all hearts agree
In feeling of deep sympathy, to see
The noble consort whom he loved bereft;
Devoted wife and children he has left.
Though short the time he reigned upon the throne,
Conspicuous in the eyes of all he shone,
So brave in battle, braver still when dire
Affliction tried him by its cleansing fire:
Though weak and suffering he with fortitude
Submissive was to all vicissitude.
Endowed with wisdom, valour, virtue true,
Combined with fervent love of country, too,
Secure a guardian for his people he,
A noble specimen of high degree.
His courage fell disease could never daunt:
Nor yet the knowledge that death so gaunt
Who was close beside him; for his God was near
To give him strength and whisper "do not fear."
Of him 'twas true—Death leaves a shining mark,
The King of Terrors struck him in the dark;
For while we saw him moving in our host
By inches he was dying at his post.
And now a glorious, splendid, useful life
Has ended in a scientific strife:
Science and surgery fought for mastery,
The Great Physician gained the victory.
So few defects marred that straight forward soul
Which now has reached a safe and happy goal—
Frederick the Good laid down his crown to-day
For one above that fadeth not away.

All expectations dashed by God's decree,
We can but bow, for "What must be must be."
AIMEE WILSON.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 26th June.

THE Markets closed with a general recovery, and the tendency is still good, although in view of the settlement (which commences to-morrow) a disposition is shown to take profits. We look for a further upward movement after the account is adjusted. Three months bills are taken at slightly over 1 per cent., and loans from day to day are quoted as low as $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Consols for money and account stand at $99\frac{1}{2}$. India Three per Cent., $96\frac{3}{4}$.

English Rails show a general improvement and remain steady near about the best prices. Brighton A. 122. Dover A. 102 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Northern A. 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. Caledonian, 101. Chatham, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Eastern, 68. Great Western, 145 $\frac{1}{2}$. Hull and Barnsley, 29. Metropolitan, 69. Metropolitan District, 34 $\frac{1}{2}$. Midland, 131 $\frac{1}{2}$. North British, 106 $\frac{1}{2}$. North Eastern, 154 $\frac{1}{2}$. North Western, 169 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Foreign Stocks mark much higher prices, and the tendency is very steady. Egyptian Unified, 81 $\frac{1}{2}$. Greek 1881, 75 $\frac{1}{2}$. Italian, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Converted, 39 $\frac{1}{2}$. Portuguese, 64. Perus 6%, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 5%, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$. Russian 1873, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$. Spanish, 72 $\frac{1}{2}$. Turkish, Group I, 24; Group II, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$; Group III, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Americans maintain last week's advance, and in some instances the rise has been important. Central Pacific, 31. Milwaukee, 66 $\frac{1}{2}$. Denver Pref., 46. Erie, 24 $\frac{3}{4}$. Lake Shore, 92 $\frac{1}{2}$. Louisville, 55 $\frac{1}{2}$. New York Central, 107 $\frac{1}{2}$. Norfolk Pref., 48. Ohio, 19. Ontario, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pennsylvania, 54. Reading, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$. Union Pacific, 55 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Foreign and Canadian Railways have improved in sympathy with other markets, and on the unexpected small increase in the Trunk Traffic. Canadian Pacific, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$. Grand Trunk Ordinary, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. First Pref. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$. Second Pref. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$. Third Pref. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$. Guaranteed, 67 $\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Rails, 40. First Pref. 112 $\frac{1}{2}$. Second Pref. 70. Mexican Central, First Mortgage, 69 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Mines in some instances show a further recovery, but the tone at the close is still dull. Cape Copper, 52. De Beers, 27 $\frac{3}{4}$. Carlisle, 18/6 (at which price they are a good purchase, and an early recovery may be looked for). Copiapo, 6. Dickens Custer, 6/6. Kapanga (another of our fancies, which we have advised lately) are 1s. better at 8s. Mysore Gold, 3. Panulcillo, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. Sheba, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Miscellaneous market very dull, but prices have recovered somewhat from the lowest. Suez Canal again better at 86 $\frac{1}{2}$. Alsopps, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Aerated Bread, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Guinness, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$. Hotchkiss, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. Hudson's Bay, 17. Nordenfeldt, 2. Spratt's, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The traffic receipts of the Suez Canal for Saturday and Sunday amount to 380,000 f.

The coupons of the External Debt of Paraguay, due 1st July, will be paid on and after the 2nd prox. by Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co., of Lombard Street.

The Post Card Automatic Supply Co., Ltd., have declared a bonus of 1s. per share.

The heavy fall on the Dublin Stock Exchange, in Hotchkiss, and Bristol Brewery Shares, which at one time almost amounted to a small panic, would seem to require some more explanation than has been given at present. Rumours of competition in the former company appear to have frightened small holders, who sacrificed their shares at almost any price. We should certainly not advise their being sold at anything like present quotations. As to Bristol Brewery Shares, we consider them a genuine concern, and some of the knowing ones have taken advantage of the drop to secure them. We see no reason for the fall, and think they may safely be held.

A circular has been issued by the Hotchkiss Co., to the effect that the orders on hand on the 31st May are 35 per cent. in excess of those on the books at the corresponding date of last year.

Spratt's Patent seems out of favour, and a further fall is predicted, owing to cheaper competition.

Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Guaranteed recommended by us last week at 66, have since touched 68 $\frac{1}{2}$, which is a fair profit for those who believe in quick returns.

Brighton A. we also advised at 118, and they have since marked 122 $\frac{1}{2}$.

For a small profit we think Chatham Pref. should be bought, present price about 101.

We have so often drawn attention to Perus that it is only necessary to say that there has been some good buying in the Five per Cents. the last few days from 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ up to 14 $\frac{1}{2}$, and they are now steady at about the latter figure. At 1 per cent. profit in, these should always be taken, as there is generally a chance of getting in again.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

	1887.		1886.		1885.	
	High-est.	Low-est.	High-est.	Low-est.	High-est.	Low-est.
Central Pacific	45	28	52	38	51	27
Chicago, Milwaukee	97	72	102	84	101	66
Denver Shares	33	21	37	22	28	5
Do. Pref.	70	53	—	—	—	—
Illinois, Central	141	118	146	135	143	122
Lake Shore	101	92	103	77	93	52
Louisville	71	56	70	34	53	23
Missouri	35	17	39	24	35	30
N. York, Central	119	105	120	101	110	83
N. York, Lake Erie	36	25	39	22	29	9
Do.	—	—	—	—	—	—
2nd Mortgage	106	95	106	79	94	46
N. York, Ontario	21	15	23	15	22	6
N. York, Peru & Ohio	51	37	55	33	41	21
Norfolk & Western Pref.	56	36	60	26	35	14
Ohio & Mississippi	34	21	35	20	28	10
Pennsylvania	61	54	62	52	57	46
Philadelphia & Reading	36	17	26	9	13	6
Union Pacific	65	46	69	46	64	42
Wabash	22	13	25	9	15	2
Do. Pref.	38	24	43	16	25	4
Do. Gen. Mortgage	65	45	71	48	57	25

COLONIAL RAILWAYS.

Canadian Pacific	70	52	75	63	65	36
Grand Trunk of Canada	17	11	17	9	12	7
Do. 4% Guaranteed	82	70	79	54	73	50
Do. 1st Pref.	85	72	85	52	78	42
Do. 2nd Pref.	74	52	70	35	49	29
Do. 3rd Pref.	41	26	41	18	25	14

It is no slight satisfaction to us to see that our views of the American market were correct again. We advised a purchase when things looked anything but bright, and a sustained rise has taken place. Milwaukee have advanced some 4 per cent., and others in a less degree. It looks really as if they had touched bottom, and if so, there is likely to be a lively time in them. We should prefer buying for the new account, as realisations are sure to take place which will be an opportunity of getting in slightly under present prices.

The Lake Shore dividend gave general satisfaction, and with cheap money and good traffic we fail to see what should stop the way to a recovery.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBER.—No. 1.—You might do worse than take your profit, and await a chance of getting in again. No. 2.—This question is fully answered in this week's issue. No. 3.—It is impossible to say with any certainty what they will reach, but a rise is likely to take place, and the price you name may possibly be reached.

INQUIRER.—We imagine from your letter that you have been speculating with limited cover (a system which we could not recommend.) Had you purchased an amount of Stock which you could carry without trouble it is very possible that you would have lost nothing eventually.

AMERICAN.—One of the steadiest in this Market is New York Central, a dividend-paying line, and should improve when Americans are again in favour.

H. M. B.—We fancy Great Easterns for a lock up Stock, and recommended them when they were some 4 per cent. below present prices.

MORAL COURAGE IN DAILY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him. Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to lend him your money. Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things. Have the courage to discharge a debt when you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to own that you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sting. Have the courage in providing an entertainment for your friends not to exceed your means. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek knowledge under false pretences. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich friend, and richly attired. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent for you to do so. Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

LOVE VICTORIOUS.

BY GARRYOWEN.

"By Jove, Brian, you are in luck! What an expression! what lovely eyes! and what a pretty mouth!" So spoke my friend, Lieut. M'Elroy, R.N., as he restored to me the photograph he had been examining. "But do you know," he continued, "I have an idea that I've seen such another face as that somewhere before; though not so womanish looking. What is the lady's name?" "Miss Mason," I answered. "Miss Mason, you say?" "Yes." "Christian name?" "Kathleen." "Kathleen Mason—Mason—Mason," he continued in reverie. "I have it," he cried, starting up. "Is she the daughter of old Charley Mason, the millionaire, of Jamaica?" "The same," I cried excitedly. "Do you know her? Where did you meet her?" I asked him. Without taking any notice of my question, he continued to soliloquise. "Well, well, who would have thought it—who could have imagined it. Kate Mason here in Ireland—well, this is a surprise!"

"Stop your fooling," I cried, rather out of temper with the familiar way in which he spoke of my divinity, "and tell me how you became acquainted with her."

"Aye, Brian, my boy, with all my heart. Don't begin to show your teeth. I'll not endeavour to cut you out," he replied laughingly. "Let me see," he continued. "It was about six years ago. Our ship was cruising in West Indian waters, and having run short of provisions, our commander, Captain Buckley, found it necessary to run into Port Royal. Well, we remained in harbour for two weeks, and I needn't impress upon you the fact that we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of stretching our legs on shore; and what with spending cash freely, making love to the dark-skinned maidens of Kingston, and getting into rows generally, the days passed pleasantly and too rapidly away."

One day, as myself and a friend strolled through Kingston, we were attracted by the sounds of yelling and barking somewhere ahead of us, as if a few choice fiends of Hades were let out to practise Indian war whoops.

The cause of the uproar was not visible; but presently we were startled by seeing a large powerful-looking horse suddenly round a corner, and dragging after him an open carriage, in which were two persons, one a negro, evidently the coachman, but the lubber was paralysed with terror, and the other occupant was a lady. "Shiver my timbers, Brian, but she did look grand—a Madonna in distress." Her hair had fallen down, and great jet black tresses streamed magnificently behind her large black beautiful eyes, yet more beautiful, by reason of terror, looked beseechingly for help, and her face was as white as a sheet. The horse was going at a furious rate, the coachman had lost all control over him, and he pursued his mad career regardless of all obstacles, and, to make matters worse, he was followed by a yelling mob. As the carriage neared us I perceived that the shafts were smashed, and, being attached to the horses only by the traces, was swinging to and fro like a ship in imminent danger of capsizing. In an instant I sprang into the middle of the road, caught the brute's head as he passed, and hung on like grim death. He slackened his race immediately, and soon came to a stop. Meanwhile my companion, Harry Berne, had entered the carriage, and brought out the young lady, who had fainted.

However, under our united efforts, with the assistance of some cold water, she soon recovered.

I next turned my attention to the coachman. He was kneeling with the most absurd expression of terror depicted on his face. I soon brought him to his senses by administering to him a good hearty kick. "Get up, you fool," I said. "O golly, massa," said he, "but you am de bravest man dis chile hab ebber saw." "Who is your mistress?" I asked. "My missy am de chile ob de great massa Mason," he replied. We were surrounded by an enormous crowd, jabbering and yelling in every language under the sun. Miss Mason, who looked very pale and appeared to be very much exhausted, endeavoured to express her gratitude; but the great strain was too much. She burst into tears and appeared very likely of succumbing to another fainting fit; however, we managed to procure a car, and drove immediately to Mr. Mason's residence.

Mr. Mason was greatly agitated on hearing of his daughter's accident, and thanked us very warmly for our opportune assistance. "May I have the honour of your acquaintance, gentlemen," said he. "Oh, certainly," replied I. "Stephen MacElroy, middy, H.M.S. 'Dart,' and my mate, Harry Berne, at your service." He replied that Miss Mason intended to give a ball the same evening, and he begged us to honour it with our presence. We, of course, expressed ourselves delighted, and shortly after took our leave. When we arrived on board we found that invitations to attend Miss Mason's ball had been addressed to all the officers. Well, to make a long story short, the ball came off. Harry Berne and I were formally introduced to Miss Mason, though the process was unnecessary, and, in short, we were the heroes of the hour. Next morning the anchor was slipped and we sailed off to the Barbadoes, to our eternal disgust. "So," concluded my friend, "You have the bearings of my acquaintance with Miss Mason."

It is now necessary, in order not to keep the reader any longer in ignorance of whom I am, to make myself known. My name is Brian Charles MacMahon, lieutenant in her Majesty's—th Bengal Cavalry, *en route* for home. With my companion the reader is already acquainted. We had been school and college chums together, entered our professions together, and there existed a close bond of brotherly affection between us. I had met him accidentally in London; his ship had been paid off after returning from a long voyage, and having no relations or settled home of his own, he gladly accepted my invitation to spend his holidays with me. And as the night mail from Dublin sped on, every hour bringing us nearer and nearer our destination, I relapsed into a reverie. My companion had fallen asleep; and as we were the sole occupants of the carriage, I was left to pursue my reflection in silence. What brought me back from India? Was it bad health, the consequence of an accident, or did the climate disagree with me? No. What was the cause? The old, old story, I am in love, the object of my devotion is Kathleen Mason. Would I find her the same as when I parted from her three years ago? My heart answered, Yes. Some evil spirit said, No. There was an intolerable feeling of coming misfortune brooding over me. I will try to explain. During the first two years of residence in India, I had received letters regularly by every mail from Kate, then six months passed during which I

only received one, and that one so different from all the rest, it bore, not the gay, gentle, and light-hearted tone as of yore, but the stamp of sadness traced legibly in every line. It contained the unwelcome tidings that her father was dying, and of the arrival of a brother from Jamaica. Four years ago Mr. Mason had come over from the above mentioned island, and purchased an estate in the County Limerick adjoining my own; his immense wealth, liberality, and genial good-nature made him popular amongst the neighbouring gentry, whilst by leaving his tenantry to do pretty much as they liked with the rents, and by his generosity to the poor, he won the love and goodwill of the peasantry. Kathleen, the heiress, as she was generally supposed to be, had many admirers and suitors for her hand, but she rejected them all—she had nothing to give them—her heart was mine, confided to my keeping six months before I left for India, and never, aye, never, was a treasure more carefully kept, or so jealously guarded; I loved her with an exceeding passion that amounted to an idolatry, and I felt that our love was reciprocal. Judge then, O gentle reader, the agony of my soul when I received her last letter. Then six months rolled wearily on, and still no message from Kate.

I could stand it no longer; it had reached a climax. My mind was harassed by doubt, and I could no longer perform the duties of my profession, so I applied for leave, which was granted. And now, as we neared the end of our journey, I became terribly excited: I had rejected every conclusion which I arrived at, that might account for her silence, as absurd, and I waited with intensity the revelation of the mystery.

My train of thoughts were put an end to, by our arrival at Limerick. I awoke my friend who had slept through the greater part of the journey. It is wonderful how a sailor can adopt himself to every change of fortune, a feather couch or a plank of wood comes all alike to Jack.

The morning was dark and chilly; but we were soon seated before a blazing fire, enjoying cigars and punch in the "George," a short rest and a bath refreshed us considerably, and at 10 a.m. we were aboard the train for the little station of M——, which lies on my estate.

The rumour had spread that I was on my way home from India. It was also reported that I was an invalid with one foot in the grave, so that when I alighted from the carriage I was surrounded by a host of old friends, all eagerly asking after my welfare; my tenantry were also there to welcome me, so that I was bewildered with the attentions showered upon me from every side, from the "very happy to see you again, Mr. McMahon," of the mere acquaintance, to the "arra, and it's meself that's glad to see ye agin, Masther Brian, darlint, and yer not goin' to die yet, glory be to God! Shure the only McMahon iver died under ninety was your ould grand-father, Sir Maurice, may the heavens be his bed; who was hung in '98";* and as a further proof of their affection, a dozen of stalwart peasants took the horses from under the carriage, and harnessed themselves to it, while the rest surrounded it on all sides, and amid shouting, singing and fighting, I was borne in triumph to the home of my forefathers.

Ah, me! what a strange anomaly, outside all smiles and pleasantries, inside—but why portray the picture?—there was a sad foreboding in my

* After the battle of Vinegar Hill, 20th June, 1798.

heart. I was angry and mortified, for among the many who came to welcome me, I could not discern either the portly form of old Mr. Mason, or the sweet face of my darling Kate, the two, I thought, whom of all others, I might expect to see. I could advance no legitimate theory that would account for their absence. True, I had not written to acquaint them of my coming; but then, how could they be in ignorance of what all their friends and neighbours round knew about. My mind was in an agony of suspense, and a half formed thought received its full confirmation when I accidentally caught the whisper of one of my tenants to another. "I wonder how will his 'onor take it when he hears ould Misther Mason is dead?" That was enough, my worst fears were realized, if her father is dead Kate is no longer in Ireland, else why had she remained silent so long. I felt a sickening sensation creep over me; my breath came in gasps, and my heart seemed ready to burst. MacElroy noticed my condition, and hastily alighting from the carriage he procured a glass of water, which had the beneficial effect of steadying me. On arriving at the castle my friends dispersed and left us to our own devices.

My friend expressed great admiration for my ancestral home, and, indeed, no one with an eye for the beautiful and romantic could help admiring it. I felt proud to be the owner of such a home. The house is now a great rambling building of solid masonry, the nucleus of which is an ancient castle standing on a cliff, and overlooking the waters of the Shannon, part of which runs through the estate. There is no river in Europe which can rival the Shannon in the diversification of scenery along its banks, or in the various changes which the stream itself undergoes on its course to the Atlantic.

I had previously unbosomed myself to Lieutenant MacElroy, who always took a kindly interest in all my troubles, and *vice versa*, our joys and sorrows, both at school and college, were common, and deep was his sympathy in my present difficulties. He advised me to ride over and inquire for Kate in the evening, which I accordingly did; and, as I passed each well-remembered landmark made dear by old associations, thoughts of the past and of the happy days Kate and I had spent together would come welling up within me. There is the same old shady lane carpeted with flowers, where I first drew up my courage to tell her of my passion, where we first exchanged vows of affection, and where I first kissed her; and here is the same old avenue, bordered with stately oaks, where Kate and I oft cantered so merrily along to the hunt or to the picnic. Were these days gone forever? I could not bring myself to answer, no; still less could I answer, yes. Where is she? what has become of her? why have not I heard from her? These were queries I could not answer. I had refrained from seeking information from a dread of hearing the worst, and no one had undertaken to enlighten me, probably supposing that I was acquainted with the story.

When I reined my horse up in front of the house or, rather, palace, I was astonished at the dilapidated appearance which it presented. The windows were dirty, the paint soiled and bearded, and the mortar broken in patches from the walls, while the grounds around bore all the appearance of neglect. Advancing to the door, I knocked loudly and waited for admission. After a long delay the door was opened by a portly-looking servant in tattered livery.

"Is Miss Mason at home?" I asked.
"No, sur," said he, "no Miss Mason lives here."

"Where is she, then, my man?"

"Don't know, sur; I niver saw her."

"Who lives here, then?"

"Misther Mason, sur," he replied.

"I understood that Mr. Mason was dead," I cried.

"So he is, sur—the ould man—but the masther at prisent is young Misther Mason, his son."

"Is he at home?"

"He is, sur."

"Well, will you kindly give him this," said I, presenting my card.

The man retired and shortly returned. Bidding me follow him, he conducted me into the presence of Mr. Mason. If I had been astonished with the appearance of the outside of the building, the aspect of the inside surprised me more. There was an air of desolation and uncanniness reigning everywhere, and the thick layer of dust upon the furniture and pictures showed that the place had not been visited by the brush for many a long day. "Does Mr. Mason keep any servants?" I asked the man, as he conducted me to his master. "No, sur, they were all sint away when the ould masther died, and meself is only here five months."

When I entered Mr. Mason's apartment he was sitting on an easy chair with his legs elevated on the table, he had a dark sinister expression, and though I scanned him narrowly, I could trace no resemblance to either old Mr. Mason or his daughter.

(To be continued.)

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

SOME years ago a young Parisian lady, named Mlle Louise de la Ramée, wrote a novel. It was a very good novel as far as the moral was concerned, for in the bright spring-time of youth Louise intended her work to perform the task of an universal moral reformer. Her little novel was to revolutionise society, and place the relations of men and women on a sweeter and healthier basis. Everybody was to become very good, very kind, very noble, when they had read the little novel of Louise. Perhaps this instantaneous change to an angelic millenium might have taken place if everybody had read Louise's novel. But, unfortunately, nobody read it; at least no person outside Louise's own domestic circle of acquaintances, and they, no doubt, pitied her, and advised her to start a dress-maker's shop. It was no wonder that the sentimental girl of Paris should have changed into a bitter cynic when she discovered that society refused to be reformed. Repulsed by the stony indifference of the public, Louise delivered herself in solitude to the wildest fits of despair. She wept, she tore her hair, and stamped on the ground with her pretty Parisian *bottines*. At length a ray of that light which the present poet laureate asserts is not to be found on sea or land, shone in upon the bewildered brain of the imaginative Louise; and, lifting her hands to the gods, she swore a terrible oath. She swore that the next novel she wrote would be a real naughty one. Louise kept her oath, and the result was—success. Everybody said it was a very wicked novel, and advised everybody else solemnly, not to read it. The consequence was that the novel became famous, and Louise's nom-de-plume of "Ouida" a household word.

Henceforward, Ouida began to sacrifice members of her own sex on the altar of her fancy. Her women are wild animals, with a veneer of civilization, hunting ravenously after her heroes.

The sex which has given Florence Nightingale, George Eliot, Miss Roll-Call Thompson, and Ouida herself to the world, begs for mercy in vain at the hands of the outraged cynic. She sets them up for a moment beside a demi-god young man, and then deliberately knocks them down, and tramples them in the mud. The deified artists who lounge, with Shakesperian brows, through her three volumes, are too supremely beautiful, too majestically intellectual to be linked for life, in orthodox fashion, to a mere woman however lovely. They trifle a little, these colossal geniuses, with the fair and frail, and then, with contemptuous indifference, cast the sweet toy aside, and await with high-bred hauteur the appearance of another victim. And the victims appear with astonishing rapidity; and once they behold the Shakesperian brow, and look into those languid divine eyes with their deep afterglow of profound mental power, once this extraordinary vision bursts upon them, they hurl themselves madly, thoughtlessly, frantically into the arms of the peerless man.

But while the peerless man calmly accepts all this self-sacrifice as a matter of course, he is astonishing the world and confounding the art critics by the most marvellous creations ever spread on canvass, works which he tosses off with a few touches of his brush, and considers mere trifling sparks from the great smithy of his genius. The life-long patience, minute observation and ceaseless labour which were necessary to make Turner the greatest of landscape painters, are beneath the inspired genius of the Ouidian artists. They have merely to stand a few paces from the canvass and hurl a paint brush at it, when forthwith appears a landscape before which Turner and Claude might droop their heads with envy. It is the same with Ouida's sculptor. He can carve the most wonderful statues out of a lump of asphalt with a penknife. But her political hero, Strathmore, performs a more extraordinary feat. He is strolling down the street, gazing with a contemptuous insular smile at a crowd of foreign worshippers, when two mad horses dash wildly through the crowd. "Death was in their van and in their wake for all the multitude kneeling there in prayer; but—as they neared the spot where the Englishman was, who had not moved a yard, but calmly awaited their approach, he stood firmly planted, as though made of granite, in their path, and catching them, with a sudden spring, by their ribbons close to the curb, checked them in full flight with a force that sent them back upon their haunches."

We have heard of a policeman who stopped one runaway horse, but it would take a strong contingent of the G division to stop two. In spite of a certain amount of literary skill, Ouida revels in the trick of exaggeration to such a degree that all her men are gods and all her women brutes.

THE GRACEFUL JESSICA AT HOME.

THERE is not in this city, or probably in the world, a more perfect physical model of the human being, than the graceful Jessica, at

present performing in Hengler's on the aerial trapeze. Apart from the exquisite subtlety of movement which makes this young *artiste* of seventeen years a living personification of the loveliest dream of the poetry of motion; the beauty of each line and curve of her matchless figure entrances the mind of every observer possessing the faintest susceptibility to the art of sculpture. In whatever attitude she reposes, were it only for one transient moment, she presents an artistic vision only possible to one whose natural grace of figure has been developed to the highest phase by habitual practise of the most difficult efforts of modern gymnastics. We resort to the National Gallery, and stand in ecstasy before the Venus of Milo, partly because we have been assured, on the authority of old-fashioned art critics that this figure is the finest specimen ever produced in the sculptor's studio; but we consider the graceful Jessica, even apart from her additional attributes of life and movement, a more entrancing incentive to mental ecstasy than the Milo Venus or any figure ever hewn from the marble quarries of Ancient Greece.

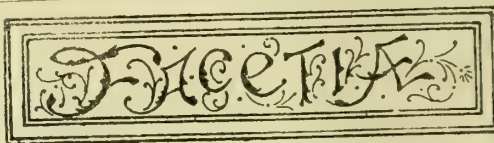
Whatever non-intellectual associations cling to our thoughts concerning the Circus, may be dismissed in the instance of this young *artiste*. She is unusually intelligent, and, in manner and conversation, superior to many ladies who, in the atmosphere of the drawingroom, believe themselves incapable of further improvement. Greeted nightly with the applause of delighted thousands, it follows as a matter of sequence, that the graceful Jessica should be of a bright and cheerful temperament; but she also possesses a singularly childlike and ingenuous nature, which makes her far more astonished than gratified at the hundreds of passionate letters which she constantly receives from enamoured citizens of the opposite sex. The writers of these letters seem to think that because this girl is a public performer she is a free mark for intrigue, and necessarily devoid of self-respect. We can assure these gentlemen, some of whom are of the highest social standing in this city, that we have seldom met, even in the best circles of society, a more naturally refined girl than this young athlete.

"None of my relations," said Miss Jessica, "were in the profession. I was born in London. My father was a solicitor, and when he died, my mother and I were left in straightened circumstances; I was then ten years old, and thought I should like to go to business. But one day when I was skipping in the garden, my present guardian, Miss Boorn, to whom I am now apprenticed, saw me. She stopped and asked me about my parents, and, the result was, my mother apprenticed me to Miss Boorn, who is one of the trick riders in the circus. I went straight off to Paris with Miss Boorn, and at once began training. How was I trained? Well, for two hours every morning, I was taught dancing. Then I practised juggling. We proceeded a little at a time. On the slack wire, for instance, which for beginners is placed low, I first learned to stand, then to make one step forward, and so on. After a year's work I appeared in public for the first time at the city of Brescia, in Italy, and afterwards in Spain. The slack wire is more difficult than the trapeze. To turn round whilst juggling on the wire, is considered a very difficult feat. I was fourteen when I first appeared on the trapeze. Yes, I sometimes feel nervous when I think the fixtures or net may not be all right, but not otherwise.

It is very hot up there, I assure you, with such a glare of gas underneath. Often when I grasp the bar it feels red-hot, and the ropes so warm that they are quite slippery. When practising we frequently fall into the net, on purpose. I remember when I first hung out by my hands and was told to let myself drop into the net, I was terribly frightened; but once I had done so I became quite confident. Fond of my work? Yes, I am passionately fond of it. I think of nothing but my business when performing. I often ascended to the trapeze with a bad headache or toothache, but the pain goes as soon as I begin my work.

"It is necessary to practise every day. For an hour every morning I practise on the wire, and for another hour on the trapeze."

The graceful Jessica is extremely pretty, has large blue eyes, and hair of golden bronze. We who sit at home in easy chairs, and, perhaps, consider it an astonishing feat of athletics to mount the stairs two steps at a time, may well wonder if this young girl can possibly belong to the same species as ourselves, when we observe her poised on a slender bar, with arms extended, and swinging far above the heads of the spectators, to the furthest limits of the trapeze. We are rather inclined to believe that she has descended to dazzle us from a higher community of beings who are as far above us in the scale of creation, as the aerial trapeze is above the sawdust in the ring. Like most artistes, in every walk, she is unaccustomed to consider worldly affairs from a business-like attitude; her mind being engrossed in her art, and the one fixed ambition of her life is to be the premier trapeze artiste in the world. Nor is it astonishing that her thoughts should be chiefly occupied studying her resources and the difficulties of her performance, when we reflect that one uncertain movement, occupying, perhaps, merely an inch of space, might precipitate her from the roof, and end alike the dreams of her ambition and that beautiful form which it has taken years of labour to bring to its present perfection.



PRESENCE OF MIND.—Bridget (to lady receiving calls)—"The landlord is at the door, mum." Lady—"Very well, Bridget. (To callers)—"Excuse me one moment, please, it is my landlord with a receipt for the rent."

AMERICAN COUNSEL, to negro witness: "Is it possible, uncle 'Rastus, that you would swear to what you know is not true for a single paltry dollar?" Uncle 'Rastus, indignantly: "No, sah; de gemman guv me two dollars!"

"Don't you believe the milk I sell you is pure?" asked a milkman of a customer who complained that the lacteal fluid looked rather blue. "I won't tell you what I believe," replied the customer, "but I know your milk makes my mouth water."

"MAMMA," said the sweet small boy before admiring friends, "I knew as soon as I came in there was folks visitin' here." "Did you, darling?" said the fond mother, trying to wilt him with her eye; "how did you know?" "Oh, you had your company voice on."

MRS. WALLSPILL: "Even the dress she went to Court in last year is not yet paid for. Madame Fichu herself told me so only yesterday." Miss Mumstay: "Oh, my dear, that is Madame Finchu's well-known way of reminding her other customers of their little out-standing bills."

POLICEMAN—"Here, ye dirty, low-born, lazy beast of a loafer, git out of this" (threateningly) "Ain't you goin' to move?" Tramp—"Yer don't suppose I'm imperlite enough to git up and walk off while yer was still a-talking to me, do yer?"

FAIR VISITOR (to convict)—"I suppose, sir, that the singing of the birds relieves the monotony of your dreary life?" Convict (profoundly nonplussed)—"The singing of the birds, miss?" Fair Visitor—"Yes, sir—the little jail birds, you know; they must be such a boon."

DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE HIM.—It was just after the tiff. "I wonder," snarled Romeo, "if we shall know each other in heaven?" "I would remember you, of course," replied Juliet, with tender emphasis; "but, of course, I couldn't know you without meeting you." And a period of silence as long as a centennial poem crept into the room.

"You may come again next Sunday evening, Horace, dear; but—" and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked anxiously. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded; "but next time don't wear one of those collars with the points turned outwards; they scratch so."

"JUST a word with you, young man, before you go. You have been cultivating the acquaintance of my daughter for nearly four months, and I think it is near time to ask your intentions." "That's just what I have been thinking, but Mabel doesn't seem to be able to muster up courage to ask me, or else she has forgotten it's leap year."

A MAN was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a very rare breed—I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely, sir," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

A CERTAIN Irish Judge and a parish priest were dining at a friend's house, when the conversation turned on the custom of kissing under the mistletoe. The Judge was appealed to as to the origin of the custom. "Oh," said he, "H. here knows more about that sort of thing than I do!" "Yes," said H.; "but you know, Judge, when you and I went in for that, we did it under the rose."

"WE are going to have a pie for dinner," said Bobby to the schoolmaster. — "Indeed!" laughed the dominie, amused at the little boy's artlessness; "and what kind of pie, Bobby?" — "It's a new kind. Ma was talking this morning about pa bringin' you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and ma said she'd make him eat humble pie before the day was over, and I s'pose we're going to have it for dinner."

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IRISH SOCIETY

WEEK ENDING 7th JULY, 1888.

It is probable that the Princess of Wales will go to Schwalbach at the end of this month for the purpose of taking a course of the baths, and her Royal Highness and the three young Princesses will afterwards pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at their beautiful place on the Traun See, near Gmunden.

It is stated that the Princess Victoria of Prussia and Prince Alexander of Battenberg will be married as soon as the term of the bride's mourning for her father has expired. The ceremony, it is expected, will take place privately in England.

The fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's coronation was observed last Thursday with the usual honours and extra policemen. The Queen's scanty references to Ireland in her published diary has given rise to much ill-feeling. The ancient scribe who compiles the Dublin Annals for Thom's Directory wrote concerning the last visit of her Majesty, that "it passed off without the slightest tumult."

In the address to his parliament, as King of Prussia, the new Emperor of Germany stands forth again as a sovereign ready to do and dare all things in order to support the rights of the

crown. Monarchy in Prussia has never been an idle toy. It has ever been a living, active thing, and the young Emperor William intends it to be such so long as he is on the throne. Respecting the constitutions and observing the laws and privileges of Parliament, the Emperor, nevertheless, declares with almost needless emphasis that he will hand down his powers as King of Prussia unimpaired to his successor. He believes that the authority of the monarch is needful because of the historical development of Prussia, her present composition, her position in the Empire, and the spirit and customs of her people. History is certainly on the side of the new sovereign. It was the personal policy of the Mayroves of Brandenburg which raised the Electorate to a Dukedom, developed the Dukedom into the Prussian Kingdom, and at length made a united Germany. Only great powers vested in a single person can keep together in one empire a confederation of semi-independent kingdoms and principalities; the King of Prussia must be almost an autocrat if he is to remain Emperor of Germany.

Miss Mabel Caroline Garnier and Major Frederick Tottenham, Bloomfield, Merriem, will be married on Tuesday, July 17th, at Quidenham Church, Norfolk, at three o'clock; and at the same time and place, Miss Ethel Bertha Garnier will be married to Mr. W. Dunbar Blyth, of the Indian Civil Service. The brides-elect are the daughters of Lady Caroline Garnier and the late Very Rev. Thomas Garnier, Dean of Lincoln.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain G. H. More Molyneux, Bengal Staff Corps, and Alice Julia, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles P. Matthews, of Haveringatte-Bower, Essex.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Cavendish and Lady Harriet Osborne will take place on Tuesday, July 10th.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Frederick Coryton, Esq., Liss Place, Hampshire, and Augusta Margaret Elizabeth Manders, second daughter of the late Richard Manders, of Shanganagh House, Loughlinstown, Co. Dublin.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr.

Henry Lloyd, of Langleybury, Herts, second son of the late William Jones Lloyd, Esq., and the Hon. Clementa Brownlow, fifth daughter of the late Lord Lurgan, of Brownlow House, Co. Armagh.

The engagement of the Hon. Michael Herbert, brother of the Earl of Pembroke, to Miss Belle Wilson, of New York, is announced.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Charles Adeane, of Brabraham, Cambridge, and Miss Wyndham, daughter of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, and niece of the Countess of Mayo, of Palmerston House, Co. Kildare, and "Hayes," Navan, Co. Meath.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Wilkes Heard, son of Robert Heard, Esq., J.P., of Pallastown, Kinsale, County Cork, with Charlotte, eldest daughter of Henry Atherton Adams, Esq., of Wynters Harlow, Essex, took place last week. The bride wore a costume of cream white satin duchesse, trimmed with point lace; also flowers, tulle veil, necklace of pearls and diamonds. Four of the bridesmaids were attired in pale pink China silk, with hats trimmed with pale pink roses. The other quartett were arrayed in pale blue silk, with white roses and forget-me-nots in their hats.

Maud, youngest daughter of H. Skerrett Rogers, Esq., of Cliff Castle, Dalkey, was married last week to Edward, eldest son of the late Edward Murray, Esq., M.I.C.E., of Bray, at St. John's Church, Dalkey. The bride was dressed in rich white Indian silk, with long square train, the front and corsage richly embroidered with large raised bunches of chrysanthemums, orange blossoms, and long tulle veil fastened with diamond stars. The bridesmaids wore pretty dresses of fawn and pale blue. The newly-wedded pair subsequently left for Paris. The bride's travelling dress was of fawn-coloured cloth, embroidered in Indian work, hat and jacket to match.

The officers of the Cavan Militia gave a very pleasant ball last week at Cavan. It was well attended by the resident gentry of the neighbourhood. The supper and music were excellent, and two or three of our well-known Dublin belles looked to great advantage, and added considerably to the attractions of the entertainment.

The marriage of Lord Carew, of Castleborough, Co. Wexford, and Miss Julia Lethbridge, granddaughter of the late Sir John Lethbridge, Bart., of Sandhill Park, Taunton, was solemnised on Wednesday afternoon at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. Sir Wroth Lethbridge gave his niece away. The bride was attended by five bridesmaids. The invited guests were numerous, and comprised over one hundred of the rank and fashion of the upper ten.

The Hon. Mrs. John P. Vereker and Miss Emilie Vereker are at present travelling in Spain.

A dinner was given at Baliol College on Saturday, in honour of the Marquis of Lansdowne, on his appointment as Viceroy of India. There was a large and distinguished company present, including Lord Northbrook, Lord Ripon, and Lord Justice Bowen.

One of the most pleasing features of the Exhibition of Irish Industries at Olympia is the utter absence of political or sectarian feeling. In the fancy fair, which will be held from the 17th to the 20th of July, the Marchioness of Salisbury and Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Harcourt and Miss Balfour, the Countess Spencer and the Countess of Aberdeen, the Marchioness of Waterford and Countess of Leitrim, will take part.

There was an afternoon party at Mrs. Perrin's, Fortfield House, lately. The grounds, which are close to Bushey Park, are extensive, and from various parts some charming glimpses of the surrounding scenery can be enjoyed.

There is some idea in fashionable circles of reviving the old game of croquet, which lawn tennis has so completely superseded of late years. There is a good deal to be said for the old game. All ladies are not equal to the vast amount of energy and exercise required by a tennis player, and besides, literally and figuratively, croquet affords many pleasant opportunities of *spooning*, which are not enjoyed to the same extent by the ever vigilant tennis player.

The Bishop of Tuam is slowly recovering from his recent illness, and takes daily exercise in the open air.

The Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, who is the most eloquent preacher in the English Church, is in great trouble, because some over zealous friends insist on printing his sermons without authority or correction, and have even brought out a fresh supply entitled "Magee, Extra." The Bishop wittily observes that those who pay their sixpence for it, will get "more of the Extra than the Magee!"

Mr. and Mrs. James Colvill, Mr. Robert Colvill, and the Misses Colvill, have returned to Coolock House, Coolock, from a visit to Switzerland and the Italian lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hely Hutchinson and Miss Hely Hutchinson have left Northumberland Road for their summer residence, Seafield, Co. Dublin.

Mr. and Mrs. Bevan have left their residence, Wellington Road, for a visit of some duration to the Island of Guernsey.

Mrs. and the Misses Hamilton Madden have left Pembroke Road for Greystones, Co. Wicklow, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. and the Misses Bagenal have left their residence, Waterloo Road, for a sojourn of some weeks at Bray.

Mrs. Burrowes has left Dornden, Booterstown, for St. John's, Fahan, Londonderry, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Olphert.

The Misses Head have left Fitzwilliam Square for Stradone, Co. Cavan, on a visit to Mrs. Burrowes.

There has been published at the Irish Exhibition in London, an extremely interesting "Handy Book of Reference for Irishwomen." It is edited by Miss Helen Blackburn, and has a preface by Mrs. Power Lalor. The work is free from charitable appeal or complaint, and is pervaded by a sympathy for women-workers which it is cheering to note. The literary taste shown in the production of the little book is in keeping with its bright and creditable design.

The Dowager Lady Brady has left town for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Perrin, Fortfield, Terenure. We are glad to hear that Mrs. Perrin, though still confined to her room, is slowly recovering from the effects of the serious accident she met with a short time ago.

Mrs. Smyley and Mrs. Warren were driving on Monday in Merrion Row in an open two-wheeled trap, belonging to the latter lady, when the horse suddenly fell and both ladies were precipitated into the street. Fortunately beyond a few bruises and a slight cut, which Mrs. Smyley sustained, neither of the ladies were injured, and no damage was done to either horse or trap.

A grand bazaar will be held in Bangor Castle demesne on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of this month, under the distinguished patronage of her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry and her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin.

Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, who has been in attendance on the Duchess of Edinburgh since last November, has returned to England after her long spell of waiting.

To a good many poor people in our midst the hot weather must certainly come as a relief, and this for more reasons than one. It signifies the use of little coal, and the want of blankets becomes rather a blessing than otherwise.

Sir Robert Shaw, Bart., and Lady Shaw are sojourning at present at their beautiful residence, Bushey Park, Terenure. Sir Robert was, as usual, obliged to spend the winter at Pau, but his health is now fairly good.

The Duke of Marlborough has at last put all rumour at rest by marrying the American widow, Mrs. Hammersley. The lady's friends, we are told, and we do not wonder at it, look with a great deal of disfavour upon the match, and have argued strongly against it. They are not sure that the nature of his separation from his first wife, Lady Blandford, admitted of his entering into another alliance legally. Whether it does or not he has now put an insuperable

barrier in the way of a *rapprochement*, which many well-wishers hoped would be brought about between Lady Blandford and the Duke.

It will be remembered that it was in 1880 the Rathmines and Rathgar Water Act became law. A privilege that the Township paid dearly for. During the last six years the chosen "Two-and-Twenty" have promised the supply at the termination of periods not exceeding two months. In the meantime the Board plans pleasant picnics to the works at Bohernabreena, fares sumptuously and comes back with glowing accounts concerning the progression of affairs. The unfortunate ratepayer observes the graphic description in the small space allotted to local events by Dublin dailies, then turns to the lachrymose leader that howls at the state of Timbuctoo. So the matter slides on till someone else prods the amiable combination, then another joyful journey, and more feasting, followed by another sanguine story.

However the public will be gratified to learn that the Township Commissioners have at length obtained the semblance of a fluid. They have without much difficulty got into water—hot water—with a sturdy combination of litigious millers, men who prefer to secure their rights from the law courts than accept a compromise from Commissioners. Information which we have received from a trustworthy and reliable source leads us to believe that Mr. Maunsell, the Millers' solicitor, has a strong case for his clients. The ratepayers pay for this litigation on the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle.

Like the lotus eaters, the Commissioners would eternally cry, "Wait until the water comes," while they kindly allow the inhabitants, like a fond father, to pay their "little" bills. It matters not that the rates are higher than any adjacent suburb, nor that the householders must be subjected to inconvenience through having their water supply cut off for hours together without previous warning. The notion that a fire might break out when the township is situated thus, and the consequences that would ensue therefrom, have never occurred to the "chosen few" who represent chiefly Rathmines politics and personal prejudices.

Wood is a winner, but his prize represents a minus quantity. The jury have found, apparently, that he has not been proved to have ridden Success unfairly, but that his general reputation was such as almost to justify the suspicion that he was riding to lose. The verdict leaves the jockey a heavy loser, and it is rumoured that he intends to demand a new trial, though he has in a technical sense won the case. The expenses on the other side, however, will be very heavy, and will not be paid by the ostensible defendant, but by those who are seeking to purify the turf.

Jane, Countess of Bantry, has arrived at 40 Seymour Street, London, from Aix-les-Bains.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Marcus Armstrong have returned to their residence, Mealiffe, Co. Tipperary, from Chaffpool, Co. Sligo.

To celebrate the birth of the son and heir of Captain B. T. Carew, J.P., Ballinamona Park, Co. Waterford, four-hundred of the tenantry of the estate assembled on the landlord's invitation

in the demesne on Wednesday afternoon. They were most hospitably entertained, and a display of fireworks were provided for their amusement. About one hundred members of the principal families of the county joined in the festivities, and after the health of the heir had been proposed and thanks returned by Captain Carew, dancing was kept up with much spirit till half-past three o'clock in the morning.

There are few places of greater loveliness in the near neighbourhood of Dublin than Lucan, the district in which the Anna Liffey has its rise. No more delightful scenery is to be found anywhere than that to be witnessed on the ordinary coach road by Chapelizod, Palmerstown, and so on to Lucan itself—wood, water, and pasturage being beautifully blended, and forming a landscape on which the eye loves to linger.

Dear little Lucan was *en fete* on Saturday last, though arches of green and flowers of brilliant hue were not observable in its highways; but all the same, it was an extremely lively and pleasant place. The occasion was a great one for the inhabitants, as on that day the season of musical promenades was inaugurated in the lovely demesne of Colonel Vesey, through the untiring energy of a local committee of influential gentlemen, whose honorary secretary is Mr. A. McClelland, J.P.

The music was supplied by the band of the Second Battalion of the famous Black Watch, numbering forty performers all told, under the capable direction of a thorough musician, Mr. Buck; and to those of our readers who have heard this splendid collection of instrumentalists, it will, perhaps, be sufficient to remark that they never played better, and that is saying a great deal. A notable item of the programme was "Scots wha hae," which was given with charming effect.

A word about the tramway arrangements, which were carried out under the personal superintendence of the Company's courteous and efficient manager, Mr. George Conaty. Anticipating a big rush of passengers on the interesting occasion, he had an ample supply of carriages on the line, and it is only due to him, and through him to the Company, to say that the accommodation provided was ample, and everything that could be desired. The carriages are extremely comfortable, and you have your choice of cars open at the sides and covered at the top; and for a thoroughly enjoyable fifty minutes' run through a delightful country, commend us to the Dublin and Lucan steam trams.

The Corporation of the city of London have, we are glad to see, unanimously voted two hundred guineas towards the fund of the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, the hope being expressed that the show in London might be the forerunner of another to be held in Dublin next year. We want all we can get in this way here, and anything that can stimulate our sluggish and decaying industries will be warmly welcomed by every man among us.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is a frequent visitor to Olympia, and, what is better, she purchases liberally of Irish-made articles they strike her fancy as being novel and unique. By the way the rumour was revived in London last week of the intention of the Princess and

her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, visiting Ireland during the autumn. We heartily trust they may come and stay for a long time in the country, where they would be certain of a cordial reception. So far as we remember, the Marquis of Lorne was not in Dublin since the time of the arrival of the late Earl of Mayo's remains from India, when he represented his father at the funeral, the Duke of Argyle being then Secretary for our great Eastern Empire.

The Loop Line may, and doubtless will, prove a valuable connecting link between the railway services on the northern and southern sides of the Liffey, and economise the time of travellers to a large extent, but it certainly won't beautify the districts of the city through which it passes between Westland Row and Amiens Street. Irrespective of the unsightliness of the huge archway structures spanning the various streets, the effect must be to render those thoroughfares particularly dark and gloomy. But the lovely must give place to the useful, and in this connexion it may be mentioned that progress is being made with the works.

It is many years since Ireland had a reputation for growing fruit, and the little shred she possessed in that way seems finally departing. We used to cultivate strawberries extensively, but we don't do that now. We bring them from Holland in preference.

Miss Romola Tynte has taken the Prince's Hall, London, where she intends producing tableaux vivants under the supervision of Mr. James Lane, R.A. She will appear with Mr. Herman Vezin in scenes from *Macbeth*.

Notwithstanding the news of the German Emperor's death, Lady Morell Mackenzie's weekly "At Home" came off as usual last Thursday. Miss Fanny Moody, who scored such a complete success as *Nordis* at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, last August, contributed several vocal selections. It is to be hoped that when the Carl Rosa Company appear here again that ladies will stare less should they observe the artistes in public. Miss Moody and M^{me}. Burns were put to much annoyance by the undisguised staring of certain Dublin ladies.

Lord Massarene, whose name has been prominent in recent debates, is genealogically a curious point of discord between Unionists and Home Rulers; for he is the descendant of that John Foster who was, we believe, the last Speaker of the Irish Parliament. Lord Massarene has in Antrim Castle the chair which used to be the presidential seat in the Irish House of Commons. He is 46 years of age, and, whatever may be his faults, he cannot be charged with holding aloof from the common people. He is a hale-fellow-well-met with them all, and does not disdain to drink his glass in any bar parlour, or to make a companion of those he may find there. For this familiarity he is popular with one section and distrusted by another section of Ulster society. He has had hitherto the reputation for being a kind and generous landlord when his sympathies were aroused. His wife is the daughter of the late Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist, whose widow's adventures recently made her a petitioner in the Divorce Court. The Massarene estates are not very large, but they are situated in the most prosperous of Irish counties, and Lord Massarene is probably the

last man who was expected to be made the subject of an experiment with the "Plan of Campaign."

The old is passing away indeed. White's Club is almost on the eve of dissolution. White's, which helped to make history in the last century; White's, which loomed largely in biography of the men of the days of Queen Anne and the Georges. White's, which was supposed to be almost as firmly established as the pillars of the earth. It is, if we are not very much mistaken, the oldest club in existence. It was formerly dead Tory. It was the rival, and at times the overwhelming rival of Brooke's. It played its part in politics before the Reform was thought of, or reform itself had any meaning to the popular mind. Its house in St. James' Street stands, we believe, on the very site of White's Coffee-House where the wits assembled in the days when Shakespeare and Ben Johnson exchanged ideas at the "Mermaid." The Restoration dramatists talked at large at White's Coffee-House. The club came into existence in 1698, and was called after the name of the coffee-house keeper, just as Brooke's was. For some time White's has ceased to be political. It has lately been a social club without any partisan bearings. But owing to some misunderstanding among the members, it is now likely to lose its lease, and may within the next few weeks become a memory of the past.

Mr. Charles Duval, who has so often appeared in Dublin with his unique entertainment, met his fate, or rather his present wife, under somewhat romantic circumstances. It appears that Mr. Duval when stopping, for one night only, at Queenstown, was invited to a large ball, where the hostess besought him to give an exhibition of his versatile talents. A pretty young lady who watched his entertainment with intent interest, begged to be introduced to the performer. The young couple met, flirted, and made a runaway match, to avoid the displeasure of the young lady's parents. Mrs. Duval never regrets the step she took, and, consequently, has been happy since.

The painful Rathmines Divorce Case which, for a long time, was pending, has now been removed from the Law Courts, as neither plaintiff or defendant possessed reputation unblemished enough to place before the public. The two church of Ireland clergymen who were entangled in the case have left the country and, therefore, will no longer disgrace the cloth they wore.

That strange young man from Dublin, yclept, Oscar Wilde, has written a play. Many remember the premier "aesthetic" at the time when he was wont to array himself in attire resembling the garb of Bunthorne in "Patience." But when we saw Oscar lately, he wore a tall hat, frock coat, and conventional unmentionables.—He had been married in the meanwhile.

The Sligo Artillery Militia, known as the Sligo Rifles and the Duke of Connaught's own, must have been "standing at ease" while the rest of the world was marching on. At the recent inspection this gallant corps wore coats thirty-six years old! and no blame could be attached to either officers or men, for both had done their best, by darning and sewing buttons on, to keep them on their backs.

"Alastor" is an Irish story of to-day by a clever writer, who hides her identity under the *nom-de-plume* of "Justin Maguire." It deals chiefly with that phase of Irish life more directly concerned with the land agitation, and for this reason alone should possess considerable interest for those readers who prefer the study of modern life to the haphazard depiction of bygone times. It is written in clear limpid language, and the Irish enunciation is more successfully treated than in any work we have hitherto perused. While flooded with cheap fiction, of an indifferent nature, from the other side of the Channel, we are glad to find that in "Alastor" we have a shilling novel produced at home; clearly and carefully printed, and more suited, in this respect, for the drawing-room table than most of the garish works machined in London or Manchester. The publishers are Messrs. Simpkins, Marshall & Co., of London, and Charles Eason & Son, of Dublin. The book has been printed by Messrs. Humphrey & Armour, of Crow-street, Dublin.

We can confidently recommend to tourists the clever Olympia Edition of the *Irish Times'* Tours in Ireland; which, from its refined literary style, clean type, and admirable sketches, deserves to rank as the standard work of its class. The archaeological and historical sketches are so treated and so pleasantly intertwined with bright descriptive phrasing, that the reader imperceptibly becomes profoundly versed in technical knowledge whilst apparently merely skimming the light pages of a tourist's guide.

Miss Anna Williams sang, last Thursday, with complete success at Mrs. Medley's "At Home," 21 Park-street W. The marriage of this charming young vocalist with one of our best known Dublin baritones will take place shortly.

Lady Guinness gives a dance at her London residence on Tuesday next.

The Countess of Listowel's ball takes place next Wednesday.

The Kingstown Amusements Committee intend coming out in great form on Saturday, the 7th inst., when the prizes won at Ballsbridge at the International Athletic Tournament will be presented. At 9.30 o'clock a grand display of fireworks by Mr. Hodsman, concluding with a magnificent set piece of 2,000 square feet, representing the destruction of the "Spanish Armada." With fine weather the Royal Marine Gardens should be crowded.

The annual athletic sports of Corrig School took place on Tuesday afternoon at Tivoli terrace Fields, and were a great success, a large number of the friends of the young competitors being present. The favourite band of the Royal Irish Constabulary was present, and played one of their best programmes. The head master, Mr. J. H. Bousfield, was here, there, and everywhere, looking after his guests.

The Victoria Habitation (Kingstown) of the Primrose League gave an extremely pleasant concert on Wednesday evening in the Royal Marine Hotel. The attendance was large and fashionable, and the several items of the programme were one and all well received.

A grand bazaar will be held in Lidmonton Square, Novara, Bray, on the 4th and 5th inst., under distinguished patronage. The splendid band of the Black Watch is to attend, and there will be other amusements and entertainments. The proceeds will be devoted to defraying the debt due on the Parochial Hall.

Incidents of the Enoch-Arden class are not so rare as people imagine, one of them being recently reported from Somersetshire, in which the painful story was re-produced as if it had been taken bodily from the book. Something of this kind was very nearly occurring in Dublin within the past week, the particulars of which are vouched for by credible authority, and they are these.

In the summer of 1880, or just eight years ago, a marriage was solemnised at a church on the southern side, the contracting parties being a young man occupying a respectable position in an engineer's office in the city, and a young lady, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the northern division of the county, who was also engaged largely in the provision business here. His daughter managed the city house cleverly, and was regarded by all who knew her as an amiable and lovely girl.

A party to Glendalough followed the nuptials, and a most enjoyable day, almost up to the hour of returning, was spent, the company being a large one, when some misunderstanding occurred between the newly-wedded pair. "Alas! how light a thing may move dissension between hearts that love!" The bridegroom left the company, walked the eight miles between the Churches and Rathdrum, reached the city in time to take the evening steamer to Liverpool, and from that period until Thursday in last week was never heard of.

The lady felt her desertion keenly, but no outward sign of her sufferings was visible, and she stuck to business with the most admirable perseverance. Her father meantime died, and she was left in sole charge of great responsibilities, but she never flinched from her post of duty. The wanderer was forgotten, or believed to have died, and some time since another succeeded in obtaining her affections.

The wedding, we are informed, was arranged for an early day, and invitations had actually been issued, when the derelict husband put in an appearance in the city. He had been all these years in New Zealand, and had amassed a respectable fortune, which he came home to share with his wife, who, strangely enough under the circumstances, felt all her old love for him revive. He was very nearly being late, but his timely arrival has saved a vast amount of after misery to all concerned in this drama from real life.

The disclosures relating to the sale of mock Irish goods at the stalls of the Exhibition Department of the Irish Cottage Ladies' Work, are disgraceful, and clearly point to the amount of jobbery that goes on in connection with exhibitions in general. Mr. Robert Horne Payne, the Hon. Sec., ordered the goods stating that he wished to place them with the Irish goods on the stall at Olympia. The swindle was put an end to by the English firm forwarding the letters to the press for publication. The low

dodgery on the part of the Irish Cottage Industries Association will have the effect of completely debarring English buyers from making purchases.

Lord Brownlow has rented Killarney House from Lord Kenmare for six months' shooting.

The Bishop of Derry preached last Sunday morning at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, before a crowded congregation.

Mrs. Tottenham gave a tennis party on Saturday at her beautiful residence, Bloomfield, Merion. There were present, amongst others, Mrs. Cresswell, the Messrs. Cresswell, Mrs. J. Hely Hutchinson, Mr. Robert Colville, Mr. Duncan, the Misses Vernon, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. McConkey, etc., etc. The day was particularly fine, and the play was kept up with much animation.

On Tuesday evening last Lady Ridgway entertained a distinguished company at dinner at the Under Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park. Afterwards a most enjoyable dance took place, Mr. J. J. Coates acting as pianist on the occasion.

Dr. Colles, Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, family and suite have left Stephen's Green, North, for Priorsland, Carrickmines, for the summer.

The potato rings which have already been noticed in IRISH SOCIETY as contributions from our old country families have attracted much attention at Olympia. There are about fifty specimens, and the silversmiths of the last century expended much time and artistic effect on their manufacture.

The "Archdale Holiday Home" was opened on Friday at Bundoran by Dr. Stack, Bishop of Clogher. A touching tribute was paid to the late Colonel Archdale, and in declaring the Home was open, the Bishop spoke of the benefits which it would confer on those who needed rest and a short sojourn at the seaside.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. C. Carpenter, in command of the Irish station, entertained Vice-Admiral Baird, Rear-Admiral Rowley, and the Captains and Officers of the Channel Squadron, at a dinner at the Admiralty House, Queenstown, on Monday evening.

Mrs. Henry Cowper and Miss H. A. Cowper have left Trudder House, Co. Wicklow, for London.

Mrs. Frank Leslie still receives two offers of marriage per day.

The great French writer, Alexandre Dumas, does not believe that young girls should enjoy much liberty. His young daughters were never allowed to go to the theatre or a ball.

Mr. Leslie's farewell to the London Gaiety was an affecting scene. He was kissed by all the ladies of the company, who numbered some hundreds. Before leaving the theatre the comedian laid himself at length on the boards, kissed the stage, and then fled to the *Hotel Metropole*.

The custom of celebrating "St. John's Morning" in our city has not yet gone out of fashion, and as long as it remains in the catalogue of "events," the merry-making portion of the community will have no chance of lamenting the absence of an occasion whereon to exercise their humour.

The "feast" was observed in the usual way on Saturday of last week, at midnight, when large numbers assembled at St. John's Well, Island Bridge, to witness the wonderful springing forth of the water, which is generally accredited with curative properties, compared with which the "prairie flower" of the Indian physician is nowhere.

The usual dancing and music were provided, the good humour which always marks such occasions in Dublin prevailing, notwithstanding many present seemed to have partaken of the water from the well of another St. John, and it was not till after one o'clock that the "sounds of revelry by night" died out of the village.

There is a marked resemblance between St. John's Well of the good Dublin people and the wells of purification and sanctification of our Hindoo fellows, the waters of the former being carefully bottled and taken home mostly by superstitious old women, who aver that the waters are "good for anything."

Dublin teems with a certain class of aged men whose only business seems to be that of procuring and circulating petty stories of antiquities, animate and inanimate, to gaping crowds of youngsters at street corners and other places of resort. The young policeman, as he struts along in the martial gait peculiar to our city force, is the particular protege of these antiquated gossip mongers. Coming down Eccles Street the other day we noticed one of the latter class in earnest conversation with a young and trusty member of the C Division. As we passed, the name of the American doctor struck upon our ears, and being interested we slackened our pace to hear what the old man had to say. "Bedad, an' he is, an' no mistake." "So I hear, so I hear," returned the policeman. "And do you know," continued the old man, who seemed quite excited over the narration, "he yesterday pulled a tooth out of the head of a baby three months old!" The policeman seemed to enjoy the joke, for as he wearily trod his crowded beat the echo of his laughter made the whole neighbourhood ring.

We cannot vouch for the truth of the following story; but as there is a considerable amount of humour in the incident, it may perhaps amuse and interest a certain class of our readers. One day last week, at the door of one of Dublin's most fashionable dressmakers, might have been seen a gentleman dressed in the first style of fashion. The hour was about one o'clock in the day, and the sun shone brilliantly upon a scene, the principal feature of which was the dandified hero in an attitude of watchful expectancy. What struck the onlooker as peculiar about the situation, was the state of nervous excitement under which the poor fellow laboured. However, his suspense was soon lightened by being ushered upstairs by the charming niece of Madame —, the arbitress of dress and fashion. Madame being engaged, her niece undertook the duty of interviewing the gentleman. His

queries were each answered with simplicity and gracefulness, breathed through lips irresistibly inviting. So confirmed did the gentleman become of the inviting nature of the niece's lips that he actually had the audacity to stoop, and before the lady was aware, imprint a kiss upon her ruby lips. She naturally, of course, took offence, and down she flew to her aunt, who, when she heard the agitated girl's story, expressed her indignation in strong and forcible language.

Up she ran, or rather stumbled, to the saucy fellow who dared to take such a liberty. She met him coming down stairs coolly whistling an operatic air. As quickly as the old lady's feeling would admit she showed him to the door.

As he reached the threshold bang went the door with a crash that started the neatly-polished hat off the young man's head, at the same time imprisoning one of the flaps of his coat between the door and the door-post. In vain did he beg to be released—in vain did he by turns stamp, kick, pray, beg and beseech. The door remained fast, and the ladies, whose grief by this time had been turned into mirth, continued inexorable; the crowd increased; the gentleman groaned; the little boys shouted, and as the last agonies approached the unfortunate beau took a knife from his waistcoat pocket and cut, not his throat, gentle reader, but the skirt from the back of his coat, twisted its fellow around him, jumped into a cab, threw himself back on the seat, and withdrew his physiognomy from the gaze of the assembled multitude, and drove off to the tune of the jarvey's song, "It's a bad wind that blows nobody good."

Magistrates' decisions sometimes appear to laymen as most ridiculous. The other day a London magistrate decided that a wife was justified in pulling out some of her husband's moustache! He couples his decision with the condition that the matron had no other means of defending herself at the moment. Married men who come home from their clubs in a combative mood of mind must now adopt one of two alternatives—they must either give up the practice of annoying their wives, or walk about moustacheless and whiskerless. Wives must be protected, even at the expense of the lip adornment of their husbands.

Madame Christine Nilsson has positively taken leave of the public for ever, and neither the stage nor the concert-room will know this charming prima donna again. At her last appearance she sang ten encores, and was recalled six times at the close of the concert.

Among the latest fashion items are—the Eccles parasol, which is made of yellow satin, with lace to match. The handle is long, with a simple crook. This parasol is of a most useful kind; it will serve as a shade for "two." The palm-leaf fan, which is decorated in various ways, is another novelty, although one would think ingenuity in this direction had exhausted itself.

One of the fair and gentle sex who devotes her energies to the lecture platform, thus advises young men:—"Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millenium for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you brutes!"

Miss Kennedy, from the Ladies' Collegiate School, Londonderry, from which she gained the Hon. the Irish Society's Girton Scholarship of £150, has just gained a first class in the Natural Science Tripos, Cambridge.

What a woman should be alphabetically:—a woman should be Amiable, Benevolent, Charitable, Domestic, Economical, Forgiving, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Kind, Loving, Modest, Neat, Obedient, Pleasant, Quiet, Reflecting, Sober, Tender, Urbane, Virtuous, Wise, Xemplary, Yielding, and Zealous.

Ballyburley House, King's Co., the ancestral residence of John Wakely, Esq., J.P., D.L., was totally destroyed by fire last week. Ballyburley House was a fine specimen of the Elizabethan Style, and took its name from Lord Burleigh, under whose seal (as Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor) a grant of the surrounding lands was made to the Wakely family. Everyone in the neighbourhood sympathises deeply with the family in this catastrophe, which removes from the land one of the finest old mansions contained in it.

The poor woman who made the lining of the Queen's Coach for the Jubilee Festival received but 2½d. per yard for the work. Six yards per day, working night and day, was her daily task. When will the sweating system cease?

Miss Ellen Terry goes to see her son in Germany at the close of the Lyceum season. Her sister, Miss Marion Terry, will play Margaret during Mr. Henry Irving's "Faust" provincial tour.

Mr. Brown-Potter is reconciled to Mrs. Brown-Potter's plans and projects for the future. Mrs. Brown-Potter has assured a reporter of this—"Then it isn't true that you and your husband have separated?" asked the reporter. "It is absurd!" said the lady.

Black lace over white silk is a favourite evening gown, and when the lace is delicate and well patterned, also gracefully draped, the appearance is very good. Sometimes two lengths of wide sash ribbon, black and gold colour, are arranged together. There is usually a full inch of black and white silk round the edge of the skirt. Every well-dressed woman now considers a black gown for day and another for evening wear indispensable, so that black is generally seen, and to some it is more becoming than anything else. Beautiful muslins, with shaded green leaves or flowers scattered over, are greatly worn by young ladies. Some muslins are striped with broad green satin, and ribbons are specially used as trimming.

Heliotropes, sunflowers, marigolds, and all compound and yellow flowers turn toward the sun throughout the whole day, following his course so as to face the east in the morning, south at noon, and west in the evening; the direction in which they point, therefore, shows the time.

Worth, the Paris *modiste*, declares that he "never forces anything on the public before he educates them. When I (says he) make up my mind to introduce a certain fashion I give myself three years' time to make it the rage."

Mrs. Tottenham and the Misses Tottenham leave Bloomfield this month to be present at the marriage of Major Frederick Tottenham and Miss Garnier, at Guidenham, Norfolk.

It is not generally known that the Dublin Metropolitan policeman is required to pass a much more simple educational test than his companion in the R.I.C. force. In fact many members are rejected Constabulary candidates. Yet these are the men that Mr. Commissioner Harrel would fain trust with discretionary power.—Tremble bicyclists!

Does it not occur to everybody that we, the citizens, are suffering—quietly, no doubt—under a grievous inflection, in the form of being deprived of the accommodation of a respectable restaurant, in which supper could be obtained after the hour when theatres and other places of public amusement usually close? This is a serious matter, and it is all the more unendurable when we remember that such a prohibition is unknown in any important city across channel.

The facilities in this respect enjoyed by people in London are known to all who have sojourned in the great metropolis, and they need not be referred to here. In Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow, parties leaving theatres after the ordinary hour for the closing of taverns can have their wants supplied in respectable establishments specially licensed for the purpose; but how differently we do things here!

With the stroke of eleven shutters are up and doors barred, and the hundreds of young men living in lodgings may trudge homewards supperless, while their appetites are keen, and they have the means of paying for a comfortable meal. Hotels are not available, except for those residing in them; and all are not members of one or other of the numerous clubs in the city, where the desired relief could be obtained; and so our young men are left to do without what they would gladly pay for—a nice enjoyable supper at a moderate figure.

The Ship Hotel was, we believe, the last place in the city which enjoyed the privilege of providing suppers after the closing hours of eleven and up to one o'clock, and we have never heard that the concession was abused. It was frequented only by the respectable classes who, at the close of performances, could always calculate on having the wants of the "inner man" provided in capital style; but the proprietor voluntarily surrendered the privilege, and ever since only too many of us have gone supperless after listening to opera bouffe or interesting melodrama, when we could have enjoyed a grilled kidney or chop, with the necessary "fixings," rarely.

Really something to supply this great want should be attempted. There are at least three suitable places in the heart of the city, some one or two of which should be invested with the necessary authority to provide the accommodation demanded. We will not mention any of them—that would be invidious; but their situations will at once occur to anyone who takes the trouble to think of the matter, and any of them would, we believe, be only too glad to act the host on such occasions.

The granting or the withholding of the privilege rests with the Commissioner of Police, Mr. Harrel, and it is scarcely possible, if the case was fairly represented to him, that he would refuse his assent to so very moderate and reasonable a proposal.

LA REVEILLE.

CHILDREN'S FLOWER SHOW, INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AND FETE, BALL'S BRIDGE.—This annual fete took place last week, and was attended by many thousands of children, as well as crowds of grown-ups. All the buildings and grounds were thrown open, presenting a carnival scene of universal amusement. There were several grand promenade and open-air concerts, accompanied by the bands of the King's Liverpool Regiment, and the celebrated Black Watch, with pipers. There were twenty-seven events in the athletic sports, a lawn tennis tournament; pianoforte recitals; recitations; Punch and Judy shows; Professor Ferer's wonderful monkeys; ventriloquial entertainment, and grand balloon ascent by Captain Whelan. The most hypercritical infant must have succumbed before such a marvellously diversified programme. One of the most interesting events in this astonishing series of pleasures was the ascent of Captain Whelan and another gentleman in a balloon. They ascended, drifted over the city, and went westward, contrary to the anticipations of Captain Whelan, who expected to cross the Channel. The entertainment of Mr. Whitehead, of Manchester, caused considerable amusement. He sang some capital music-hall style of songs, dressed as a clergyman. Altogether, the Fete this year was a splendid success, and we are sure that all the children heartily endorse our opinion.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, ROTUNDA GARDENS.—No notice of this splendid circus would be perfect without reference to the astonishing feats of the boy-rider, Young Ernest. He is master of every marvel of equestrian art with which we are accustomed to associate adult performers. He is a handsome little fellow, with a remarkably intelligent face; and rides horseback turning somersaults and twisting himself into all manner of extraordinary positions while his horse is dashing over bars alight with fire. Moreover, there is no break in his performance, he keeps the interest of the spectators riveted on him from the moment he enters the arena until he leaves amid a universal shout of applause. He is the coming Ducros. On last Saturday night Mr. Henry Boswell was not perfect in his juggling on horseback. However, we are averse to finding fault in such difficult performances, and remember that a circus artiste is more at the mercy of a fit of indigestion or any slight physical ailment than any other public character. George Batty always secures general applause, especially towards the end of his turn when he seems attached to the side of his swift horse by an invisible hair. How he manages to keep on in this spectral fashion is one of the conundrums of the circus. John Frederick Clarke is a daring and accomplished performer. He jumps the bars with his back towards them, whirling and somersaulting in the air at the same time, and invariably alighting on the back of the horse. When we last saw him he had a restive animal which threw him against the orchestral seats, but this did not deter the young

rider from finishing, and after his performance he was twice unanimously recalled. The Graceful Jessica has got a superb new costume of shimmering green satin, and when the limelight is thrown on the aerial trapeze she is like some lovely creation of an artist's dream. Even for the short time she has been in Dublin, we have been astonished at the rapid progress she has made in her art, and we have no doubt that her determination, as well as the fact that she possesses the most perfect figure of any athlete now before the public, will make her, in a few years, the universally acknowledged queen of the aerial trapeze. The magnificent spectacle of Cinderella is now attracting crowded houses. Everyone should see it. If there are any children in this city who are not brought to see Cinderella let them send us the names of their parents and we shall look up the matter. The meanness of such parents deserves a severe course of the plank bed under the Coercion Act. We have taken up the cause of the children of this city, and we shall insist on justice being done to them.

DIOCESAN CHORAL FESTIVAL.—The choral festival of the Dublin Diocesan Choral Association took place on Thursday evening last. That the festival is highly popular was proved by the fact that on the occasion the spacious St. Patrick's Cathedral was crowded in every part long ere the hour announced for the commencement of the service. The choir was considerably augmented, and the majority of the church choirs of the metropolis were represented. Seldom in the history of the venerable cathedral has its arches rung with such a flood of melody as flowed through them on Thursday evening, the entire congregation taking part in the programme arranged. Notwithstanding a few excusably bad starts, the mixed choirs sang well together, and with a unison that was praiseworthy in the extreme, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that the singers were not trained as a body. The Rev. L. B. Weldon (late Canon of Christ Church Cathedral), preached a telling sermon on the occasion.

MUSICAL PROMENADE. The Dalkey bands are now in full swing. On Saturday evening the splendid band of the Liverpool regiment attended, and contributed an enjoyable selection. The attire of the crowd present rivals the rainbow in variegation, being both loud and light. The illuminations at Sorrento might, we think, be on a more extensive scale.

THE WHITE ABBEY BAZAAR was successfully continued on Thursday and Friday last. The stalls were tastefully, though not harmoniously arranged. The attractive nature of the entertainment was only rivalled by the winsomeness of fair purse manipulators. Roulette charitably robbed the opulent visitor who endeavoured to recoup expenses. Amateur theatricals took place in the "foyer" each day.

LAWN TENNIS.—The SANDYCOVE tournament terminated on Saturday last with a band promenade, when some six hundred visitors showed their appreciation of the kindness of the Committee in forwarding them invitations, by continually interfering with the play. Refreshments were generously supplied by the Committee free of charge. The final tussle between the Pim Brothers was a downright fizzle. The ladies' events were characterised by few entries and indifferent play.



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 3rd July.

MONEY has been in active demand during last week, and the rates hardened on Saturday it being the last day of the half year. Short loans were quoted $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent., and three month's bills remain nominally at from 1 to $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Consols for money are quoted $99\frac{1}{2}$, and for account $99\frac{3}{4}$. India Three per cents. $96\frac{3}{4}$.

English Rails have again improved and mark advances, although the market remains dull from want of business, and the best prices are hardly maintained, Brighton A, 123; Dover A, $103\frac{3}{4}$; Gt. Northern A, $101\frac{1}{2}$; Caledonian $102\frac{1}{2}$; Chatham $21\frac{3}{4}$; Great Eastern 68; Great Western, $145\frac{3}{4}$; Hull and Barnsley, $30\frac{1}{4}$; Metropolitan, 70; Metropolitan District, $33\frac{3}{4}$; Midland, 132; North British, 108; North-Eastern, $155\frac{3}{4}$; North Western, $170\frac{1}{2}$.

Foreign Stocks have been a firm market, and prices are higher all round. Most of the Stocks are now quoted ex-dividend, Egyptian Unified, $82\frac{3}{4}$; Greek 1881, $73\frac{3}{4}$, x.d.; Portuguese, $63\frac{1}{4}$, x.d.; Perus, $6\frac{1}{2}$, $15\frac{3}{4}$; Ditto, $5\frac{1}{2}$, $14\frac{1}{2}$; Russian 1873, $97\frac{3}{4}$; Spanish, $72\frac{3}{4}$, x.d.; Turkish, Group 1, $24\frac{3}{4}$; Group 2, 15; Group 3, $14\frac{3}{4}$.

Americans are a dull Market, and prices have relapsed slightly. Central Pacific, $31\frac{1}{4}$; Milwaukee, $65\frac{1}{4}$; Denver Pref., $46\frac{1}{4}$; Erie, $24\frac{3}{4}$; Lake Shore, $92\frac{1}{4}$; Louisville, $55\frac{3}{4}$; New York Central, $107\frac{1}{2}$; Norfolk Pref., $47\frac{1}{2}$; Ohio $19\frac{3}{4}$; Ontario, 15; Pennsylvania, $53\frac{3}{4}$; Reading $29\frac{3}{4}$; Union Pacific, 56.

Foreign and Canadian Railways have relapsed from the highest points, especially Grand Trunks, which are a flat market and subject to constant bear attacks. Canadian Pacifics are quoted $57\frac{3}{4}$. Grand Trunk Ordinary, 10. First Pref. $57\frac{1}{2}$. Second Pref. $38\frac{1}{2}$. Third Pref. 22. Guaranteed, $66\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Rails, $41\frac{3}{4}$. First Pref., $113\frac{3}{4}$. Second Pref., $71\frac{3}{4}$. Mexican Central, First Mortgage, $67\frac{1}{4}$ ex. div.

Mines are dull and neglected, and the variations in price are unimportant.

Miscellaneous Market (with the exception of Hotchkiss and Hudson's Bay, in which there has been considerable selling) is almost unchanged. Hotchkiss are quoted $11\frac{3}{4}$ after having been done at $12\frac{3}{4}$. Hudson's Bay, $16\frac{1}{2}$. New Explosives are better at $6\frac{1}{2}$.

The traffic receipts of the London and Brighton Railway for Friday last show an increase of £753.

The gross earnings of the Mexican Central Railway for the third week in June, show a decrease of 10,214 dollars.

The Ordinary and Preference Shares of Green and Clarkson's Brewery Co. are quoted at $7\frac{7}{8}$ premium.

Tenders for £2,500,000 Queensland Government $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Inscribed Stock, will be

received at the Bank of England up to 2 o'clock on Tuesday the 3rd inst. No doubt the Syndicate will take the greater part of it in the hope of the public coming in and relieving them at a higher figure. In our opinion the public should study the financial condition of this Colony before investing their money.

Within the last five years the income of the Colony has increased to the extent of some £400,000, while the expenditure has (in the same period) increased by no less a sum than £950,000. Out of a revenue of some £3,000,000 the interest which is payable on its public debt amounts to nearly £900,000. Its total indebtedness is little short of £26,000,000. Under these circumstances we should be inclined to let the Syndicate have all the benefit (?) of it themselves.

The amount applied for in Combe's Brewery is said to have amounted to some £15,000,000. The Standard (commenting upon the way in which these Companies are launched), says—“Nothing is easier now, when a security is presumably good in itself, than to make it a phenomenal ‘success.’ All that is requisite is that a day or two before the public get the offer of it, selected brokers should ‘get the tip’ to make up lists of applicants. These lists soon swell to enormous proportions, and are poured in upon the issuing house the moment its doors are open. Outsiders, therefore, come up a long way behind and, as a rule, only make themselves look foolish by applying at all. Often the doors are shut in their faces.”

The decline in the value of furs (owing to the change of fashion) is the cause of the decline in Hudson's Bay shares.

We thought that the decline in Hotchkiss was altogether unreasonable, and in answer to one of our subscribers, we strongly advised him to hold for higher prices. The recovery (from the lowest) was quite £2 per share, although the bears are at them again, and have sold them down to $11\frac{1}{2}$.

Greek Bonds are coming into favor, at present prices they are one of the cheapest stocks in the Foreign Market, and if report speaks true, Berlin is bringing them up. If so they are well worth attention.

Little Turks are at last on the move. We drew attention to them when under 14, and they are now round about 15, should go better.

We have frequently recommended purchasers of cheap Mining Shares to pay for them and take them off the market. A correspondent writes to say that owing to the absurdly low price at which some of them were made up, he decided to pay for them, but on receiving the transfer he was not a little astonished to find that the seller received just double the amount which he himself paid for them. He asks who paid the difference? Undoubtedly the jobber, who was unable to deliver what he had sold, and therefore had to pay whatever price was asked for them. Jobbers are almost all of them Bears of Mining Shares, and the prices quoted in the papers are in most instances purely nominal. There is money to be made by buying some of the cheap ones, but they must be paid for and taken off the market.

FOREIGN SECURITIES.

		1887.		1886.		1885.	
		High- est.	Low- est.	High- est.	Low- est.	High- est.	Low- est.
Argent. 1868, 6 %		105	100	104	100	104	93
" 1886, 5 "		96	84	91	78		
Aus. Sil. Rentes 5 "		67	60	70	66	69	63
" Gold " 4 "		91	84	98	89	90	82
Braziln., 1865, 5 "		103	98	102	96	100	92
" 1879, 4½ "		99	93	95	86	88	81
Buen. Ayres, 6 "		101	92	96	87	92	80
Chiln., 1885, 4½ "		102	98	103	88	90	88
Chinese, 6 "		113	107	115	109	109	102
Costa Rica A		82	63	75	51		
" B		79	54	69	46		
Egypt. Unifi. 4 "		77	67	77	63	69	58
Fren. Rentes 3 "		81	75	83	79	82	75
Greek, 1881 5 "		75	54	69	48	69	51
Italian, 5 "		99	90	101	94	97	88
Japan, 7 "		119	109	118	107	115	103
Mexican, 3 "		38	23	29	18	21	16
Peruv., 1870, 6 "		20	13	19	13	16	10
" 1872, 5 "		18	10	15	10	11	7
Portuguese 3 "		58	49	57	43	47	41
Russ. 1873, 5 "		99	89	101	93	97	80
" 1875, 4½ "		92	81	95	87	91	73
Spanish, 2 "		49	45	48	42	48	41
" 4 "		68	58	68	52	62	50
Turk. Prior. 5 "		73	67	76	67	81	68
Do. Group 1		24	18	27	20	38	23
Do. Group 2		14	13	15	13	21	14
Do. Group 3		14	12	15	12	18	12
Uruguay 5 "		74	44	50	36	53	43

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aerated Bread	6	4	5	3	4	2
Allsopps	180	116	—	—	—	—
Bryant & May	17	12	20	15	19	8
E. C. Parder	11	4	6	4	—	—
Guinness	300	166	181	172	—	—
Hotchkiss	18	12	—	—	—	—
Hudsons Bay	25	20	26	21	24	15
Nordenfeldt	3	2	3	2	—	—
Spratts Patent	14	10	17	6	—	—

MINES.

Cape Copper	50	21	28	22	40	19
Copiapo	7	2	4	3	3	2
Mason & Barry	15	5	10	8	10	7
Mysore Gold	7	3	9	5	7	1
Panulcillo	9	1	3	2	3	1
Rio Tinto	23	7	13	10	13	7

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

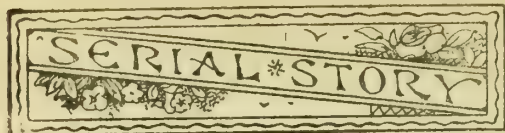
A.S.—Would advise you to sell out immediately.

NEMO.—We cannot do better than refer you to the Money Tables in this week's issue.

B.D.—We do not think they are likely to reach a higher figure, on the contrary have every prospect of dropping.

SUBSCRIBER.—These Shares are improving daily, we recommended them last week advisedly.

J.J.—We cannot reply to your several queries except by letter and on receipt of the necessary fee.



THE FATAL THREE.

A NOVEL

By M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Ishmael,"

"Like and Unlike," &c., &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

BOOK III.

ATROPOS—OR THAT WHICH MUST BE.

CHAPTER VI.—concluded.

"Do not let us talk any more about it, aunt. I can never think differently about the wrong you have done me. Had I not found those letters—by the merest accident, remember—I might have gone down to my grave a desolate woman. I might have died in a foreign land, far away from the only voice that could comfort me in my last hours. No; my opinion of your guilty silence can never change. You were willing to break two hearts rather than hazard your own reputation—and yet you must have known that I would keep your secret, that I should sympathise with the sorrow of your girlhood," added Mildred, in softened tones.

Miss Fausset was slow in replying. Mildred's reproaches fell almost unheeded upon her ear. It was of herself she was thinking, with all the egotism engendered by a lonely old age, without ties of kindred or friendship, with no society but that of flatterers and parasites.

"I asked you if you had found any letters of your father's relating to that unhappy girl," she said. "I always feared his habit of keeping letters—a habit he learnt from my father. Yet I hoped that he would have burnt mine, knowing, as he did, that the one desire of my life was to obliterate that hideous past. Vain hope. I was like the ostrich. If I hid my secret in England, it was known in Italy. The man who destroyed my life was a traitor to the core of his heart, and he betrayed me to his son. He told Cesar how he had fascinated a rich English girl, and fooled her with a mock marriage; and fifteen years ago the young man presented himself to me with the full knowledge of that dark blot upon my life—to me, here, where I had held my head so high. He let me know the full extent of his knowledge—in his own subtle fashion—but he always treated me with profound respect—he pretended to be fond of me—and, God help me, there was a charm for me in the very sound of his voice. The man who cheated me out of my life's happiness was lying in his grave—death lessens the bitterness of hatred—and I could not forget that I had once loved him."

The tears gathered slowly in the cold gray eyes, and rolled slowly down the hollow cheeks. "Yes, I loved him, Mildred, loved him with a foolish inexperienced girl's romantic love. I asked no questions. I believed all he told me. I flung myself blindfold into the net. His genius, his grace, his fire—ah, you can never imagine the charm of his manner, the variety of his

talent, compared with which his son's accomplishments are paltry. You see me now a hard, elderly woman. As a girl I was warm-hearted and impetuous, full of enthusiasm and imagination, while I loved and believed in my lover. My whole nature changed after that great wrong. My heart was frozen."

There was a silence of some moments, and then Miss Fausset continued in short, agitated sentences, her fingers fidgetting nervously with the double eye-glass which she wore on a slender gold chain:—

"It was his genius I worshipped. He was at the height of his success. The Milanese raved about him as a rival to Donizetti—his operas were the rage. Can you wonder that I—a girl—passionately fond of music—was carried away by the excitement which was in the very air I breathed? I went to the opera night after night. I heard that fascinating music till its melodies seemed interwoven with my very being. I suppose I was weak enough to let the composer see how much I admired him. He had quarrelled with his wife—and the quarrel—caused by his own misconduct—had resulted in a separation which was supposed to be permanent. There may have been people in Milan who knew that he was a married man; but my chaperon did not, and he was careful to suppress the fact from the beginning of our acquaintance.

"Yes, no doubt he found out that I was madly in love with him. He pretended to be interested in my musical studies. He advised and taught me. He played the violin divinely, and we used to play concertante duets during the long evenings, while my chaperon dozed by the fire, caring very little how I amused myself as long as I did not interfere with her comfort. She was a sensual, selfish creature, given over to self-indulgence, and she let me have my own way in everything. He used to join me at the cathedral at vespers. How my heart thrilled when I found him there sitting in the shadowy chancel, in the gray November light, for I knew it was for my sake he went there, not from any religious feeling. Our hands used to meet and clasp each other almost unconsciously when the music moved us as it went soaring up to the gorgeous roof, in the dim light of the swinging lamps. I have found myself kneeling with my hand in his when I came out of a dream of Paradise to which that exquisite music had lifted me. Yes, I loved him, Mildred, I loved him as well as ever you loved your husband—as passionately and unselfishly as woman ever loved. I rejoiced in the thought that I was rich, for his sake. I planned the life that we were to live together; a life in which I was to be subordinate to him in all things—his adoring slave. I suppose most girls have some such dream. God help them when it ends as mine did."

Again there was silence—a chilling muteness upon Mildred's part. How could she be sorry for this woman who had never been sorry for others; who had let her child travel from the cradle to the grave without one ray of maternal love to light her dismal journey? She remembered Fay's desolate life and blighted nature—Fay, who had a heart large enough for a great unselfish love. She remembered her aunt's impenetrable silence when a word would have restored happiness to a ruined home; she remembered, and her heart was hardened against this proud, selfish woman, whose life had been one long sacrifice to the world's opinion.

"I loved him, Mildred, and I trusted him as I would have trusted any man who had the right to call himself a gentleman," pursued Miss Fausset, eager to justify herself in the face of that implacable silence. "I had been brought up after the fashion of those days, in a state of primeval innocence. I had never even in fiction been allowed to come face to face with the cruel realities of life. I was educated in an age which thought "Jane Eyre" an improper novel, and which restricted a young woman's education to music and modern languages, the latter taught so badly for the most part as to be useless when she travelled. My knowledge of Italian would just enable me to translate a libretto when I had it before me in print, to ask my way in the streets, but it was hardly enough to make me understand the answer. It never entered into my mind to doubt Paolo Castellani when he told me that although we could not, as Papist and Protestant, be married in any church in Milan, we could be united by a civil marriage before a Milanese authority, and that such a marriage would be binding all the world over. Had I been a poor girl I might of my own instinct have suspected treachery; but I was rich and he was poor, and he would be a gainer by our marriage. Servants and governesses had impressed me with the sense of my own importance, and I knew that I was what is called a good match. So I fell into the trap, as foolishly as a snared bird. I crept out of the house one morning after my music lesson, found my lover waiting for me with a carriage close by, went with him to a dingy office in a dingy street, but which had a sufficiently official air to satisfy my ignorance, and went through a certain formula, hearing something read over by an elderly man of grave appearance, and signing my name to a document after Paolo had signed his.

"It was all a sham and a cheat, Mildred. The old man was a Milanese attorney, with no more power to marry us than he had to make us immortal. The paper was a deed of gift by which Paolo Castellani transferred some imaginary property to me. The whole thing was a farce; but it was so cleverly planned that the cheat was effected without the aid of an accomplice. The old man acted in all good faith, and my blind confidence and ignorance of Italian accepted a common legal formality as a marriage. I went from that dark little office into the spring sunshine happy as ever a bride went out of church, kissed and complimented by a throng of approving friends. I cared very little as to what my brother might think of this clandestine marriage. He would have refused his consent beforehand, no doubt, but he would reconcile himself to the inevitable by-and-by. In any event I should be independent of his control. My fortune would be at my own disposal after my one and twentieth birthday, mine to throw into my husband's lap.

"That is nearly the end of my story, Mildred. We went from Milan to Como, and after a few days at Bellagio crossed the St. Gothard, and sauntered from one lovely scene to another till we stopped at Vevay. For just six weeks I lived in a fool's paradise; but by that time my brother had traced us to Vevay—having learnt all that could be learnt about Castellani at Milan before he started in pursuit of us. He came, and my dream ended. I knew that I was a dishonoured woman, and that all my education, my innate pride in myself, and my fortune had done for me was to place me as low as the lowest creature in the land. I left Vevay within

an hour of that revelation a broken-hearted woman. I never saw my destroyer's face again. You know all, Mildred, now. Can you wonder that I shrank with abhorrence from the offspring of my disgrace—that I refused ever to see her after I had once released myself from the hateful tie?"

"Yes, I do wonder, I must always wonder that you were merciless to her—that you had no pity for that innocent life."

"Ah, you are your father's daughter. He wished me to hide myself in some remote village so that I might taste the sweets of maternal affection, enjoy the blessed privilege of rearing a child who at every instant of her life would remind me of the miserable infatuation that had blighted my own. No, Mildred, I was not made for such an existence as that. I have tried to do good to others, I have laboured for God's Church and God's poor. That has been my atonement."

"It would have been a better atonement to have cared for your own flesh and blood; but with your means and opportunities you might have done both. I loved Fay, remember, aunt. I cannot forget how bright and happy she might have been. I cannot forget the wrongs that warped her nature."

"You are very hard, Mildred, hard to a woman whose days are numbered."

"Are not my days numbered, aunt?" cried Mildred, with a sudden burst of passion. "Was not my heart broken when I left this house last year to go into loneliness and exile, abandoning a husband I adored? That parting was my death-blow. In all the long dreary days that have gone by since then my hold upon life has been loosening. You might have saved me that agony. You might have sent me back to my home rejoicing—and you would not. You cared more for your own pride than for my happiness. You might have made your daughter's life happy—and you would not. You cared more for the world's esteem than for her welfare. As you sacrificed her, your daughter, you have sacrificed me, your niece. I know that I am doomed. Just when God has given me back the love that makes life precious, I feel the hand of death upon me, and know that the hour of parting is near."

"I have been a sinner, Mildred; but I have suffered—I have suffered. You ought not to judge me. You have never known shame."

That last appeal softened Mildred's heart. She went over to her aunt's chair, and leant over her and kissed her.

"Let the past be forgotten," she said, "and let us part in love."

And so, a quarter of an hour later, they parted, never again to meet on earth.

Miss Fausset died in the early winter, cut off by the first frost, like a delicate flower. She had made no change in the disposal of her property, and her death made Mildred Greswold a very rich woman.

"My aunt loved the poor," said Mildred, when she and her husband spoke of this increase of wealth. "We are both so much richer than our needs, George. We have lived in sunshine for the most part. When I am gone I should like you to do some great thing for those who live in shadow."

"My beloved, I shall remain upon this earth only to obey your will."

He lived only long enough to keep his promise. The Greswold Hospital remains, a monument of thoughtful beneficence, in one of

the most wretched neighbourhoods south of the Thames, but George Greswold and his race are ended like a tale that is told.

THE END.

PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF

MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER I.

DESCENT OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

"Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. Grand Opera, *Lohengrin*, by Richard Wagner. Doors open at 7.30."

IT was now twenty-five minutes past seven. Crowds swayed and crushed at the doors. A globular electric lamp swung overhead. Pressed against the top-gallery door, and prominent, owing to his elevation on an extra step, was a young man, with large, round, melancholy eyes; who, from time to time, hammered on the panels with a heavy walking stick, and simulated cries of a female in distress. Beside him a girl, too small to be observable save by those immediately around her. She had a bright, almost childish face, but was perfectly self-possessed, and, in fact, seemed to delight in the swaying of the mob. She wore an over-trimmed hat with a large curling feather dyed scarlet; her dress was short, and, despite the crush, she kept her hands in the pockets of her unbuttoned jacket.

There was a rush forward.

"Open the door!" yelled someone in the rear.

The young man of the melancholy eyes, struck the door with his stick. Then, turning to the little girl with the large hat, said:

"Hurrah there, Tess! Keep close."

"Oh, I'm all right, Fred," she returned, laughing as she struggled to keep her feet.

"Open the door!"

"I'm smothered!" shrieked a shrill falsetto. "The child's killed. Let me out!"

Some of the people, deceived by the tones, were disturbed.

"Keep still!" cried a tall young man, in the centre. "It's only Fred Gilhooly."

"Is that you, Mac?" shouted Gilhooly across to the speaker. "Hurrah there!"

The tall young man made no rejoinder.

The door was suddenly jerked open from within, and the crowd went in tumultuously. Miss Tessie Doyle stood on the third step of the stairs, her hand on the bannister, watching Fred struggling for tickets at the pigeon-hole. When he flourished them, she darted upstairs, he following close. In another moment they were jumping from form to form on the top gallery, and settled down in the front row. Before seating himself, Fred Gilhooly took a small flask from his pocket, and divested himself of his coat which he doubled and placed under his companion. Miss Doyle took off her hat, and holding it in both hands, fanned her flushed face. It was a pretty face with a heavy mass of dark fringe, and a peculiar smile, which seemed habitual. Having helped himself to the flask, Fred Gilhooly handed it to his companion, observing:

"Go on, Tess. Don't be shy."

She took a mouthful, and made a grimace.

"I hate whiskey, Fred; reelly."

"Go on, now," remonstrated Fred.

"There's Missie Connell," said Tessie, confidentially, "drinks it like a fish; and Lizzie Bates. Meself, I don't like it. Reelly!"

The house filled rapidly. Suddenly, Fred Gilhooly, standing up in his shirt sleeves, put both hands to his mouth, and shouted down into the body of the house: "White hat off!" Having rapidly delivered these words, he repeated, with emphatic deliberation: "Take—off—that—white—hat!"

"Ay, there, you in the pit stalls, white hat off!"

The gentleman, to whom this command was addressed, sat immovable, for several minutes, until the roar of the gods, intermingled with shrill whistling, knocking of sticks, and cock-crowing, made the theatre a pandemonium. When, at length, the inoffensive offender, took off the hat, an universal pæan of triumph was launched from the top gallery; and Fred Gilhooly, with the air of a man who had performed a sacred duty, sat down.

The curtain had run up, revealing the drop-scene; the gas had been turned full on; and there were cries of—"Fiddlers out!"

A tenor in the top gallery began: "When other lips," and the house listened attentively. When, with an obvious effort, the singer was working up to a high note, a deep voice, from the gods, called out, in a tone of anxiety: "Loosen his boots!" This inspired another person to suggest that somebody should assist the tenor to a step-ladder.

"I say, Tess," exclaimed Fred Gilhooly, "there's the guv'nor."

There had just entered to one of the boxes, a lady, not quite middle-aged, with handsome features, and bare arms. She had, in the corner of her mouth, that little smile, denoting perhaps, the love of pleasure, which was also noticeable in Tessie Doyle. Behind her appeared her husband, the gentleman whom Fred Gilhooly recognised as his employer, and termed "the guv'nor." He was a thin, elderly man with a long face, and seemingly delicate constitution. His face looked more wan, perhaps, from being clean shaved; he was partially bald, and what hair remained was mottled with gray. This was Mr. Fitzgerald, recognised in the law courts, as the ablest of solicitors. He was a reserved man, with a keen brain. The handsome woman with the bare arms was his second wife.

"Well," said Tessie Doyle, when she had stared several minutes into Mrs. Fitzgerald's box, through a large field-glass belonging to her companion. "She's an awful fine woman. I say, look at all the di'monds on her bosom. Who's that young gentleman talking to her—him, on the left there?"

"Oh, that's Sir Raymond Osborne. He's a terrible swell, Sir Raymond. (His mother used to wash my shirt fronts). Hurrah there, Osborne!"

This last exclamation was made in an undertone, by Fred Gilhooly, to himself, as he stared through the glass.

"She's an awful flirt, I'm told, Mrs. Fitzgerald," remarked Tessie, taking the glass for another look.

"Well, why not?" exclaimed Fred, cheerfully. "Look at the thing that calls himself her husband. He might be her father! Now then, Tess, there's the conductor out. The overture describes the descent of the holy grid-iron. Order, order. Op'ra!"

A sudden hush fell upon the house. The conductor glanced round at the instrumentalists, raised his baton, and then—the tremulous violins began their mystic tale.

CHAPTER II.

ADELAIDE DENISON.

HERE were three or four men in Mrs. Fitzgerald's box. In the furthest corner sat Adelaide Denison, a cousin of Mr. Fitzgerald. Shortly after the Opera had begun, this girl quietly rose from her seat and left the box. The buzzing conversation of its occupants during the music, annoyed her. As she passed, alone, down the corridor behind the boxes, she expanded her hands, and inhaled a deep breath, like one glad of a respite of freedom. The loungers in the passage, stared admiringly at the small lithe figure with the well-poised head, but Adelaide Denison, involved in her own sensations, passed on, unconscious of every glance. The music was proceeding, and though, from her position, unable to see the stage, she occasionally paused to listen. Her direction lay towards the dress circle.

At one of the doors leading to the dress circle, stood a man in evening clothes. He was so placed that he could see the stage by looking to the right, and the corridor by looking to the left. But on his pale, self-contained face, there was no look of interest, either for stage or corridor. His expression was rather tired, like that of a man for whom the world had no further excitement.

His years might be somewhere between thirty and forty; his features were irregular, but he had a high forehead, and thin lips capable of severe compression; and, though he lounged, half-in and half-out of the doorway, with his hands in his pockets, and his crush hat under his arm, he had not the appearance of the ordinary idler who divided the evening between the opera and the refreshment-saloon. Music had some attraction for him, but the refreshment saloon none whatever.

When he observed Miss Denison quietly approaching, his eyelids drooped, and his thin lips slightly smiled, but otherwise he showed no animation. Miss Denison saw him, but did not desire, apparently, to recognise him. However, he stepped aside, and bowed.

"Lohengrin has no charms for you, Miss Denison?"

"Oh, excuse me—how do you do, Mr. Gordon? It is precisely because Lohengrin has attractions for me, that I am about to change my seat."

"May I accompany you?"

The voice was quiet, the manner just sufficiently deferential to avoid the slightest appearance of obtrusiveness.

"If you wish."

Miss Denison passed down into the dress circle, selecting a seat likely to conceal her from the occupants of the box she had deserted. Mr. Reginald Gordon seated himself beside her.

He silently presented her with a programme; mentally noting the attentiveness with which she turned her face towards the stage; and, adopting a similar expression, he seemed to become oblivious of everything save the performance. But there was a difference in these expressions of attention; the face of Adelaide Denison changed in sensitive sympathy with every phase of the music, whether of the

orchestra, or singers, or both; the face of Mr. Gordon never changed, except when a shade of weariness crossed it, to be rigidly repelled by the pressure of the lips. Adelaide Denison sometimes leaned forward during accelerando passages, and her lips parted; but Mr. Gordon remained in one position save when he crossed one foot over another. There was, yet, a greater difference in the attitude of their thoughts. Adelaide followed every phase, analysed almost every bar, studied the manner of every artist, mentally criticised every voice and instrument; whilst Reginald Gordon was analysing, studying the phantasm of his companion in his own mind.

When the curtain dropped for the first time, Miss Denison settled back in her seat, and opening her fan, slowly fanned herself.

He turned slightly towards her, and said:

"This is a fine composition, but unsatisfactory."

"It is unsatisfactory," replied Adelaide, looking towards the curtain, "as every work of genius must be, particularly to the composer. But it satisfies me—this opera—in one respect."

"In what respect?" he inquired, with an appearance of interest, not eager, but attentive.

"It assures me that the art of music is not confined eternally to the old forms. In fact, that there is such a thing in music as progressiveness."

"You believe in development?"

"Yes. I believe we can develop almost infinitely."

"I should like to hear," observed Gordon, thoughtfully, "some of Wagner's later operas. If I could afford it, I should run over to Bayreuth. But I cannot afford it."

There was a slight tinge of regret in this confession of poverty, which Miss Denison seemed not to observe.

"For my part," she said, "I should like to study Wagner's first and second styles, before essaying his last. I have heard the 'Flying Dutchman,' why twice, and this is my first night of 'Lohengrin.'"

"That explains your attentiveness," he said, with a suggestion of mockery. She glanced at him, somewhat surprised.

"I fancy," she returned, "I would be as attentive at the twentieth performance as at the first. When I go home to-night, and try to think my way through this opera, I shall be fearfully confused. I shall have to hear it fifty times, and study the score a hundred times before I shall begin to have a dim idea of it."

"If you fail on the operatic stage," observed Gordon, "it will not be for want of hard work, no doubt."

"I wish I could work hard," said Adelaide, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "That is a great difficulty with me. I am never satisfied with my work."

"To be never satisfied is one of the signs of the true artistic temperament."

He said this in a tone which endeavoured to impart an air of freshness to faded aphorism.

She made no reply. The prelude had already begun, and she was again attentive. During the next scene she had more difficulty in following the music with the whole of the first act to remember as well. Had she been mistress of circumstance, she would have been alone; for the society of this man—although he spoke only when the curtain was down—interfered with her mental processes. Mr. Gordon was, to some extent, aware of this, and hence

confined the subject of his conversation to the music. During the second act he exhibited some signs of restlessness, actually re-crossing his feet several times. Once, with a murmured apology, he withdrew the programme from Adelaide's lax fingers, and studied it.

When the curtain again fell, the buzz of conversation hummed over the house; there was a rising movement from the pit, of men going out for drink; and the gallery became uproarious.

"I can understand," said Gordon, when he had glanced round the house, "the desire of the late King of Bavaria to have the theatre to himself. It is impossible to follow the music, surrounded by savages."

"I have made myself indifferent to it," said Adelaide, listening, with a smile, to "The heart bowed down" in the gallery. "It was absolutely necessary, either to work myself into indifference to this noise, or forswear opera here altogether; and the latter alternative was utterly impossible."

"You undergo a great deal of self-discipline," said Gordon, with more interest in her than he had hitherto exhibited.

"That is another case of necessity," said Adelaide. "Life is so short and perfectibility so far away."

"Perfectibility! A mere metaphysical collection of syllables," observed Gordon, contemptuously.

She looked at him over the fan, and, laughed, as he intended she should do.

"Perhaps; but self-discipline is a reality."

"To some extent, I admit," he returned; "but there is such a thing as over-doing it."

"I do not understand you," said Adelaide, vaguely.

"You may possibly be so self-watchful," he said, earnestly, "that you shut out the generous action of nature. You may become a mere automatic chronometer, registering your every second, and sounding an alarm at intervals. But, what an existence! better, at times, to love oneself, to throw oneself into the free impulses of nature."

"I think I know what you mean, but not accurately," said Adelaide. "I shall think it over, and let you know my opinion next time we meet."

She expressed herself joyously; he had presented her with an idea to consider, and this of itself was enough to move her gratitude. And, further more, the musicians were returning and the violins tuning-up, reminding her that the opera was about to proceed. When the curtain rose again, Reginald Gordon sat back, with a contented smile in his eyes.

He had aroused her interest.

He would have followed up this advantage on the first opportunity; but, towards the close of the opera, she leaned towards him and said:

"Mr. Gordon, I am going before the opera ends." She glanced towards the box, but he was so surprised that he did not observe her. "Will you kindly come with me, and put me into a cab?"

He rose, and followed her, taking from the rack in the corridor his dust coat, which he put on as they descended the stairs. In the street he offered his arm, which she declined. He procured a cab, and raised his hat as she drove off alone.

He walked slowly along the crowded streets, and buttoned his coat.

"She thinks of nothing but her stage career,"

he reflected. "I wonder what she will do if she fails? Commit suicide, I fancy."

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAM PASSES.

DURING the overture Mrs. Fitzgerald chatted with Sir Raymond Osborne and several other gentlemen. To judge from her occasional little laughs and glances, through a small mother-of-pearl opera glass, round the house, they were discussing some people in the boxes and dress circle. She was popular with these men, who spoke of her in private as "Fitzgerald's wife," or "Terry Fitzgerald." Her husband effaced himself in the shadow of a curtain, and watched the opera. He had no objection to his companions paying court to his wife; in fact he felt flattered as the possessor of so attractive a partner. He frankly admitted to himself that she, being so much younger, should sometimes be bored by his society.

The drop-scene fell. There was a stampede of men from the house to the refreshment bars. Several songs had been sung in "the gods," when the tall young man mentioned as "Mac," whose full name was MacNamara, deliberately remarked, "Gilhooly's song!" The cry was taken up, and for several minutes the gallery vociferated, "Gilhooly's song!" "Now, Fred!" "Hurrah there, Fred!"

Fred Gilhooly laid down his flask; gripped, with both hands, the bars in front, and bending forward, as if to conceal his identity, began "The heart bow'd down." His voice was rough, but the character profoundly pathetic. He was listened to by the whole house, and encored; Tessie Doyle applauding by slapping him on the back. He would not respond to an encore. With the calmness of a man accustomed to these vocal triumphs, he produced two oranges from his coat, and placed them in Tessie Doyle's lap. She was affected at this sign of thoughtfulness, and began to peel at once, for she was hot and thirsty.

During the course of the second act, a note was handed to Mr. Fitzgerald. The solicitor hooked his spectacles on to his nose, read the note, and hurried out. He returned in a few minutes, and said to his wife:

"My dear, I am afraid you will have to describe the remainder of 'Lohengrin' to me."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Fitzgerald, turning one lovely shoulder towards him, as she glanced up. "Nothing wrong at home? The children—?"

It pleased him to find that here, surrounded with admirers, she was thinking of her little children.

"There is nothing wrong at home, my dear. I have received a note from the Solicitor-general, and must rush up to the Castle."

"This dreary government business," remarked his wife, stifling a yawn.

"You will manage to get home without me?" said Mr. Fitzgerald, preparing to leave.

"Of course, Adelaide, and I—why," exclaimed Mrs. Fitzgerald, looking round, "she's gone. What an extraordinary girl! You never know what she will do. Yes, dear," sweetly to her husband, "Raymond will see me home."

Raymond Osborne was a languid young man, who, in a drawling tone, said it would afford him great pleasure. Mr. Fitzgerald glanced at this baronet, who returned the look with a supercilious smile.

"Don't be long, dear," said Mrs. Fitzgerald,

with such a frank smile at her husband, that he left the box, wondering how he could be even momentarily jealous of a boy. He was proud of his acknowledged intellectual ability, and felt certain that his wife shared the same sentiment. But Mrs. Fitzgerald, whose mother once kept a small restaurant in Cork, was not displeased to have a baronet for her slave, even though he was a fool. She liked to write down to her poor old mother: "That foolish boy, Sir Raymond, was here yesterday, and would have been dreadfully spooney if I had not boxed his ears."

Shortly before the opera was over, Fred Gilhooly pressed Tessie Doyle's arm, and said: "Now, Tess, it's just over, and if we don't go now we're in for a crush."

She followed him as he made his way through the occupants of the gallery. They entered the gallery refreshment bar, where Fred, as he put on his coat, said: "Well, Tess, what are you going to have—a bottle of stout?"

"Half-a-glass o' port wine, Fred, if you don't mind. I can't bear stout; it makes me bilious—reely!"

The bar was a plain deal counter, with two wooden chairs, the walls uncemented. Fred looked round, and shook his head.

"We don't keep wines here," said he, "try the stout."

Stout was ordered. Tessie proceeded to wipe her flushed face, and put on her hat. Fred, having lit a large meerchaum pipe, smoked meditatively, and leaning his arms on the counter, commented on the opera to the young lady behind the bar, whom he addressed familiarly, but respectfully, as "Miss Shannon."

The opera being over, the bar became thronged with noisy customers. Amongst them were Tessie Doyle's bosom friends, Missie Connell and Lizzie Bates, each dressed in rather short clothes, large hats with big feathers and little open jackets, and each with her attendant young man. Tessie Doyle quickly saw them, as they drank their stout, and for a few moments the three girls grouped together and compared notes. They worked in the same ware-room, being what Fred Gilhooly and his male friends termed "stitchers"; they told one another their secrets, except those they kept to themselves; dressed after the same fashion, and went to the same amusements. Though young they were perfectly self-possessed. Minnie Connell, the eldest, was a red-headed girl with freckled complexion, and an habitual air of unabashed audacity; she was in the habit of looking men boldly in the face, and revelled in the most uncompromising slang: the sensation of modesty was as foreign to her as the problems of the highest mathematics, and she was the unrivalled leader of the three bosom friends. Lizzie Bates had the soft face and big blue eyes of a stupid child. She simply followed wherever Missie Connell led. These three young girls contentedly conversed, in the midst of a crowd of men, in an atmosphere reeking with tobacco smoke and vitriolic whiskey.

"I saw you with Fred Gilhooly," said Lizzie Bates to Tessie. "Tom Connors brought me. There he is."

Tessie glanced towards Tom Connors. He was a flabby red faced man, near middle age, a "chronic" medical student. He was leaning against the counter, and was more than half-drunk, a pipe upside down in his mouth, his hat thrust back on his head.

"Well, Liz," said Tessie, shugging her shoulders, "if Tom Connors brought you here, you'll have to bring Tom Connors home."

"Well, Gilhooly," exclaimed the tall young man, named Macnamara, slapping Fred on the shoulder, "You sang very well."

"What the deuce are you doing?" said Fred, who was talking to a group of friends. "Do you think I didn't pay for that coat? What do you want—a drink?"

"Not from you, thanks," said Macnamara, turning away.

Fred winked at his friends.

"Too patronising for my taste," he remarked jerking his head after the other. "I like to take prigs down."

When leaving the theatre, Fred Gilhooly took Tessie Doyle's arm, and led her to the reserved entrance. The street was crowded with carriages and cabs. Drivers were shouting, men whistling, policemen directing the traffic. Streams of people issued from the theatre. Boys yelled the evening papers. In the reserved vestibule stood a crowd of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, awaiting their vehicles.

Fred stood gloomily, his back against the wall. Suddenly Tessie felt him press her arm. At that moment appeared Mrs. Fitzgerald, with a white satin hood, trimmed with white fur, framing her handsome face. She was leaning on the arm of Sir Raymond Osborne. They entered the brougham. Fred Gilhooly gave a low whistle, and walked away with his companion.

(To be continued.)



THE ANGEL'S TREASURE.

"If penitent tears could be crystallized, they would be the only gems of earth that the angels would covet."

THE rainbow'd canopy of heaven
Threw wide its gates one night;
And angels three, quite silently,
Moved earthward in their flight.

They sought a gem—the greatest
And purest ever known;
And on they came, e'en in His name,
To find their treasure-stone.

And one sweet angel figure,
Clad all in robes of white,
Found on her way a diamond gay,
With colors flashing bright.

Another soared on farther,
Until a pearl she found,
And plucked it yet while it was wet
With tears from nature's ground.

And still the third fair angel
Hovered o'er land and sea;
Till in the night she saw a light
And approached it noiselessly.

In the room where the pale light flickered,
God's angel found her goal;
And there rejoiced, with eyes a-moist
O'er a penitent boyish soul.

A tear of penance glistening
In the sad boy's aching eyes,
Was caught while it shone and taken home
By the angel to crystallize.

And now the choir of angels
Rejoice o'er their treasure-stone:
A penitent's tear which was taken from here
Above to the Father throne.

JAMES THORNE STUART.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

We are sure that many of our readers are greatly relieved to find that the Channel Tunnel is not to be made after all. For ourselves, we have spent many a restless night, feverishly picturing all the horrors which would follow on the completion of this tunnel. In the first place the French Government would telegraph a declaration of war to Downing Street, and pour their troops under the sea into England. From thence, seizing the *Shamrock*, the *Ireland*, and the *Integrity*, they would invade Dublin. What would be the result? We should all have to learn French, whether we liked it or not; the Corporation would be reformed; and O'Connell-Sackville Street would be made into a second *Champs Elysee*. The Gaiety Theatre would have to submit to a public grant from the Chamber of Deputies; Trinity College would be asked to produce some valid reason for its existence; and the Liffey would be purified by M. De Lesseps. Nor would the autocratic behaviour of the victorious foreigners stop here. These savages are so uncivilized, that they drink nothing but light wines (and absinthe), and so far from making lords and baronets out of whiskey-makers and publicans they would probably set these virtuous citizens to perform some useful work mending roads and digging potatoes. Fancy Lord Ardilaun and John Jameson forced at the point of a French bayonet to do some ordinary honest labour! It is an intolerable contingency calculated to undermine all modern society, and make the formation of a tunnel between the British nation and the French the wildest dream of an insane visionary. "No! We will not have our Corporation reformed. After a long series of experiments we have succeeded in proving that it is possible to collect in the City Hall exactly the men who should not be there. We have placed the government of the city in the hands of public-house sweaters, men who make themselves rich by the deliberate degradations of their fellow-creatures, men who deserve to be more bitterly execrated, hated, and hounded down than the unfortunate wretch who is homeless in the streets; men, who by virtue of the fact that they live on human degradation, are unfit for the rights of citizenship. Having succeeded in getting a crew of these animals into the Corporation, we will not allow the French to interfere with the interesting menagerie we have created."

The foreigners have their hippodrome if they are anxious to stare at monstrosities.

Then the thought that the present collection of old men and youths, who put on a theatrical costume and call themselves Trinity College, should be asked to shew some rational right to occupying the finest block of buildings in the city, is one calculated to make us actually loathe the thought of a channel tunnel. Trinity College is one of the few institutions which continues to study Greek roots and German metaphysics, whilst persons like Edison, the ragged New York city arab, are wasting their lives over scientific inventions. We emphatically deny that General Boulanger has any right to say to Trinity College: "Messieurs, you have been steadily blocking the progress of true education in this country; you are really too genteel; you must cease to exist." Allons! We decline to give up our Greek roots in favour of perfected telephones; we prefer our cultured *dilletante* and professors of polite conversation to your New

York city arabs and mere mechanical inventors. We don't object to your French de Lesseps carving a canal for the nations through solid continents; and therefore you will, if you please, allow us to listen at the feet of the cultured Dowden whilst he sweetly discourses on Shelley's aversion to sugar in his tea.

But if the Channel Tunnel is completed, and no war ensues, a still greater calamity is likely to occur. The rapidity of transit between the two nations would result in a swift development of friendship and a common citizenship. Then mark the result. General Wolseley and the great British military ring would have to break their swords, and begin some industrial employment.

It is impossible to contemplate this awful occurrence without a feeling of profound dismay. We have no doubt that Wolseley and many other great and glorious warriors are clever enough to succeed at patching boots and selling cabbages, once they abandon the noble pursuit of cutting throats; but they would no longer be worshipped by the public, and their magnificent uniforms would be used-up in theatrical wardrobes for old-fashioned melodramas. The evil would not end here. What would become of "our famous war correspondent" and the accomplished strategist, who in the leaders of the *Daily Express*, arranges the plan of campaign previous to any battle in any country? The public must see how necessary it is for General Wolseley and the Editor of the *Daily Express* to nurse the scare against the formation of the Channel Tunnel.

Once make this tunnel and forward the interests of international peace, and the occupation of these great minds is at an end.

LOVE VICTORIOUS.

CONCLUDED.

"You are Lieutenant McMahon, I believe," said he. I bowed.

"To what may I attribute the honour of this visit?"

"To see Miss Mason," replied I curtly, annoyed at his rudeness.

"Oh, indeed," he cried; "well, I am happy to acquaint you with the fact that Miss Mason no longer resides here."

"Will you please inform me," said I, "as to her residence at present?"

He stared at me for a minute or two without answering, and then said—"Pray, may I ask you upon what grounds you presume to intrude yourself into a gentleman's house, and to ask such impertinent questions?"

"And may I ask you, vulgar brute," replied I, now thoroughly aroused, "why you dare insult a gentleman?"

He sprang to his feet and grasped a pistol which lay on the table. His face was white with passion, while he glared at me with a most devilish expression. I quietly slipped a hand round to my hip, and brought into view a Colt's revolver.

"Leave the house," he hissed.

"Not till I am in possession of further particulars regarding Miss Mason's whereabouts," I replied.

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because," I answered, "Miss Mason is my intended wife?"

"Then," said he, "you will never know from me where she is, and take this for your comfort

—my sister is a beggar, and she'll never be your wife."

"You are a villain," said I; "a low, contemptible foreigner."

He clutched the pistol nervously, as if he would greatly enjoy the pleasure of letting me have a dose of cold lead; but my eyes looked straight in his, demonstrating as clearly as words could express—"Raise that weapon at your peril." Changing his intention, however, he reached over and pulled the bell rope. When the servant made his appearance he said—"Shew this fellow to the door."

Angered beyond measure with his insolence. I seized a decanter standing on a side table and hurled it at his head. The missile took an effect though it only grazed his temple, and he fell in a heap upon the floor. I then left the house and made home in no very enviable state of mind.

When I arrived McElroy noticed my altered manner. "Great Scott, Brian," said he, "what's the row? You have the look of a demon."

So I told him the particulars of my visit to Mason's, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"What if you have killed the fellow, Brian."

"Don't care if I have," said I, and at the time I was really in earnest.

"But you know it would be a hanging matter."

"I hope it will," I replied.

"You are a madman."

"I am," said I.

"Well you know," he went on to say, "it is an ugly affair to have the girl you hope to marry spirited away, heaven knows where. You say that Mason said his sister is a beggar. Well, I suppose, I needn't ask if that makes any difference."

"Not the least. I should marry her without a penny."

"Yes, Brian, my boy, I know you would; I never doubted it. But you must understand that your present frame of mind, however allowable and excusable, is unnecessary. We must endeavour to find out where Miss Mason is, and I am certain that it will need all our energy to aid us in the matter; so keep up your courage, my boy; we'll find her, however, if she be on this side of Jordan. Meanwhile, I'll ride over to Mason's, and ascertain whether that fellow is alive, which I hope with all my heart he is." So Stephen left me, and in about an hour's time he returned, and burst into my room, like a lunatic, heartily laughing.

"Your man ain't dead yet," he cried, "no, upon my faith he's not."

"What have you discovered?" I asked him.

"Well, you know," he went on, "when I left you I rode sharply towards Mason's, and when I had got to within a few hundred yards of the house I reined my horse in among the trees to consider how I should open fire. Well, I had not been in the shelter of the trees many seconds when I heard sounds of strife within the building, blasphemous oaths and curses were plainly intelligible, mingled with cries and shouts for help. I was considering what I should do, when suddenly the front door burst open and two persons issued forth; one was a servant with a terror-stricken face, followed by a gentleman whose head was covered with blood, while with a riding whip he belaboured the poor devil unmercifully. They faced down the avenue in my direction, the master cursing and beating away, the servant roaring out yells and ejacula-

tions, such as 'O, master dear, shure I couldn't!' 'O Lor, what'll I do!' 'Shure he had a pistol in his hand cocked,' &c. However, at length he fell down exhausted, and his master giving him a savage kick turned and walked towards the house. When he had gone in I went over to the poor man, but found he had fainted; however, there was a fountain not far distant, and filling my hat I deluged him with water, and soon I had the satisfaction of bringing him round. When he opened his eyes he commenced to groan with pain, 'Och, sir,' said he, 'for the love of God run for Father Tom, I'm dyin'.' With some difficulty I managed to persuade him that he was in no danger of 'shuffling off his mortal coil' just yet. 'O holy mother,' he cried, 'Mr. Mason bate me for not bein' able to hould a man that nearly kilt himself. Liftinent somebody he called him. Och, but them sodjers are devils. There's not a bohny in Ireland that would have held him. Shure I thought he was goin' to murder meself; but I'll have revinge for this batin yet, by my sowl I will. And shure its meself that ought to be thankin' your 'onor for helpin' me, instead of cursin' the masher. Could Patsy Dolan do anything for you, sur?'

"Nothin' at all, Patsy, my man," said I. "I only came here to ascertain whither Mr. Mason was alive or no."

'Troth an' he is,' cried Patsy; 'tis meself that can tell you that same.' 'How long are you in his service,' I asked him. 'Only five months, sur.' 'Did you ever see or hear of a young lady who used to live here before her father died, a certain Miss Mason?' 'No, yer 'onor, I did not,' said he. 'How many more servants are in the house?' 'Only wan, yer 'onor.' 'Is that all?' 'Yis, sur. Misther Mason discharged the whole av thim before I came, except the cook; and faix she is a quare woman, and talks Inglished. She and the masher are often locked up together. He often bates her, too, sur, I think.' I gave him a few shillings to help to get over the batin, and turned to go away when he laid his hand upon my arm and said eagerly, 'May I make as bould as to ask yer 'onor agin if I could do anything for yez.' No, Patsy, thank you,' said I, and was turning away to go, when suddenly the thought struck me, I might trust him, he seems honest and willing to serve me, and there's no doubt but that he bears no strong love for his master after the thrashing he gave him. Thus I reasoned, and turning to him I said, 'Well, Patsy, I fancy you may be able to do me some service after all.' 'Only name it, yer 'onor, and Patsy Doolan will go through fire and wather to serve ye.' 'Glad to hear it, Pat, I cried, 'My name is Lieutenant MacElroy, the friend of Lieutenant MacMahon, of the castle yonder.' 'O, St. Joseph! are you another of thim Liftinents?' he muttered. 'Now, I went on to say, 'I want you to learn as much as you possibly can of the private conversation of Mr. Mason with this female servant you mentioned, and report it either to me or Mr. MacMahon, and you shall be well rewarded.' 'Alright, sur, you may trust me to do my best, never fear,' said Patsy. So, bidding him good-bye, I came away, and I am very glad Mason sustained no more dangerous injuries than a damaged cranium, otherwise it would be pretty warm for you, Brian. So I acknowledged in my own mind, but did not say so.

By this time I had cooled down sufficiently to realize the necessity of going quickly and methodically to work, in order to hunt up Kate.

My friend and I made inquiries on every side, but our labours were profitless. We could ascertain nothing more than that a few weeks after old Mr. Mason's death Miss Mason suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither. Weeks passed away, and I was beginning to give up the case in despair, even Steve himself said things were beginning to look blue, when one night we had sat up rather late trying to form some plan that might force Mason to give us the information we wanted. MacElroy proposed to seize him in bed, and, with the assistance of Patsy Doolan, torture him into confession. But, no matter how I might approve of this idea, these aren't the

"Days of old when knights were bold,
And barons held their sway."

So I overruled his plan as absurd. We were startled by hearing a loud knocking and ringing, with the shout "Misther MacMahon, Misther MacMahon," &c. In an instant the whole house was roused, and the servants flocked down to the door to admit Patsy, for Patsy we guessed it was. When he came into the room he had neither a hat nor shoes on him, and he appeared greatly excited. "O gintlemin!" said he, "come as quick as iver ye can to the mansion, Mrs. Hunt is dyin', and she has something to say to Misther MacMahon."

"Who is Mrs. Hunt?" said we.

"The cook, the cook," cried Patsy. "Come quick at wanst or it'll be too late." We hastily got our hats and cloaks and followed him. On the way he informed us that Mason and Mrs. Hunt were closeted as usual for a very long time, and Patsy, who had endeavoured to act upon McElroy's suggestions, but without success, had taken up his post at the door. The voices inside the room gradually grew from unintelligible mutterings to loud stage whispers. Patsy could not interpret the words, but he heard enough to understand that Mason was trying to procure a paper from his companion, which she refused to part with. Suddenly he heard Mason say in a loud, angry tone, "Will you give me the document?" and then the answer, "No, John, I will not."

Mason then cried out, "By heaven, I'll kill you."

The voice relapsed again into whispers for a few minutes, until Patsy heard Mason utter a loud, fearful curse, and the sound of a heavy blow, followed by the dull thud of a body falling upon the floor. He retired from the door as quickly as possible, and a minute later Mr. Mason came tearing down the stairs. He met Patsy, and told him to bring Mrs. Hunt up to her apartment, he would find her in the smoking room. So Patsy went and found her lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He took her up to her room and laid her on the bed. On looking for the wound he found a deep cut over the right temple, which was bleeding profusely, and having stopped the flow of blood and bound up the wound as best he could, he was repairing to fetch a doctor, when Mr. Mason entered, looked at the woman, and having felt her pulse, told Pat to mind her carefully, and on no account to leave the house. Patsy then went on to say that after he had forced some brandy into her mouth she opened her eyes and asked, "Where am I?" She then fell into a heavy sleep, and on waking at about twelve o'clock in the morning, told Patsy she was dying, and that she had something to communicate to me which kept her from dying easy, and bid him run to fetch me."

We entered by the backway to escape the possibility of arousing Mason, and having left our hosts outside, Patsy conducted us to the chamber of death; the shadows of the grave were fast gathering over her, and as I looked at her attentively her face seemed familiar. I remember her, said I, why, yes, sure she is none other than Kate's old nurse; her features were pleasing while her hair was quite black, although she must have been about fifty years of age. Patsy went over to the bedside and whispered "are ye aslape, acushla." She slowly opened her eyes and said "Have you brought him?" "I have, allanna," he replied. "Then send him here while you go and keep watch outside." Patsy motioned me to draw near, and then he withdrew from the room. When the door closed she opened her eyes and said to me: "Master Brian, I've brought you here to-night, for I feel that I have not very long to live, and I cannot die in peace without obtaining your forgiveness for a great and cruel injury which I have done you, and to try and make what amends I can, but God knows that I only did it sorely against my will, and oh! may the Lord in His mercy forgive me for all my sins. Master Brian will you forgive a broken-hearted woman on the brink of the grave—will you," she cried, imploringly. I saw that this excitement was too much for her, and if continued, would materially shorten her span of life, so kneeling down, I took her hands in mine, and said: "Mrs. Hunt, though you may have injured me very deeply, and that dear girl whom I love and to whom you were once as a mother, yet, as I hope for forgiveness myself, I shall freely forgive you everything if you make a full confession to me of what has become of her." "Thanks, thanks, and may the Good Lord reward you." Her eyes closed, her breath came in gasps, and I thought she would be dead before she had time to confess anything, however, in a few minutes, she opened her eyes and asked for a drink, which I gave her. She then commenced to narrate the following particulars, which I give in her own words:

"It is about twenty-six years ago since I became acquainted with the Mason family in Jamaica, my husband was a sergeant in the garrison at Kingston, and we had only been a short time married; he died before the birth of my first child, leaving me a widow. About a fortnight after my son was born, Mrs. Mason was delivered of another, and as there was a demand for a wet nurse, Mrs. Gray, the colonel's lady, recommended me, and I was at once accepted. Mrs. Mason's child, like my own, was a very sickly one, and a few weeks after I had undertaken the duties of nursing, I woke up one morning to find the child dead, he had died during the night." Here Mrs. Hunt showed signs of exhaustion, I gave her a drink, and after a while, she continued: "I was in a bad fix—what was I to do, suspicion would rest upon me as being the cause of the child's death, then a thought grew and became firmly fixed in my mind—might I not substitute my own son for the dead child, they were both like each other, of the same sex and of a delicate constitution; might I not avail myself of the chance of nursing my own child and seeing him reared like a gentleman, the temptation was strong, and I yielded. I managed to smuggle in my own child and to get the dead one buried. So time went on, and my child grew and was brought up as Mr. Mason the millionaire's son, but evil deeds bring their own recompense, and from

early youth he showed signs of an evil disposition.

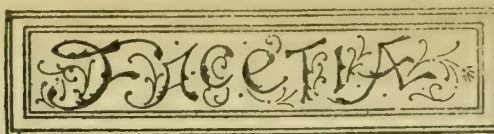
A few years after Mrs. Mason gave birth to another child—Miss Kate—and her I reared also; but my son always hated her as a usurper, while himself was the real usurper. When he was about sixteen years old I told him I was his mother, but he never cared for me, in fact he hated me. Before Mason died he made a will dividing his property between his two children, giving each an equal share. He did not make his will till the last moment, and then it was drawn up in the presence of two gentlemen, myself, and a few servants; he died shortly after, and I found the will in his bed. I kept it and told my son. He persuaded me to keep it concealed, but I refused to give it into his hands. He is very covetous and avaricious, and not content with a part, he wanted the whole. To gain this end I lent him my assistance, and after some time he succeeded in getting Miss Mason admitted into a private lunatic asylum in England. He gave two doctors enormous sums to give him a certificate empowering him to do so. My son has been endeavouring to gain possession of the will, but I was determined he should never get it, and yesterday the villain struck his mother down. But, Oh may God forgive him, it was my own fault. I have brought it upon myself, and I have deserved it all." "Where in England," said I, "is Miss Mason situated?" "Ah," she cried, "I quite forgot. You will find both her address and Mr. Mason's will sewed into the band of my dress. 'They are here,' she said, laying her hand upon her dress, 'cut them out quick.'

With the aid of my penknife I speedily performed that operation, and as my fingers closed over the precious documents, I felt an indescribable sensation of happiness steal over me.

"I am going," she whispered. "I shall soon be with my God. O Lord, have mercy upon me, and pardon me. O God, have mercy upon my son. I am not fit to die. Oh, my head, my head." She sank into a state of lethargy, which lasted half an hour, broken only by moans. Her breath came in gasps, until gradually it sank to be almost inaudible. At length she opened her eyes, the death rattle sounded in her throat, and thus she passed out "into that unknown sea that rolls round all the world." I closed her eyes and covered the body with a sheet.

We called in Patsy, and consulted what ought best to be done. However, of one thing we were unanimous—that the matricide should not escape. I sent Patsy out to watch his bedroom window, Stephen I placed at his door, whilst I hastily ran to the village for a few constables. We found the murderer sleeping quietly, ignorant of the impending danger, and he was easily secured. In due time the crime was brought home to him, and the world was shortly rid of a villain.

As for Kate, I lost no time in rescuing my darling, and, indeed, I was only just in time, for the reason that had been rashly condemned was tottering upon its throne, and had there been a longer delay I would have found her a raving lunatic. We are now happily married, and Kate has succeeded to all her father's property. Captain M'Elroy is a frequent visitor at the Castle, in fact, when not upon the sea, he is with us. Patsy Doolan is steward of the castle, and never was there a more faithful servant. So now, kind reader, I will close this tedious, but veracious story.



A CHILD of five espies a small dog wearing an enormous muzzle.

"See, nurse; he's got his bustle put on the wrong way."

GENTLEMAN—"If you get my coat done by Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you."

Tailor—"Oh, if that's your game, it won't be done."

DURING his reading-lesson Johnnie came to the word "corrode."—"Corrode, to eat away." I say, mamma," he exclaimed, "didn't I corrode at the jam-pudding to-day."

"WHAT made the Tower of Pisa lean?" "Because of the famine in the land," said a small boy who got the tower confused with Joseph's brethren.

"WHEN I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?"—"Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious."—"Why, mamma; do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

IN the Commercial Room: First—Our travellers are out nearly all the year round.

Second—My firm beats that hollow. Our travellers takes there samples and never come back at all.

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.—Little Tommy—"Ma wouldn't it be nice if you had the tooth-ache, 'stead of Bridget?" Mrs Blueblood—"Why, my son?" Little Tommy—"Cause you could take your teeth out; she can't"

LADY-VISITOR, to Scripture-class: "With what weapon did Samson slay his enemies?" After a period of unbroken silence, fair questioner, touching her blooming cheek: "What is this?"—Chorus: "The jor-bone of a has, mum!"

THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.—An Alsatian woman goes to confess.—"Father, I committed a great sin."—"Well?"—"I dare not say it; it is too grievous."—"Come, come, courage."—"I have married a Prussian."—"Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."

"NO BOBBY," said his mother; "one piece of pie is quite enough for you!"—"It's funny," responded Bobby, with an injured air; "you say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practise!"

"THE dead languages were killed by being studied hard," said a smart Oxford freshman at the breakfast table, but he fell heavily upon his book when a young lady opposite replied, "I'm sure you didn't have anything to do with the murder!"

WORRIED WIFE: "Oh, doctor, what has detained you? I sent for you at twelve o'clock: my husband is very bad indeed."—Doctor (complacently): "Yes, I received your call then, but as I had an engagement with another

patient in this neighbourhood at six o'clock I thought I'd make one job of it and kill two birds with one stone."

SAID a sharp attorney to a rambling witness, "Now you must give explicit and exact answers. You said you drove a milk-cart, didn't you?"—"No, sir, I didn't."—"Don't you drive a milk-cart?"—"No, sir." "Ah! Then what do you do, sir?"—"I drive a hoss, sir!"

A SOMERSETSHIRE WOMAN has embroidered the words and music of "Home, Sweet Home," on a linen sheet which is on the "spare room" bed. Her guests have not decided whether the hostess means to indicate that they must feel at home, or had better go home.

AT the close of a recent performance at the opera house, and while the crowd was retiring, a lady's garment was caught in a seat. A gallant Irishman rushed to the rescue, and asked the trouble. "My lace is caught," she said. "Hould on a bit lady," said he, "and I'll relase ye."

MRS SMITH—"Isn't that Mrs Brown going down the street?" Mrs Jones—"Yes." Mrs S.—"Why, I thought her husband died last week." Mrs J.—"So he did." Mrs S.—"But she's in second mourning." Mrs J.—"Well, he was her second husband, you know."

A BOOKMAKER witnesses in the street the accidental death of an acquaintance. He sets off to break the news to the widow. He is charged not to tell her abruptly. At the house he asked for Widow X.—"I am Madam X," says the lady, "but I am not a widow."—"Would you like to bet on it?" responded the bootmaker.

"SUGAR," said the schoolmaster to his class, "is either made from the beet, as in France, or from the sugar-cane, as in the West Indies. Now, do you think you can remember that?"—"Yes sir," replied a sharp boy, "I think we can remember the connection between the cane and the beet."

HIS REASON.—"If you saw the man rifling your trousers," said the policeman, to whom the citizen had complained of being robbed, "why didn't you grapple with him?" "Well, you see," said the citizen, "I was afraid of waking up my wife, an' she's the greatest coward about burglars you ever saw."

A CASE OF POISONING.—"I see you don't keep a dog, ma'am," said the tramp.

"No," she replied; "we used to have a very valuable dog, but he bit a tramp terribly one day, and we've never kept one since."

"Did the tramp die?"

"No, the dog did."

"HAPPENING to go to the play on a sultry July evening, and being somewhat late I hurriedly snatched my folded overcoat from a chair, and, throwing it over my arm, I hastened off in a hansom. Arrived at the theatre, I sauntered into the stalls with that inexplicable swagger which only very young men can affect, carelessly throwing my overcoat over the back of my seat. What was my dismay when the garment unfolded itself and developed, amidst unsuppressed titter of all my observant neighbours, into a pair of trousers!"

IRISH SOCIETY

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WEEK ENDING 14TH JULY, 1888.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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WEEK ENDING 14th JULY, 1888.

TO OUR READERS AND THE PUBLIC.

We have much satisfaction in drawing attention to the circumstance that IRISH SOCIETY appears this week clothed in new and attractive letterpress costume; and we have the further gratification of announcing that with the present issue we have commenced the work of turning out the journal in its entirety at the offices of its publication, 11 D'Olier Street, Dublin.

The reasons for the change will be as obvious as they were imperative. Under the present conditions we will have the letterpress and machinery arrangements under complete personal control, enabling the closest attention to be paid to the numerous details requiring constant supervision and attention, and by this means we will be at all times in a position to ensure that

IRISH SOCIETY.

will be in the hands of all Newsagents, and

available to the Public, without fail, on each recurring Wednesday, at noon.

Another reason for the change—and one which is highly gratifying to ourselves—has arisen from the fact that our circulation has greatly increased within the past two months, with every promise of a steady advance, and it became consequently an absolute necessity that the machinery producing it should be more rapid and powerful than that hitherto in use. This has also been provided, and we are now enabled to print IRISH SOCIETY in the most perfect style, and with the greatest despatch.

The Queen will leave Windsor Castle on the 18th instant for Osborne, where, as at present arranged, she intends to reside for five weeks, after which the Court will proceed to Scotland for three months, her Majesty breaking the journey from the Isle of Wight to Balmoral by a two days' halt at Blythwood, Sir Archibald Campbell's place in Renfrewshire, and from there the Glasgow exhibition is to be visited on Thursday, August 23rd.

The Silver Fete in commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales taken place on Wednesday, the 11th inst., and three following days. Several peeresses will preside at the stalls, including the Duchess of Manchester, Duchess of Westminster, Countess of Zetland, Lady Randolph Churchill, Duchess of Leinster, Marchioness of Londonderry, and Lady Charles Beresford.

We are glad to mention what is stated on good authority—that the Queen has signified her intention of conferring an honour on Lord Dufferin. She will create his Excellency a Marquis to show her appreciation of the manner in which he has governed India.

We believe "Mandalay" is to be the new title, and are glad that "virtue should be rewarded," as Lord and Lady Dufferin have done much good amongst all classes and creeds during their sojourn in the Land of Sun.

A marriage will take place shortly between Mr Wolfe, 8th Hussars, Forenaughts and Reshpopa-

ana, Co. Kildare, and Mrs J. J. Leeman, Acomb Priory, York, widow of the late Mr J. J. Leeman, M.P.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. John Jameson, of Glen Lodge, Sligo, and Louisa Blanche, only daughter of the late Colonel Hon. Arthur Egerton, Grenadier Guards, and step-daughter of Colonel Gascoigne, Scots Guards.

Captain the Hon. E. B. Stopford, Royal Irish Fusiliers, second son of the Earl of Courtown, will shortly be married to Isabel, daughter of the late Captain Barrington Dashwood, 14 Chester Square, London.

The marriage arranged between Mr Charles Adeane, of Brabraham, Cambridge, and Miss Wyndham, daughter of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, late M.P. for West Cumberland, will take place early in September.

The marriage of Mr Leonard Broke Willoughby, son of the late Hon. and Rev. Charles J. Willoughby, and Ada, daughter of Mr Charles Cousens, of Clanricarde Gardens, Kensington, will take place on the 18th of July.

The marriage between Mr Robert Hall, of the County of Cork, and Isabel Travers, second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Forrest, will take place at St. Jude's, South Kensington, on Tuesday, July 24th. Owing to the death of a near relative, the invitations will be limited.

The marriage arranged between the Hon. Philip B. Petre and Miss Cavendish Taylor will take place at the Oratory, Brompton, on July 19th at half-past 11 o'clock.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr Harry Mangin, son of the late Mr H. Mangin and Mrs Mangin, of Carlisle terrace, Malahide, and Miss Fanny Tymons, daughter of the late Mr John Tymons.

The marriage of Captain Acland Hood and the Hon. Mildred de Moleyns, daughter of Lord Ventry, will take place on Thursday, the 26th of July.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr F. Lamotte, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and Miss Emily Peel, only daughter of the late Captain William Peel, 1st Royal Dragoons.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Bloom and Dr. Bernard Burke Kennedy was celebrated on Monday, the 2nd instant, at St. Andrew's Church Westland Row. Both the bride and bridegroom were presented by their friends with numerous and costly wedding presents.

The wedding of Captain Dacres Olivier, Royal Engineers, eldest son of the Rev. H. A. Olivier, of Crondale, Hants, and Mary Campbell, second daughter of the Rev. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs Duckworth, was celebrated in St. Mary's Church on Tuesday. The bride wore a bodice and train of white satin, petticoat of rich brocade, trimmed with honiton lace. There were eleven bridesmaids dressed in white embroidered muslin, trimmed with pink ribbon, and very pretty white muslin bonnets, trimmed with pink ribbons and bunches of fresh rosebuds.

A very pleasant afternoon dance, which was well attended, was given in the Absolute Club, Kingstown, on Thursday afternoon, invitations being limited to lady friends of the members of this popular club. The Gasparro Brothers supplied the music, and all the details that go to make a dance successful were well attended to. In the evening a number of ladies dined at the Club in the charmingly situated dining room.

We are sorry for pretty little Howth. For a good many years it has withstood the chilling influence of an unkind Railway Company which might have made it one of the most attractive watering places on the east coast if it had only done its duty to the villiage, the traffic of which it monopolises. But its neglect has been so consistent that no one now feels even the slightest tinge of astonishment at the circumstances, and, in fact, nothing more enlightened is looked for or expected from the wooden-headed directorate who regulate the affairs of the railway and kill the prosperity of Howth.

As we have said, the place has survived their neglect after a fashion, and for several seasons past a good many people from Dublin spent their holidays there, much to the benefit of their health and the general recuperation of their system; for, be it remembered, the air of the neighbourhood is regarded as the purest and most bracing along that line of seaboard, while the atmosphere of its near neighbour, Sutton, has earned for that place the title of "the Italy of Ireland." And even now a good many families from the city have domiciled themselves in the locality for a holiday stretching from four weeks to a couple of months.

But misfortune seems to hover over the devoted watering place. What the Railway Company have not entirely accomplished in the way of repelling visitors and destroying the place bids fair to be thoroughly managed now by the North Dublin Board of Guardians, who are credited with the intention of discharging a sewer into the tiny bay of Balcadden—the very place now used by ladies and children for bathing.

This will be to put the finishing touch to the prosperity of Howth with a vengeance! Gentle-

men of the North Union Board, your brilliance as administrators is well recognised by an admiring public, but if you would have us continue to pay to you a merited adulation, you must really do something to deserve it. Turn the sewage of Howth aside from the bathing-place—take it anywhere else you please, but let the Bay of Balcadden remain pure and free from pollution.

On the other side of Dublin Bay objectionable practices at marine resorts are sometimes indulged in. Bray is an important place at this season, and deservedly attracts visitors from all parts, families and others who usually reside there for a couple of months. The railway communication is admirably worked for the convenience of the public, and, as a matter of course, people stopping there make frequent journeys to and from the city.

Now, to put the case as mildly as we can, we should say that it is an outrage on decency that men should be permitted to bathe close to Bray station in full view of passengers journeying by rail—the plungers, too, taking their saltatory exercise without a bathing costume. Is there no authority in the neighbourhood of the station to peremptorily check this unmanly exposure? The railway officials cannot be in ignorance of its existence, and it rests with them to stamp out a practice which is a gross offence to ladies travelling on their line.

The Hon. Henry and Lady Fitzwilliam have arrived in London from Malta.

Lady Louisa Knox and Miss Knox, the Countess of Fingall, the Viscountess Bangor, Sir John and Lady Dillon, Sir William B. Kaye, C.B.; General Forrest, Colonel, Hon. Mrs Lindsay, and Miss Lindsay, Mrs Thomas Martin (from Canada), Major-General Wortham, and Captain Hamilton have arrived in England.

Dr. and Mrs Gibbs have left Winstonville, Fairview, for three weeks.

Lady Rosebery, who has been suffering from congestion of the lungs, following an attack of measles, is improving in health, and is now able to leave her room for a few hours daily.

Mr and Mrs Walker gave an afternoon entertainment last week at their residence near Raheny. Many of their friends from town and the neighbourhood were present.

Mr and Mrs John Maunsell had an extensive lawn tennis party at their charming residence, Edenmore, on Saturday last. The weather was delightful, and the numerous guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Cecil Crampton have arrived in town, and will make a short stay in this country before leaving for the Continent, *en route* for India.

Lord Wolverton, whose death took place last week, was only 27 years old. He succeeded to the title and great wealth on the sudden death of his uncle a very short time ago. He was buried at Iwerne Minster on Thursday. His brother, Mr Frederick Glynn, succeeds to the title and estates.

Annie Lady Verner, widow of the late Sir William Verner, Bart., died on Saturday, aged 36. She was daughter of Mr John Wilson, of Melbourne, and only survived her husband two years.

Mr Barton M'Guckin has joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company. He will take the leading tenor part in "La Juive," which Mr Rosa will produce next year.

The Hon. Frederick James Tollemache, who died at Ham House, Surrey, on Monday afternoon, was the fifth son of the late Lord Huntingtower. His first wife was Sarah Maria, daughter of the late Mr Robert Bomford, of Robinstown, County Meath. He leaves issue by his second marriage, an only daughter, Ada, married to Lord Sudeley.

Augusta, Lady Alington, who died last week at Alington House, Audley street, was the eldest daughter of Field Marshal the Earl of Lucan. Her ladyship had been a great invalid for the last two years. She leaves an only son, the Hon. Humphrey Napier Sturl, and five daughters.

The Dowager Viscountess Galway gave an evening party at her charming London residence on Thursday last. Many distinguished noblemen and ladies attended.

Viscountess Folkestone's evening concert in aid of the Distressed Irish Ladies Fund will take place on Thursday evening in the St. James's Hall, London.

The bazaar in aid of the organ fund went on during Thursday and Friday last in the beautiful grounds of Clontarf Castle. The Band of the South Wales Borderers played an excellent selection of music. The stalls were furnished with a great variety of fancy articles, and were presided over by Miss Bradshaw, Mrs Cuppage, Miss Carmichael, &c. A concert was given in the hall of the Castle, at which Mrs Power O'Donoghue, Mrs Norris Goddard, Mr Edmond Oldham, &c., assisted.

A very pretty and well organised Bazaar and open air *fete* was held last week in the beautiful grounds of Monkstown Park, kindly lent by T. P. Cairnes, Esq. The bazaar was in aid of that deserving and popular charity, the Cottage Home for Little Children, about which we hope to say a few words another day. Several large marquees were erected in the Park. One was devoted to the sale of sundry attractive goods, another to a fine art gallery, others to shows of various kinds, amongst them being the clever performances of Ferrari's two highly trained monkeys.

The bazaar, unhappily, opened in a thunderstorm, and the heavy rain that fell for some hours kept away many intending purchasers, so it was prolonged to a third day, and the proceeds, we understand, reached a substantial sum. Some magnificent fruit was kindly sent by Lady Wicklow, while Lord de Vesci, Lord Powerscourt, Lady Plunket, and other kind friends, sent large contributions of flowers.

Mr. Francis Johnston and Mr. Walkington presided over a very attractive refreshment table,

Mrs Stanley, Mrs Betham, and Miss Waggett had stalls of plain and fancy needlework, Mrs. Close made a large sum by her country produce; Miss Rickard's flower stall was very much admired; While Mrs. Perry made her useful stalls of groceries look as attractive as possible. We believe that it is Miss Barrett's intention to hold an at home at the Cottage Home shortly, to sell off the remainder of her goods and to give an opportunity to friends of seeing the Home and its inmates.

Woman's rights! She has adopted the principal portions of man's vestments; now is she about to adopt his vices? A day or two ago a game of lawn tennis was played in courts near the city, which on play days are resorted to by much of the beauty of Dublin. As usual on such occasions, the players on both sides had their admirers, male and female. As a game of gentlemen's singles was about to start, an enthusiastic and extremely pretty young lady evinced such a strong liking for one of the player's chances to win that she made a bet on the issue with a gentleman acquaintance, the stakes being, of all things in the world, her dainty gloves! The bargain was made and immediately the play commenced. The fair bookmaker's favourite fought the game gallantly, and at first his chances of success seemed great. But alas! soon his good form diminished, and the result of the game proved the pretty young lady to be the looser of a pair of Dent's.

Perhaps had the player of whose chances she seemed to think so much known what depended on the issue he would have put forth greater energy; but fate decreed it otherwise. He lost the battle, and his admirer her gloves. We honestly hope the ladies do not intend to introduce a system of "betting at the courts." Were they to do so, who knows what might some time happen? Such an indulgence might prove even worse than their American *cousines'* habit of cigarette smoking.

In the matter of fares and distances the Dublin Tramways Company are very unequal in their charges. Between O'Connell Bridge and Kingsbridge the Company have four penny distances, the fare for the whole way being only twopence! while they will carry a passenger from College Green to Drumcondra for twopence, which is certainly the cheapest ride on their system. Since the introduction of the reduced fare to Drumcondra the traffic has largely increased, notwithstanding the fact that for the greater part of the journey the torture of jolting is an unpleasant sensation to travellers. In this respect, however, a considerable portion of the Phoenix Park line is very much worse, of some parts of it a feeling similar in all respects to sea-sickness being experienced by *voyageurs*.

The scientists of the States have solved a problem of travelling under sea. This is the next best thing to taking a balloon ticket from Dublin to London, or buckling on one's electric wings for half an hour's fly round the island. Still, until the famous scientists who are so busy forwarding civilisation in Trinity College have devised cheap electric transit, it is comforting to know that some of our modes of conveyance are of the highest order. For instance, the speed of the Ireland is so great that the distance across the Channel

can be accomplished by this splendid vessel in 2 hours 45 minutes—a fact of which few Dubliners are aware. But the company have succumbed to a few nervous grumblers, and will not permit the vessel to travel at this rate. We think the wishes of the general public should outweigh the hysteria of the few.

The clever writer who adopts the *nom-de-plume* of "Nomad" requests our opinion concerning her serial novel "The Milroys" running in *Le Moniteur de la Mode*, a monthly journal devoted to the cause of fashion. It is an extremely hazardous venture to assert an opinion on a novel which only began last month. So far, however, the story is written in bright and studiously-selected English, and deals not only with modern life and character, but with the great problem of women's work, which is one of the factors which now make society tremble to its basis. At present we can safely recommend "The Milroys" to our readers for its literary value alone, and shall anxiously watch the progressive elucidation of the profound social problem with which it mainly deals.

We have received the July number of the *Woman's World*, which, as everyone knows, is edited by Oscar Wilde. The articles, written mostly by ladies, are chiefly concerned with female industries, the arts, and dress. There is a pretty story by Carmen Sylva (H.M. the Queen of Roumania); an extremely interesting and well-illustrated article on "Children's dress in this Century," by Mrs Oscar Wilde; and an able paper on "Irish Industries," by our valuable contributor, Miss O'Connor Eccles. Printed on splendid paper, with carefully executed illustrations, the *Woman's World* deserves a large circulation amongst the cultured women of the community.

Mr. Clarke FitzGerald, J.P., and Mrs. Clarke FitzGerald have left their residence, 29 Northumberland road, for Bray.

In a recent probate case at the law courts, Dublin, the question as to the inheritance of property depended on the fact whether a deceased wife had a "living" child. Her relatives negatived the point but the husband, a sergeant in the army, said "yes." Mr. J. Wheatley, the husband's solicitor, succeeded in proving that the child lived 60 seconds, and the case was accordingly won. The law is curious in some details.

We observed the stoutest man in Dublin engaged in a hot controversy with one of Mr. Harrel's discretionary policemen. The "peace" guardian waxed wroth when the Lambert-like individual wrote a medical certificate for himself, and, being a fully qualified doctor, he thus placed "Robert" *hors de combat*.

We have had a long and interesting interview with Mr. Stephen Cunningham about the now famous Logbook of the Ship Hotel, of which he is proprietor. It will be published next week.

We protest against the custom of Irish parents sending their offspring to English universities. Many a promising boy has become a contemptuously sneering creature by this means. Trinity College is large enough to contain intellectual Ireland. If more hard-working students

entered the College green establishment, both the "idle brainless" and the "brainless idle" would go to the wall or sweep crossings.

The Corporation pile fronting the Royal Bank, College Green, assumes larger dimensions day by day. Is it their intention to construct a monument commemorative of municipal incapacity?

A rather unpleasant incident occurred the other day. A young man went to see a young lady off at Kingstown. In the hurry he omitted the formality of going on shore. Consequently the youth was transported to Holyhead. Meanwhile his fellow clerks in the office in which he worked sent messengers to the paternal mansion. But no tidings were forthcoming beyond the fact that he left at the usual hour. The consternation and dismay of his friends were pitiful, but the arrival of a telegram changed the weeping to growling and rage.

Though it is said to be wrong to speak about a snowstorm in July, yet, perhaps, one may be forgiven for talking about furs in such a summer-time as we have lately enjoyed. There is good news for the ladies, who love to be warmly clad when icicles hang by the wall. The cultivation of dogskin and goatskin is growing very rapidly in China. It is useless for materfamilias to protest that she does not wear, and would not wear, Chinese goatskins and Chinese dogskins. She does it already. The warm fur-lined cloaks which were so popular last year owed their warmth to the skin of very humble animals, and the furs which come from off the dogs of Manchuria and Mongolia are not to be sneezed at in a metaphorical or literal sense. In those districts of China dog and goat farms are springing into rapid prosperity. When a girl is married she receives perhaps six dogs as her dowry, and it can easily be understood that this comparatively small beginning may be the foundation of a large fortune, seeing that the reproduction at the rate of ten per annum would in a few years give an enormous total.

A dog matures in from six to eight months, and the fur is at its best during winter, so that the animal must be destroyed before the thaw sets in. Nature has provided a magnificent protection to withstand the cold of those northern latitudes, where the thermometer (Fahrenheit) goes down to 25 deg. below zero (57 degrees of frost), and it is doubtful if the dogskins in any part of the world are to be compared with those that come from Manchuria or Mongolia, either in size, length of hair, or quality. The animals are very coarsely fed, and they need hardly any care. Dogs do not stray away like sheep. Their furs are valuable, and the Mongolian cape bids fair to become one of the luxuries of an Irishwoman's winter.

The economical Town Commissioners who regulate Rathmines affairs appear to be astray in their system of calculation, having exceeded their estimated asphalt expenditure by £5,000. The board are engaged in a desperate struggle for existence at present. If the Municipal Boundaries Bill passes, the "twenty-two" must exit. Should the Act abolish political municipalities it would meet with scanty opposition from rate-payers, who prefer small rates to large talk.

We understand that the members of the Abbey Athletic and Cycling Club, newly formed, who are composed of the staff of Messrs Eason and Son, intend holding an athletic meeting on the first Monday in August, on Lansdowne road grounds. The sport promises to be of a most varied character, and their secretary informs us that a few open events will appear on the programme. The meeting has our best wishes, and will afford a well-earned holiday to the members of a busy commercial house.

Affairs at the Irish Exhibition are a trifle disordered this week. Bad weather has practically emptied the buildings on all days except Saturday. The Exhibition, however, has been now declared a financial success by the Directors; and the future ought to be a bright one. The Prince of Wales has promised to put in an appearance on the 17th inst., at the opening ceremony in connection with the ladies' stall. The art gallery under the fostering care of Mr. Drewitt is now almost complete, with the trifling exception of the sculpture specimens. The Hall now looks extremely picturesque with the tastefully decorated stalls. Several wary Sons of Israel have received notice to quit, having attempted admission for their goods under false addresses. These stall holders have now received a strong communication from the Executive Council calling for some substantial explanation of the disgraceful swindles which they have been a party to. By the way the Irish dairy maids are numerically diminishing day by day from matrimonial causes. Taking a turn down the Kerry Cattle Yard the visitor must be struck with the neat and cleanly appearance of the kine exhibited. The art catalogue has not yet seen the light, but the delay is stated to be unavoidable.

This is, as it ought to be, pre-eminently the season for excursions. Everyone who can is bound to go somewhere from home for shorter or longer periods, and for business and professional men, as well as for the working classes, short periods and comparatively short distances are more attractive than longer journeys, and a week's or a fortnight's stay. It is due to a couple of the great Irish railways having their termini in Dublin to say that they have managed to hit off the popular desire in this respect exactly, and to afford most agreeable journeys at extremely low fares to all classes of the community.

There is not much to choose between the liberality of the Great Southern and Western management and that of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford, both being models of consideration for people of moderate means, who would desire to spend a holiday amid the natural beauties of their native scenery. The former company gave a few weeks since an excursion from Dublin to Queenstown and Cork at return fares which taxed the accommodation of a couple of weighty trains, and the arrangements were so admirable and the enjoyment of that memorable day's outing so delightful, that a general demand exists for its repetition.

The Dublin and Wicklow Company are now running on each Sunday a special train for the conveyance of tourists to Glendalough. Most of the citizens who have ever gone anywhere outside the confines of the Circular Road have visited "the Seven Churches," and have climbed

to St Kevin's Bed, "by that lake whose gloomy shore skylark never warbled o'er;" but there are still thousands among us whose eyes have never rested on Lake Dan, and to whom the glorious Vale of Clara in this summer season is a something of which they have only read or heard.

Somehow—we cannot explain the why or wherefore—excursions from Ireland for Olympia are not taking so extensively as was anticipated or as could be desired by all interested in the success of our Exhibition at Kensington. The unpreparedness of the building at the period of its opening has had a great deal to do with this regrettable state of things, and indifferent reports of its attractiveness circulated by parties returning tended to damp public ardour, and to cause many who had intended visiting it to postpone their departure to a later period of the year.

Railway and steamship facilities for reaching London and returning have been and continue numerous, the fares being little more than half of those charged in the ordinary way, but they have not been availed of to any considerable extent. Messrs Gaze send their tourists by London and North-Western line to Holyhead and London, while Messrs Cook forward their travellers by City of Dublin Company's steamers to Liverpool, and thence by Midland Company's line to their destination. We could heartily wish to see these special facilities more liberally availed of by the Irish public.

Yet another Irish Company in our neighbourhood is making efforts to induce people to visit Olympia, and they are offering conveyance at even lower fares than those charged in Dublin. The Drogheda Steampacket Company sent their first excursion party from that port on the 3rd inst., the boats of this line being among the completest and best to be found in any part of the United Kingdom. The excursion project owes its inception to the able Secretary of the company, Mr Archer, and although the number leaving on the occasion of the first trip was small, strong hopes are entertained that on succeeding journeys the parties will be large. The districts of Louth and Meath lying near Drogheda can supply *voyageurs* in abundance, and it is believed that on the occasion of the next excursion from the Boyne for Liverpool *en route* to London the company will be a numerous one. That event is fixed for the 20th inst.

The lessee of the Queen's Theatre will have a number of novelties to present in rapid succession to his patrons on the re-opening of that popular house after the recess. The Queen's will be at work again early in August, with some of the latest London successes, while Irish drama of a sterling kind will have due prominence given to it throughout the season.

We hear that, following a suggestion which appeared in the last issue of IRISH SOCIETY, a well-known house in town, celebrated for the excellence of its catering, especially in the matter of enjoyable suppers, is taking steps to have its claims recognised by the Commissioner of Police in the matter of having accorded to it the necessary permission to remain open for a couple of hours after eleven o'clock in order to supply that necessary meal to a numerous class

in the city, who, under existing police arrangements, are deprived of the opportunity of obtaining it.

It does certainly savour of the ridiculous that in the metropolis of Ireland respectable and orderly citizens returning from theatres and other places of public amusement which do not usually terminate until after eleven o'clock should find all places in which refreshments could be procured peremptorily closed against them. The deprivation does not effect the upper crust of society, who find all they require awaiting them at home, but the numerous class of young men in lodgings in the city or suburbs who are not members of clubs, and who have no such attentions in store for them at their residences, opportunity for partaking of supper should be provided after the statutable closing hour. The concession would not, we believe, be abused, and the respectable classes would feel grateful for it.

Mrs George Roe, formerly of Mount Anville, Dundrum, who set up a baby-linen establishment in Mount street, Grosvenor square, London, under the name of Madame D'Olier, and struggled hard against many difficulties to maintain herself and family, has, we regret to hear, through ill-health, been compelled to give up business.

Lady Granville Gordon (daughter of Mrs George Roe) is owner of a bonnet shop in one of the fashionable thoroughfares in London, and is trading under the name of Madame "Liere," "ivy" being the badge of the family.

An amateur concert was held in the court-house, Tinahely, on Thursday last under the patronage of the Countess Fitzwilliam. The following ladies and gentlemen kindly assisted:—The Lady Francis Doyne, the Lady Mary Boscawen, Miss Blanche Armstrong, Mrs Brook, Miss Doyne, Miss Archdale, Mrs Haskins, Miss Darlington, Miss Trevan, Miss Brown, Miss Willis, and the Misses Wall; Mr Doyne, Mr Brooke, Mr Richard Gamble, Rev. J. F. M. French, Mr Darlington, Mr Thompson, and Mr Eager. The concert was a great success, and the proceeds are to be devoted to a new harmonium.

We announce with regret that the last of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards leave the Royal Barracks, Dublin, for Newbridge, Kildare, on Friday next.

A splendid day last Saturday, and weather of the most indisputable respectability gathered in the thousands anxious for amusement, and no less anxious to display their summer costumes at the Ball's Bridge Sports. It is curious to reflect how much of the characteristics of the peacock are intermingled with our human nature. Any place of public amusement is a vindication of Mr Darwin's law which connects all forms of nature with almost imperceptible links. The changing pictures, full of form and colour, made by the thousands of spectators were as unique and interesting as the list of events and the figures of the Irish and American athletes. Music added a superlative charm to the æsthetic view.

Sir Thomas A. Jones has arrived in Dublin from England.

Our lady readers will, we are sure, be particularly interested in the following charmingly romantic story which found its origin in the palatial Exhibition buildings at Glasgow. An official, it is stated, picked up a lady's pocket-book purse at the moment a gentleman was passing. The latter naturally stopped and assisted the official in looking for a clue to the owner of the purse. "Oh," exclaimed the official at last, "here is the owner's photograph, anyway," and then hastened to add as he took it out of the wallet, "Why, no, it isn't; it's not a lady's photograph at all. It looks—you'll excuse me for saying it—extremely like one of yours, sir," and he turned to the gentleman who had been assisting him.

The latter at once admitted that it was his photograph, and said he thought he could find the lady to whom the purse belonged. Of course he found her and the result revealed to him a very pretty young lady's secret. Needless to say, he took every advantage of the romantic situation, and the couple are now joyfully anticipating the sound of marriage bells. We do hope that if any of our lady readers are troubled with the burthen of a similar secret, that they will have no hesitation in putting into force the clever stratagem of their canny Scotch sister.

The ingenuity displayed by the caterers of feminine luxuries has been a matter of appreciation and delight to thousands of the masculine gender. The latest fancy suggested to ladies is to appear at "at homes" and other places where social intercourse is indulged in, in handcuffs. These handcuffs are made of gold, but in all other respects are exactly similar to those used by detectives in pursuit of their useful calling. The quickness with which a detective fastens on his bracelets may be learned by ladies in a few lessons. Then they may be able to "captive" an unsuspecting male whom they may have a design upon, and whose company they may be desirous of securing. To punctilious matrons this latest freak of fashion will no doubt be frequently availed of for the purpose of keeping their recreant lords and masters within respectable bounds.

Some years ago upon the stage of one of our Dublin theatres a girl of remarkable beauty and wonderful taste kept as far as possible from the footlights. In her lovely and downcast eyes was read a mute protest against the position in which she found herself. Between the first and second appearances of the *corps de ballet* she sang alone a little song, tender and full of soul, that waked the motley audience into earnest and hearty applause. The inevitable *encore* was bravely delivered, and amid the delighted raptures of the gallery gods the young singer, pale with a sudden revulsion of feeling, fainted and fell to the floor. A young gentleman whose interest had been aroused, and who had admiringly watched her every movement and drank in every note of her sweet, plaintive ballad, sprang upon the stage and lifted the unconscious girl before her companions appeared, and carried her behind the wings. A few minutes later he returned to his seat with an immense bouquet in either hand. The applause was something terrific, and, like a true hero, he bowed his head in silence.

Such was the romantic story told at a social gathering the other evening by one of Dublin's

most popular hostesses, whose residence is once a week the resort of the most cultured and refined society in the city. We are told that her husband still watches over her as anxiously, and treats her as tenderly as he did upon the first night of their romantic meeting.

The London Season has practically collapsed, and there is much wailing among the western tradesmen. To those who live by the amusements and pursuits of the fashionable world, the death of the Emperor Frederick was a great blow, and the long continuance of rainy weather has done much to bring the season to an early close. Many of the garden parties, and out-of-door fetes, which form so large a part of fashionable entertainment at this time of the year have been given up, and many of the wealthy classes have left, or are preparing to leave, the metropolis. The consequences are that tradesmen who live by supplying the necessities and caprices of the Upper Ten have been seriously injured. In Dublin matters are not much brighter. The weather has been a continual disappointment so far this season, and many fondly anticipated open-air parties and picnics have had to be abandoned. Our weather chart, which we have found in all respects most trustworthy, supplies the pleasing information that August will be a warm and a dry month. Hosts and hostesses will therefore consult their own pleasure and that of their intended guests by deferring picnic and garden parties until next month.

A lady informs us that of all the troubles women have to contend against one of the greatest is that of being bored by unwelcome admirers. At the band promenade at Lucan on Saturday, we were interested observers of a typical case. A middle-aged individual got up in all the decoration of a youthful beau was doing all he knew to captivate the hearts of susceptible young ladies.

After awhile two young girls, accompanied by a youth, evidently a brother, drove up in a smart pony trap. The ancient *beau* who appeared to have some previous acquaintance—from the manner of greeting one would conclude that such acquaintance was very slight—at once stepped forward, and saluted the occupants of the trap with an effort at courtly grace. His hat almost swept the ground, while his face became one vast smile. The girls, however, turned towards him in a way that would have absolutely petrified a less bashful swain, and at once set about talking to everyone they knew in order, probably, to avoid him. But he was not to be put off. His perseverance was marvellous. The efforts of the ladies to get rid of him caused much amusement, mingled with sincere sympathy amongst the onlookers. First they got into the trap, then out of the trap, exchanged places in the trap, and eventually with some friends essayed a walk through the dells and glades. It was all of no avail—the ancient masquerader adhered to their company until, in sheer disgust, the two young girls, whose day's enjoyment was completely spoiled, drove off and left him upon the sward, bowing and scraping his *adieux*. If this paragraph should meet his eye we hope he may take the hint, and exercise a little common politeness towards lady visitors on his next descent upon Lucan.

The best news we have heard for many a day is that William the Second is contemplating a

general disarmament. It is not too much to say that the danger in Europe arises almost entirely from the armed condition of the various peoples. From Reggio to Memel, from Memel to Astrachan, from Astrachan to Brest, Europe is one armed camp. In fear of war Germany is impoverishing herself. In preparation for aggression Czar Alexander is running his empire deeper and deeper into debt. Every year sees Austria increasing the expenses of her armaments; and, in competition with Germany, France is ever adding to her military forces. Every step taken by one nation is regarded as a provocation to the other, and panic sweeps periodically over the civilised world.

The automaton has been put to a new use. It—we had almost written "he"—already provides us with sweets, matches, cigars, photographs, scent for our pocket-handkerchiefs, postcards, lead pencils, pocket-books, and a host of other things. It now hands out half-ounce tins of tobacco for the pipes of those who are so deluded as to smoke. It is a discriminating automaton. It knows the difference between returns, Virginia shag, bird's eye, and mixture, and supplies whichever you may be pleased to demand. A smoker informs us that the returns and the bird's eye are not bad for the money. But what we want is an automaton which in this uncertain weather will iron one's hat at a railway station.

The trimming of hats and bonnets with natural flowers instead of artificial is one of the latest fashions of the season. On a recent occasion Lady Bective's black lace dress and bonnet, simply crowned with flowers, were very effective; and her beautiful daughter, Lady Olivia Taylour's white Directoire coat and white tulle bonnet, all covered with wreaths of real white blossoms, made a charming contrast.

Sir Hercules Robinson is about to resign the Governorship of the Cape Colony. He intends to reside for some time at his Irish residence, Rosemead, County Westmeath.

Thomas Moore received £3,000 from Messrs. Longman for Lalla Rookh, which is at the rate of ten shillings a line. He was offered £100 a month to write leaders for the *Times*, which he refused, however.

Miss May Sharpless is a child but nine years of age who has been left a fortune of £2,000,000. A mark for fortune-hunters in London.

A correspondent complains bitterly about what he calls "tailoring importunities." The other evening he had delivered at his lodgings a parcel containing a new suit of summer tweed. Being in love with his landlady's daughter, "who had expectations," he immediately squared his account on hearing the messenger declare to the servant girl that "as this was No. 4 account, my master says it has to be paid before I can leave the parcel." "Now," asks our correspondent, "isn't this hard; couldn't that beastly tailor have waited until I should have sent him a cheque for the amount of his bill?" Well, we cannot say whether it is hard or otherwise. All we know is that gentlemen of the grandee type who can go the length of a No. 4 account with their tailor ought to be made to pay some way or other, and

we cannot see anything very much wrong with our correspondent's tailor's plan.

Apropos of summer seaside resorts we have not of late heard anything of the progress made by the company whose intention, it was stated, was to have turned Rostrevor into a sanatorium. There can be no doubt that for pulmonary and gouty affections its only rival in Ireland is possibly Queenstown. Both these places being sheltered from the north and fronting the southern sun, are calculated to render them admirable winter residences for invalids.

But for families and others who year by year migrate to pastures new for the summer months in the hope that the change of scene and occupation may restore colour to the faded cheek and solidity to the shattered nervous system no place in Ireland can afford the same amount of health-giving and recreative pleasure as the district around Rostrevor and Warrenpoint. The bay stretching across to Greenore on the other side is a seascape of matchless beauty, and the scene when observed from the strand on a moonlit evening is unsurpassable. Every means of enjoyment are at the command of visitors. Boats can be had on hire; bands enliven the promenaders by their sweet strains; and the car and tram services are conducted on the most approved system. Our readers who are as yet undecided as to where their summer holidays shall be spent should not lose sight of Rostrevor but should extend to it that amount of support which is ungrudgingly given to places across Channel that cannot in any way be compared with this beautiful spot in our own island.

Readers of IRISH SOCIETY who have visited England or Scotland could not have failed to admire the artistic decorations that are to be seen at almost every wayside railway station from one end of a long journey to the other. One who has lately returned from a visit to England assures us that the encouragement given to the servants by the railway directors generously offering prizes for the best kept stations on their lines does more to secure this uniform beauty than anything else.

The contrast between some stations not many miles away from our city and those we speak of is very marked, and at once conveys the conclusion that much yet remains to be done by our Irish railway companies in the way of stimulating their officials to the exercise of more taste and greater pride in their surroundings.

This could easily be done, as the time of the officials is seldom, if ever, wholly taken up by duty. A spare hour now and again devoted to the beautifying of their stations would be well spent time, and a hint by those in authority to that effect ought to be the means of stirring up station-masters and others to a greater degree of interest in the appearance of their immediate surroundings. We specially invite the attention of the D. W. and W. Railway Company to this matter, as their Westland row station is nothing short of a public disgrace, and by many is only tolerated as a necessary nuisance.

Another beauty has appeared upon the theatrical horizon. The young actress's name is Anita

Fallon, and she hails from California. She is described as a "second Mary Anderson," of "medium height, with a slender figure, and oval face, suggesting Creole origin; large, dark, brilliant eyes, and golden chestnut hair."

Fashion's frivolities are marching on apace. Now-a-days in France children make formal visits to one another much in the manner of their elders. They even have their own luncheon and tea parties, and their mothers have the pleasing duty of providing pretty dresses for such occasions. Little girls of from eight to ten years very often wear dark, even black velvet, trimmed with Irish crochet, a style very becoming, we believe, to fair children. Boys from seven to twelve years on such occasions wear a sort of fancy dress, which, without being too conspicuous, is a little different from their every day suits. For instance—blue stockings, black velvet knickerbockers, yellowish-grey cloth jacket, with blue collar and cuffs, and Danish leather waistcoat and belt; cloth cap, with embroidered device.

The committee in charge of the Clontarf band arrangements cannot be congratulated upon the success of their efforts up to the present. For the last three or four Wednesdays Jupiter Pluvius has been in the ascendant, but whether as a protest against the business capabilities of the township's commissioners or not we cannot say. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the pathways from Annesley Bridge right out to the club-house are simply disgraceful and altogether intolerable. We should recommend the ratepayers to secure pledges from the aspirants for honours at the next election before according them seats at the township board.

Here are the opening lines of a new comical song never before in print in this country:—

"THE MODEL A. D. C."
 "I'll study a manner of graceful ease,"
 Said I to myself, said I,
 "And I'll try to bow without bending my knees,"
 Said I to myself, said I.
 "I'll be condescending, but not too free,
 I'll wax my moustache, and strive to be
 A really model A. D. C.,"
 Said I to myself, said I.

It has been stated before the Select Committee of House of Commons on Sunday Closing that the assistants in the Dublin spirit shops, and they number nearly 2,000, are required to work no less than 101 hours per week. Has this been contradicted yet?

Some travelling shower baths on wheels have been placed on the road between Dalkey and Kingstown. Full particulars can be obtained from the Manager, Dublin Southern District Tramways Company, the sole proprietors of this new invention.

The monotony of Kingstown was somewhat relieved on Sunday evening by a scene on the Pier. A person (perhaps best describes him) of mature years attempted to introduce himself to two young ladies taking a stroll. The would-be introduction took place close to the water's edge, but the younger of the two ladies, evidently able to hold her own against the ancient masher, gently raised her *en-tout-cas*, and tipped off the "gentleman's" hat, leaving him bare-headed to the enjoyment of a few of the spectators.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, is the wife of one Maxwell, and resides at a pretty little house in Richmond, situated near the Thames.

"Bay Rum" was the countersign. "Halt and give the countersign," called out an intelligent sentry at a militia camp, and, on the challenged one passing on without taking any notice, he ran up and exclaimed politely, "When I say halt and give the countersign you should halt and say 'Bay rum.'"

England is safe again. Its invasion by France through a hole beneath the water has been made impossible for another year by the rejection of the Channel Tunnel Bill. The majority against the scheme was even excessive—was in fact 143, a majority of nearly two to one, the votes for the Bill being no more than 165.

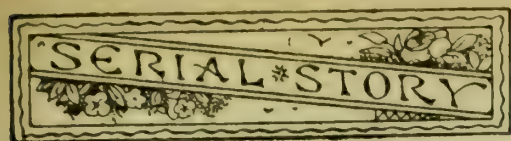
Mrs. "John Strange Winder," the feminine author of that entertaining shilling work "Bootle's Baby," gave a garden party last week to the members of the company playing at Terry's Theatre, Mrs. Stirling, the oldest, and Miss Minnie Terry, the youngest actress on the stage afforded opportunity for laughable comparison.

Women cannot hope for the franchise unless they endeavour to become practical politicians. A lady who essays to describe a debate in the House of Commons furnishes an amusing farago in *The Lady's Pictorial*. A few phrases will serve as illustrative matter. Mr O'Brien is described as possessing a profile "behind whose spectacles flamed deep-set flaming eyes." The noise of the thunder without was "simply terrific." Mr Gladstone is stated by the feminine note-taker to have made "the longest and most splendid speech on record." The article bristles with the connecting conjunction "and," in addition to being written in the most superlative vein conceivable.

A would-be London society journal is impertinent enough to describe Dublin as "the stinking little one-horse town on the Liffey, the home of cowards, treasons, and blustering poverty." No doubt the proprietor of the yellow-backed publication that calls itself "Society" is vexed at the utter failure of his Irish circulation. The language in which the articles are written certainly hails from Billingsgate, and the staff appear to be qualified gutter gamins.

Strange, yet true, Blackrock Railway Station is getting titivated. The new baths, clean and fresh, made the contrast even two great for the directors of the D. W. and W. Railway Company, and so they have put their hands in their shareholders' pockets and are doing a little bit of painting.

The several bazaars with which the neighbourhood of Dublin was inundated last week were unfortunate as far as the weather was concerned. The rain, it raineth every day. Such July days as we are suffering we may have had before, but such July nights never. Whatever it may be in other parts of the country, in Dublin it is as cold after sundown as it would be on some Alpine height. Strawberries are selling at a prohibitive price, and fruit is so dear that in modest households dessert has become an impossible indulgence.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

THE TRAM PASSES.

TESS," said Fred, as they went along Stephen's green, "when I fall in for the property that the rightful owner is keeping me out of, do you know what I'll do?"

"Smoke cigars and drink champagne," said Tessie.

"No; buy you a brougham like Mrs Fitzgerald's."

"Ah, go on with you. Look here, Fred, I've to be home at twelve or me ma'll murder me. Let's hurry."

"Great excitement in London," shrieked a news-boy. "The whole discovery now found out. Arrest of the murderers!"

Tessie Doyle lived over a stable in a lane at Harold's Cross. Her mother was a washer-woman, her father a cabdriver. When near her residence Fred slackened speed.

"Tess," said he, "these are dangerous times. It may be for years and it may be for ever before we meet again. Give's a kiss."

Tessie pressed his arm against her side.

"Wait till the tram passes," she whispered.

When the tram had passed on she stood and put her arms round his neck. Fred, taking his pipe from his mouth, kissed her several times, then resumed his pipe without further sign of emotion.

"Do you really love me, sweet one?" he said jocularly as they went on.

"Ah, go on; of course I do. If you love me say so; if you don't love me say so; but," said Tessie, "if you love me and don't like to say so squeeze me hand."

Fred took her hand and squeezed it vigorously. They had reached the top of the lane. Here he bade her farewell, both assuming the tone and manner of mock affection.

As Tessie Doyle hurried down the narrow lane-way towards her home, there floated towards her in the quiet night air the pathetic notes of Fred Gilhooly's voice, growing faint and fainter in the distance, as he sang "The heart bowed down" to an audience of twinkling stars.

CHAPTER IV.

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.

THE evening following the opera Mr. Reginald Gordon sat alone. He had finished his weekly article for a London paper, written in caustic sentences which implied that he had a tendency to ridicule those subjects on which most persons seriously deliberate. Having tossed the last pages contemptuously aside, he

pushed away his desk, and walked to the window with his hands in his pockets.

He lived in the centre house of three which were approached through an avenue bounded with high walls, leading directly from a busy thoroughfare. It was a remarkably quiet place, visited only by shop vans and an occasional cab. There was a stretch of grass before the three hall doors, skirted with tall elms and a wall which shut out any view save a strip of sky and the back windows of the houses in the outside thoroughfare.

Although a man with a large reserve of dormant energy, Reginald Gordon took so little interest in his combined professions of barrister and journalist that his views were extremely limited.

For his energy he sought no outlet: the affairs of mankind did not absorb his interest, and life in general seemed a dull matter. Books, pamphlets, magazines, and papers were plentiful about his room, and an upright piano, with a score of Lohengrin, stood in a corner. Gazing through the window, he muttered:—

"I wonder what she will do if she fails as an artiste—suicide? Not unlikely. Five thousand a year, and she is not satisfied. Could I sell myself for five thousand a year and an enthusiast? Five thousand a year, without the enthusiast, would be worth living for."

Turning from the window, he seated himself at the piano, and studied the score. After half an hour at this work he rose and walked up and down, thinking, not of Lohengrin, but of Adelaide Denison. Reseating himself he again proceeded through the opera, humming the vocal parts here and there, and steadily playing the accompaniment. Presently entered a tall, shapely servant girl with refined features who stood looking thoughtfully at him from the doorway before speaking.

"A gentleman for you, sir."

"What name?" he asked, looking at the score, and letting his fingers run lazily off the keyboard before he glanced up.

The girl started when he looked at her, and she blushed slightly.

"Mr. Munro, sir."

"Show him in."

The girl retired, and Mr. Oscar Munro appeared. He came in like a man in a hurry, looking about with bright and restless eyes. He was eight years younger than Gordon, and had pale, thin features, a dark complexion, with black moustache, and long fingers which had the habit of playing imaginary scales when his hand rested on chair or table. He wore a turn-down collar, exposing a full white throat of which he was proud. When excited he had a trick of tossing back his hair with a jerk of his head.

"How are you, Gordon?" he exclaimed. "Oh, hullo, here's Lohengrin. You've been at it?"

"Yes."

"Get up and let me sit down," said Oscar Munro, with child-like imperiousness. "Oh, the descent of the holy Grail! Thanks, that's a good fellow. Just shut up, and listen."

Taking the readily vacated seat, Oscar turned back the leaves of the score, and, with a preliminary run on the keys, began the overture. Seating himself on the table, Gordon quietly listened.

"No!" exclaimed Oscar, jumping up, when the overture was finished. "Hang it, nothing can compensate the loss of the fiddles. How can anyone hear the delicate whirr of the Grail descending, on *that* thing?"

He pointed contemptuously at the keyboard.

"Well," he continued abruptly. "What do you think of it? Isn't it superb?"

"I don't approve," replied Gordon, gravely, "of summing up a criticism of the entire work in one adjective, however expressive."

"Right! It must be discussed bar by bar. But, my dear fellow, it would take a lifetime of study. What do you think of the swan music? Wait a moment." Reseating himself, he rapidly turned the leaves. "Now, listen!"

"Undoubtedly beautiful," remarked Gordon, when the other turned round in his seat, eager for an opinion.

"But the declaration of Lohengrin's name!" exclaimed Oscar, excitedly. "Good heavens, what music was ever written like it? Let me see. Where is it? Confound it, *where* is it?"

"Respect the score," observed Gordon, as his friend dashed the pages over. "It was purchased only to-day."

"No fear. Here it is. Ah!—"

In this exclamation Oscar Munro vented the ecstasy of a delighted mind, and attacked the music.

"Don't speak to me!" he exclaimed, jumping up when he had finished, and glancing half-seriously at Gordon. "No, my dear boy, don't speak just for a moment. Let me work off my ecstasies."

Clasping his hands behind, he walked up and down the room, tossing his head to fling his black hair from his eyes, whilst Gordon, producing a penknife, leisurely pared his nails, swung his legs as he sat on the table, and tried to whistle the swan music.

"Don't!" shrieked Oscar, suddenly putting his hands over his ears. "Good heavens, what a vile ear you have, Gordon. Every second note is wrong."

"I was with Miss Adelaide Denison at the Gaiety, last night," observed Gordon, turning his head to look across his shoulder at the other.

"I beg your pardon," said Oscar, stopping, confused, and placing his hand to his chin.

"I was with Miss Denison last night," repeated Gordon, calmly, "at the Gaiety."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. Why do you look so astonished?"

"Do I look astonished?"

"Upon my word," said Gordon, with a short laugh, resuming the trimming of his nails, "one would fancy I had said, 'I was blown to pieces last night with Miss Denison, by dynamite.' Is there anything extraordinary in meeting an ordinary girl at the opera?"

"N—no," returned Oscar, sitting down before the piano, and resting his chin on his hand, his limpid eyes fixed on his friend. "N—no, there's nothing extraordinary in that. At least nothing out-of-the-way wonderful."

"How is her singing getting on?" asked Gordon.

"Her singing? Oh, splendidly. She will be a prima donna assoluta."

"In a comic opera company, no doubt," replied Gordon. "She is a very stupid girl."

"Stupid? Miss Denison stupid?"

Oscar Munro was so astonished that he let his left hand fall heavily on the bass notes, producing such discord that he jumped up with cringing teeth, and stared reproachfully at the keys.

"All enthusiasts are stupid," remarked Gordon.

"Do you consider *me* an enthusiast?" asked Oscar, with a child-like smile.

"Yes. You are confoundedly stupid—some-

times," replied Gordon. "I tell you all enthusiasts are stupid. They are bores, nuisances."

"Well, good evening," said Oscar, looking about for his hat, with an assumed air of dignity.

"Sit down and don't be an ass," said Gordon. "When does Miss Denison propose astonishing the world?"

"I am not in her confidence," replied Oscar, sitting down and looking miserable. "You have no idea how secretive she can be when she likes. She says she will join a chorus and work her way to the front. Of course, that is the usual way. But fancy that lov—that accomplished girl," said Oscar, blushing, "mingling with such a crew as a chorus."

"I can fancy things more dreadful than that. I think, by the way, she'll have to hurry up. She is not over-young. She's older than you, isn't she?"

"She's about twenty-five," said Oscar. "I'm twenty-six."

"Twenty-five is too old to begin a theatrical life."

"Not with her voice," exclaimed Oscar. "And her talent, and her—her enthusiasm," he added apologetically.

"Does she return your love?" asked Gordon, calmly.

"Now, look here, Gordon," exclaimed Oscar, rising. "I can take a joke as well as any man; but I object to jesting about Miss Denison. Miss Denison is a friend of mine; she pays me as an accompanist, but she treats me as an equal. Of course, in any case, I am her equal; not exactly in ability, perhaps, but, at all events, in love of art, and I—"

"And you're *not* an orator," interrupted Gordon, sliding off the table. "Will you come out for a stroll?"

"All right," replied Oscar. "Only let us have no more jests about Miss Denison."

"Hang Miss Denison!" observed Gordon, as they passed through the hall. Oscar looked at him reproachfully; next moment was humming at his side down the avenue.

CHAPTER V.

A SUBURBAN SUNDAY.

It was a Sunday morning, and Fred Gilhooly slowly rose from bed. He had been late arriving home at his lodgings on the previous night, and now felt that his sleep had not refreshed him. There was a bitter taste in his mouth, his tongue was dry, his head felt swollen. He stretched himself, sat on the bed and yawned several times, as he pulled on his socks. He cursed one of the socks because it had a hole in it. When he opened the door and looked down he saw on the floor a small round tray, on which were placed a little cream jug, sugar basin, an old tea-pot with broken spout, a cup without a saucer and a plate with two small slices of bread and butter. On one of the slices was the black mark of a thumb. Lifting the tray he placed it on his dressing-table, and poured out the tea. When he had tasted it he suddenly laid down the cup, and rushed out to the door, yelling "Kinsella!" over the bannisters.

There was no response.

"Kinsella!"

"What's the matter now?" cried his landlady from below.

"What do you mean by sending the tea up cold?" exclaimed Fred. "Why didn't you

knock, when you knew I had to go to church, you hag?"

"And didn't I knock?" screamed Mrs. Kinsella.

"No you didn't!" roared Fred. "Wait till I come back from prayers!"

Returning to his room, he drank the cold tea, but ate nothing, and began to shave with cold water. Owing to the shaking of his hand this operation was indifferently performed. When it was over, and he had washed his face and the front part of his neck, he lit a meerschaum pipe, and smoked during the rest of his toilette.

It was from diplomacy, not choice, that Fred Gilhooly went to church. His aunt, Miss Dorcas Cavanagh, the only relative who was likely to leave him something more welcome than a blessing and unpaid bills, insisted on his accompanying her to prayers the first Sunday of every month, and this was one of them. For these first Sundays he reserved a high hat and a black suit of clothes, which he pawned when not in use.

The church bells began to ring as he finished his smoke. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he wiped it carefully in a towel, and placing it in a case slipped it into the pocket in the tails of his Sunday frock coat where it lay against a prayer-book. All his pipes were not treated with such solicitude; but this meerschaum he was colouring for a prize.

Those inhabitants of Lower Mountpleasant avenue who might have observed on the previous night a young man staggering up the steps of Mrs. Kinsella's house and fumbling at the door with a latch-key, would probably fail to recognise the same person in the spruce, grave-faced young man who now descended the same steps with a large Bible and hymn-book under his arm.

As he went along the path he observed numbers of people going to church. Though he wore across his vest a large chain, the bunch of keys at the end afforded no clue to the time. At the corner of the avenue he pressed against the window of a public house and read the clock within. He was late. Miss Cavanagh was strictly punctual at prayers, and twenty minutes might mean for Fred Gilhooly the loss of a fortune. He searched anxiously in his pockets for a coin, but only found a box of matches and a circus programme. However, he hailed an outside and drove rapidly to his aunt's cottage at the top of the Rathgar road.

When he arrived he saw his aunt in the doorway, her church books in one hand, her umbrella in the other, and a mackintosh on her arm. She was a little small-faced woman, dressed in black.

"Hurrah there, Cavanagh," muttered Fred to himself, as he went up the long front garden.

"Late again, Frederick!" said Miss Cavanagh. "What is the car waiting for?"

"Aunt, I came out without me purse. To save time I had to drive. Lend's a shillin'?"

"Why, his fare's only sixpence," said Miss Cavanagh, as she laid her traps on the hall table, and searched her dress for her purse.

"A shillin' on Sunday," said Fred.

"I never heard the like," observed his aunt, handing him the money. "Anyhow, hurry and don't let us be later than we are."

When Fred returned, richer by sixpence, from the jarvey, he was met by his aunt at the foot of the steps.

"Won't you take your shawl, mam?" inquired a plump servant girl appearing at the door.

"No, thank you, Rose," replied Miss Cavanagh.

Fred Gilhooly, looking over his aunt's

shoulder, winked at the girl, and then offered his arm to his aunt, as they went together down the path.

They spent two hours in Rathgar at a dissenting chapel, built by a merchant who found that the oftener he preached there on Sundays the more extended his business became during the week.

When service was over, and they issued with a throng of people from the church, Fred Gilhooly was surprised to hear his aunt say—

"Now, Frederick, we are not to dine at home to-day. I have had a nice invitation from Mr Miller, an old friend of mine. I don't think you ever met him. He lives at Donnybrook, and it's a long walk from this."

"Let's take a tram," suggested Fred.

"I don't want to break the Sabbath, Frederick," said his aunt.

"Well, look here," said Fred, "I quite agree with you. It's wrong to hire an outside or a cab, because that's doing the job on your own responsibility. But the point's this. Here's a tram running whether you like or not. You don't hire it. Whether you get in or out it's bound to run. Twig?"

"There's something in what you say, Frederick," replied his aunt; and as a tram-car was passing as she spoke, Fred stopped it, and hurried her in without further argument.

Mr Miller and family lived in Rosebloom Cottage, which had a long, narrow front garden with fruit trees and flower beds. When Miss Cavanagh and her nephew opened the gate they found Miss Maude Miller reading a book to her two little brothers, seated at either side of her in a corner summer-house. She was pretty and fresh-complexioned, with dark eyes and brown hair. The only defect Fred Gilhooly noted as she advanced to meet them was an expression of extreme innocence. She crimsoned when she observed his solemn eyes fixed on her, and again when introduced to him. This facility for blushing was a novelty to Gilhooly. He tried to remember having seen Tessie Doyle blush, but failed.

"Is your father in, Maudie?" asked Miss Cavanagh, pinching the girl's cheek.

"Yes, Miss Cavanagh; we are just waiting for you. I think dinner's ready."

When she had spoken Maudie glanced at Fred, and hung her head. Miss Cavanagh took her arm, and they went into the house together, followed by Fred and the two boys.

They found dinner laid, and Mr Miller with his eldest daughter, Marion, patiently awaiting them. The host was partially bald, with a shrewd, careworn face. He was traveller for a wine merchant's, and his frequent absences from his motherless family caused him continual anxiety. His only fault in Fred Gilhooly's opinion was a belief in total abstinence. Mr Miller's eldest daughter, Marion, five years older than Maudie, seemed to perform the household duties automatically. The cares of the family were responsible for this girl's thin figure and sad colourless face.

When dinner was over, and thanks offered up, the children went away, and Fred Gilhooly was relieved to find himself in the garden beside Maudie Miller, who had offered to show him her flower beds. It was a fine afternoon. Obtaining permission from his companion, Fred lit his meerschaum, and tried to feel happy listening to Maudie, who gave him in detail the histories of individual plants, stooping over the

beds and holding up the flowers for his approbation.

"You are fond of flowers?" he asked.

"Oh," exclaimed Maudie, looking towards the sky, "I adore flowers."

"Happy flowers!" said Fred, thrusting down the tobacco in his pipe with his thumb.

She glanced sideways at him, became silent, and twisted the end of her apron round her fingers.

"Let's go to the summerhouse," said Fred Gilhooly, "and warble in the balmy air."

He seated himself. She stood near, her head turned shyly aside, occasionally stealing a glance at him from the corners of her eyes. He puffed contemptively, watching the smoke twisting slowly upward.

"Hurrah there," he exclaimed. "Why don't you sit down? Make yourself at home, where I wish you were. Do sit down, Maudie. May I call you Maudie?"

"Everyone calls me Maudie," she replied, bashfully, seating herself at some distance on the same seat.

"What pretty hands," he said, stroking them as they lay in her lap. She started, and drew them away. After several insinuating attempts on his part to grasp them, she relinquished them.

"So you teach in Sunday school, Maudie?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, more animated. "I've got quite a big class. Little children, you know."

"I know," said Fred, "babies?"

"Oh, no. Some are as old as eleven."

"Did you ever get a premium at Sunday school?" asked Fred, drawing closer.

"Oh, yes. Lots! Did you?"

"I got so many," he replied, thoughtfully, "that I'm thinkin' of settin' up a bookshop. You must know your Bible well?" said Maudie.

"Rather; and my catechism, too!"

"I love catechism!" said Maudie, simply.

"This is too nice," observed Fred, slipping his arm round her waist. "You love what I love!"

"Please don't," said Maudie, twisting about, and looking anxiously towards the house. "Someone will see you. It's not right. You mustn't!"

"Love one another," said Fred, with an insinuating squeeze. "What part of the catechism is that out of?"

"It's not in the catechism," said Maudie, pouting. "It's in the Bible—my sister will see you. Mr Gilhooly, don't!"

Despite her smothered screams and struggles, Mr Gilhooly kissed her, holding his pipe at the same time elevated in his right hand. A tall young man, who had opened the front gate, stood looking on. When Maudie, raising her eyes, saw the newcomer, her flushed face blanched. She jumped up, tremblingly pushing back her tossed hair.

"Hurrah there, Macnamara!" said Fred Gilhooly, with a wink. "What's up, old man? How are the oats in your part of the country, now? I hear the cows are complainin' for want of bein' milked."

The young man—the same whom he had accosted at the Gaiety—stared in contemptuous silence, and, turning to Maudie, raised his hat with elaborate politeness, and said, coldly—

"Your father in, Miss Miller?"

"Yes," replied Maudie, faintly. "He's in the house, William!"

"Ah!—thank you," returned the young man,

more coldly than ever, as he turned and paced slowly towards the house.

"Stand off his neck!" shouted Fred Gilhooly.

Maudie, seating herself in the furthest corner of the seat, began to cry, wiping her eyes and cheeks with the backs of her hands.

"Ay, What's up," asked Fred Gilhooly.

"Maudie, my own, what's up?"

"He saw me," said Maudie, catching her breath. "He'll tell my father. You know I'm engaged to him."

"Holy Moses! engaged to Macnamara?"

"He says so, but I—I—"

"You hate him, sweet one? Is it thus?"

"It's wrong to hate anyone," replied Maudie.

"But I—I don't like him."

"In for a penny in for a pound," said Fred, drawing near, "give's the same agen."

As his arm was winding round her waist, she jumped up, and ran into the house. He yawned, stretched himself, and, looking carefully about, slipped out through the front gate, and entered the nearest publichouse.

Maudie, having rushed into the kitchen, stood there, flushed and breathless. Her sister Marion, better known by the family name of "Sissie," was preparing the tea, and beside the fire sat Mr. Macnamara. They were engaged in earnest conversation.

Miss Miller was supposed to have some mysterious internal disease which baffled the doctors. Mr. Macnamara being a medical student with serious aims, had undertaken to cure her. When Maudie entered, Macnamara's genial expression changed. He stood up, turning his back on Maudie, and said to her sister;

"I will write you a prescription to-night, and post it to you. You have finished the pills?"

"Yes," she replied. "The pills are all out, William. I think they did me a lot of good."

"You sleep well at night?" "Much better, William. The last bottle was very good, indeed."

"Ah, I'm glad of that, well, I must be off now (looking at his watch.) Got an appointment at half-past five."

"So soon!" exclaimed Sissie. "Why you always stay to tea."

"Not this evening," he replied, smiling, and holding out his hand. "Good bye, Sissie."

He shook hands warmly with her; then, as he passed Maudie, who was leaning, sulkily, against the table, he bowed coldly to her, saying:

"Good evening, Miss Miller."

Maudie made no reply, and kept her eyelids lowered. When he was gone, Sissie, looking up, with the teapot in her hand, exclaimed:

"What's up between you and William? What have you done?"

"What have I done?" said Maudie, angrily, "nothing! One can't turn in this house, it appears without Mr. Macnamara's permission!"

"You must have annoyed William, in some way," observed Sissie, looking searchingly at her sisters reddened face. "I never saw him so cold to you. There's something in it."

"Perhaps he's fallen in love with you," said Maudie, scornfully tossing her head, as she went out.

If this assertion were true, Marion Miller would have been the happiest girl alive. She secretly loved William Macnamara, and, as she looked down into the teapot several tears dropped into it.

Mr. Miller and family, with Miss Cavanagh, had already begun tea when Fred Gilhooly appeared, the atmosphere being instantaneous impregnated with a strong perfume of cloves.

His aunt looked at him severely, but said nothing. He sat down, and tried to become interested in Marion. Maudie was unusually silent and scarcely looked at him, though he pressed her foot several times under the table.

When tea was over, the evening church bells were ringing; and it was discovered, that Fred was suffering from a sudden attack of neuralgia, and Maudie with an equally sudden headache. Mr. Miller and Miss Cavanagh left together for church; the children went out to the garden, and the two invalids remained together. By-and-bye they strolled into the garden, and stood at the front gate.

They looked on what was once the famous village of Donnybrook, now transformed into a prosaic suburb. The children howled as they played in the dust, or placed pins on the tram lines.

Men who had no money lounged against the publichouse doors, and men who had, entered. Women sat in the windows nursing babies, and others stood in the doorways or sat on the doorstep gossiping. Ordinary cars and tram-cars, all full outside, passed and repassed.

Crowds of Sunday-evening promenaders went by, every direction, in twos and threes. A livelier excitement was momentarily created by the march past of a trade band dressed in green with yellow facings, a huge drum major walking backwards waving his staff, and a horde of the juvenile population noisily following. Opposite the gate of Rosebloom Cottage the crowd parted to allow a tram-car to pass. The driver had for a moment pulled up the horses. Raising his eyes, Fred Gilhooly saw seated on the top of the car Tessie Doyle, Missie Connell, and Lizzie Bates, more familiarly known as Baby. Each of the three girls were attired much alike in their best Sunday clothes, and were seated beside three well-dressed men. Missie Connell's companion was little more than a boy, but Baby Bates was accompanied by a middle-aged man with red whiskers and heavy dissipated face, who had his arm round her waist. Tessie Doyle was looking brightly about with that smile—the "little love smile," as Fred called it—developing into a grin. She looked down, saw Fred, and nodded; but he, in the character of a respectable citizen, looked at her without recognition. As the band with its followers disappeared, and the tram-car went on in the opposite direction, Tessie glanced back at Fred Gilhooly, but the little love smile had disappeared.

"Who's that impudent girl?" exclaimed Maudie. "I dunno," replied Fred. "Some ballet girl from the theatres out for a Sunda'."

"But she seemed to know you."

"Ay, she pretended to. That's an old trick. I never saw her in me life before. Faith!"

"You won't forget to come to the *fete* at Ball's Bridge?" murmured Maudie, pressing close to him.

"I wouldn't miss it for a thousand pound," he exclaimed. "Hullo, here's your father and aunt Cavanagh! But won't I see you before that? Won't you meet me on the Dodder, Tuesda' ev'nin', up at the waterfall? It's a grand place for a walk. At seven. Will you?"

"I'd be afraid," said Maudie, hanging her head.

"Go on, now! Don't be shy. Mind, I'll expect you. It's a bargain. Well, Mr. Miller! I hope you liked the sermon, sir? Sorry I couldn't go. I bleeve Mister Donaldson is a splendid preacher. Yes, aunt, I'm ready, when you are."

When Miss Cavanagh and her nephew reached their home, he pleaded neuralgia as an excuse for not entering; but she asserted that she had an infallible cure for that complaint, somewhere, and he sulkily followed her in. For some time she searched in the sitting-room, Fred sitting gloomily near the window, looking into the crown of his hat. At length she declared the remedy must be downstairs, and he, jumping up, cheerfully undertook to find it. He descended, and his aunt sat down, with her hands folded, tired after her day's outing. By-and-bye, she began to think her nephew's absence rather protracted. Suddenly she heard the sound of broken crockery downstairs, a scuffle, and a smothered scream from Rose. Miss Cavanagh had advanced to the door when Fred met her with his face red.

"What was that noise, Frederick?" asked the old lady. "Dearie me, my nerves are all a-trembling."

"The remedy's not downstairs," he replied. "You must have thrown it out. Oh, the noise! I fell over a chair. I must be off, aunt. I've a lot of reading to do."

Her nephew frequently asserted, and Miss Cavanagh firmly believed, that he spent his leisure studying for the Church.

"Take care you don't read too hard, Frederick," she said. "I would just like you to read moderately. I have heard of young men going into consumption reading too much!"

"I don't think I'm likely to do that," replied Fred, as he went through the hall. "By the way, there's that Concordance I want. I haven't got it yet. Haven't the money. It's very dear, and I'm stuck till I get it. I don't like askin' you for the money, aunt, though I'd pay it back on the three years' system."

"Oh, you mustn't stop your studies for one book, Frederick. How much is it?"

"Twenty shillings, aunt."

His aunt was surprised at the price, but she produced her purse, and handed him a sovereign. Fred took it, gloomily, slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, put on his hat, and bade her good-bye.

The publichouses were closed. Fred Gilhooly was too habituated to city life to allow this fact to trouble him. He took a car, and drove to Cuffe street, where, in a wretched back parlour, in the society of several young gentlemen and ladies, he drank two bottles of porter at a shilling per bottle. Having thus slightly alleviated his thirst, he lit his pipe, and went out alone.

He walked up and down Grafton street, one of hundreds of promenaders, until his smoke was finished, and then, having glanced at the clock over the College of Surgeons, he hurried down York street. Here, at a certain house, he found the front door ajar, and entered. At the end of a long, darksome hall sat a man before a small, square table, on which stood a lamp with a green shade, a pile of silver and copper, bottles of ginger beer and lemonade, and several tumblers. Throwing a shilling on the table, Fred Gilhooly pushed open another door and entered. He stood a moment, dazzled by the sudden glare of light from the two large unglobed chandeliers dependant from the low ceiling. It was a long boarded room, with whitewashed walls, and had apparently once consisted of two apartments, a great beam across the ceiling marking the former division. A man with a red face, pimpled and blotched, and evidently intoxicated, was thumping a piano in the corner, near the door. Beside him stood an old man—thin, wretchedly

clad, and blind of one eye, playing a violin.

Assembled in this room were twenty or thirty girls, and about the same number of young men. The girls were chiefly "stitchers," with some servant maids. The young men were clerks, shop hands, and students. Two quadrille parties were dancing at the moment Fred Gilhooly entered. Forms and chairs were ranged close to the walls around the room. Many of these were occupied with non-dancers. Selecting a vacant chair, he sat down, and scrutinised the girls. He had come in search of Tessie Doyle, and soon discovered her in one of the quadrille sets. Her partner was the youth who had been with her on top of the tramcar—he was sprucely dressed, with high collar and long cuffs.

Fred Gilhooly in vain endeavoured to catch the eye of Tessie Doyle. She had seen him as he entered, but ignored his presence. When the quadrilles were over, she sat beside her partner, who fanned her with his pocket handkerchief as she leaned back against the wall. Fred left his chair, and took a seat directly opposite. There was a noisy buzz of conversation. He coughed loudly and significantly, but she still refused to realise his presence. The red-faced pianist and the miserable old violinist, having left for a drink, returned, and began a waltz. Tessie was at once again on her feet, swimming round with her partner. Twice when she passed him, Fred coughed again, but she took no notice. Next time when she came round in his direction, he suddenly thrust out his foot and tripped her.

"Hurrah there, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, as Tessie stumbled into the arms of her partner, who stared angrily over her shoulder at Fred.

"Never mind," said Tessie, loudly to her partner. "He doesn't know any better. It's only his ignorance. We reely must excuse him."

They waltzed on again. Presently Tessie sat down, the young man beside her. Fred crossed the room, evading the dancers, and said—

"Hurrah, Tess! That where y'are. I didn't know you."

The young gentleman who was fanning Miss Doyle's tired face stopped, and stared at the speaker.

"Go on, Charlie," said Tessie, addressing her partner. "It's so hot."

"Come, Tess, no humbuggin'," said Fred. "I want to speak to you. There, now! I've something to tell you."

Tessie now for the first time looked straight at him—a silent and contemptuous look. She then tossed her head, saying—

"I don't think you know who you're talkin' too, Fred Gilhooly."

"Ah, look here, Tess," said Fred, apologetically. "Dont be too hard on a fella. On me soul I want to speak to you, now, about you know what."

Tossing her head again, Tessie stood up, and held out both hands to her partner, saying,

"Come, Charlie, I'm on for another round, if you dont mind."

Just as Charlie stood up, Fred put his arm round Tessie, and said:

"I'll have this dance, Tess."

"Mister Gilhooly!" exclaimed Tessie struggling, with an appearance of great indignation. "Mister Gilhooly, you forget yourself,!"

"Let that young lady go," said Charley, facing Fred with clenched fist.

Fred looked at him, from head to foot, and burst into a laugh. The next moment Fred

Gilhooly was down, and Charlie was knocking his head against the floor. Then both were up, and Fred Gilhooly sparring wildly, struck Charley suddenly in the eye. The dance was stopped; the dancers and non-dancers, demoralised into an uproarious crowd, surrounded the antagonists. Tessie Doyle pulled at Charlie's coat tails, and shrieked.

The proprietor of the dancing saloon looked in for a moment and disappeared. He presently reappeared with a policeman; and Fred Gilhooly, his collar torn, his Sunday hat trampled out of shape, and his nose bleeding, was taken away in custody.

"Serve him right!" screamed Tessie Doyle, as she saw him led away, followed to the door by the yelling crowd. She then burst into tears and fainted in the arms of Baby Bates. When she recovered, she violently abused Charlie who was bathing his eye with a handkerchief steeped in cold water; and finally, she went away sobbing, supported on either side by her bosom friends, Missie Connell and Baby Bates.

That night whilst Maudie Miller lay awake indulging in tender reveries concerning Fred Gilhooly, he sat in the corner of a cell in College street Police Station. He was one of a crowd of cases of "drunk and disorderly." And as he sat holding his throbbing temples in his hands, he occasionally sang in a low murmur the melancholy refrain:

"The heart bow'd down be weight iv woe!"
(To be continued.)

KILLARNEY.

O, Lakes! whose beauty on the wearied soul
Steals in a sweet and soft harmonious whole,
Soothing the troubled spirit into calm,
And pouring in the wounded heart a balm.
O, Mountains! that in weird and rugged gloom
On the wayfarer's sight so sadly loom,
Ye do remind me of that other road
That cometh from and leadeth back to God.
For He hath set our journey through a path
Which more of stones and briars than flowers hath,
And upward climb we by a narrow way
Whose dusky shadows oft obscure the day.
Perchance it is that, having reached the end,
The way behind to that before shall lend
The glory of a great accomplished work;
Perchance the beauteous plains—the gardens fair,
Which we shall see outspread before us there,
Shall then repay the toil we might not shirk;
And haply, in the Kingdom of His Grace
We'll see a welcome in a Father's face. M. B. N.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

Do not keep your love and tenderness until your friends
are dead,
Fill their lives with smiles and sunshine as their mouths
are filled with bread;
Speak approving, cheering language while their ears
appreciate,
Thrill their hearts with joy, while they on your kind
thought can meditate.
The flattering things you'll say about them when they're
dead say now,
And the flowers you'll strew upon them can't you cheer
their homes with now?
Do not hide the fragrant perfume of your human
sympathy,
For the dead and dying won't enjoy the blessed fragrancy.
Break your alabaster boxes now to while a weary hour,
To refresh and cheer a weary soul while it can feel the
power.
I would rather have a coffin plain, without a single
flower,
Than a life without sweet sympathy—which is of strength
a tower.
Let us try to give our dear ones such affection as we can,
Remembering that 'twixt us and death the space is but a
span.
Don't postpone your loving actions lest you live to cry
"too late,"
For the demon of remorse will sting those who pro-
crastinate. A. W.

SLEEPY BRAY.

There are few places in the world lovelier than Bray. Compared with it, Brighton is a mud bank washed by a sea of soapsuds. Placed in one of the finest parts of the incomparable Bay of Dublin, with a magnificent stretch of sea before it and sky above it, presenting a view of natural scenery which Turner and Claude Lorraine could never realise on canvas, it should be a splendid seaside resort, a summer city by the sea, famous for its hotels, promenades, and myriads of amusements, baths and public institutions; and attracting to its bosom crowds from all parts of the world. It should have a fine town hall, a theatre, convalescent homes, and a harbour; and should afford not only a renovating seaside home for the invalid, a joyous scene of summer pleasure for the healthy idler, but endless employment for the thousands of poor and willing hands in the county.

It should be all this and more. Nature has done its best. She has spread her delicious scenery and resources lavishly; but the weight of the Bray Commissioners hangs heavily, like some dark and fearful nightmare, over all the lovely scene. Nature has done everything to make Bray the sweetest spot on earth. The Town Commissioners have spared no pains to make Bray the most dismal failure of any seaside resort in the entire world. Want of capital? Rubbish! Given brains and labour, capital follows as a matter of work. The Bray Town Commissioners, with the exception of Mr Breslin, Mr Englebach, and one or two others, are unfit to manage the affairs of an infant school. Look at the eternal disgrace heaped on them by the bankers, who dishonoured their cheques last week! If they had enough manliness they would have resigned in a body. They got a loan of £26,000 to build the sea wall, which is warranted to last a few years longer, and they have saddled the entire township with an eternal charge of five per cent. interest. When will they pay the loan? And this charge they have the ineffable meanness to levy alike on rich and poor. The unfortunate, hardworking inhabitants of Little Bray have to pay equal share of this five per cent. interest in common with their wealthy neighbours of the Esplanade. Some of these Commissioners prate about freedom and democracy. We should like to know how these splendid democrats reconcile the abominable taxation of the poor people of Little Bray with their splendid theories of social freedom? We assert that to levy this rate off the toiling fisherman, who ventures his life every time he wants a fourpenny loaf, is nothing short of a disgrace not only to Bray, but to civilisation. What use is a sea wall to the inhabitants of Little Bray? Do they appear there on band promenades to air their poverty amidst the crowds of fashionables? We think not. And yet they must pay for the promenade which others mono-

polise. But this is not the least of the master-strokes of genius which entitle the Bray Commissioners to seats beside the Dublin Corporation. Since the year 1880 there have been 20 vessels wrecked on the shores of Bray, chiefly for want of an ordinary harbour.

The fact that Bray has no harbour is calculated to make the intelligent stranger look round in astonishment at the ratepayers. The everyday necessity of coal is considerably dearer in Bray than at Kingstown, because the vessels must discharge on the beach, in the old primitive fashion of the early Britons, and the owners rejoice when they can deposit a ton of coal without being wrecked, the insurance companies generally refusing to insure vessels discharging on this primeval coast. Yet an ordinary person who devotes a few moments to this problem must see at once the natural facilities for a harbour offered by the mouth of the river, where the water is deep, and shingle to be obtained by the ton. It would cost only £15,000 for a harbour, and we want to know how the inhabitants of Bray can complacently watch coal vessels discharging directly from the surf and not blush with shame?

Is it nothing to them that Bray has become notorious for its want of civilisation, and is deliberately committing suicide? No one who values life for what it offers above village existence would at present dream of residing in a township so destitute of all the common attractions of civilisation. We ask the inhabitants to insist on a reform of the present town commissioners, as it is apparently madness to hope that these men will reform themselves. With a council of ordinarily intelligent men—we don't care what station of life—Bray instead of what it is at present, a third-rate village attached to a band promenade, would rapidly become the wealthiest, most populous, and most delightful seaside resort in the Three Kingdoms.

A SUGGESTION.

With no festivities at the Viceregal Lodge or the Castle, consequent on the Court being in mourning for the late Emperor of Germany, fashionable life in Dublin just now is, as might be expected, extremely dull. Our leading *costumiers'* establishments naturally feel this as a serious infliction, and it undoubtedly tells severely on a numerous class of young females, who under cheerier circumstances would find their needles fully employed.

Another month, however, will alter matters in this respect; but to those depending on their daily toil four weeks of enforced idleness seem a terrible deprivation. Surely something could be done by those possessing means and leisure to tide over this big disappointment to a large number of industrious girl workers? We suggested recently an *al fresco* fete in Merrion square, which surely could be as readily organised as a series of lawn tennis matches, but so far nothing has come of it.

We would again repeat the suggestion, which,

if adopted by Merrion square in the first place, might be readily followed by others in Fitzwilliam square and Mountjoy square, giving a strong impetus to business and an immense amount of enjoyment to all participating in these entertainments. Summer will be with us for only a short time, and we sincerely trust that the present month of July may be utilised by those leaders of fashion among us in the way we have indicated.

SUMMER SEA TRIPS.

The Bay of Dublin is one of the most delightful stretches of water to be found in any part of the world, and although frequently compared to that of Naples, it is a melancholy fact that our own citizens know next to nothing of its great natural beauties. The vista north and south of Poolbeg is almost unknown to them—on the former Howth Hill and Ireland's Eye, magnificent in their grandeur, and on the latter a most beautiful coast line, studded with splendid villa residences, stretching away far beyond Kingstown.

During the present season, however, our people are becoming better acquainted with the splendour of our lovely Bay, and for this they are indebted to the energy of Captain Redhead, who has placed his fine little steamer Queen at their disposal for daily trips to one or other of the many beautiful places within convenient distance of Dublin.

Round Dalkey Island and the Mugglins on one day; to Wicklow on another, with weekly Saturday trips to lovely Howth, nestling quietly in the shadow of the Hill; and again to Lambay and Ireland's Eye, with opportunities of picnicking on shore, form the pleasantest outlets for the citizens in this summer weather that it would be possible to enjoy. And the ozone of the Bay itself! That is a health restorer worth all the medicine in the world.

But how are the authorities of the harbour—the Port and Docks Board—recognising the public spirit and energy which Captain Redhead has brought to bear in this lovely summer weather for promoting the enjoyment of the citizens? They charge him, as of course they have a right to do, the ordinary harbour dues payable on the tonnage of all vessels frequenting the quays, and to this he cannot reasonably object, though not a few ship-owners think them a trifle too high. But they do something more, which is quite enough to abolish the summer trips in the Bay, and they accomplish it in this fashion.

So long as Captain Redhead confines the trips of the Queen to the Bay or other place under the control of the Port and Harbour magnates, they will not interfere with him further than by levying the tonnage rate referred to; but should he take his steamer with passengers on excursions to Wicklow, Greystones, or other neighbourhoods which know not their control, then an additional rate will be charged, which will practically put an end to those pleasant trips from which the citizens who avail themselves of them are deriving genuine pleasure and a new vitality. The Port and Docks Board is not a popular body; but it should not go out of the way to interfere with the healthful recreation of the citizens.

CLIQUISM.

Cliquism introduces the apple of discord into many of our social pleasures—the “apple” assuming often the form of woman. Case in point. Amongst other eccentricities, the Saturday half-holiday has given rise to walking clubs. One, the “Strollers,” composed of ladies as well as gentleman who indulge in much pedestrianism and tea, climb mountains, perambulate the demesnes of the lordly, indulge mayhap in mild flirtation or improving controversy, kept well in hand by the stalwart leader, who usually pairs off with the most attractive of the fair. They have, of course, their little book of rules, and, while partaking copiously of the “cup that cheers,” &c., either *al fresco* or in some picturesque cottage. The next expedition is decided on from the meet at the trysting train—more likely the “pillar” to the culminating tea. A very nice programme—ladies, young, and others, well not quite so young as they might have been; gentlemen, ditto—all educated, and, presumably, well-bred, agreeable people, met in a common cause, intent on a healthy way of ruralising far into the evening; but, why, oh! why, does a section of these unhappy suburban tourists segregate themselves from the rest in response to a sort of tuning-fork note of warning, thus striking the one chord from which no one must dissent upon pain of cold-shouldering, disdainful looks, polite snubbing, or being left out in the cold in some way. The Bunthorne Redivivus around whom the clique centre is, or must be for the time, the idol. Or a strong-willed matron lays down the law *pro tem*, all the more in relief, if she happen to be the mate of a mild mathematical husband. Some pursue their walk unheeding, in good-humoured indifference, merely desirous to talk agreeable nonsense, unconscious of the dictum of a member of the shrieking sisterhood, who may perhaps argue a question, but will fly from it at the point of interest, because, perhaps, of demolition: for her, saving herself from the agony of defeat under cover of flight to her satellites, with whom her *amour propre* will be soothed, and from whom she will make another sally covertly upon her undreaming victim.

This is, however, merely the shading of the picture. If there is a Bunthorne with his bevy of adoring maidens, there is also a manly and robust musician whose innate good-nature manifests itself in general agreeability. If there is a dominating matron, she finds a corrective in the feminine softness of others. Self-assertion and self-sufficiency find their counterpoises, and conceit or feminine pettiness its level. The circulating tea urn restores good-humour, and when the inevitable period of separation arrives, the only thing apparent is general regret. We advise all young men and young maidens to join the “strollers,” taking care that they do not allow themselves to drift into a false position to start with, which is best effected by a silent observation of character.

THE STAGE.

Miss Carr Shaw, the clever and bewitching impersonator of “Dorothy,” is the daughter of a late extensive Dublin merchant.

Mr Michael Dwyer, the leading baritone of the “La Bernaise” Company, is stated to be the son of a Dublin merchant. His voice shows signs of deterioration lately.

Mrs Beaumont (Miss Adelaide Mullen) sang with success at Dr. Langdon’s at home, Harley street, W.

Sarah Bernhardt, although engaged in divorce proceedings, will play during the week at the Lyceum, London. Victorien Sardou’s piece “La Sosca” is the attraction produced.

Mr Ludwig, the famous Dublin basso, intends to take out a tour season in America, where he proposes to make a special feature of Irish songs. To hear the great artiste sing “The memory of the dead” would turn the heart of a politician or a policeman. Could such a thing be discovered?

Miss Amanda Fabris, a young American, will replace Madame Marie Roze as prima donna at the Gaiety Theatre, London. She will appear in “Maritana,” “Faust,” “The Bohemian Girl,” and “Mignon.”

Miss Harriet Coffin, the American belle that tracked handsome Kyrle Bellew—the victim of her misplaced admiration—has now married another actor called Wood, who has taken his eccentric partner to Cincinnati in order to free her from the fatal fascinations of the beauty man.

Miss Ada Rehan, the great American actress that now plays Katrina in the “Taming of the Shrew,” at the Gaiety Theatre, London, is to marry Mr. Henry Peto. Miss Rehan, whose real name, by the way, is Sally Jacobs, will appear with the Daly Company in Dublin during the autumn. She is, in our estimation, the finest actress on the stage at present, next to Sarah Bernhardt.

Mr Dion Boucicault, the actor and author, first saw the light in Earl street, Dublin, where his father kept a thriving tobacco store. Deutsh, the Baccarat King, who was flogged the other day by Mdlle. Rose Mignon, made a small fortune by engaging the waning Dion and his spouse to perform in the same piece at New York.

On their arrival at New Zealand a party of English people drank the health of the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination. One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in this ceremony, replied, “No; I’m a teetotaller; but I’ll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in.” A friend disappeared and returned with a glass of water. After a complimentary apostrophe to the ship, the recipient tossed the water off at once, but immediately spluttered, “Ugh—ah—oh—this is—oh—what—what in *materia medica* is this?”—“That?” said his friend. “Why, you’ve drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in.”

LA REVEILLE.

THE ORMOND YOUNG MEN’S LAWN TENNIS CLUB, formed for the destruction of flirtation has collapsed. The rule forbidding the very presence of a pretty girl or otherwise proved a damper of destruction. Meanwhile, there is mourning in the misogynist camp.

THE DUNDRUM CLUB is defunct. No longer will the pleasant tournaments take place with all their pleasant associations. Death from dulness is the verdict returned.

THE KENILWORTH SQUARE CLUB have opened 18 courts for play perhaps earlier than was exactly judicious. The membership role is large and representative.

THE HOWTH CLUB is somewhat exclusive. The courts are capital, and the management courteous. We shall have more to say in a proximate issue concerning this club.

THE KINGSTOWN AND GLENEGEARY CLUB supplies numerous flannelled young men for band promenades at Kingstown Pier and Sorrento. The courts are in good condition for a young club. Bray might profit by the example of this go-ahead community.

THE PRIMROSE CLUB TOURNAMENT seems to be as yet a visionary scheme. The club should cultivate economy, and lay down asphalt courts for winter play. The grass courts are defective.

THE BRIGHTON SQUARE CLUB seems to lack spirit and energy this season. The creation of rival competitors that spring up around with the prolificity of Cadmus’ teeth seems to deter the old club from making further efforts. Although Mr W. Carruthers has resigned, there are good men left yet.

THE FITZWILLIAM CLUB loses many good players by its exclusive ballot system. A body that could swallow a brewer should not bar a business man. At present the courts rival a masher’s brain, being empty all day. It is time the First Six tendered resignations for continual disappointments.

THE WILTON CLUB.—Dowling, the club caretaker, reports that the racquets sent to the Irish exhibition have either been “lost, strayed or stolen.” As he pays a stall-keeper at Olympia the loss is rendered keener. Most of members away at present.

THE MOUNT TEMPLE LAWN TENNIS CLUB have added quoits and shooting to their legitimate programme. Most of the members are enjoying the holiday season elsewhere, consequently the courts are comparatively deserted just at present. The weekly tea seems to be a failure, the attendance of male members debarring the ladies from the gossip concerning absent friends which forms the chief flavour to the cup that cheers.

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WEEK ENDING 21ST JULY, 1888.

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WEEK ENDING 21st JULY, 1888.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, attended by Captain Browne and Captain Darley, have been on a visit of some days to the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, Killarney House. On the 14th their Serene Highnesses took up their residence at the Curragh Camp.

On Monday evening in honour of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, G.C.B., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, a military tattoo by the combined bands, pipers, buglers, and drummers of the Curragh Brigade, took place. The performance was an entire success, and Major-General the Hon. C. H. Thesiger, commanding the Curragh Brigade, is to be congratulated on the musical talent of the several regiments serving under him.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg visited Spitalfields on Thursday last, and the Princess opened a bazaar in aid of the purchase fund of Christ Church Hall and Club Rooms, situated in one of the poorest and most densely populated parts of the East End.

The readers of *Irish Society* would doubtless like to learn full particulars concerning the great Silver Fete or Bazaar so extensively patronised by fashionable and dramatic London at the opening ceremony last Wednesday. Unfortunately the weather was uncompromisingly bad. Consequently the open air portion was a thing of shreds and patches from the original programme. Miss Maude Millett, the pretty actress cricketer, sold cigarettes, a privilege which entailed an expenditure of 1s 6d to the purchaser, and Miss Bernard-Beere had a cold time to put in while dispensing cigars. The Duchess of Leinster, in white, with light blue trimming, carried off the palm for personal attractiveness. She presided at the chief refreshment stall, where also was Lady Randolph Churchill. The dramatic counter included among its occupants Mrs Bancroft, Miss Ada Rehan, and sundry other theatrical celebrities. A feature of the show was the Du Marier drawings sold at the artists' stall by the famous caricaturist's better half. Among the raffle robbers might be observed the well-known profiles of George Grossmith, Violet Cameron, Mrs Molesworth, the Countess of Zetland, and for a brief period the great and divine Sarah Bernhardt.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr Edward O'Byrne, eldest son of the Count and Countess O'Byrne, of Sanjorie, Toulouse, France, and Corville, Rocrea (and grandson of Baron Hubner, the famous traveller), and Miss Rose Netterville.

On dit that Mr Fitzgerald, the well-known cricketer, is engaged to Miss North daughter of Lord North.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain Alfred Power, second son of Mr Alfred Power, of Bellevue, Co. Waterford, and Miss Farrell, of Thornhill.

An engagement has taken place between Mr Frederick Power, eldest son of Mr Alfred Power, of Bellevue, Co. Waterford, and a young American lady of great personal attractions.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr Granby Burke, second son of Mr C. G. Burke, late Master of the Court of Common Pleas in

Ireland, and Agnes Mary, only daughter of the Rev. A. K. N. Boyle, of St. Andrew's.

We are informed that Sir R. Stewart is shortly to be married to Miss Wheeler, of Waterford, one of his former pupils. The service is to be choral.

The marriage arranged between Captain Fred C. Briggs, 2nd Battalion Devonshire Regiment, and Jessie Duguict, eldest daughter of George Whitfield, Esq., of 3 Cornwall Gardens, S.W., and Modreeny, Co. Tipperary, will take place on Thursday, 19th inst.

The upper ten thousand are beginning to do a great deal for Ireland and Irish industries, particularly among the fairer and gentler sex. The Marchioness of Salisbury, Marchioness of Londonderry (Lady Lieutenant of Ireland), Lady Charles Beresford, the Countess Spencer, Countess of Aberdeen, Marchioness of Waterford, Countess Leitrim, Lady Harcourt, Mrs Gladstone, and Miss Balfour are helping at the Irish market-place at the Olympia in aid of our cottage industries. The fancy fair has been fixed to take place from the 17th to 20th.

The pictures at the Irish Exhibition are of more than ordinary interest and some of more than ordinary merit. The seascapes of Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., are full of study and lesson, and the delicate work of Thaddeus is much to be admired from some standpoint. The loan collection is of great interest, including a Gainsborough (but a poor example), a Martin Archer Shee, the portrait of her Majesty by Catterson Smith, P.R.H.A., and some fine canvases by O'Connor. The MSS., print collection, and the loan plate and antiquities are replete with information, and the galleries form a tacit reproof in their completeness to the general unfinish of the Exhibition.

It is an interesting fact to know that Madame Carnot, wife of the President, the Duchess de Luynes, and the lovely Countesse Kissler, all of Paris, seldom wear any other but Irish lace, and no less than thirty-six lovely dresses were "turned out" by the best Parisienne modistes for a recent reception held in the Champs Elysees, all of which were trimmed with point d'Irlande.

Dr. Neilson Handcock died at his brother-in-law's residence, Scotland, on the 10th instant, aged 98. He was a member of the Irish Bar, and was long eminent as a statistician and economist. For some years past his health had been declining; but the news of his death was received by his fellow-citizens in Dublin with sincere sorrow.

Sir Charles Denham Orlando Jephson Norreys, first and last baronet of Mallow Castle, Co. Cork, died last week at Queenstown, aged 88. He represented Mallow for thirty-three years, being the eleventh of his family who had represented that ancient borough in Parliament. He was defeated at the Election of 1859, and retired from public life. He married Catherine Cecilia Jane, daughter of William Hume Franks, of Carrig Park. His last surviving son died on the 6th of May, consequently the title becomes extinct. Sir Denham leaves two daughters, the younger married to Major-General Harwood Rocke, C.B.

The body of the late Lord Robert Grosvenor, son of the Duke of Westminster, who died abroad, was disembarked from the steamer *Britannia* outside the Mersey Bar, and the funeral took place on Wednesday night in Eccleston Churchyard in as private a manner as possible.

Sir John Hardy, Bart, of Dunstall Hall, Staffordshire, died last week from the effects of an accident by which he sustained a severe fracture of the leg and other injuries. The honourable baronet, who was in his 88th year, was for many years a Member of Parliament representing Midhurst and South Warwickshire.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs Benson gave a garden party at Lambeth Palace on Saturday afternoon, the Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh, and the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and many other persons of distinction were present.

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos held a reception on Thursday night at Chandos house. A large number of the Irish nobility attended, as well as a crowd of the London upper ten.

Mr Smith-Barry, who is one of those named as the coming Under-Secretary for Ireland, is a very large landowner in the County Cork, where he has a beautiful seat. He represents a branch of the family of Barry, Earl of Barrymore, one of whom married, at the close of the last century, a co-heiress of the son of Erasmus Smith, an Alderman of London. This lady's sister married Lord Strange, afterwards Earl of Derby, who, too, took the name of Smith, which was only dropped by the present Peer's grandfather.

The members of the United Service Club, Dublin, intend to perpetuate the memory of the late Colonel King-Harman, who was one of the trustees, by having his portrait painted. No artist has as yet been selected; but as Sir Thomas Jones has already done some excellent work for that club it is probable that he will be entrusted with that of the late "King."

Captain Hobday, Royal Artillery, who is well-known in Dublin as the joint author, with Robert

Martin, Esq., of the successful burlesque, "Miss Margaret and Dr. Faust," has lately written a musical sketch of a highly amusing character, in which he relates how "Mr and Mrs Adolphus Brown kept their Silver Wedding."

So far the weather does not seem to have been very prejudicial to the crops. No cry is heard from the farmers. It is what is called growing weather. If rain has been nearly continuous and the temperature low, there have been on the other hand no violent thunderstorms, which lay waste the fields; and if the sunshine should come back again it will brighten a happy prospect, promising an abundant yield. In any case, however, the harvest will be late, and unless the sun comes speedily the little fruit there is will be spoilt.

The leafy month of June has come and gone—July has seen more than half its length—the summer is fast flitting away, and still the new Vico road from Dalkey to Killiney remains closed at the latter end. Who is to blame? Who is the dog in the manger? A number of persons are interested in the opening, or shutting of this road rather. They include the Dalkey Commissioners, the trustees of the People's Park, Killiney, and also Mr Higgins, Mr Warren, and Mr Clifford Lloyd; and last, but not least, the public. It is the public who feel aggrieved; it is the public who subscribed towards both the Vico road and the People's Park, and the public want to know the reason why the prettiest road in Ireland is virtually closed to them. We have endeavoured to learn "the reason why," and we are clearly of opinion that no blame attaches to Mr Clifford Lloyd. He is willing to open the lower road (in continuation of Vico road) passing through his place, and thus making an approach to the public from the Obelisk Hill and Dalkey to Killiney Station, on very fair conditions.

Amongst the conditions are, we understand, the following:—"That a gate lodge and gate should be built at the junction of the upper and lower roads. That the entire of the top road should be given to him; all rights or supposed rights over same to be surrendered. That a small piece of the hill opposite to Victoria Castle should be conveyed to him, so as to keep the People's Park a little back from his own residence, and thus ensure, what all like, privacy; that the walls for protecting his grounds on each side of the lower road should be raised, or the cost of so doing repaid him."

These conditions seem very fair. No one likes or would permit, if the law was with him, of any interference with his private property, even if for the public good. Here, however, the converse is the case. Mr Lloyd *pro bono publico* is willing to surrender his right of privacy, to which he is in every sense of the word "entitled," and is content to accept in privacy half that which he now enjoys. As matters stand at present both roads, upper and lower, are in Mr Lloyd's possession—neither now available for the public. Mr Lloyd offers one. The question arises, "is not half a loaf better than no bread?" As this is a matter affecting the people, we trust that some steps will shortly be taken, before the days become too short, to take advantage of Mr Lloyd's offer.

In our issue of last week a paragraph appeared relating to Mr and Mrs Charles Du-Val, which

we unaffectedly regret should have appeared in our columns. We have communicated with the writer of the note in question, and await what explanation he may be in a position to offer. Personally we should be the last in the world to say or write anything that could possibly pain Mr Du-Val or his relatives, for "Charley" is an old friend whose friendship we value highly, and we have watched his career for years with genuine interest and friendly concern.

We have received a letter from Miss Georgina Kelly, of Mountpleasant square, the lady being sister of Mrs Du-Val, in which she states that the paragraph in question "does not contain an iota of truth," and that it "has caused great annoyance to that lady's relatives"—a circumstance which we deeply regret.

Miss Kelly says that Mrs Du-Val "did not meet her husband at Queenstown;" and with regard to the statement of a runaway match, the young lady adds—"She was married from her mother's house, and with her full consent, in the year 1877, at Christ Church, Leeson Park, Dublin." We gladly give the gist of Miss Kelly's letter all the publicity in our power.

Mrs Cecilia Carpenter, of Derrynane parade, North Circular road, writes to say that our reference last week to "Mrs George Roe," who set up a baby-linen establishment in London, was a mistake, the lady referred to being "Mrs Henry Roe," who conducted her business under the name of "Madame D'Olier." Mrs George Roe was mother-in-law of Mrs Henry Roe.

Mrs Carpenter also calls attention to the circumstance that in reply to an advertisement from a Mrs Franklin, of Hatcham, London, published in the Dublin papers, announcing a "lovely present," consisting of a square of richly-coloured plush or silk velvet for cushion, and a number of pieces of satin, velvet, silk, and plush patchwork, she forwarded the stipulated twelve stamps, and received in return a letter on which she had to pay twopence postage, the small patterns enclosed not being in her opinion value for the money. She has been good enough to forward them to us for inspection, and as our opinion of their value is invited, we will merely say that we would prefer retaining our fourteen pence.

The Royal Academy Soiree at Burlington House was duly held on July 11th, having been postponed on account of Court mourning. A more brilliant assemblage of representative science and art could scarcely be brought about, among the number being many names dear to Ireland. The pictures of course are already sufficiently well known, but they, with the additional attraction of sweet music of stringed instruments, formed the general topic of conversation. To the joy of many, politics, and especially the late *causes celebres*, were eschewed, as though they had been vetoed by Sir Frederick Leighton and the academician.

"Men of Our Times." Amongst their number must now be included "Davy Stephens," whose portrait and biography appear in this week's number of *Piccadilly*. We apprehend that "Davy" will loudly sing the praises of *Piccadilly* during the regatta week at Kingstown.

Are the Directors of the D. W. & W. Railway Company aware of the gross irregularities that are as patent as noonday on their Harcourt street line? A train is advertised to leave Bray at 9.40 for Dublin, stopping only at Miltown for a few minutes. A great many visitors to Greystones and Bray avail themselves of that quick (?) train in order, as they suppose, to get into Dublin sooner than by the 9.45 to Westland Row. Those who thus avail themselves are made to experience to what a scandalous length the advertised twenty minutes extend.

On Sunday evening last, writes a correspondent, the train took half an hour from Bray to Miltown where a stop was made for the purpose of collecting tickets, a duty which was leisurely performed by the collectors in the space of twenty minutes. The advertised twenty minutes then became by the simple use of addition fifty minutes, which with the ten minutes that it takes before one can get out upon Harcourt street added, makes the time exactly one hour.

Can the directors be aware of the loss of time to passengers which the collection of tickets causes? We hardly think they are else some more reasonable method would long ago have been adopted. We hope now that their attention has been drawn to this subject that they will give instructions to those in authority to recognise more particularly the responsibility which devolves upon them of carrying out to the letter the advertised engagements of the Company.

We heard a good story at Olympia last week related by the great milk-without-water supplier. It appears that the genial Canon was traversing the streets with a friend when a flaring advertisement caught the reverend's optics. "Sugar given away." Forthwith the pair entered the establishment, ordered four separate stone parcels, and had left the shop carrying two apiece when the shopman, having jumped the counter, stopped them in the street and demanded payment. The Canon protested, but the shopman vigorously contended that the advertisement was merely figurative of the small cost of the article in question. However, a policeman arriving at this moment, the matter was referred to his arbitration. Robert, with the dignity of an unpaid magistrate thus delivered: "In my h'opinion I think the gentleman quite right, h'in fact I'll take a few stones of the same for my family at once," which dictum he faithfully followed out to the discomfiture of the owner and to the total destruction of the offending notice.

In connection with the American doctor the following occurrence took place lately:—A gentleman, whose place of business is not a hundred miles from Grafton street, and who suffers from rheumatism wished to procure a bottle of the famous "Prairie Flower," but not caring to go for it in person, sent one of his employes who returned and presented his master with *two* bottles, saying, "The doctor says, sir, you're to rub yourself well with this one, and the other you're to take eternally."

We have heard of curious losses of articles of many kinds, and many a half-hour of our time has been spent in vain imaginings as to how their owners could by any possibility part company with them. Absent-mindedness would doubtless

account for a considerable number of these strange occurrences, as, for instance, was the case recently in Bristol, when a mother airing her baby in a bassinette managed to lose her precious darling and its tiny carriage until after the lapse of several hours, when the infant and its conveyance were discovered at the police station, whither the derelict atom of humanity had been conveyed by a Samaritan in the form of a dude.

But to lose one's teeth right out of the head, and not to know when or where! The thing appears ridiculous, and yet it's true. At the close of last week an advertisement appeared in the "Lost and Found" column of the *Irish Times*, intimating that somebody or other while passing from Amiens street to Westland row had dropped a plate with a couple of molars attached. The loss is a unique one, and the story of how it came about would be well worth listening to. We trust it has been restored to the mouth of its luckless owner, who next time should have them fastened with the new patent silver nails.

The young ladies of Wexford are girls worth looking at—rosy, lithe, and graceful, and always attracting deserved admiration from the other sex. The opportunity of seeing them in their native country was afforded us recently, and out of at least a hundred of these charming demoiselles whom we encountered not more than a couple wore improvers. "Sensible girls" say we, and in that opinion the generality of gentlemen will agree.

We have learned in an indirect fashion that the remonstrance which we last week felt it our duty to address to the Commissioner of Police on the subject of new orders issued to one of the city divisions has had some effect, and that considerable modifications in that ukase have been made. But the needless drilling of men engaged on street duty at night continues during hours of the day when they should be at rest in preparation for the succeeding night's duty, and the time allowance for the attendance in the Police Courts and consequent loss of sleep has yet to be conceded.

But all these reforms will come in good time if the members of the rank and file of the Metropolitan Police will only exercise a little patience. As we have previously intimated, Mr Harrel is personally not to blame in the matter. Representations are made to him by his subordinates who are officers of the divisions, and the only fault to be found with the Commissioner is that he is too ready to listen to them—always believing, of course, that they are calculated to promote the greater efficiency of the force.

We have news of a youth who left Dublin in great form recently to explore the wonders of Olympia, but who has returned to his home in the city without enjoying even a look at London. He got across Channel all right, but a week in Liverpool bewildered him, and at the end of a railway ride he found himself in Cardiff. With an attenuated purse and many regrets he thought himself of the city by the Liffey, which he managed to reach in the capacity of an able-bodied seaman on board a sailing collier.

In his normal state he is something of a swell, and as he holds a good appointment in a Government office he presents a rather fashionable appearance when he parades Grafton street. But as he landed at City quay after having been paid off—six shillings for a two days' run, all found—his own mother would have failed to recognise her offspring. What the skipper and his jolly crew can have done with him to have imparted to his skin the Ethiopian tint with which it shone as he stepped ashore, we are not in a position to say; but the worst part of the business is that somebody in the neighbourhood of the river penetrated his disguise, and has been wicked enough to spread the story abroad.

He has returned to business, but his naturally clear complexion has not yet been quite restored. He is silent as to the attractions of Olympia, and he is dumb on the subject of International Exhibitions; but he is an authority on nautical matters, and descants eloquently on the advantage of acquiring a knowledge of navigation in theory, as by his proficiency in this respect he was enabled to keep the collier on her north-western course when the stupid skipper was courting destruction by heading her for the coast of Cornwall.

The medical controversy over the treatment of the late Emperor Frederick is not over—in fact it has only just begun. The German doctors almost to a man agree in telling a tale, which, if it was accepted for truth, would be very damaging to Sir Morell Mackenzie's reputation. They assert what we believe he denies, but *nous verrons*.

Is the Duke of Marlborough really married to the American million-heiress? He espoused his new Duchess in the State of New York, where marriages by divorced persons are forbidden. A dreadful doubt for the lady with £30,000 a year has arisen in New York, but the English lawyers say that it is all right; the new Duchess is at all events a Duchess in England, and no doubt is thrown in the country upon the validity of the extraordinary union.

Through the courtesy of H. Ward, Esq., C.E., the constructor of the steam tramway to Blessington, the members of the Dublin Sketching Club were afforded an opportunity last Saturday of visiting the places of interest along the route, formerly accessible only by car, and the trip augurs well for the treatment of the public by the company. The line is splendidly laid there was no noise or smoke, and hardly any perceptible vibration, although the car was driven at considerable speed even up some of the heaviest gradients. The run was made in one of the new carriages, having the top seats sheltered, from Terenure, through Templeogue, Tallaght, Brittas, Saggart, to Blessington, with occasional stoppages to allow those on board to visit some special point of attraction. On reaching Holy Valley lunch was provided by the popular President of the Club, A. B. Wynne, Esq., F.R.G.S., and the party broke up for sketching, several good pictures illustrative of the locality being secured, the return to town not taking place till a very late hour. Judging from the scenery on both sides, the rich low country and the rise into the hills, the line is sure to be a popular one. The views from the top of the car are both interesting and extensive, and a country is opened up quite unknown, except to pedestrians or cyclists. Several ladies were present with the club, and their pictures made no small addition to the work done on the occasion.

The present week in Dublin is one known, or ought to be known, as the "acquatic". The week has six days (bar Sunday). The Metropolitan Regatta occupies two, Royal St. George's Yacht Club two, and the Royal Alfred Yacht Club two.

There was a very pleasant afternoon dance last week at the Absolute Club, Kingstown, the invitations being limited to the lady friends of members. A large number of the fair sex availed themselves of the invitation, and the prettily decorated boathouse, which has been newly floored, formed an admirable ball-room. We understand it is the intention to have these afternoon hops once a fortnight during the months when we should have summer.

The members of the "Absolute Club," Kingstown, intend giving a ball on Wednesday, the 18th inst., in their clubhouse, Kingstown. Dancing will begin at 9.30 p.m., and a special train will run to Dublin at 2.30 a.m. on the 19th inst. It is anticipated that a large number will avail themselves of the invitations issued.

The Westmeath Polo Club Races, held on Saturday on the Ledeston grounds near Mullingar, proved to be one of the most successful and fashionable gatherings yet held in Ireland. It was semi-private in character, but the attendance of the gentry in the neighbourhood was large, and the ladies were positively bewitching. The costumes were magnificent, and as the weather was glorious, they were seen to great advantage.

One charming lady attracted much admiration, being attired in a dress of black silk with a large olive green sash which had a particularly pretty effect, the contrast being marked. A costume of similar colours was worn by a lady at Fairyhouse, the first of the kind seen at a race meeting in Ireland, and its appearance was certainly striking and picturesque.

The officers of the Royal Irish Rifles "tooled" a four-in-hand of thorough-steppers to the course, and the fine band of that regiment supplied a choice programme of music. Enjoyment was general, the surrounding scenery, with Loch Egar in close proximity, looking lovely, while an abundant and *recherche* luncheon, supplied by the members of the club, made everyone feel happy. The honours of the day fell to Mr J. H. Locke, a good poloist and all-round sportsman.

The big event of the Irish sporting season will be the approaching meeting at Leopardstown, which is fixed for the 27th of August, the day preceding the opening of the National Horse Show at Ball's Bridge. This will be the inauguration of a meeting which promises in future to compete successfully for popular favour with Fairyhouse and Punchestown.

As a fashionable resort it cannot fail to come up to the expectations of its promoters, as the grounds lie in the immediate neighbourhood of Bray, Foxrock being the station for the course. The project has been formed on the principles that make Sandown and Kempton Park so attractive, and the stakes in the aggregate will be the largest ever given for a single day's racing in Ireland, subscribed by the promoters, the members of the Leopardstown Club.

At the Dunmore Power show of the Glasgow International Exhibition, held last Wednesday,

the Irish roses were a most noteworthy feature. The principal prizes for roses, in which there was a keen competition, went chiefly to the North of Ireland growers, Messrs Hugh and Alexander Dickson being the most successful competitors.

The Duke of Devonshire left Devonshire House on Friday for Compton place, Eastbourne, where his Grace intends to pass a few weeks.

The Hon. A. Y. Bingham and Mrs Bingham are spending a few days on board the Sunbeam with Lord Brassey.

At the recent dance given by Sir Edward and Lady Guinness at their London residence the profusion and beauty of the display of flowers was most remarkable, and certainly divided the attention with which many youthful and blooming belles were regarded.

Lady Listowel's ball, held at Kingston House, the fine old family mansion which has been in the Listowel family for a long time, was one of the smartest events of the season. The entire suite of drawingrooms was thrown open for the occasion, and the gardens were beautifully lit up by coloured lanterns for a wide circuit round the house. There was a wonderful show of beauty and diamonds. Among the beautiful women present were the Duchess of Leinster, the Countess of Yarborough, Lady de Trafford, and Mrs Cornwallis, while Lady Olivia Taylour, Lady Margaret Hare, and Lady Helen Dunscombe divided the honours for the younger ladies. Lady Olivia Taylour was in white, and so was Lady Dunscombe; but the latter was distinguished from the numerous girls attired in the same hue by a curious trimming on her shoulder.

A correspondent from Galway states that a most enjoyable dance was given by the 4th Battalion Connaught Rangers at Renmore Barracks, Galway, on Wednesday last. Many flirtations and much dancing made the time fly.

A most successful garden party was recently given by Sir Edward and Lady Hudson-Kinahan at their residence, Wyckham, Dundrum. The prettily situated ground showed to great advantage, the Dublin mountains forming a charming background. The at home was largely and fashionably attended, and all present seemed greatly to appreciate the efforts made for their entertainment. The band of the 4th Dragoon Guards was in attendance, and greatly added to the enjoyment of the guests, while refreshments were provided in marquees on the lawn.

The Marquis of Waterford is still suffering from lameness, the effects of an accident when out riding eighteen months ago, and was obliged to address the House of Lords without rising from his seat. Lord Waterford is very popular, and Lord Fitzgerald's allusion to the pleasure it gave him to hear his voice again was received with cordial cheers.

Mrs Slacke has left 80 Waterloo road for her country residence.

On Monday afternoon there was a miscellaneous meet of traps at Donnybrook, coaches, tandems, croydons, dog carts, and a few equestrians, who all journeyed to Leopardstown, the residence of Mr James Talbot Power, where tea was indulged in prior to a return to town.

A capital concert for the benefit of the Misses Sanders was given last Friday evening in the Town Hall, Kingstown. A number of ladies and gentlemen kindly lent their services, amongst the number being Mr Arthur Houston, Miss Florrie Daly, and Miss Mary Harris. The latter lady has a splendid voice, well cultured; and we shall be greatly surprised if this young lady does not soon make a name for herself in the Dublin musical world.

A subscription ball took place at the Royal Artillery Barracks, Clonmel, on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst. It was a very gay and pleasant one, and was well attended by the leading gentry of the neighbourhood. All the arrangements were excellent—music, supper, &c., reflecting great credit on the managing committee.

Miss Ellen Terry has been married three times. Her last husband was an Irish actor named Kelly. One of her husbands was Watts, the distinguished painter. He quarrelled with her because on one occasion when he gave a dinner party she came down to receive his guests dressed in male costume. The subtlety of this stroke of humour was not appreciated by Mr Watts. Since she renounced the name of Kelly she has been in Mr Henry Irving's company. She is generally considered a unique light comedy actress, but is not equal to tragic parts. She was the ideal beauty of the aesthetes when they were in the ascendant.

Mr Barry Sullivan is a native of Cork—that city which has given so many famous men to the world. He was in a linen draper's shop during his youth, and used to lock himself up in his room after hours, and walk about until midnight reciting Shakspeare. People then said he was mad, but they have changed their opinion since. It is strange that he is not appreciated in his native city; and having received a poor reception there some years ago, stated that he should never appear in Cork again. He has kept that vow. The world famous tragedian has been a total abstainer all his life.

Miss Adelaide Detchon left England on the 12th inst. per ss. Oceana (P. and O. Line) for Australia to appear there in her lyrical and musical recitals, returning for engagements in England about February next.

Lord Lucan is now the sole survivor of the Divisional Commanders that fought in the Crimean Campaign. Of course the Duke of Cambridge still lives, but no one ever yet gave him credit for personal valour.

Dr Alexander, Bishop of Derry, received £60,000 as compensation for loss of income on his bishopric, and also enjoys an annual salary of £2,000.

The second open air *fete* of the season was given in the Marine Gardens, Kingstown, on the 12th inst., under the auspices of the Kingstown Amusements Committee. There was a fair attendance, little people preponderating, who enjoyed much the Minstrels and the clever performance of Monsieur Vello, described in large letters as the celebrated pedal equilibrist. The Punch and Judy show was the poorest of its kind ever witnessed—its only merit consisting in its brevity. The band of the Royal Irish Yacht Club played, as they always do, delightfully, and were quite the feature of the evening.

We think it right to draw attention to the report of the last meeting of the Kingstown Commissioners, which appeared in the *Irish Times* of the 13th inst., particularly as regards the ladies' and gentlemen's bathing places at Monkstown. The Medical Officer of Health (Dr. R. G. O'Flaherty) reported that he had examined the bathing places at Monkstown. The ladies' bathing place he did not consider dangerous, and the gentlemen's bathing place had not been used for some time. The chief cause of the foul condition of the foreshore was the imperfect state of the sewer, which allowed the sewage to discharge through several apertures in the side instead of being carried out to the end of the sewer.

Dr. Byrne Power, who also reported on the subject, agreed with Dr. O'Flaherty as to the condition of the gentlemen's bathing place; but he did not agree with him that the filthy condition was due to imperfections in the sewer, but thought that so long as the filth of the township was discharged even at the mouth of the sewer it would "be liable to be washed back by every tide." He was of opinion that, although the ladies' bathing place "may not be positively dangerous to health, the water there cannot be free from occasional pollution from the sewer."

This is an eminently unsatisfactory state for the principal bathing place of the premier township to be in.

The Board of Works has decided not to allow bathing from the East Pier. The board consider that bathing from outside the Pier would be attended with great danger, and that bathing from inside would prevent the Pier being used as a morning promenade.

Lucy Eversley is a pretty name—quite good enough for the heroine of a three-volume novel chock full of romantic incidents; but it isn't quite the cognomen of the young lady of whom we write, though near enough to it perhaps to render identification possible.

The scene was one of the large rocks jutting out in the rapid water-course between Dalkey and the well-known island of that name, which is now, alas! kingless since his late Majesty left his realm for a better, leaving no heir behind. Lucy had clambered to a stony perch while the tide was out, and, securely seated, no doubt realised the charm of solitude in all its sublimity. "To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell," must have sent her wits wool-gathering, and she remained there in a Byronic study until the flowing tide had surrounded her, threatening each moment to sweep her away.

The manner in which the tide makes in Dalkey Sound is one of the features of that part of the coast, as between the island and the mainland it rushes in from the channel with a sweep and power such as are rarely found at any other point of the Eastern Irish seaboard. Twilight was approaching, and the situation was rapidly becoming one of great peril. Lucy sent up scream after scream, one at least of which attracted help, and just in the nick of time she was rescued from the rock, which a moment later had disappeared under the flowing tide. Rumour has it that the gallant gondolier has made an indelible impression on the fair one's heart. He deserves to win it.

Still another tale of Dublin Bay. In the early part of last week a pic-nic party visited Lambay in the afternoon and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Somehow in the embarkation three young gentlemen of the party were left behind, and they were obliged to make the best shift for themselves they could on the island during the night. The temperature, however, was genial, and as they were fortunately provided with the remnants of the feast in the matter of viands and liqueurs, they managed to pull through the intervening hours between their desertion and their rescue with tolerable comfort and commendable patience. It has since transpired that the affair was the result of a stupid practical joke on the part of one of the party's companions, who, like "Coco" in the "Mikado," fancied "they never would be missed."

That most attractive book, "*Irish Times* Tours," is doing splendid service in the way its author intended—inducing Irishmen and Irishwomen to spend their holidays amid the matchless scenery of their native land instead of seeking pleasure haunts in other countries, and at the same time bringing as many strangers as possible to sojourn among us during the autumn and summer months.

At the present time there is a pleasant irruption of Saxons and Continentals roaming joyously through the wilds of Connemara, and doing the Irish Highlands gallantly, while anglers are finding magnificent sport on the lakes and rivers of the far West, hooking some of the finest salmon on record. The season is a splendid one for the numerous owners of the shaggy but sure-footed ponies in that district, and hostellers in all directions are feeling the benefit of the tourist season.

So recently as last week we described the directors of the Great Northern of Ireland Railway as "wooden-headed," and the phrase has, it appears, given offence in high quarters. The remark had reference to the directors' treatment of poor little Howth, and we retract it to a considerable extent, as we are informed that the board are about to act liberally in the matter of train arrangements and fares to that watering-place for the remainder of the season. This is as it should be.

On their main line, however, the directors are acting in a thoroughly generous manner, and we are glad to recognise and acknowledge it. On Sunday last they despatched an excursion train from Amiens street to Warrenpoint, for Rostrevor, that cosy little marine retreat nestling in the shadow of the mighty Mourne, and it should be

a matter of satisfaction to every one to know that the occasion was largely taken advantage of, the excursion in point of numbers being an unmistakable success.

Indeed it would be hard to conceive how it could well be otherwise. Just fancy, a return ticket from Amiens street to Rostrevor, the prettiest watering-place in Ireland, with the glorious Bay of Carlingford stretched out in all its summer attractiveness to the visitor, and at a cost of—four shillings! This beats the record of Irish railway liberality, and the Great Northern directors deserve cordial thanks from the community for their generosity, which we trust will be repeated several times before the present season closes.

The Midland Great Western Company are also doing remarkably well in the matter of cheap excursions. Their latest was on Sunday last to Galway, when full carriages started from the Broadstone, the return fare third-class being fixed at six shillings. At the principal stations on the line similar concessions were offered, and while the tourists had close on six hours' inspection of Galway and its interesting neighbourhood, hotels and other places of entertainment in the quaint old "Citie of the Tribes" enjoyed a pleasant and profitable afternoon as an accompaniment of the influx of visitors.

The Great Southern and Western are not, however, to be outdone by competitors for public favour. They had a wonderfully cheap and pleasant excursion on Sunday to Harristown for Poula-Phouca and other places, which was particularly well patronised.

The best part of the show at the Hibernaries is the dairy, where milk from a lovely herd of little black Kerry cows is served, where cream is spread upon luscious strawberries, butter is being churned all the day long, and all the work of the dairy is being done before the public eye. But mark you, nature is nought without humanity. Was not this what Wordsworth learnt after long meditation? Here the beauty of the Irish peasant girl is to be seen in its very flower. The difficulty which the executive have to meet is that they cannot keep their dairymaids. No fewer than twenty of them "have gone and got married" since the Exhibition opened. They all have the delightful brogue, and are as well-behaved as they are pretty.

The Westminster Aquarium is doomed. Its erection was a scandal. It spoilt what should have been a fine architectural site. Its career has been by no means glorious. Now it is to give way to residential flats. Some people are cruel enough to suggest that one set of flats is to be succeeded by another. At all events the Aquarium shareholders have determined to sell their property.

The progress of the revival of cottage industries in Donegal by the Donegal Industrial Fund is most satisfactory. New colours for woollen dyeing, new combinations of colours and improved machinery for weaving, suitable for a cottage, are already the fruits of the movement. The artistic sense of the peasants is being developed, and can hardly fail to have an abiding influence upon the people.

The following touching story regarding our good Queen is taken from an Indian paper:—“Long years ago the Queen, in the early days of her wedded life, had a tiff with her husband, of the sort that will come about sometimes even between the most loving married couples. Chagrined and vexed, the Prince retired to his room and locked the door. The Queen took the matter quietly for a while, but after the lapse of an hour she went to his door and rapped. ‘Albert,’ said she, ‘come out.’ ‘No, I will not,’ answered the Prince from within; ‘go away, and leave me alone.’ The Royal temper waxed warm at this. ‘Sir,’ she said, ‘come out at once. The Queen, whose subject you are, commands you!’ He obeyed immediately. Entering the room she pointed out a chair. He sat down in silence. ‘Albert,’ she said, ‘come and kiss me.’ ‘Does the Queen command?’ he asked. ‘No,’ she answered, throwing her arms about his neck, ‘the wife begs it.’”

An anxious paterfamilias wishing to keep abreast of the times recently had his house painted with phosphorescent paint. So realistic was the effect that the very first night four fire companies smashed all his windows, and drenched his carpets, and the crowd got away with about £20 worth of diamonds. Our readers will, we hope, after reading this be persuaded to stick to the old plan of using common paint.

Wonders will never cease. Considering the manifold difficulties arising from the over population of civilized countries, it really sounds like a work of supererogation to invent means whereby babies whom Mother Nature would exempt from all the cases of existence in this troublesome world are taken in hand and coaxed into life in “baby hatching machines.” This is not a joke, as might be imagined! These machines are in full work in some of the Parisian lying-in-hospitals. There eminent surgeons have several now under their care, the object being to save infants prematurely born or otherwise lacking vitality. This is effected just as in a chicken-hatching apparatus, by supplying the necessary heat. Poor little mites, weighing only 2lb. instead of the average 4½lb, who in the natural course of things would certainly die, are placed in a basket lined with wadding, occupying one compartment of a large wooden box, of which the other half is filled with warm water. A small pane of glass in the lid enables the attendant nurse to watch all the movements of the little being within. Thus the tiny creatures develop in peace, and eventually prove as strong and healthy as average babies.

Men who aspire to be leaders of fashion have willed that we are to go back to the clean-shaven appearance of our grandfathers. It is a question whether they will be able to induce the general body to follow their example; but whether they will or not, certain it is that masherdom will in future masquerade minus what was once its glory and pride—the moustache.

The newest fashionable craze amongst ladies has turned up in Yankeeeland. It is nothing less than the “rose jar mania.” A china jar is filled full of dried rose leaves, whose effect is to diffuse a perfume soothing to the senses and stimulating to the imagination through the boudoirs of Trans-

atlantic beauty. On this side of the Atlantic we have a notion that Americans, male and female, require no stimulant to the imagination. Nevertheless we may be wrong. But if the perfume of rose leaves has the effect reported, then the imagination of our cousins will be of the most delicious order. An English contemporary thinks that one thing may be set down as sure to be the result of the craze, and that is that surrounded by the sweetest of sweet smells, American ladies ought to become possessed of the sweetest of sweet tempers.

When lovely woman takes to duelling it is time for fire-eaters to give up the practice. Women are really too bad in our day and generation. Why cannot they continue to fight only with their tongue, or now and then vary the excitement by employing their fair fingers in the endeavour to scratch out the eyes or pull down the back hair of their rivals. Fair fisticuffing may even be permissible. But when it comes to six-shooters the world of fashion and morality has cause to interfere. All this moralising on our part leads up to the statement of the fact that two young ladies of the orthodox Mormon faith at Salt Lake, having fallen out about a handsome cowboy, measured 12 paces, and fired three rounds at each other. As the lovely duellists fired with their eyes shut, they naturally missed. The ladies did not miss the cowboy. He surrendered at discretion. The affair of honour happening at Salt Lake, he came to the conclusion that he could not do better than marry both the lovely and brave ladies. They consented, and the two ladies now live together, if not in perfect peace, yet at any rate without again resorting to pistols.

Dublin restaurants of the better class are extremely nice places in which to have a cup of tea or coffee served to perfection, neatness, cleanliness, and the utmost politeness on the part of the generally handsome female attendants, being the invariable characteristics of these useful and very necessary establishments. But they frequently have strange visitors—from the “masher” class as a rule—whose sayings and doings afford infinite amusement to sensible and sedate customers. To come across a couple or three of the dudes engaged in sipping the contents of a tiny cup three-quarters filled with tea, and to listen to their inane Dundrearyisms, is very much better than a pantomime or the funniest thing on record. Here is a specimen.

A few evenings ago we dropped into a *café* not a hundred miles from Nelson’s Pillar, and ordered a modest refreshment. It was quickly placed before us by a neat attendant, who did a similar favour for a young man of the dude class occupying a chair at the same table. By-and-bye an exact copy of dude No. 1 dropped in, and the greeting between the precious pair was quite cordial and even demonstrative—that is, as effusive as a due consideration for the stiffness of their collars and the set of their necks would allow.

The last arrival, judging by the dimensions of his waist, evidently wore stays—they call them corsets now, but it does not matter further than to say that he seemed to experience some difficulty in sitting down. We had a knowledge of the gentleman’s personality, and we were fully

conscious of the fact that he was the son of a very decent business man earning an honest livelihood in a small way in the Coombe district; and we were accordingly struck with the beauty of his accent and the superb elegance of his manners.

Patronisingly addressing the female attendant, he inquired if she had seen IRISH SOCIETY of a couple of weeks ago, in which he alleged some disparaging remarks of the waitresses in a certain *café* had appeared, and he sweetly soothed her with the assurance that “nobody read it,” so she needn’t mind. He had been in London he said, and had done all the Exhibitions. The Italian was magnificent, but the Irish was “blooming rot—not worth looking at!” The young lady smiled, and so did his friend, as if they were not quite sure he had been across Channel at all; but it was the metamorphosed accent of the unhappy Liberties that attracted us. Surely nothing more beautiful was ever listened to, and it was of the purest London stamp, too, until the unhappy word “with” occurred, this invariably coming out of the colloquial mint in the popular Coombe form of “wid.”

The shabbiness of aged spinsters was exemplified by a case that occurred in a Palmerston Park tramcar last week. Two well-dressed individuals, presumably ladies, were sitting *vis-à-vis* with an old gentleman who had the misfortune to drop a sixpence. The conductor failed to discover the missing coin, and the old party left the car. The female pair, however, were observed to pick up the silver piece, and had the audacity to attempt to tender the identical coin as payment of fare. A lady sitting near showed up the twain, who left the tram rather hastily.

THE STAGE.

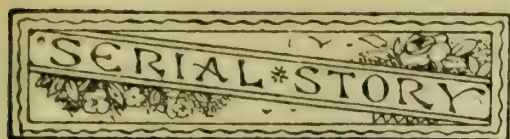
Mr Barry Sullivan, the eminent Shaksperian actor, is, we regret to say, in an alarming state of health. It was found necessary the other day to telegraph for his son and other relations. We hope, however, that there are still left to Mr Sullivan many years of happiness, and that he may soon be completely recovered.

Pretty Miss Kate Vaughan (Mrs Wellestey) is going on a tour with an adaptation by Mr Campbell Clarke entitled “Love and honour.”

Miss Minnie Palmer will not, after all, open in London with the play which Messrs Henry Herman and Christie Murray were commissioned to write for her, and which they have now completed. The authors have, however, stipulated for the production of the play in or by December next.

The “Mikado” is to be produced in Japanese. An agent is now on his way to secure artists, and a member of the Japanese Consulate at the Golden Gate is translating the libretto.

A New York Club man, who dropped a note to a lady of the ballet to sup with him after the play in the Manhattan Beach Hotel, was dumb-founded when he found that the coy nymph was his old and widowed aunt.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER VI.

SCALING THE VOICE.

AN hour after breakfast Adelaide Denison came downstairs singing, and entered the drawingroom. The blinds were down, for the morning sun shone full on the windows. The room was furnished with low seats, cabinets, a small ebony piano, and a few pictures. Round the walls ran a high dado representing a Greek drama on a blue ground. A statuette of Beethoven, in white marble, stood on a pedestal, with a screen behind draped with ruby velvet.

The room was a large one, and Adelaide Denison looked very small in it, as she clasped her hands before her, and glanced round to see if she could improve the aesthetic aspect. With a little handkerchief she lightly brushed the dust off the leaves of some high palm ferns, and then looked over her music. She was on her knees turning over the folios and humming an air when the door was opened, and Mr Oscar Munro, with a roll of music in his hand, walked in.

"Good morning, Miss Denison."

"How do you do, Mr Munro?" said Adelaide, looking over her shoulder. Then, almost immediately jumping up, she took the music from him.

"Have you brought the exercises?" she asked, untying the roll.

"Yes. If you allow me——"

"Oh, thank you. I can open it. There! Yes, here they are. How thoughtful of you. H'm! What a lot of scale passages. La, la, la, la——"

"That's it!" exclaimed Oscar, looking over her shoulder. "Why, how splendidly you read!"

"Don't, please," said Adelaide, closing the pages. "Your criticism is too lenient. I cannot trust it. I prefer the simple truth."

"Oh, Miss Denison!"

He looked hurt and confused.

"It is true," said Adelaide, gazing reproachfully at him. "You are far too lenient, and that does not suit me. I don't care for drawingroom criticism. Would you please sit down, and let me try one or two of these scales?"

He took the music from her, spread it on the piano, and sat down in silence.

"I shall try this," said Adelaide, pointing.

He settled himself firmly on the seat, and bit his lip, as she bent over, lightly touching him. Unconscious of his emotions, she straightened herself, clasped her hands loosely before her, and, with her eyes carefully on the music, she began the exercise.

For twenty minutes the work proceeded, Miss Denison assaulting the most complicated vocal difficulties, and Oscar Munro playing the same accompaniment over and over without feeling it in the least monotonous. Occasionally he proffered a suggestion, which she received with attention, adopting or rejecting it after careful consideration.

"I think," she said at last, "you must be extremely tired of playing those chords so often."

"Not at all," returned Oscar, turning round on the stool; "I could go on playing them for hours. I never feel tired when you are singing."

"But I am not singing," said Adelaide, simply.

"Well, scaling your voice. It's all the same," he murmured, "when *you* do it."

She studied him curiously as she seated herself in a low chair near.

"My voice is becoming more flexible, I fancy."

"Very much more—a great deal more!" he exclaimed.

She shrugged her shoulders a little, and absently looked towards the windows.

"It seems a warm day," said she.

"Ye-es, rather warm," he responded, looking dejectedly at the profile of her averted face.

He sat and glanced towards the open portfolio, wondering if he should tell her that within it lay a song which he had written for her: a song into which he had poured all the devotion of his love, with an understrain of pathos representing the hopelessness of that devotion. He had sat up all last night writing it.

He trembled. She took up the portfolio, negligently turned over the music, and stopped at the manuscript. At first, with slightly elevated brows, she glanced down the first page, then turned to him with that frank, childlike amusement so familiar and dangerous to him.

"You wrote this?" she said, holding it up delightedly.

He coloured to his hair, and said hastily—

"What, that thing? How did it get there? Oh, Miss Denison," as she moved towards the piano, "you are surely not going to sing that rubbish? Miss Denison!"

She stood beside him at the piano, playing the melody with her forefinger and humming.

"Why, it is—it is *pretty*," she said, turning round to laugh pleasantly at him.

"Do you think so?" he asked feebly.

"Yes; don't you?"

"Well, I—of course, I—allow me; I shall just run over the accompaniment. You see," he added, more eagerly, as he settled himself on the stool and took the music from her, "it is

in the form of a serenade, and the—the accompaniment is indicative of a guitar. I'll just run it over."

He played, singing the air, Adelaide standing behind him in a quiet, attentive way, her hands clasped.

He had begun the second verse when old Mr. Henrikson, Miss Denison's singing master, silently entered, and stood, staring at the unconscious pair. He was a man of about seventy, thin, a little stooped, and limped with the assistance of a stick.

His thin white hair touched his shoulders, and a white beard fell to his chest. His face was refined, and his eyes keen with intelligence.

Though a teacher of singing, he himself had a nasal tone in speech, and was besides, of an abrupt and caustic address.

"What's this?" he suddenly snarled, stamping his stick on the carpet.

Adelaide, turning white at the unexpected interruption, faced the old man with an expression of indignation, which gave place to one of quiet delight when she recognised him. Oscar, facing round on the stool, looked like a boy caught in misconduct.

"How do you do, Mr Henrikson?" said Adelaide, advancing with outstretched hand.

The old man was leaning with both hands on his stick, and glaring at Oscar. Without looking at Miss Denison he put out his left hand towards her, and she shook it.

"What *is* it?" asked Mr Henrikson, pointing his stick towards the music.

"It's a little thing I composed," said Oscar firmly, yet diffidently. "A serenade."

"A serenade?" exclaimed the old musician. "Rubbish, sir! Go home and learn your notes. Serenade? Pah!"

"You have not heard it," retorted Oscar, defiantly.

"I've heard enough of it, sir, quite enough of it," returned Mr Henrikson, stamping his stick.

"You and your banjo serenades! You will be composing a cantata next and calling it 'Buttercups and Daisies.' Do you think that that wishy-washy stuff," poking his stick towards the manuscript, "is music, sir? Do you, sir?"

"Opinions differ as to what is and what is not music," said Oscar, stiffly, gathering up his manuscript.

"Well, sir, my opinion is," said Mr Henrikson, "that that thing is *not* music; and the sooner you put it in the fire the better."

"Thank you," said Oscar, with extreme courtesy.

"Now, my dear," said the old man, turning and speaking softly to Miss Denison, "let us get through some work. Yes, work," he added, musingly, as he went towards the piano. "Work is genius. Now-a-days fellows like this," waving his hand at the indignant Oscar, "think they can be musicians by instinct. Ha! They have a lot to learn."

Whilst the old man sat down a moment to run over the keyboard, Adelaide gave Oscar a look of comical commiseration. Oscar, though grateful for this morsel of sympathy, glanced at the old man's back with an expression of scorn and hatred. Adelaide had stood quietly as she allowed her eyes to sympathise with the young musician; next moment she was alert, humming as she selected her music.

"Scales," said the old man, peremptorily.

Oscar rose. It was his business to accompany. He seated himself sulkily before the piano, so occupied with his indignation that he allowed Miss Denison to arrange the score before him. Mr Henrikson, having laid his old stick across a small inlaid table, sat down in a low chair facing Miss Denison, who, standing a pace behind the accompanist, began her work. The old man, twirling his thumbs, sat attentive.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, and voice and piano instantaneously ceased.

"There must be no straining," he said carefully, as she turned towards him. "No jerking of the machinery. Singing should be as easy as breathing. My dear, you interfere with beauty of tone when you stretch your throat like that. Now, again. Piano, please. No exertion. Go on!"

The scaling proceeded, and Mr Henrikson stared at the carpet, his hands pressed together between his knees. To all appearance he seemed lost in meditation, when, suddenly looking up, he said—

"Stop! Don't stir, my dear. You have your tongue doubled against your palate. Do you find it so?"

"It must be if you say so," said Adelaide, sweetly. "Let me try again. Now, Mr Munro—Yes," she added, halting at the same note, and turning gratefully to her master, "you are right. But it is a rapid passage."

"No matter, no matter," said the old man, dogmatically. "Rapidity is no justification for error. But you are a good girl," he added softly. "You will be an artist. Go on, go on; I mustn't praise you. Now, Mr Serenader!"

Oscar frowned at the music. There were several further interruptions during the lesson. Then Mr Henrikson said—

"That will do for to-day. And now we shall have the 'Serenade'. Oh, no," he added, as Oscar glanced up brightly. "I don't mean the banjo song of Oscar Munro. I refer to the Serenade of Gounod and Victor Hugo."

"It is here somewhere," said Adelaide, searching through the music, and anxious to spare Oscar further humiliation. "Mr Munro, please give me your assistance."

"When I was young," remarked Mr Henrikson, grimly, "a lady would not require to ask my assistance."

Oscar steeled his heart against the old man's attacks, and felt rapture as Adelaide delayed a little over the music, and his head bent close to hers.

"Thank you," she said, when he drew forth the song.

There was such a sweet look in her face, and so caressive a tone in the word, that Oscar

Munro was confused with delight, and turned the music upside down on the piano.

Even this mistake did not escape the keen observation of the old musician.

"You might possibly find it more convenient," he said to Oscar, "if you turn the music the right way."

Adelaide began—

"Quand tu chantes, berce le soir, entre mes bras—"

"Stop!" said Mr Henrikson. "Both of you are indulging in a little acrobatic performance. It does not matter so much about the accompanist; but you, Miss Denison, if you are on a public platform, you are not supposed to sway about with the music. That is comedy. You may in the refrain give a slight, a very slight, movement of the body, just enough to emphasise the lullaby. When singing descriptive music like this, beware of a tendency to light comedy acting. A vocal artist must make all her effects with the voice. Now then!"

She caught the spirit of his remarks, and he watched her to the end without further interruption. When she had finished, he rose, saying—

"Aha! that is a serenade. You are a very good girl to-day, my dear."

He limped towards the table for his stick, but, Adelaide, anticipating him, handed it to him.

Mrs Denison, Adelaide's mother, entered with Mr Gordon. She wore a widow's cap, black satin costume, apron, and mittens. She was still erect and bright, though her hair was gray, and most of her teeth false. Having bowed to the two musicians, she seated herself in a window recess with Mr Gordon, and continued her legal conversation.

Mr Henrikson limped out, followed by Mr Oscar Munro with the music in his hand. Descending the stairs the old musician, unconscious of the other, halted on the landing to admire the antechamber which led into the conservatory.

There was evidence of Adelaide's taste in the dead gold satin which draped the walls and the statuettes of white marble dispersed through the stately palm ferns and exotics. Beyond the door of the conservatory stood open, affording a glimpse of the apartment of flowers and vines. Mr Henrikson, having gratefully sniffed the perfume wafted towards him, limped into the antechamber. He was followed by Oscar Munro, who found him seated in a chair, blandly surveying the profusion of flowers and plants.

"Well, Mr Serenader," said the old man, as Oscar, with troubled brows, appeared. "You want to quarrel with me, hey? Challenge me to a duel, I suppose? I prefer pistols, sir. I'll riddle you. Sit down, you puppy."

"I don't want to sit down," returned Oscar. "I think you quite overstep the line of badinage. Look here, sir, I can stand chaff, I hope, as well as any man, but—"

"I know," interrupted the old man, with a grin. "You can't stand it before Miss Denison. Oh—you donkey!"

"Exactly," responded Oscar. "If you were in my place, now, would you like it? Do you think it a nice thing to be abused and ridiculed before—before—"

"Before Miss Denison?" said Mr Henrikson, with profound gravity.

"Yes!" said Oscar, the tears starting to his eyes. "Before her. It is most unfair of you to take advantage of your years and position to turn a man into ridicule. It is not a brave thing to do. I wouldn't do it if I were in your place."

"Munro," said the old man, softly, "you are standing on the edge of a precipice. Do you think, my boy, that I am going to see you—the only child of the best friend I ever had—ruining himself before my eyes? Come now, be a man! Stick to your music. Burn that—that serenade of yours, and sit for years, humbly and gratefully, at the feet of Sebastian Bach. Oh, Oscar, Oscar, this serenade business will never do! Miss Denison will never have you. No, don't excite yourself. I am an old man, and see things with clear glasses. You are fooling yourself with fancies about that little girl upstairs. Now, listen to me. Supposing she *did* marry you, what would be the result? You think you could both assist each other to develop as artists? Rubbish! You would have a pack of children, and she would sink into a mere housewife. Oscar Munro, give your life to music, and let this ambitious little woman do the same. If you encourage sentimental visions I tell you, sir—the old man, standing up, stamped his stick—"I tell you, sir, as surely as you stand there she'll show you the door, and you will only have yourself to thank."

About fifteen minutes later Miss Denison, with Gounod's serenade in her hand, entered the conservatory and stood at the threshold in silent astonishment. Close to the end, near the door which led to the garden, sat Oscar Munro alone, his music scattered at his feet, with bent figure, his face buried in his hands, over which fell some stray locks of his black hair. A tall palm fern drooped over him, and the sunlight, entering the glass roof, made a square patch beside him. Adelaide's feelings were divided between sympathy for his engrossed misery and the pleasure of the picture which he formed against a mass of crimson and yellow flowers. She even smiled in aesthetic delight as she stood on tiptoe in silent contemplation, with parted lips. But when he suddenly looked up and saw her she became grave.

"Oh, Miss Denison, I—I—"

He started up, then suddenly stooped and gathered his music together.

"I am so sorry," said Adelaide, turning to gather some flowers to give him time to recover from his confusion, "to disturb you. I am sure you were thinking of some new song. It must be divine to be able to compose."

"Yes, I was thinking," said Oscar, gazing at her averted face, "of a melody. It will be a sad one."

She glanced towards him; but, observing traces of tears on his face, became busy arranging her bouquet. As she stood there with the serenade under her arm, an old straw hat on her bent head, and her fingers delicately arranging the flowers, his heart grew heavy.

"I—good morning, Miss Denison."

"Good morning, Mr Munro."

He grasped her hand spasmodically, and gazed into her face. She looked down gravely. Trembling from head to foot, Oscar went away, and Miss Denison, as she opened the door of the conservatory and descended the steps into the garden, seemed unusually thoughtful.

CHAPTER VII.

GOUNOD'S SERENADE.

OVER a plot of closely-cropped grass, and between two trees, swung a silken hammock, in which Adelaide Denison seated her-

self. Though the sun was warm and high, there was little necessity for the old straw hat to shield her head, the branches above being thick with leaves which flecked her face and arms with minutely mosaic shadows. A little beyond was a tennis court with the net standing, and more distant, the flower garden, where the gardener, in his shirt sleeves, was slowing rolling a barrowful of mould down the walks. A bird was voluptuously warbling somewhere in the trees, and the bees hummed busily in the hearts of the blossoms or winged homewards noiselessly through the summer air.

Seated in the hammock, Adelaide opened her music, and swinging herself slowly to and fro—one foot only acting as propeller—began to hum too—

"Quand tu chantes berce le soir, entre mes bras,
Entends tu ma pensee qui te reponds tout bas,
Ton doux chant me rappelle les plus beaux de mes jours,
Ah !—

Chantez, chantez, ma belle,
Chantez, chantez, toujours !"

The sun rose higher and became warmer. The birds still voluptuously warbled. The bees busily hummed. Adelaide lay down in the hammock, her head on a cushion, but still held the music before her eyes, and softly sung. By-and-bye the music slipped from her hands, her eyes closed, and murmuring—

"Chantez, chantez, ma belle,
Chantez, chantez, tou—"

She fell asleep.

The gardener in the distance rested his arms on his spade, and contemplated her. The hammock swung lightly, and through her summer dreaming Adelaide murmuringly sang—

"Dormez, dormez, toujours—"

"Oh, yes, she works very hard, poor child ! She is quite crazy about art. She is the first Denison, I am sorry to say, who showed a low taste for the stage. It frets me !"

"She will probably grow out of her enthusiasm."

"Well, I hope so. Our property is so troublesome. It will give her enough to think about when I am gone."

"There are many years before yet, Mrs Denison."

"You are kind to say so, Mr Gordon. But at my time of life, such words seem mockery. I wish I were young again !"

"It is time to express that aspiration when you look old. I trust we do not disturb your daughter talking so near her. She makes a pretty picture asleep between the trees. And her dreams are pleasant ones to judge from her smiles."

"Ah, my dear child is always pleasant. She is dreaming of being a great artist, no doubt. It amuses her to think so. Let me show you some beautiful tulips—"

"Ton haleine murmure des mots harmonieux,
Ton beau corps se revele, sans voile et sans atours,

Ah !—Dormez, dormez, ma belle,
Dormez, dormez, toujours !"

"It is a little thing I composed. Only a trifle. I will just run over it, if you permit me. The accompaniment represents the arpeggio guitar !"

"Oh, Mr Munro, I observe you have been sentimentalising about me. Your serenade tells

me so more plainly than words. It distresses me. Pray free yourself from such notions !"

"But, Miss Denison, I am young. I have a poetic temperament. Do not, oh, do not get mixed up with the trees in that bewildering manner. Hear me on bended knee. Mr Henrikson is laughing at me, and his laugh stretches all across the sky. I love you ! If we were married we could assist each other in art."

"No, Mr Munro, although Mr Henrikson smiles all over the sky I shall never marry. I look on love merely with curiosity. Do not melt into the trunk of the laburnum tree until I tell you I shall be an artist, but never a wife !"

"And what am I to do ?"

"Cool the air by sprinkling the sun with the gardener's watering-pot. He is down there in his shirt sleeves. Cultivate music as your profession, and do not force me to forbid myself your friendship. If you could hunt away the bees without getting stung I might thank you for your love. How lovely they hum !—

"Dormez, dormez, ma belle,
Dormez, dormez, toujours !"

"Yes, my dear, you are very good to-day. You are an artist. Do not double up your tongue against the roof of the house. It is not so large if you only think about it. Your scaling is very good indeed, particularly when you scale Nelson's Pillar. But I spoil you with praise."

"I hope you cannot, Mr Henrikson. I know how imperfect I am. I fear I am the doll I had when a child, and it is strange to poke out my own eyes. But praise from you is very sweet to me."

"I seldom praise, my child."

"Yes maestro. For that reason I value it so much."

"Well you sleep too long. You must not be lazy. You may develop into a wash-tub. Now, then ! Do not sway your body about like a light comedian. Begin !"

"Quand tu chantes berce le soir—"

"Miss Adelaide Denison, the stage waits. Are you ready ? Ring up the curtain."

"Am I right ? Is there too much *rouge* under my eyes ? How my heart beats !"

"Stage fright ? You'll soon get over that. We're all the same at first."

"The orchestra has begun. It opens with a roll of drums, a crash of cymbals, then—the violins creep out of the storm of sound with a long crescendo. What note do I begin on ? I forget everything. I shall be a failure."

"Hush ! No talking there behind the scenes. The audience are impatient. They are calling."

"I am here—Sonnambula ! Yes, I knew I would mix myself up. I am Marguerite in 'Faust,' and the Swan in 'Lohengrin,' and Leonora in 'Trovatore.' I am not surprised at the audience crawling away so silently. Come back, come back ! and let me begin all over again. I have not studied enough. I know now I never worked hard enough as an amateur."

"How empty the house, and so dark ! The lights twinkle so dimly under the galleries. I am alone on the stage. The scenery hangs all about in shrouds, and the properties stand like ghosts. Is everybody dead ?—"

"The world is all over and there is a new kind of music. The sounds of harps and violins stream down through the air in a strange flood of light. Do not stir, but listen. This is the music Wagner strove after. It is here in full development. Is it possible the human mind could devise such a wonderful combination of sounds ? Why do I tremble as I listen with a

passion of delight ? There must be new instruments since I was alive, for I hear effects above all harps and all violins. What curious instruments to thrill those semi-semi-semi-tones ? When I was alive I knew that all our earthly instruments were imperfect, and the ear could distinguish finer tones between our semitones if we had had the instruments to play them. Oh music, do not float away to that dim garden of light and colour ! Come back, come back !"

"She is still asleep, you perceive, Mr Gordon. It will do her no harm sleeping here ?"

"I do not think so. She looks extremely picturesque. You were talking, Mrs Denison, about the entail."

"Oh, yes, the property in Westmeath."

"My stage property is all right, Mr Manager ?"

"Yes, madam. Your dresses are much admired."

"I am glad of that. But I aim higher than mere display of costume."

"Your grace of movement is much admired, madam."

"Oh, pray do not say that. Do I interpret the composer ? That is the question. The bird in the tree explains—"

"My dear child," exclaimed Mrs Denison, as Adelaide opened her eyes and sat up, "you should not sleep in the sun. You look quite wild and bewildered. You are liable to get sunstroke."

Adelaide laughed as she arranged her hair and shaded her eyes, dazed by awakening to the glare of the summer light.

"Have I been long asleep, mother ?"

"Half an hour at least," replied Mrs Denison.

"Mr Gordon and I have exhausted all our topics of conversation. Have we not, Mr Gordon ?"

"You surely do not expect me to say 'yes' to that ?" replied Mr Gordon, contemplating Adelaide's tossed head, and apparently amused at her efforts to smooth the creases out of her dress. "It would be uncomplimentary to so clever a conversationalist as Mrs Denison. Allow me to pick up your music, Miss Denison. Gounod's 'Serenade.' A pretty trifle."

"Thank you," said Adelaide, taking the music. "It is so crumpled. I must be prepared for a severe lecture from Mr Henrikson for being careless with my music. I cannot get a new copy. He has marked this throughout. Well, mother, is it luncheon hour ?"

Mrs Denison took a watch from her girdle and studied the time through her eyeglass.

"Yes indeed, dear. You will excuse me going in, Mr Gordon. You will stay to luncheon ?"

"Thank you."

Mrs Denison went into the house. Adelaide remained seated on the side of the hammock, Mr Gordon standing near her, with his arm raised and resting against a tree.

"When do you propose going on the stage ?" he asked abruptly.

She raised her eyebrows slightly, but quietly replied—

"I have not fixed any time, Mr Gordon."

"You are not sure of a public yet, I suppose ?"

"How do you mean ?"

"You are not certain of applause."

"Not of my own applause."

"But supposing you were certain of your own applause, it does not follow that you are certain of the public applause ?"

"Perhaps—"

"Because," he continued, "your own applause may be self-satisfaction without a reliable basis."

"That may be. I must only watch myself, and not grow confident too soon."

"But you may go on watching yourself until it is too late to start a career."

"Then I shall never start it," said Adelaide, calmly. "But I do not expect to arrive at perfectibility as an amateur. I shall go on the stage just at that point when I think I need it."

He studied her placid averted face for a moment, then dropped his gaze with a thoughtful air.

"What an egotist an artist is," he said, musingly.

"Yes," responded Adelaide. "And yet there is a lower form of egotism—the egotism which never strives to please outsiders."

"Thank you," he said mockingly.

She looked up astonished.

"Excuse me, Mr Gordon. I did not refer to you."

"I fancied you did."

She made no reply to this. She had none to make. His attempt to snare her into a confession of interest in his personality offended her. The gardener approached, drawing his sleeve across his perspiring brows.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said, touching his forehead.

"Well, Robert," she asked. "What is it?"

"Them heli'tropes of yours, Miss—"

"Yes. What is the matter with my heli'tropes?"

"I was thinkin' maybe—beggin' your pardin, Miss—a little fresh sile ud be no harum."

"Robert," exclaimed Adelaide, "by all means put a little fresh sile on them heli'tropes. If them heli'tropes were to die, Robert, I should never forgive you."

The gardener grinned, touched his forehead, and turned away. During this colloquy Mr Gordon had been near, watching the changeful expressions of her face, his back to the gardener.

"You have a wonderful imitative faculty," said the barrister.

"Is that what you mean," she asked, demurely, "by throwing oneself unreservedly into the free impulses of nature?"

"Well, not exactly."

The luncheon bell rang, and he followed her into the house, studying her alert step as she went before him, and listening as she softly sang—

"Riez, riez, ma belle,
Riez, riez, toujours!"

"Upon my word," he thought, "I am almost inclined to fall in love with her."

When luncheon was over, and Mr Gordon had taken his leave, Adelaide sat down at the piano, and amused herself by playing and singing. Her mother was upstairs dressing, and presently appeared in a black satin costume, with a bonnet trimmed with jet beads.

"Put on your hat, dear," said Mrs Denison. "I am going to call on Mrs Fitzgerald."

Adelaide turned round on the stool, and looked up.

"Don't ask me to go with you mother. You know how I detest that woman."

"Indeed, I am not surprised, my dear. I fear you have too much cause."

Mrs Denison sighed as she tied her bonnet strings.

"I have no cause only antipathy. If you think," said Adelaide, indignantly, "that I believe the ridiculous scandal of society you are mistaken. I hate the woman. But I shall always assert that she is the victim of a mean conspiracy of liars. She is a foolish, uncultured woman, with riotous animal spirits, married to a silly

old man. Out of this society have woven their vile insinuations."

"You are an extraordinary girl," said Mrs Denison. "You hate poor Geraldine, and yet you defend her."

Adelaide laughed, and rising, approached her mother.

"You have tied your strings in such a ridiculous bow, mother. Let me arrange them. You are an extraordinary woman, mother," she added, as she stood before Mrs Denison arranging the bonnet strings, "to suppose that because I dislike Mrs Fitzgerald I should believe falsehoods. I think it a terrible thing to see that woman's domestic happiness destroyed inch by inch. It is the lowest form of murder. There, mother, now you look respectable, and I won't be ashamed to be seen out with you!"

"I hope you are right about Geraldine," said Mrs Denison, sighing, as she sat down on an ottoman, and proceeded to button her gloves. "Mr Gordon seemed very attentive to you, my dear."

"By the way," said Adelaide, turning on her way to the door, and looking meditatively at her mother's bent face. "Why is he so bitter against Mrs Fitzgerald?"

"Oh, he was an old lover of hers. She rejected him. Go now, my dear, and get on your hat."

The distance between the two houses being so short, Mrs Denison had not ordered her carriage. When they had walked a little distance down the square she halted, holding Adelaide's arm, and awaited the approach of a cab. The cabman, observing the lady's parasol raised, stood up in his seat, and lashed his horse. Despite the cabman's excitement, the horse's attempts at a gallop were abortive. However, when the cab was pulled up opposite the ladies on the kerbstone, the cabman jumped down, and ran to the horse's head, saying—

"Hike! Hould up yur winkers. Steady, there."

He was an elderly man, with a reddened face, and burned and yellowed by continual exposure to all kinds of weather. He was dressed in several old coats, and had an expression of vacuity.

"Hould up yur winkers. Yep! Hike," he exclaimed, as he opened the door.

Mrs Denison entered and sat down. Adelaide paused at the door, and said sweetly to the cabman—

"Does your horse yep faster if you hould up its winkers?"

He looked vacantly at her until he seemed to realise the question, and then answered gruffly—

"She goes fast enough, miss, when I hould her in. But it's not a horse, miss, she's a mare."

Adelaide entered and sat opposite her mother. The cabman closed the door, then thrusting his red face in at the window, looked at Adelaide, and said confidentially:

"It's the Pride o' Kildare, miss, that's between the shafts. Hike up, there!"

He took his head out to address the mare, then touched his hat to Adelaide, and mounted the box, standing up to fix an old sack about his legs.

"Really Adelaide," said Mrs. Denison pettishly, "I wish you would stop that vulgar habit of imitating those kind of people. It shows such want of tone. Dear me, what a noise this cab makes!"

As the vehicle rolled slowly on, the windows

rattled as if a violent hailstorm was beating against the panes.

Having borne the noise and jolting for a few moments with wonderful patience, Mrs Denison rapped several times on the glass at the back of the driver to desire him to stop and let her out; but he drove on with serene stolidity, and at last she succumbed and fell back exhausted on her seat. Adelaide, with her hands pressed tightly over her eyes, laughed at the expression of agony on her mother's face.

"Really Adelaide," said Mrs Denison; but the rest of her protest was interrupted by a jolt which made her clutch at the cushions.

When arrived at their destination and the cabman opened the door, Mrs Denison exclaimed—"Adelaide, pay this man his fare. I was never in such a wretched cab in all my life."

"Aren't you satisfied?" said the driver, closing the door and looking in astonishment at her. "Aren't you where you want to go; and what more do you want? Hike up there. Steady, lass. Ah, would you?"

Adelaide, as she produced her purse and handed him sixpence, shook her head at him.

The cabman stared at her as she went up the steps; then, as he mounted his seat and stood up to fix the old sack round his legs he muttered—

"There's something mighty quare about that young lady. Her understandin' doesn't seem very clear. There's my Tessie, I'll warrant, with twice the brains. It's a quare world anyhow. Yep!"

When the two ladies went upstairs they were received by Mrs Fitzgerald, who was alone with two of her children.

She advanced to meet them with a frank smile and outstretched hands; the children giving a cry of joy at sight of Adelaide. Mrs Fitzgerald kissed Mrs Denison, and then, shaking hands with Adelaide, kissed her also on both cheeks.

When this salutation was over, Adelaide stood for a moment staring into space. She seemed to see, lurking behind the shoulder of Mrs Fitzgerald, the pale face of Reginald Gordon. It was dimly outlined in the air, but convulsed with such an expression of subtle malignity that Adelaide felt thrilled with horror. It was, she told herself, some reminiscence of a fancy which had mingled with her day-dreams as she swung in the hammock, now projected on the shadowed atmosphere of the room as the flame of a candle haunts the vision even when the eyes are closed. It was only a momentary phantasm, and she was roused to ordinary consciousness by the laughter of the children, who were pulling at her dress. Yet, throughout the visit, and despite her sympathetic participation with the amusements of the children, she continued to see the phantom face with its hideous grin hovering about her cousin's wife and to hear the dim echo of Gordon's sardonic laughter weaving itself through the cheerful conversation around her.

(To be continued.)

Someone sent Henry Ward Beecher on a certain 1st of April an envelope enclosing a sheet of paper, on which were only the words "April fool!"—"Well," said Beecher, "I've several times known stupid people to write a letter and omit to sign it; but this is the first time I ever knew a man put his signature on the paper and forget to write the letter!"

LA REVEILLE.

UNION HALL, BRAY.—The soiree held on Monday evening, July 16th, at the pretty though small Union Hall, Bray, was well-attended. After a short address by Mr R. Farrell, the concert was opened by a quartette "Rich and Rare" well sung by Miss C. West, Miss Daunt, Mr Crossley, and Mr Starkey. Mrs Echlin sang "Katie's Letter," and received a merited encore. Her reading of "Tennyson's To-morrow" was excellent, and a repetition was called for but time did not permit. Mr Chatterton was evidently labouring under a heavy cold but did his best in "Eily Mavourneen," and "Believe me of all those endearing young charms." Miss C. A. West has a very clear voice but was more at home in "The sailor's lad loved a farmer's daughter," which she gave as an encore to "Tis pretty to be in Ballinderry." Mr P. Bagenal delivered a short address during the interval, and the proceedings terminated with an auction of newspapers and the singing of "God save the Queen," which was heartily joined in by all present.

THE ORMOND LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—A correspondent who signs himself "Anti Woman Hater," informs us that this club which is now composed of fifty members, ladies and gentlemen, is in a most vigorous state, as proved by the match played last Saturday against the Brighton Square L. T. C.; that the ladies are lovely ornaments as well as good players, and that four at least of its members are engaged in more than tennis matches; that it is the intention of the Club (weather permitting) to give at least one at home and probably a tournament this season, and that there is every prospect of their reversing the result of last Saturday's match at the return one to be held early next month. We will only add that we are delighted to hear of such a healthy state of things, and will avail ourselves of the invitation offered to us to visit the club at an early date.

"Cinderella" at Hengler's is receiving delightful realisation in the arena. Before thousands of children, old and young, the story defiles from beginning to end in a series of scenes which absorb the attention of the most callous. The old-world cloak drops from the hardened cynic, and he is once more a babelet. The acting of Cinderella is marvellous in so miniature a woman. It is almost necessary to bring a microscope to study the graceful gestures of this incomparable actress who is probably the youngest as well as the smallest in the world. As Hengler's shortly closes, everyone should haste and see the dazzling spectacle of Cinderella. The ballroom scene, with the fairy fountain, is a scene which lingers in the memory.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

The Duchess Elizabeth of Genoa has presented the Princess Bonaparte with a rose of gold, all studded with Oriental pearls and brilliants, on the occasion of her approaching marriage with the Duke d'Aosta.

On the 20th of June the Princess Letitia and her mother, the Princess Clothilde, received in

their apartments in the Royal Palace at Turin 45 of the 60 Torinese young ladies who had been selected to present her with a vase of ancient Japanese porcelain and an excellent bouquet of flowers.

These gifts were presented to the Princess by Signorina Scarampi di Villanuovo. Princess Letitia, who conversed affably with her visitors for more than three quarters of hour, wore a toilette of blue ciel, trimmed with lace and diamonds.

The young ladies, who were pupils at the Institute of the Visitatione contemporaneously with the Princess Letitia, have decided to present her with a plush screen adorned with the coats of arms of the House of Savoy and Bonaparte, and embroidered by each of the donors.

It has often been asked when the first opera was represented. Some believe that the first model was given by Angelo Ambragini, who, from his birthplace, Monpuciano, is sometimes called Polijiano, and lived from 1454 to 1494. He changed his sacred representation to secular and mythological in his "Orfeo," a very graceful eclogue, which was performed at Mantua, at the Court of Gonzaga, with singing and instrumental music, it is believed, in the year 1476.

Others cite a second "Orfeo," which was performed at Mantua by the Academy of the "Moaghiti," but its date is fixed to the Carnival of 1607. The words of this "Orfeo" were written by Alexander Striggi, a native of Mantua, and the music was composed by Claudio Monteverdi, of Cremonese origin, at the expense of Duke Vincenzo, Ganjaga. Of the singers who took part in this "Orfeo" the name of the Florentine Giovanni GERALBERTO alone is recorded.

At the University of Goettingue the following anecdote is related of Prince Bismarck, which shows the character of the Prince even in early youth:—He had received an invitation to a ball, where he hoped to meet a young lady with whom he was in love, and had ordered a pair of varnished shoes worthy of the occasion. The evening of the ball drew nigh, but the shoes had not yet arrived! Bismarck went backwards and forwards to the shoemaker, reminding him to be punctual to the day specified. At last the eve of the great day arrived, and Bismarck presented himself threateningly at the shoemaker's shop. "Well," he said, "I have so much work, sir, that it is quite impossible for me—" Bismarck did not give him time to finish his sentence; he rushed out of the shop, and returned shortly after, leading on a leash two enormous ferocious dogs. "My dear shoemaker," said Bismarck, "I have only to make a sign and my friends will tear you in pieces and swallow you in a few mouthfuls." And he went away. The shoemaker, in a cold perspiration, set himself to work in earnest. Every hour a messenger paid by Bismarck presented himself at the shop, crying, "Unhappy man, do not forget the shoes of Herr Bismarck!" Finally, during the night, whilst he was giving the last touches to his work, a voice resounded in the street, "Unhappy man, think of thy children!" And immediately afterwards a furious barking was heard. It was Bismarck and his dogs who waited in the street. The next morning at dawn the shoes were ready.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where in summer the grass grows green;
Where, beneath an elm tree's rustling shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it in springtime, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
With her melody sweet by the hour she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled;
Perhaps—who knows—'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's bones lie buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain,
For, though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again;
Yet blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through
That grave of a little child.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Stranger—"Excuse me, young man, but is your watch going?"
Young man (feelingly)—"No, sir; it's gone!"

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbour; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

A young woman recently answered an advertisement for a housemaid, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask. "Suppose," said the lady, "now only suppose, understand, that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident let it slip from the plate to the floor; what would you do in such a case?" The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking, "Is it a private family or a lodging-house?" "Lodging," answered the lady. "Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl. She was engaged.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to see her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust shalt thou return."



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 17th July.

Money has ruled easier, and the demand since the settlement has fallen off. Short loans are quoted at $\frac{1}{2}\%$. Three Months' Bank Bills are unchanged at $1\frac{1}{4}\%$. Consols have remained steady, and the price has slightly improved to 99 $\frac{5}{8}$, and for account 99 $\frac{3}{4}$. India 3% are firmer at 97.

ENGLISH RAILS have improved somewhat since our last report, especially in the heavy lines, on favourable reports as to dividends. Brightons are firm, although the distribution is the same as for last year. Great Easterns close very firm after having been depressed on report of serious defalcations in the offices of the company, and the stock at one time was offered as low as 67 $\frac{1}{4}$; but on the official announcement that the defalcations (if any) will not involve the company in any loss, prices at once improved, and close nearly 1% above the lowest. We drew attention to Great Northern A when selling round about 99, and we still think that the Stock warrants an advance, and we should not be surprised to see it at 105. North British have been largely bought, but we consider them far too high to meddle with, and it is not unlikely that the bear account on them has somewhat to do with their inflated price. With fine weather, English Rails are likely to come more and more in favour; but investors must bear in mind that few of them would seem to warrant a further advance on prices already inflated, and we strongly advise our readers to exercise great caution in the selection of their investments. Great Easterns we consider one of the cheapest in the Market, and for a lock up we see nothing to beat them. Brighton A close at 122 $\frac{5}{8}$; Dover A 103 $\frac{1}{4}$; Great Northern A 102; Caledonian, 104; Chatham, 21 $\frac{3}{8}$; Great Eastern, 68 $\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western, 146 $\frac{5}{8}$; Hull and Barnsley, 30; Metropolitan, 71 $\frac{3}{4}$; do. District, 34 $\frac{3}{4}$; Midland, 134; North British, 111 $\frac{5}{8}$; North Eastern, 156 $\frac{5}{8}$; North Western, 171 $\frac{1}{2}$.

FOREIGN STOCKS opened very buoyant on the firmness of the Foreign Bourses, but have not maintained the advance, and leave off dull and undecided. We still hold to our opinion that with very few exceptions they are dangerous to touch, and we cannot help repeating that it is far better to leave them alone. How long Berlin and Paris will be able to carry their burden remains to be seen, and the chance of making a quick profit by joining in the swim can only be taken at the risk of being caught at the top of the market and made to pay very dearly for the venture. We do not just now recommend our readers to Bear them, but on our part we should prefer to do this rather than purchase at present prices. Egyptian Unified have advanced on purchases from Paris, and at one time marked over 85, but close dull at 83 $\frac{5}{8}$; Greek 1881, 74 $\frac{1}{2}$; Portuguese, 62 $\frac{5}{8}$; Perus, 6%, 15 $\frac{5}{8}$; Perus, 5%, 14 $\frac{3}{8}$; Russian, 1873, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; Spanish, 71 $\frac{3}{4}$; Turkish, Group I., 24 $\frac{3}{8}$; Group II., 14 $\frac{3}{8}$; Group III., 14 $\frac{1}{2}$. Americans have been by far the most interesting market. We cannot help taking credit to ourselves for having so faithfully foretold the tendency of these securities. When most of our contemporaries were running them down and telling their readers that

the market had "not yet bottomed" (to use one of their own expressions), we kept on saying that for this very reason we would prefer to buy them. Those who follow Americans closely (and we candidly admit that we have always had a particular fancy for these Stocks) will have observed that in nine times out of ten it is wrong to sell when everyone is against them, and that by carefully watching the Market and buying when bear rumours are in everyone's mouth, quick and fair profits can generally be made. When Milwaukeees were being sold in thousands by weak bulls at round about 63, it was the general talk that Milwaukeees were "going to 50!" The dividend was to be passed over and another large issue of Stock to be made. So talked the bears, and so foolishly believed the weak and disappointed bulls; and now we have people rushing into them at 70 and 71, when they would not touch them at nearly ten points less. We recommended our readers on June 19th to buy Milwaukeees at 64, New York Centrals at 107 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Norfolk Preference at 47 $\frac{1}{2}$, and at their present price a handsome profit could be made (and this in the face of bad markets and the general opinion of a further fall. Central Pacific are quoted at 33 $\frac{7}{8}$; Milwaukee, 71 $\frac{1}{4}$; Denver Preference, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$; Erie, 26 $\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore, 94 $\frac{3}{8}$ xd; Louisville, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$; New York Central, 109 $\frac{3}{8}$; Norfolk Preference, 50; Ohio, 21; Ontario, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$; Pennsylvania, 55 $\frac{1}{4}$; Reading, 31 $\frac{5}{8}$; Union Pacific, 57 $\frac{5}{8}$.

FOREIGN AND CANADIAN RAILWAYS close steady and at an advance. Trunks, as predicted by us, are much better, and should improve in sympathy with Americans, although we only recommended the 4% Guaranteed Stock. Canadian Pacific, 59; Grand Trunk Ordinary, 10 $\frac{5}{8}$; First Preference, 60 $\frac{1}{4}$; Second Preference, 42 $\frac{1}{4}$; Third Preference, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$; Guaranteed, 69 $\frac{3}{8}$; Mexican Rails, 44; First Preference, 116; Second Preference, 42 $\frac{1}{4}$; Mexican Central, First Mortgage, 69 $\frac{1}{2}$.

MINES (especially the cheap ones) have improved considerably in price, and as advised by us on several occasions, we should not part with any of them at present quotations. The public are coming in, and (in many instances) taking up their Stock and removing it from the market, which is all that is wanted to bring some of these low-priced and almost unsaleable Shares nearer to their intrinsic value. We have little to say, as usual, about Diamonds, which have experienced some wide fluctuations owing to the disastrous fire at the De Beers Mine, and Coppers are down again on a further fall in the price of this Metal. Carlisle's also have dropped to 15/-, but will improve shortly, and our opinion is that they should be bought. Dicken's Custer are better at 7/-; Kapanga, 9/6; Mysore Gold, 3. Viola, 19/-; Gympie Great Eastern (another of our fancies), 9/-. This Company has just declared an interim dividend of 1/- per Share free of income tax payable on the 23rd inst. Balkis, 6/-. This Mine is worth buying, and the report of the meeting this week should be read by intending purchasers. Russell Gold are quoted 3/-, and we understand are going better. Etheridge is also well spoken of and can be bought for about 13/-.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET is decidedly firmer, and an advance in certain specialties has taken place. Hudson's Bay have risen to

18 $\frac{5}{8}$; Alsopps is lower at 10 $\frac{5}{8}$; Guinness, 32 $\frac{5}{8}$; Suez Canal, 84 $\frac{1}{4}$.

At a meeting of the Dublin Brewery Company held at the City Terminus Hotel on Friday last, the liquidator (Mr Newson Smith) announced that it was his intention to return to the shareholders the amount paid on allotment, and also the amounts paid in full upon the Shares, but it was his intention to retain in hand all sums paid on application to meet any claims which may be proved to be due by the Company. The meeting was very stormy, several of the shareholders pronounced the able concern to be a swindle, and it is not unlikely that the whole of the subscription money will have to be made good by the directors, in which case they will have to find some £1,300 out of their own pockets.

The *Cape Argus* of June 20th says:—"The Balkis Company's prospects continue to improve. To-day the transfer of the Ersteling concession was registered in its favour."

The Dicken's Custer Company, Limited, have received the following cable:—"Bullion shipping, 271 oz. gold, 3,088 oz. silver."

Viola Company for week ending 7th inst.:—Ore smelted, 487 tons; lead produced, 185 tons; silver produced, 3,512 oz.; value, 18,204 dols.; net earnings for June, 3,949 dols.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISGUSTED.—What else could you expect when dealing in the way (and with the people) you mention?

O. R.—We should sell nothing at present prices. All will go better, especially No. 1, which should shortly double in price.

S. H. L.—They will see a higher figure.

One man sees an opportunity, but doesn't seize it; while another seizes it as soon as he sees it. Ceasor!

A weak-minded but pretentious young masher, at a recent "swell" reception, asked an intellectual young lady who had passed the twenties, "What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?"—"Sir, what would you do if you were one?" was the response of the young lady.

He had been walking up and down the room with the baby for two hours. "John," said his wife from among the pillows, "you don't look very well of late. I'm afraid you don't get exercise enough." John laid the baby in the crib, with its feet on the pillow, and went to sleep.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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WEEK ENDING 28th JULY, 1888.

There is a rumour that it is just possible that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may come over for the Horse Show, as the guest, of course, of Lord Londonderry. It is expected should the Prince visit Ireland in August that he will be asked to inaugurate the new racecourse at Leopardstown. This would make the new venture an undoubted success, which we sincerely hope it may prove to be. It is satisfactory to learn that the number of applications for membership is very considerable, and no doubt that as the time approaches for the first race to take place the applications will be still more numerous.

To-day (Saturday) the Court goes out of mourning for the late Emperor Frederick of Germany.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar are expected to honour the Dalkey Regatta on the 4th of August with

their presence, and, should they do so, are certain of being accorded a warm reception, as indeed they invariably receive wherever they appear in public, and most deservedly so.

The Marquis of Lorne is about to make his debut as a poet. His "Love Idyll" may be expected at all the libraries and bookstalls at an early date. The book will be illustrated by a rising young artist.

Princess Beatrice is a perfect martyr to rheumatism.

The Princess Eugenie, of Sweden, who some years ago disposed of her jewels and devoted the proceeds to the poor, has taken a contingent of the Salvation Army under her wing with a view to testing the sincerity of their religious fervour.

A Berlin newspaper announces that there are now eight bachelor heirs to the thrones in the German Empire, and eight spinster princesses of fifteen and upward. The first list includes Prince William, of Nassau, Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria, Prince Frederick, of Anhalt-Dessau, Prince Ernest, of Hesse-Darmstadt, Prince Frederick, of Saxony, and Prince Frederick, of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The second list is headed by the three younger daughters of the German Crown Prince, next to whom come five princesses of the Royal family of Bavaria.

The marriage of William Snow Burnside, F.T.C.D., son of the late Mr William Smyth Burnside, D.D., of Corereevy House, County Tyrone, to Minnie, daughter of the late Henry Cope Colles, barrister, took place on the 14th inst. at St. Bartholomew's Church. The Provost of Trinity College officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Travers Smyth and the Rev. H. R. V. Farrar.

The marriage of Commander Frederick Fegen, R.N., eldest surviving son of the late Frederick James Fegen, C.B., R.N., of Ballinlonty, County Tipperary, to Catherine Mary, second daughter of the late Jordan Crewse, Esq., took place on the 16th inst. at the Oratory,

South Kensington. The Rev. E. S. Crewse, brother of the bride, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Henry Cator.

The marriage of Robert Miller, youngest son of the Rev. Charles Miller, of Carlingford, to Helen, daughter of R. S. Guinness, of St. George's square, London, took place on the 14th inst. at St. Saviour's Church, St. George's square. The Archbishop of Dublin officiated, assisted by the Rev. Robert Guinness, uncle of the bride; and the Rev. Robert Barber, Vicar of Chippenham.

A double marriage took place on the 17th inst. at Guidenham Church, when Major Frederick Tottenham, 7th Fusiliers, was married to Mabel Caroline; and William Dunbar Blyth, of the Indian Civil Service, was married to Ethel Bertha, daughters of the late Very Rev. Thomas Garnier, Dean of Lincoln, and Lady Caroline Garnier.

One of the special events of the London season came off last week at St. George's Church, Hanover square. The marriage of Mr Frederick Heygate, eldest son of Sir Frederick Heygate, Bart., of Ballarena, County Derry, and Miss Flora Walter, daughter of Mr John Walter, of Bearwood, proprietor of the *Times*. The Lord Bishop of Derry officiated, assisted by the bride's brother, the Rev. H. M. Walter. A large and fashionable assembly witnessed the ceremony, at the conclusion of which 360 invited guests were received at Mr Walter's town residence. The display of wedding presents, numbering 400, was magnificent. The value of the plate and jewellery is estimated at £10,000.

A marriage will shortly take place between Mr F. R. H. Atcherly, Shropshire Light Infantry, of Morton Hall, Shropshire, eldest son of the late Colonel Atcherly, and Esther, youngest daughter of Mr John Mills, Northwold.

A marriage will take place early in August at Ryde, Isle of Wight, between Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, of Upper Fitzwilliam street, Dublin, and Marie, second daughter of the late Joseph Wheeler, of Westlands, Queenstown, County Cork.

It is announced in American papers that the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, son of the late Lord Herbert of Lea, is engaged to Miss Belle Wilson, a rich and beautiful young lady who moves in the highest circles of New York.

A marriage has been arranged between William George Dickinson, of Roos Holderness, and Beatrice Cassandra, younger daughter of the Rev. Canon Machell, of Roos Rectory, Yorkshire.

A marriage will shortly take place at Bourne-mouth between Mr Herbert Bindley, son of Mr Bindley, of Hadley House, Smithwick, and Miss Mildred Slingsby Peirce-Dunscombe, of Winthorpe.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr T. H. Hill and Helen Eveleen Mabel, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Rathorne, of West Tytherly Rectory.

The marriage between Mr E. Henry Lloyd and the Hon. Clementina Brownlow will take place at St. Stephen's, South Kensington, on Thursday, the 26th.

A marriage has been arranged between Dr. Stewart and Lady Philipa Howard, sister of the Duke of Norfolk.

On dit that a marriage has been arranged between Mr Shaw, Cheshire, and Miss Jameson, of Montrose.

Also an engagement between Captain Bannister and Miss Caroline Hamilton.

The Earl and Countess of Roden have arrived in Ireland from England.

The arrival of Lord and Lady Carew at Castleborough from their wedding tour on Tuesday was an occasion of much rejoicing in the neighbourhood. They were met at the entrance gate of the demesne by some hundreds of people, including most of the tenantry on the estate. The horses were removed from the carriage, and the newly-married pair were drawn up the avenue by an enthusiastic crowd. Lady Carew seemed deeply touched by the warmth of her reception, and her beauty and gracious manners produced a most pleasing impression on all who were present. Bonfires were lighted on the hills, and music and dancing concluded the rejoicings.

General Sir William Butler and Lady Butler, better known as Miss Thompson, painter of the "Roll Call," are at present sojourning in the County of Wicklow. Sir William is occupied in writing a memoir of his old friend General Gordon, and Lady Butler is engaged on a new painting which, no doubt, will prove an attractive feature at the Royal Academy next year.

Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, and the Archbishop of Armagh received, last week, honorary degrees from the University of Cambridge.

Mr and Mrs Gladstone are approaching the jubilee year of their married life. A circle of

their friends and a number of members of both Houses of Parliament will take the opportunity of making them an interesting presentation. Mrs Gladstone will receive her portrait by Herkomer, and Mr Gladstone his portrait by Holl, which at present is on view at the Royal Academy.

A melancholy accident occurred on the 16th at the Rectory, Templemore, by which William Henry White, a youth of fourteen, lost his life. He was handling his own gun, when it went off, inflicting a fatal wound. The greatest sympathy is felt for the Rev. George White and his family.

The remains of Lady Laura Grattan, which were brought over from London, where she died, were interred on Friday in the vault at Mount Jerome by the side of her late husband, the Right Hon. James Grattan, M.P., son of the celebrated patriot, Henry Grattan. Captain Tollemache and Mr E. Tollemache accompanied the remains from England, and were present at the funeral.

The funeral of the late W. Neilson Hancock, LL.D., Q.C., took place last week at Mount Jerome Cemetery. There was a very large attendance. The Lord Chancellor was represented by Mr W. L. Jellett, private secretary. The coffin was covered with beautiful wreaths.

Everyone will be delighted to know that the Irish Exhibition at Olympia may now be regarded as an assured success. The Fancy Fair has done it. Up to the commencement of last week the hopes of its promoters must have been considerably below zero, but the mercury in the financial glass is rapidly rising to a warm temperature, and in another eight or ten days it will in all probability attain Indian heat.

The weather has had a great deal to do with the state of unpreparedness in which the grounds were permitted to remain, but they have now been completed, and the Exhibition is thoroughly equipped. It was a fortunate thing after all that the Fancy Fair was postponed until the arrangements throughout were perfected, as the enormous crowds of fashionables who thronged the old Irish Market Place for four successive days went away evidently impressed with the idea that the Exhibition was a highly unique and attractive one.

Such an array of titled ladies has possibly never before assembled to discharge the function of shopkeepers, and what struck one most was the facility with which marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, and other titled ladies dropped into the business of traders, disposing of their wares with a rapidity which would have caused a feeling of envy among less favoured saleswomen. But their manners were bewitching, and the man must have been an obdurate specimen of his kind who could have resisted their invitations to buy one or other of the many pretty trifles offered.

The Executive Committee of the Exhibition are at last thoroughly awake to the necessity of providing features that will attract Londoners in their thousands, and on Wednesday of the

present week the *pièce de resistance* was found in a military spectacle as brilliant as it was decidedly novel. In the Amphitheatre, close alongside the Irish village, a splendid replica of the old Drogheda Gate has been erected, with bastions protected by artillery, and here a mimic battle was fought for the possession of the position, the conquest being witnessed by the biggest crowd of the season.

We would say to all who have the leisure and can afford the means, visit Olympia before the season has advanced too far, as you will see a representation of Ireland of which you will feel proud. But don't imitate the conduct of a good many of your countrymen who are there just now, and who are enjoying themselves after a free and easy fashion which they would scarcely venture on at home. A few illustrations will drop in conveniently here.

We have been there and write of things we know at first hand. Towards the close of last week we saw a couple of well-known Dublin gentlemen, responsible heads of households, who would not be seen in a place of the kind at home, occupying a box in a lively music hall and applauding energetically the hops and bounds—*pas seuls* they are called—of a *corps de ballet* consisting of eight young ladies appareled in the orthodox fashion peculiar to this branch of the profession. We thought at the time, and our opinion has not altered since, that if their unsuspecting partners at home could only have seen their liege lords on the occasion they would have made matters hot for them on the first convenient opportunity.

Another Dublin gentleman within the past week visited the Opera Comique Theatre in the Strand, where Mrs Bernard-Beere was giving her charming representation of "Peg Woffington" in "Masks and Faces." Our readers who have spent an evening in that leading theatre will remember that the corridor approaching the stalls is elaborately provided with mirrors, these serving the double purpose of beautifying that portion of the house, and at the same time of enabling ladies to have a glimpse at their costumes before taking their places in the stalls. Our friend, however, had a strange experience of the utility of these mirrors, and it occurred in this way.

Passing the ticket office, he reached the entrance to the corridor, and found himself suddenly confronted by a gentleman coming in the opposite direction. To avoid a collision he promptly stepped on one side, and, as frequently happens in such case, the gentleman did precisely the same thing. They were right in each other's way again. Politely rising his hat—an act of courtesy which the other repeated—our friend begged to pass, and looking up, he discovered the obstacle to be his own reflection in the glass.

The danger attending bicyclists are numerous, and often serious, while some of them have humorous results, of which the following incident is an example:—On Sunday evening two manly youths engaged in a trial of speed on a pair of wheels of the "Safety" pattern on the Clonliffe road. Starting at Drumcondra side, they went off at a spanking pace, and in about a minute

they had reached Ballybough, when a sudden and inglorious finish was put to their career.

A pig was moving about in the neighbourhood, and, with the crookedness proverbial of the movements of that animal, it encountered the wheelmen just as they turned the corner of the bridge leading on to Fairview. The porker managed to get between the pair of wheels. There was a sudden crash, and the brave riders were pitched headlong from their seats on to the muddy road, presenting a laughable spectacle as they arose, covered with a thick coating of genuine Dublin mud. If that pig makes good bacon when its time comes, it will certainly be in spite of the anathemas hurled at it by the discomfited cyclists.

This is the funniest July we have ever had. Its cold days have been colder than January, and now that moderate warmth has come we are visited with fog and rain. Usually this is the hottest month of the year, but only on one day of the Kingstown Regatta could ladies appear in light dresses. As a matter of fact last week in Dublin the work of some mornings had to be done by gaslight. Fancy working by gaslight at midday in the latter end of July! Yet this is the sort of thing we have had to put up with in Dublin lately. It is absolutely unprecedented.

Not a moment too soon have the Kingstown Amusements Committee brought pressure to bear on the police to take cognizance of the unseemly conduct that too often disgraces the band promenades on the East Pier, Kingstown. If ladies are in danger of being jostled and otherwise insulted whilst listening to the band by persons erroneously described as gentlemen, the solitary attraction that the premier township possesses will be a matter of history. Husbands will not allow their wives to be seen on a promenade where indecent expressions are audible, and liberties allowed to be taken—much less will fathers of families permit their young daughters to go there.

It is satisfactory to learn that the presiding magistrate in the Police Court, Kingstown, on Thursday last, expressed his determination to put such practices down with a heavy hand, and to impose on the offenders, be they young or old, the heaviest punishment the law allowed. Last week two boys and two men came before Mr Byrne, charged with jostling persons on the pier. The youths were fined, and their elders got off on "a doubt." In every case in which persons are convicted of disorderly behaviour on the East Pier, we shall give them the benefit of a free advertisement. We understand that the daily Press of Dublin intend to adopt the same course.

IRISH SOCIETY was the first paper in Dublin to draw public attention to the Vico road, and to the dog-in-the-manger behaviour of some interested party. We are glad to see that, at the written request of Judge Munroe, a ratepayer of the Dalkey Township, a special meeting of its commissioners was held last week, when a resolution almost similar to what appeared in our columns was unanimously passed. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the public are now within measurable distance of having one of the loveliest roads in Ireland, if not in Europe, opened to them.

The activity of Lord Meath extends over many fields. Wesleyfields advisedly. His one object in life is to utilise open spaces, and to increase the beauty of every place frequented by the people. We wish more power to his elbow in his endeavours to utilise the school playgrounds of the metropolis. Lord Meath is anxious that they should be opened for the benefit of all children on Saturdays, instead of being closed as at present. The desire seems a reasonable one. The restlessness of the playground on the one day on which it could be made useful is an economic waste of the most extravagant kind.

The largest excursion party that has ever left Dublin was that of Sunday last, when enormous numbers from the city and the various stations on the line availed themselves of the facilities offered by the Great Southern and Western Company to visit Killarney. Three unusually long trains were employed to convey the excursionists from Kingsbridge, and as the return fare was fixed at the almost nominal figure of 7/6 for the double journey, a great proportion of the holiday folk on the occasion consisted of the artisan classes, who could not a very few years since have enjoyed such a treat for ten times the amount.

Killarney might possibly have looked better a month later than it did on Sunday, August being the favourite month for seeing the Lakes to the best advantage, when the arbutus trees appear in all their glory. But all the same, they looked magnificent, and not for many a year have guides and boatmen enjoyed such a windfall of luck as fell to the lot of the Killarney folk on Sunday. It may be hoped that between this period and the close of September the Great Southern Company will repeat their liberality, delighting thousands and adding materially to their own exchequer.

Many pretty heads will probably be set a-wagging by the announcement that the "fringe" has commenced to fall out of fashion. High intellectual foreheads are again the mode. Presently we shall have the hair of lovely woman once more brushed straight back from the forehead. In the meantime this is impossible. The "fringe" on the forehead averts its own doom. The hair must grow before the "fringe" can disappear. But their ladyships are already discovering means whereby the hair can be lifted off that portion of the figure which is said to betoken the presence of brain, and the "fringe" in all its varieties, from that ugliest of all, yclept the "Piccadilly" to the classic "fringe" initiated from the works of Greek sculptors, is to become a memory and no more.

Everybody is asking when Miss Phyllis Broughton's action to obtain £20,000 from Lord Dangan for breach of promise of marriage will come on. The world is impatient to know all about it. The case, however, can hardly be tried until after the long vacation, and there are rumours that it never will be brought into court. If it is brought into court the intimate connection which is growing up between church and stage will be illustrated without the interference of any guild. One of the best known ecclesiasties of the day is Miss Broughton's champion. He is to be called to give evidence in her favour as one of the most exemplary members of his congregation. Efforts are being made to compromise the suit out of court, but up to the present these have not been successful. Lord Dangan is said to be ready to defend himself to the bitter end if a compromise is found to be impossible.

We ought very soon be able now to send our speech instead of by writing, by phonograph. Mr Mr Edison is not alone among the inventors of instruments for recording the spoken word. Dr. Graham Bell has also got his modification of the phonograph, and a great law suit between the two inventors is talked of. It will be remembered that they united to give the world between them the best possible telephone. Bell invented the telephone, and Edison improved it; Edison invented the phonograph, and Bell is said to be improving it.

The ball given by the members of the Absolute Club, Kingstown, on the first day of the regatta was the one redeeming feature of that very triste affair. Over one hundred guests were invited, and judging by the numbers present no one refused. Dancing took place in the boat-house, tastefully decorated with flowers and flags, the Gasparro brothers playing one of their best programmes. Supper was served in the spacious dining-room, the menu embracing all the delicacies of the season, was admirably served, whilst the wines met with universal approval. A special train was despatched to Dublin between two and three o'clock on Thursday morning to bring back guests to the metropolis.

The members of the Absolute Club, Kingstown, intend giving another afternoon dance to-morrow (Thursday), which will, no doubt, be as largely attended as those that have preceded it. In this unsummery weather, indoor amusements are the only ones that are at all to be calculated upon.

The latest notion is the ladies' kiosk. Houses of call for ladies are almost unknown in London. The man who visits the "little village" from the country when his house is closed has his club. The lady has no place where she can leave a cloak, rest for awhile, and indulge in the comforts which are necessary to enjoyment. Some of these kiosks have been opened in May Fair, and if they succeed, they will be soon established all over London. A company is already in existence to work them. That such an institution is very much needed in Dublin no one will deny, but has anyone the enterprise to start one?

The accident of Monday last at Dalkey, by which a whole family of mother and girls narrowly escaped death by drowning, bringing almost with them a clergyman and lady who jumped into their rescue, should surely act as a deterrent to inexperienced persons who go into the sea to bathe without any knowledge of the strength or force of the currents running in the vicinity. Perhaps round the whole extent of the East coast of Ireland no more dangerous stretch of water can be found than that running between the mainland of Dalkey and the island of that name; and it will be a source of satisfaction to the large circle of friends of the highly respectable family in question that they have been preserved from becoming the victims of a terrible catastrophe.

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster have returned to Ireland from England.

Colonel M'Calmont, C.B., and the Hon. Mrs M'Calmont have left Dublin for Newbridge, Kildare.

Sir Percy Grace, Bart., and Lady Grace have arrived in Ireland.

Sir John M'Kerlie and Miss M'Kerlie have arrived at Monkstown from England.

The remains of Lady Laura Grattan, which were brought over from England, were interred last week in the vault at Mount Jerome, by the side of her late husband, the Right Hon. James Grattan, M.P., son of the celebrated patriot, Henry Grattan.

The Earl of Erne has been elected Imperial Grand Master of the Orangemen of the world.

There will be a grand bazaar and garden *fete* in the Convent grounds, Clondalkin, on the 30th and 31st insts. We hope the weather will be favourable, as the beautiful walks, shaded by luxuriant foliage, will be a pleasing promenade for old and young alike.

The Salvation Army has been augmented in Dublin lately by some fashionable recruits, including the daughter of the brightest star which adorns the judicial bench in Ireland, and also one of our most popular singers, who were "sworn in" along with a number of other aspirants to salvation military honours on Monday evening last. The young lady referred to has, we are informed, volunteered for service in the slums of London, while the voice of the eminent singer is to be heard frequently in the headquarters of the army in Dublin.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder; Isle of beauty fare thee well!" So sang an excursionist, who, slightly elevated, was bidding adieu to his friends on Monday evening before stepping on board a cross-channel steamer at the Wall on his way to Cumberland and Westmoreland Lake districts for a holiday. The air and the sentiment of the words are certainly affecting, especially under the sad circumstances of parting. Cordial greetings were being exchanged, and the refrain ending with "fare thee well" had been repeated when a slight *décartissement* occurred.

The exile turned suddenly round for a final adieu, when he took a wrong turning, and dropped into the river. It was low water, and the mud was thick, emitting an unpleasant odour. He didn't sink wholly, but remained fixed at the shoulders, and during the few minutes he was permitted to remain in his most unpleasant position not a strain of his previous touching melody was heard from his lips. On the contrary, his utterances were slightly profane, but much should be allowed to a man in such circumstances.

Once he cried, "Hurry up, I'm sinking!" when a boat-hook caught him by the breast of his coat, and he was drawn up in an horizontal fashion, but the labour of the operation

was severe, and progress was necessarily slow. He was dropped into a boat, with a coating of at least a ton of mud, and was conveyed to one of the ferry stairs, where he underwent a vigorous scraping. But he did not go to the Lakes on that occasion, and when next he essays the journey he will probably step on board the steamer without an escort of hilarious friends, and he is certain to leave the "Isle of beauty" business alone.

It is expected that the rose show to be held at Bray this day (Wednesday) will be of an extensive character, as many professional and amateur growers are mentioned as contributors. The band of the Black Watch will play in the afternoon, and again in the evening, when a display of fireworks will take place. The coming floral display should undoubtedly prove to be one of the prettiest and best attended open air *fetes* of the season.

Colonel R E Seton, who has for many years commanded the 4th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers (City of Dublin Militia) has just retired, leaving his battalion in excellent order. During his long service in that corps he did a great deal to ensure its efficiency, and he leaves it with the assurance that his efforts have not been unsuccessful.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago we called attention to the conduct of the car-drivers of Bray, who were pursuing a policy which, if continued for any length of time, would inevitably destroy the tourist flow into that locality. If these men could only have seen the drift of our remonstrance they would at once have recognised the fact that we were doing them a signal service in pointing out to them the suicidal folly of a course which would surely have ended in depriving them at once of sympathy and employment.

We are pleased, however, to hear that since we animadverted upon the charges of the carmen a salutary change has taken place in their mode of dealing with strangers to and regular frequenters of our Irish Brighton. We regret, however, that any misconception should have arisen amongst the carmen as to the identity of the writer of the pungent paragraphs that appeared in IRISH SOCIETY two or three weeks ago. We further very much regret that all the blame should have fallen upon the shoulders of an entirely innocent individual, and one who had been careful to lavish praise and to commend the Bray carmen as diligent, intelligent, respectable, and hard-working men. We refer to "Tom the Fiddler," who admonished us in no measured language the other day upon the severity of our remarks, and what he called our absolutely unfounded charges against a body of men who have invariably treated him with the consideration due to his unfortunate physical defect.

We assure the Bray carmen that our friend "Tom" spoke no disparaging words of them; but, on the contrary, related to us many touching incidents of their warm-hearted and never-failing kindness. This explanation we ungrudgingly give to those to whom our remarks may have given offence. We published the "offensive remarks" in no spirit of hostility to the Bray carmen or to any other living being, our sole pur-

pose being to stimulate a healthy and much-needed flow of visitors into this charming little seaside resort, from which, by car and otherwise, the most exquisite varieties of scenery may be admired and studied.

The romantic escapade of William Walter Phelps Dodge, the son of an American Croesus, with Miss Ida Lena Cooke, aged about 17, and of circus notoriety, has within the past week supplied food for conversation at more tea tables than one.

A young lady correspondent suggests that the frustration of this matrimonial project is sincerely to be regretted. We, however, reserve our judgment.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we offer our meed of praise to our countrymen who have once more, in the face of many difficulties, brought back in triumph to the land that both we and they love the Elcho Shield. The Irish Rifle Association has amongst its members some of the finest marksmen that this or any other land ever produced. To those members who have been instrumental in securing the honour of once more winning this much-coveted shield for our country we offer our sincerest congratulations.

Just when we were congratulating ourselves on the general excellence of our volunteers, and in particular on the conscientious and scrupulous care with which they attended to the requirements of discipline, we are brought face to face with a terrible incident. There has been a desperate mutiny in the ranks of our citizen-soldiers. To put the awful facts as briefly as possible, the Darwin band, which should have helped to lighten the burden of weariness of another corps, which was pursuing the arduous duties incident to a week's camping out, struck—not the big drum, but the drill—and returned home. Moved either by a returning sense of duty or some other cause which we need not go into, they returned with the intention of taking part in the forthcoming review. But military justice is stern, though merciful. Of course a drumhead court martial and a firing party might have been the lot of the mutineers; but they escaped that fate. They were arrested, however, and there is even some dire talk of their being mulcted in the capitation grant.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the spirit in which the addresses and the army orders of French generals are conceived. Since the time when General Boulanger was at the War Office, and when he displayed so much activity in the work of the reorganisation of the troops, all the commanding officers of the corps d'armée have made a point of referring when they can to the contingency of war.

Madame Patti's charming castle of Craig-y-nos is in the market.

The rage for Queen Anne farthings and Jubilee sixpences bids fair to be outdone in Germany by the traffic in Frederick III. coins. Only 10,000 in all, gold and silver, were struck bearing the effigy of that short-lived monarch. Any one of them now brings many times its intrinsic value.

Clontarf by moonlight ! At last the elements have favoured this much disappointed and behind-the-times township with a remarkably delightful evening for the band promenade. The committee of arrangement are to be congratulated upon the satisfactory issue of the first successful band night of the season. We regret, however, that we cannot attribute any of this success to the efforts of the Township Commissioners. The pathways are still as unwalkable as ever, and the obstructions more numerous than they have been for some time past.

It has often appeared to us that this picturesque and charmingly situated township is at the mercy of the Tram Company in collusion with the Township Commissioners, whereby the former is enriched at the expense of the visitors, whose interests it is the duty of the Commissioners to attend to. On Wednesday evening last, owing to the recent rainy weather, the pathways were in some parts impassable, and gentlemen who had taken their lady friends to the promenade had to exclaim, "please mind the puddle."

Apart altogether from these annoying circumstances, the display of seasonable costumes supplied a touch of variety and pleasure to the assembled multitude. A bachelor friend reminds us, however, that without the native beauty of our fair sisters the most elaborate Parisian costume would have failed to attract us.

The crowd was dense, and the utmost good humour prevailed. The band of the "Gallant 24th" played an excellent selection. We hope that, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which the quaint little township labours, future band nights will afford as much enjoyment to as large a number as did last Wednesday night's promenade.

At a regatta "at home" last week one of our lady correspondents was struck with an effectively simple dress. It was of tulle, and in great volume behind, though in straight falls. The tulle was profusely embroidered in tiny birds, unassisted by any trimming. The train was very clever. It just swept the ground without trailing giving grace and ease without inconvenience.

We were much interested and gratified the other day with the conduct of a languid though intelligent-looking young gentleman, whose action won for him the respect of rather a motley crowd. As a horse and van were going up Brunswick street the horse suddenly stopped, and neither threats or coaxing would make it budge. The driver was just about to unyoke the animal, when the young gentleman referred to came forward, and said he thought he could make it go. Being invited to try, he went to the horse's head, opened its mouth, and appeared to be doing something to its teeth. He then caught it by the reins, and, much to the surprise of the driver and the people who were standing by, the horse at once moved on. On being asked what he had done, the young gentleman said he had taken a small piece of lead pencil, and placed it under the horse's tongue, thereby diverting its thoughts from its troubles.

We are never far astray when, on the outlook for something original and peculiar, we turn our

eyes to the Western Hemisphere, from whence, it now appears, all the prevailing wit and humour come to us. The latest fad in Massachusetts is an "asylum" for the ugly. The institution is intended to be a refuge for those of both sexes whose personal appearance is so forbidding that they have no reasonable prospect of ever inspiring the kind of affection that leads to matrimony. A mere absence of good looks will not be considered sufficient qualification for admission to the asylum; only the "hopelessly hideous" will be deemed eligible for election. Candidates must not be under 30 nor over 60 years of age, nor will the doors of the asylum be open to the absolutely deformed. The benevolent promoters of the scheme entertain the notion that beauty is very much a matter of comparison. They believe the ugly, when thrown together and upon their own resources, will discover in each other charms that fail to be recognised when they mingle with those more favoured by nature than themselves. Under any circumstances, it is anticipated that the sympathy engendered by mutual ugliness will develop into a warmer sentiment, and lead in many instances to a closer union attended by the happiest results.

We are informed by a correspondent who delights to be *au fait* with every freak of fashion's prolific fancy that straight skirts are slowly establishing themselves. In Paris a horse-hair cushion and a piece of stiff muslin replace the once indispensable steel runnings, and so long as the muslin retains its stiffness this arrangement will prove sufficient; so soon, however, as limpness sets in, inward curving will follow, and the handsomest toilette will become dowdy. When the leg-of-mutton sleeve is worn it is accompanied by the crossed bodice, which is fulled from the shoulder seams and doubled over *en chale*, a style which, when cleverly managed, can be carried out in any material, thick or thin.

The distinguished writer, Mr Rider Haggard, has, it is said, purchased the fishing of a well-known salmon river in the West of Ireland, and will make a stay of some weeks' duration in that romantic locality. Let us hope that his next work may be suggested by some of his experiences in this country.

The Episcopal veto is threatened. It is threatened by Colonel Sandys. It is threatened by Mr Wardle—not of Dingley Dell, who wishes to pray with the proper commas. These members of the Church "militant here on earth" (some of them military as well as militant) have introduced to the House of Commons a bill declaring that if aggrieved parishioners make a representation under the Public Worship Act that their parson has been guilty of practices judicially condemned, the Bishop shall not be at liberty to decide against proceedings. In fact, the bill is one for the restriction of the Episcopal authority.

It is suggested that the best plan to stop Mormonism would be to send a lot of the fashionable milliners and dressmakers to Salt Lake City. The magnitude and number of bills a Mormon would have to pay might convince him that one wife was plenty.

Table decorations this year present nothing strikingly novel, the favourite flower being the

wild double poppy—an old time favourite. The lovely livid red of the poppy is specially brilliant at night, not the case with all reds, and, toned down by airy grasses and feathery foliage, interspersed with tiny delicate starlike blossoms in golds and soft blues, the effect is refined and graceful; but it requires a master hand to treat wild flowers decoratively, the arrangement has to be clever to obviate the suggestion of scraggy tawdriness which some tables often present.

Time : about two years ago. Scene : Ladies' baths, Bray. Ladies, old and young, disporting in the ever-boundless. Tide at the full. Suddenly a general shriek of terror mingles with the sound of the washing waves, and there is wild excitement. A young lady who cannot swim is beyond her depth and is drowning. Those who can swim stand inactive, petrified with terror. The young lady sinks. She rises, and again sinks. There stands on the diving board a fair-haired and blue-eyed young girl, 15 years old. Her name is Gertrude Mahon. She is a pupil at the Nunnery, Bray, and can swim a little. Whilst the middle-aged swimmers stand and look on, Gertrude plunges in. She swims towards the young lady, who is drowning, and has disappeared. Five times in succession young Gertrude dives, and the fifth time reappears, holding the drowning girl with one hand and swimming with the other. They are lifted in, both exhausted. Here is a story of heroism deserving letters of gold. But mark the sequel. Congratulations poured in on Miss Gertrude Mahon, but the relatives of the young lady made no sign. Many persons proffered to write to the Humane Society, and the nuns of the convent proposed to strike a gold medal for Gertrude. Almost two years have passed, and Miss Gertrude Mahon has neither the medal of the Humane Society nor that of the nunnery, and—we blush for human gratitude—the relatives of the young lady whose life was saved never thanked the heroic Gertrude, even on a postcard.

We are in the midst of the season of summer sales. The windows of the principal drapers and costumiers display various specimens of the printer's art in the shape of posters. The good old custom of decorating the windows to the most effective advantage is, we regret to say, becoming a dead letter. A nicely decorated window is something to look at; but a window covered with flaring posters is an abhorrence to most people. When there are so many prominent public hoardings in the city we are sure our shopkeepers would be repaid four-fold by utilising these hoardings for their posters, and their windows for the display of their goods.

The public, however, do not suffer to the same extent as do the various shopkeepers, who frequently complain of the depredations of their customers. It may seem incredible, but we are informed on good authority that during these cheap sales detectives have to be employed to watch those whose idiosyncracies lie in the direction of petty larceny. The worst feature of the business is that the culprits are often ladies of means and position.

We should be sorry to think that this detestable trait is to any great extent a common one in the character of the ladies with whom we are surrounded. Indeed we do not think that the practical adoption of this pernicious habit can be

brought home to any except a very low class of Dublin women—a class whose detestable pilfering habits and the immunity from detection which these depredations enjoy is a standing disgrace to the various members of our detective corps.

The present close and wet weather is severe upon those who are subject to headaches and lassitude, but such sufferers will be comforted to find from the Registrar-General's reports that although disappointing and disagreeable, such weather is remarkably healthy. The deaths registered for the past five weeks of this year are 30 below the average of the corresponding period last year, which, our readers will remember, was a summer of clear skies and bright sunshine. It must therefore be comforting to all to realise that the weather this year, although particularly dull, is thoroughly wholesome.

We have to hand a story, the ludicrousness of which will no doubt be the means of amusing many of our readers. A certain gentleman who at every possible opportunity ornaments a lounge on the grounds of a local tennis club, has for some time past been paying his addresses to the daughter of a gentleman whose ingenuity has already secured for him a position of no mean importance in the scientific world. The old gentleman has not yet forgotten the precept—

"Early to bed and early to rise

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise"—

which he had doubtless been taught by an anxious parent. It was therefore no wonder that he objected strongly to the late hours of the youthful lovers. Of course, his innate courtesy would not permit him to remonstrate with the gushing Edwin, but his ingenuity was brought into exercise for the purpose of expressing his approval of late hours and exquisite love scenes.

Accordingly one evening as Edwin and Angelina were seated on a lounge, the old man, with the soft smile of a ghoul on his classic features, sat peering anxiously at the clock, the dial of which yet pointed to half a minute to ten. The young man was urging his suit with the ardour of a lover who knew that he was entirely penniless and that his companion was immensely rich. Her head was on his shoulder, and he determined to avow his passion once and for ever. "Will you fly with me, dearest?" he asked tenderly. "Anywhere with you, Edwin," she replied. The next moment they both flew together. There was an electric shock, and Edwin and Angelina did the distance from the couch to the door inside record time. Angelina, poor girl, is now of opinion that lovers should be allowed to choose their own time for and mode of flying.

Dr Edgar Flinn, in his excellent and interesting work, "Ireland: Its Health Resorts and Watering-places," teaches his readers that "life is not to live but to be well." The appearance of his handsome volume at this time, besides being opportune, is a thoroughly welcome and enjoyable treat. His aim has been the advancement and development of the many charming health resorts with which our country abounds, and right well and skilfully, as far as his book is concerned, has he accomplished his praiseworthy purpose.

We cannot recollect a book that has ministered so many real intellectual and encouraging thoughts as this timely volume of Dr. Flinn's. The writer

points out that the most inestimable boon of life is good health, which is very often overlooked in the vain strivings after some unattainable ideal. When health is lost the most strenuous efforts to procure its restoration are made by every available means within our reach. Dr. Flinn points out the various climatic benefits of our Irish watering-places, and as a physician, recommends our picturesque and romantic coast line in preference to those Continental resorts to which invalids and others yearly flock.

Dr. Flinn has rendered a great service to his country, and we hope his countrymen and women will not be slow to avail themselves of the advice contained within the covers of his valuable book.

We have a comforting item of intelligence for anxious materfamilias, and that is that an enterprising firm has just perfected a new cooking apparatus, which seems to be self-acting and little short of miraculous. On the adoption of the wonderful machine, the services of Bridget, the cook, can be dispensed with. A joint, a pair of chickens, a piece of salmon, with vegetables in separate dishes, are placed one over the other in the apparatus, which stands in a shallow pan of water, under which a "Wanzer" lamp is placed. In three hours, without any further trouble, everything is beautifully cooked and ready for use. Report says that there is no waste, and that the food is of the same weight after the cooking process as before.

Kissing has, we verily believe, gone out of style. Nobody does it but sweethearts, young children, and nurses. The first blow, if our recollection serves us, was struck by the medical profession about the time of the decease of Princess Alice. Ever since the practice has been denounced, and in families where proper respect is paid to hygiene, children are strongly cautioned against promiscuous kissing. In society a woman is not kissed twice in a season. When an old friend is greeted and she advances with lips the victim turns her face and the caress falls askance. Possibly the very woman who is opposed to the practice takes the initiative, but her lips never meet lips. She may kiss within a fraction of your mouth—kiss you chin, your cheek or your forehead; kiss your "eyelid into repose," or kiss your hair—but if she had any training socially, she will never kiss your mouth. Our lady readers will, we are sure, be lenient with us for letting our gentlemen readers for a moment or two behind the scenes!

Fashionable ladies in France are taking to the study of astronomy, and are having observatories erected in secluded parts of their gardens. A taste for rare books, curious editions, and fine binding is another fashion among French society ladies.

There still hangs a "halo of glory" around the American Doctor, who is, though lost to sight, to memory dear—undoubtedly. A poor old woman was noticed the other day sitting up against the hoarding in Tara street which formerly environed the scene of the Doctor's marvellous miracles. She took up her position there at eight in the morning and was yet there a dozen hours later. Passers-by noticed her long seat, and many and various were the conjectures

hazarded. At last one curious individual stopped and spoke to her, asking the reason of her long vigil. "It's me back, shure," was the reply. "It's bad this long while; but I'm tould a brith o' th' Doctor's air wud mind it!"

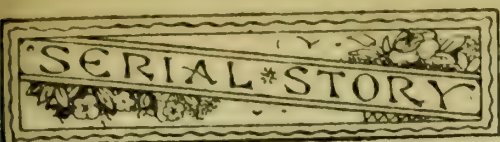
Absentmindedness is rather an awkward failing at times, and sometimes leads people into the most ludicrous mishaps. Such an experience fell to the lot of a certain young man the other day, who resides at Rathmines. On his way into office in town the other morning he purchased a small bouquet of flowers, which he intended to present that evening to a certain charming young lady. When he reached the office, he laid his hat on the hall table, placed the flower in it for safety, and went into his business. Evening came, and with it the cessation of his daily toil. By this time, however, he had entirely forgotten the flowers, and when passing out had donned his *chapeau*, blissfully unconscious of its precious contents. His way homewards led him through Grafton street, and in that aristocratic promenade who should he meet but his fair innamorata, accompanied by another lady. She smiled sweetly, and bowed graciously. With fluttering heart our hero bowed in return, and raised his hat. The effect can be more easily imagined than described.

At Kingsbridge there is to be seen a curiosity in the way of spelling. Outside a large building is painted in large letters, stretching right across, the following inscription—"Accommodation for travelers." Now, when we went to school we always understood that there were a couple of m's in "accommodation" and the same number of l's in "traveller." Maybe the spelling is altered now for the sake of brevity; or perhaps the accommodation at this particular establishment is different to that provided at other places.

A large sum of money has already been subscribed for the memorial portrait of the late Colonel King-Harman, M.P., and is the hands of Mr A. Hayes, the manager of the National Bank, Boyle, Co. Roscommon, who has been elected treasurer of the fund. The picture is to be painted by Millais, and presented to the widow of the late Colonel King-Harman.

Mrs Kendal is not going to retire from the stage, and is not a little surprised at the many rumours circulated broadcast, which aver that the breaking-up of the St. James's Company will be also her farewell. Personally the charming actress of modern domestic drama is denying the allegation, and surely everyone who has seen her act even once must wish that she could act forever, and that might see her do so.

The legal curtain has dropped on the Boucicault drama in its repulsiveness. It is not generally known that a clique in Boston demanded a public recognition from Boucicault of his wife's claim to the honourable name of wife before he appeared on the Boston stage. This was given from the stage, and, from the words of some present, the effect was of great dramatic power. To think that such wickedness and heartlessness could exist in man is hard, but harder still when we consider this man has, in his own words, "also the honour to be the author of London Assurance."



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE BANKS OF THE DODDER.

ON Tuesday evening Maudie Miller went alone by the banks of the Dodder in the direction of the waterfall. What she suffered in mental struggles she kept to herself. She had an undercurrent of doubt concerning the propriety of her conduct—doubt which sometimes amounted to such a craze of terror that she had made several resolutions to stay at home. But it was a lovely evening; her sister was busy in the house, her father was in the country on business, her little brothers were learning their lessons under the apple trees in the front garden; and she thought she would enjoy a short and solitary ramble. She had fastened a bunch of violets in her bosom, added a few additional touches to her toilet, and set forth alone. But the short ramble imperceptibly stretched, and she allowed herself to move, as if in obedience to an occult force, in the direction of the river.

At length she found herself looking at the little waterfall, her eyes fixed on the foam, and the noise of the rushing waters mingling with the disturbed emotions of her mind. She felt her heart anxiously beating; yet she dared not look round lest she should see Mr Gilhooly—the person she desired to see, yet feared to meet. She sat down pensively on a seat and listened to the footsteps of occasional passers, but never ventured to look round.

And while she sat there, with his image in her tender mind, the disreputable Gilhooly was in a billiard room in the city, lying over the table in the endeavour to make a master-stroke. He had not only forgotten the assignation, but actually forgotten that such a girl as Maudie Miller existed. It is a melancholy fact that he had so many engagements of a like nature, that a number of them frequently were lost to memory.

Suddenly Maudie grew pale and rigid. Footsteps approached, grinding the gravel on the path behind her, and stopped at her seat. Maudie gripped her parasol so tightly that she almost broke one of its ribs, and sat staring blankly at the foaming water below the fall.

"Maudie!"

She started, looked up, and then rose, blushing confusedly. Through her swimming eyes she saw the blurred image, not of Fred Gilhooly, but—William Macnamara.

He was astonished to find her alone so far from home.

"I am glad to meet you by yourself," he said, coldly. He had always treated this girl with delicacy and reverence. He hoped, when he achieved the degree of M.D., to make her his wife; and, knowing the pliability of her nature, was anxious to encourage her in the cultivation of self-respect, necessary in one who should fill at no distant time the dignified and responsible position of a doctor's wife. To form her character after this model, he endeavoured to habituate her mind to serious reflections.

"Yes, I am glad to find you here," he continued, descending from the path to her seat. "Sit down. I want to say a few words to you."

He cultivated this air of command towards her, being a believer in the masterfulness of men in their relations to women.

"Sit down," he repeated.

She sat down, trembling at his magisterial manner. Being young and sanguine, whenever anyone gravely said to her, "I wish to say a few words to you," Maudie felt a sudden shock as if the sunshine was withdrawn at that moment from the world, never to return.

"I think," said Mr Macnamara, stretching his legs and slowly pulling his shirt cuffs below his sleeves, "I am entitled to an explanation. I should like to know, in the first place, how long you are acquainted with Mr Gilhooly?"

"I only met him last Sunday," Maudie contrived to say, blushing hard, "for the first time."

He narrowly watched her change of expression, noticed the deep blush, and drew in his breath between his shut teeth.

"Ah! You only met him for the first time last Sunday?"

"Yes."

"For the first time?"

Maudie was silent. There was something awful to her in this repetition.

"And, only meeting him for the first time last Sunday, you so far forgot yourself—so far forgot what you owe to yourself and me, that you allowed him to take a liberty—a liberty that I, knowing you for years, and so well as I do, would not venture to take without your express permission."

His cuffs had disappeared again. He pulled them out, this time with an angry jerk.

"I don't understand you," said Maudie, faintly.

She looked away from him, down the stream to where three bare-legged and noisy boys were netting minnows.

"You *don't* understand me?" he repeated, with emphatic accents of doubt. "I hope—now, be careful—I hope you will not deny that he kissed you?"

Maudie, looking towards the minnow fishers, saw them blend with the scene of willows and sky, which began to move. She pinched herself, and nature stood still.

"Aha!" said Macnamara, sternly, "I thought so. This gentleman whom you only knew for an hour is permitted——"

"I didn't permit him!" exclaimed Maudie.

She suddenly flashed her eyes on him, and then, dropping them in confusion, murmuringly added—

"I couldn't help it—it was so sudden. I—I didn't know he was *g*—going to do it."

She began to search hurriedly in her pocket for a handkerchief, and gave such further indubitable evidences of an impending outburst of tears by the heaving of her bosom and lengthening of her face, with trembling underlip, that Mr Macnamara, in view of the public nature of their surroundings, thought it wise to temporise.

He stood up, shook his legs, knocked the dust from the ends of his trousers with his cane, and settled his collar.

"Well, then, I am glad to hear that much, anyhow. I am glad to hear you were not a party to his insolence—the low Dublin jackeen! Come, Maudie, its time we were going."

She had conquered her disposition to cry, but, as she stood up, looked abject and submissive. They went along the path in the Donnybrook direction, and were silent for some time. Maudie, hanging her head, kept her eyes on the path. Mr Macnamara occasionally cleared his throat, and gave public observers to understand from the easiness of his manner, that he was interested in the distant landscape.

When they had left the banks of the stream, and were on the high road, he resumed his grave address, though not so impressively as before.

"I must tell you, Maudie, that this Mr Fred Gilhooly is scarcely a proper person for you to know. I am surprised your father countenanced him; but, I am sure, if he knew him as well as I do, he wouldn't let him inside the house."

Maudie turned inquiring eyes on him, and her heart grew heavy with the anticipation of some terrible revelation which would darken all her future life.

He nodded gravely in reply to her glance.

"Yes. Mr Gilhooly is not a fit companion for a girl like you. I cannot enter into particulars with you, Maudie; I have too much respect for you. But I'll tell you this much, Fred Gilhooly knocks about town more than any man I know."

"I have heard you say," observed Maudie, "that you knock about town too."

He blushed a little, but found relief by arranging his tie, and coughing once or twice.

"Well, of course," he replied, "every man, more or less, does a little that way. I may tell you, however, that my knocking about is a very mild affair. In fact, of late I have given up going down town altogether. I have begun to read hard. I must take out my diploma soon, and you know that is as much for your sake as my own."

He said these words tenderly, and with his cane knocked the top off a twig which depended over a wall.

"But," he added, "Mr Gilhooly is a man of a different stamp. He is looked on as nothing better than a jackeen. No one takes him seriously; and recollect, he is only a solicitor's clerk with no prospect of being anything else. Any man that drinks as he does will never better himself, but go from bad to worse."

"Drinks?" said Maudie with a shudder. "He told me he was a teetotaller."

"Of course he did!" said Macnamara, as if he had a bad taste in his mouth.

"Yes," said Maudie, hurriedly. "And are you sure, are you quite sure, you are not making a mistake about him? He got ever so many prizes at Sunday school, and knows his catechism as well as I do. He loves catechism."

"Did he say so?"

"Yes."

"And you believed him?"

"Why, of course."

"Maudie, you are a much simpler girl than I took you to be. This comes of having no mother, and not mixing with the world. You believe everything everyone tells you. But why are you so anxious to defend him?"

They were now at the gate of Rosebloom Cottage, and Maudie stood with her back to it, her hands behind her clasping the bars, and her face wistfully upturned to her companion, who regarded her with grave and compassionate eyes.

"I don't want to defend him," she said.

"It looks very like it."

"No it doesn't," she responded, defiantly. "You have no right to say that. He is nothing to me. I don't care if he was dead to-morrow."

"Maudie!"

He erected his head, and drew it back with astonishment.

"No!" exclaimed Maudie, passionately. "Or if everybody else was dead, too. People seem only to take pleasure in blackening other people in this world. I'm tired of this life. I hate it!"

"Maudie, don't give way to your bad temper. I am sorry to see—"

"Who's in a bad temper?" asked Maudie, angrily. "Why do you always go on correcting me? I can't say a word or do the slightest thing but you find fault with me. I wish I was dead!"

She began to cry, half hiding her face against the gate, and wiping her eyes surreptitiously. He attempted to take her hands, saying—

"Maudie, dear Maudie, don't be vexed!"

But she thrust his hands violently away, and her bosom continued to heave.

He drew nearer, and said in a low voice—

"Maudie, you misunderstand me. I don't want to blacken anyone's character, and I don't want to annoy you in any way. I am only so anxious about you—that's all."

His voice trembled as he spoke.

"I know that, William," she said, touched by his emotion. "You are very kind, I know. Everyone says so. And I know I ought to be grateful. I try to do right," she exclaimed, with another heave of her bosom, "and I always seem to go wrong!"

There was silence. He was moving the gravel about at his feet with the end of his cane, and looking gloomily down. She wiped her eyes, and watched, without speaking, the diagrams he was making. The jingling of bells announced the approach of a tramcar, and seemed to arouse them both.

"Won't you come in, William?" she asked, softly.

He started from a reverie, and looked at his watch.

"No, thank you, Maudie, not this evening. I have some reading to do to-night. I must be off. Good-bye!"

They shook hands tenderly.

"You are not angry with me?" he asked, lingering with her hand in his.

"N—no."

"Well, good-bye, Maudie. I hope to see you soon again. Tell Sissie I was asking for her. Good-bye, Maudie."

"Good-bye, William."

He went away lightly swinging his cane, with one hand in his trousers pocket. He was whistling, but there was a blank expression on his face and a distant look in his eyes, and the whistling had no particular melody in it.

And as he went homewards, Maudie sat in the darkest corner of the little summerhouse, sobbing into a small pocket-handkerchief, and watched from a distance by her two little brothers, with their mouths open.

CHAPTER IX.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE GILHOOLY.

THAT disreputable person, Fred Gilhooly, whom no one took seriously except the police, was released from custody on Monday morning, the prosecutor failing to appear. On the following Wednesday he returned to his office. From the effects of the scuffle his left eye was blackened, and still remained so, though he spent several hours applying cold things to it. However, he dressed more carefully than usual, and entered the office briskly.

It was a large office, containing half a dozen high desks, presses let into the walls, a stove, and two safes for documents.

Near the door sat Timothy Ryan, a thin and extremely sallow youth, reticent and industrious. Fred glanced at the black hair and yellow face of this clerk, and nodded when Ryan looked up for a second. The greeting was returned by Ryan in an expressionless manner. He was seldom known to say more than "good morning" or "good evening" to his fellow clerks, who, though they disliked his secretive manner, admired his marvellous industry.

Two apprentices who sat near grinned at Gilhooly, and he made his way through the high desks until he came to that of Mr Mannix, the chief clerk.

Mr Mannix was a tall, middle-aged man, with a pinched, bluish face, his hair very thin on top. He was a bachelor, and, like all solicitor's clerks, he was poor, and wore threadbare clothes, his office coat being out at elbows. He was not gregarious, but, being profoundly religious and a nonconformist, his frequent attendance at meetings brought him a considerable social connection.

"Hurrah there, Mr Mannix!" said Fred Gilhooly, affably, taking off his hat and hanging it up on a peg.

Mr Mannix nodded gravely, glancing over his spectacles.

"I say," observed Fred, untying a bundle of documents to be copied and spreading them on his desk. "I hope you didn't say anything to the gov'nor about my absence."

"It was my duty to do so," said Mr Mannix, quietly.

"Ah, look here," protested Fred, "you don't mean to say you went to the gov'nor about a two-day absence? Didn't I write in to you to say I was sick? You don't mean to say you reported me?"

Mr Mannix, continuing his entries in a ledger, replied—

"It was my duty to inform Mr Fitzgerald of your absence. You do not expect me to be as unprincipled as yourself, I hope?"

"Confound you and your principles," muttered Fred, growing red with suppressed rage.

Presently, however, when he had copied several pages of foolscap, he began to whistle softly, and mentally mapped out his evening's entertainment. Still later he entered into conversation with the apprentices and two other clerks, and gave imitations of his aunt Cavanagh.

About 12 o'clock, when the sun was shining brightly through the windows, and Fred was meditating a flank movement to the nearest shop where they sold what he termed "refreshers," Mr Fitzgerald entered. The solicitor had an air of preoccupation, and, without glancing up, walked straight into his private office. Short as his passage was through the clerks' office, a profound and sudden silence fell on them, until his own door closed behind him. A minute after he entered a gong was struck once—the signal for the presence of the chief clerk—and Mr Mannix, taking his neatly-folded papers, descended from his stool and entered his master's office.

"I say, Gilhooly," said one of the apprentices, "you'll have to pick your steps or Mannix will play the mischief with you."

"Ay, you're right there," said Fred. "He's becoming so religious latterly, I know he's up to some villainy. Well, before I'm dismissed I'll have a good kick at him."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when Mr Mannix reappeared, solemnly saying—

"Gilhooly, Mr Fitzgerald wishes to see you."

Fred grew pale. Mr Fitzgerald rarely spoke to any of his clerks save Mr Mannix, and they dreaded nothing more than to be closeted with him.

"Hurrah there, Gilhooly," said Fred sadly to himself, as he entered the private office. "The hair has given way, and the sword iv Damocles descends!"

"Close the door," said Mr Fitzgerald.

There were two doors in the private office. Fred, with an appearance of anxious care, closed both. He then stood deferentially before his master, with his left eye turned aside.

Mr Fitzgerald, who looked more stern and careworn than ever, was seated a little distance from his desk. As he was always close to it busily writing, his present unusual position, slight as the change seemed, showed Fred that his master had been thinking over some engrossing subject.

"Mr Gilhooly."

"Yes, sir."

Here, Mr Fitzgerald, who had been nursing his knee, suddenly disconcerted his clerk with a prolonged stare. Fred turned red, and formed his lips as if to whistle "The heart bowed down,"

but changed his mind, and looked down at his boots.

"I believe," said Mr Fitzgerald, at last, "you have been frequently absent of late?"

"Yes, sir. But I can explain that. Me aunt——"

"And your copying," interrupted Mr Fitzgerald, "is very shaky?"

"Well, you see, sir, the fact is I cut me thumb the other morning at breakfast. and——"

"I have received many complaints about you from Mr Mannix," continued the solicitor, as Fred paused in confusion. "And you know, Mr Gilhooly, I cannot pay a man for amusing himself."

"Amusing himself, sir!"

"No prevarications, sir," said Mr Fitzgerald, sternly. "Do you think I do not know how you spend your time? What have you to say for yourself? Am I to dismiss you or not?"

Despite the serious nature of his position, Fred could not forbear a grin, as he replied—

"Well, sir, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not."

"Sit down," said Mr Fitzgerald.

Fred, astonished at this abrupt command, selected the nearest chair, and seated himself on the edge of it.

"As your thumb," said the solicitor, looking hard at the blackened eye, "is still bad, I shall find something for you to do until it gets better."

"Yes, sir?" said Fred eagerly, with a deep sense of relief.

"The duty I shall now require you to perform is not difficult. But it necessitates the greatest secrecy on your part."

Fred bowed, with a sense of bewilderment.

"I suppose you read the papers?" asked Mr Fitzgerald, doubtfully.

"Every day, sir."

"Well, of course, you are aware that there is at present a political conspiracy in the country, with its headquarters here in the city?"

"So I've heard, sir."

"Listen to me attentively. I am making you a confidant of important matters. You understand?"

Fred grew pale, as the solicitor bent towards him with upraised forefinger.

"You know my house?—Very well. Now observe. I keep there, as in the safest place, most important documents—government documents, and the like—precious, very precious documents. You understand?"

He understood that his master had changed colour, and was talking rather thickly—in a way he had never noticed before.

"I have information," said the solicitor, relapsing into his icy manner, "that there are designs on the part of a secret society to rob these papers. Now then," he added, rising, putting his hands in his pockets, and walking up and down. "What I want you to do is this. You'll go to-day, now, at once, and keep in the vicinity of my house. Take a notebook, watch everybody who enters and leaves—mind, everybody, I care not who, well-dressed or poor—describe them in your book, noting the hour and minute of their arrival and departure, and—and anything else about the house that may excite your suspicion."

Fred Gilhooly had risen, and they now stood face to face.

"You are not afraid of this commission?" asked Mr Fitzgerald, looking sternly at him.

"Afraid? I should think not," replied Fred, rather faintly.

Mr Fitzgerald took out his purse, and handed him a sovereign.

"This is for your expenses. If any person who excites your suspicion leaves the house, say in a cab or carriage, drive after them, and find out where they go to. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said Fred, pocketing the coin.

"To-morrow morning I shall receive your report. And now, mark me, Mr Gilhooly, if you drop any hint or word to a living soul of this business you leave my employment at once. And not only that," he added, closing his thin fingers fiercely on Fred's arm, "but I shall make this city so hot—I mean," he added, releasing him, "you shall not get employment again in a hurry. Go, now, and watch from this until six in the evening."

When the door was closed behind Fred Gilhooly, Mr Fitzgerald turned suddenly of an ashen colour. Gripping the top of his chair, he looked down, and stood thus for several moments in silence. Then he lifted his face and looked up to the ceiling, which was almost less white than were his trembling lips.

"My God!" he muttered in a voice of agony, "has it come to this, that I must set a spy upon the mother of my children—my own wife—the woman that I loved and cherished!"

He sat down, put his elbows on the desk, and groaned, his face covered with his hands.

Meanwhile Fred Gilhooly, having re-entered the outer office, was stared at by all save Ryan, who still bent assiduously over his desk. Fred Gilhooly took out his handkerchief, and, shaking it out, wiped his eyes with elaborate care. He then advanced slowly to Mr Mannix, and held out his hand with an air of the deepest dejection.

"Farewell, Mr Mannix," he said in a broken voice, "I know you did it from principle. I do not bear you any ill-will. You felt it to be your duty, sir, didn't you?"

"Well," replied Mr Mannix, solemnly, "I did. Otherwise I could not have done it. I am sorry for you, Gilhooly, but you know you brought this upon yourself. I often warned you it would come. The devil's road is the hardest of all. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and turn your mind to the right way."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," said Fred, squeezing his hand. "I know it isn't your fault. I always looked on you, sir, as a man of the highest honour, and now I'm sure of it. Good bye. Don't weep excessively."

"Pacing to the centre of the office, Fred Gilhooly then turned round, and elevated his arm on high, the clerks and apprentices regarding him with astonishment.

"Farewell!" he exclaimed scene of my boyhood's happy hours! Farewell, ye flowery desks and sweet-scented inkbottles! Farewell the glorious quill, the sublime indentures! Gilhooly's occupation's——"

At this moment Mr Fitzgerald's gong was sharply sounded, and Fred Gilhooly disappeared through the street door.

He made his way leisurely through the streets, towards Mr Fitzgerald's private residence. Like many simple-minded men, he had often fancied that he possessed subtle and subterranean faculties befitting him for the occupation of a detective. Now that he had the chance of realising this peculiar ambition, he proceeded to make the most of it by turning up the collar of his coat as he neared Mr Fitzgerald's residence, and, when he passed it, glancing at the house with a suspicious frown. This ingenious manœuvre he executed

once or twice, and then, lighting his pipe at a railings higher up, proceeded to cogitate and survey the surrounding locality.

Near at hand was a shabby street, and the first remarkable discovery made concerning this block of buildings was that it contained the shop of a publican. Fred entered, and, with many mysterious grimaces and stealthy whispers, gave the proprietor to understand that it was absolutely necessary for the peaceful condition of the country that he, Gilhooly, should be allowed to sit upstairs as long as he pleased. He ordered, at the same time, a liberal supply of refreshments, and the proprietor made no objection.

Fred at once proceeded upstairs, and found that by looking through the window, with his head at an angle of about forty-five degrees, he had a full view of the front windows of Mr Fitzgerald's house. As he stood looking out, his hands in his pockets, a bland and contented smile expanded his features.

"Curious," he reflected, "how old Fitz. should be so dull about his own affairs. Here's his wife the talk of the town for the past six months, and the gov'nor's only beginnin' to find it out now!"

The boy had brought up a pint measure of refreshments and retired. Turning to the table, Fred helped himself and smacked his lips.

He then suddenly pulled his hat over his eyes, folded his arms across the upper part of his chest, let his chin drop, and began to take long strides round the room.

"Aha!" he muttered huskily. "Beware Mrs. Fitz! You're a lovely woman, but the one-eyed detective, Fred Gilhooly, is on your track. Beware, I say! Blood, Iago, blood. Hurrah there, detective Gilhooly!"

CHAPTER X.

RYAN.

NEXT day at about 11 o'clock, Detective Gilhooly entered the office, and, having let the door slam to behind him, put his hands in his pockets and gazed severely round.

In the near corner sat Tim Ryan, with his dark yellow face still bending over his papers as if there was nothing to be done until Doomsday save to copy deeds. He had seen Gilhooly enter, but the flash of the eye which revealed that fact to him seemed to cause him no more emotion than if Detective Gilhooly were a block of wood. Gilhooly coughed in a severe way, and the rest of the clerks and apprentices looked up. Mr Mannix was in his old office coat, which he had put on at the same hour every week-day for the past fifteen years, and he too glanced over his spectacles and studied Gilhooly. The latter having surveyed the office as if in search of some diminutive article hidden away on the shelves, walked with measured tread to the centre of the floor and presented his back to the stove. His mysterious movements produced a general silence of concentrated interest. He slowly produced a notebook from the depths of his pocket, and opening it glanced round, saying—

"Is there any person here named Mannix?"

"Yes, there he is," said a lad just recently joined, pointing down the office.

"Ha!" observed Fred, studying Mr Mannix's features, and apparently making elaborate notes.

"Gentlemen," he observed, when this was finished "there was a murder committed last night. From information I have received I arrive here in search of a man named Mannix——"

The door was opened, Mr Fitzgerald thrust out his head, and Fred bolted to his desk, where he became extremely busy arranging papers.

"Is Gilhooly there?" asked Mr Fitzgerald.

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Fred, jumping off his stool.

"I want you."

Fred, as he passed, shook his head sternly at Mr Mannix, and entered the private office. Mr Fitzgerald himself closed the door and locked it.

"Your note-book."

It was in vain that the solicitor endeavoured to conceal the trembling of his underlip, and to steady his thin outstretched hand. Apart from these signs of disordered nerves, which Fred would have attributed to hard drinking overnight if Mr Fitzgerald was not rather inclined to abstinence, there was a look of wolfish eagerness in the deep-set eyes of the solicitor. Fred handed his note-book, and proceeded to appear engrossed in the actions of a fly on the ceiling rubbing its hind legs together; but he noticed that Mr Fitzgerald, instead of turning his back on the window to obtain light, faced it, as if to conceal the working of his features.

The fly had descended on the counter, and Fred was earnestly engaged capturing it with his hand scooped, when Mr Fitzgerald turned suddenly round, exclaiming—

"What folly is this?" And then reading from the notes—"Twelve-thirty—Arrival of bread cart. Note suspicious appearance of driver, who seems out of temper. Is mollified by appearance of housemaid, with whom he flirts. Hands in five plain loaves, two-cottage, and a turn-over."—Stuff!"

He threw the note-book on the counter.

"Why, sir," said Fred, gloomily, as he pocketed the book, "Marie Antoinette used to get letters in her bread, and I thought—"

"And what on earth," said Mr Fitzgerald, "has Marie Antoinette got to do with me? I fear," he added, as Fred looked sulkily down, "you are not suited for this work. You had better return to your copying."

"Give's another try, sir!" said Fred, anxiously.

"Now, wait a moment," observed Mr Fitzgerald, sitting down, putting his hands in his pockets, and transfixing Mr Gilhooly's wandering eyes with a fixed, searching stare. "You are sure no well dressed visitor or visitors called? I see no mention of such in your ridiculous notes."

It was true that about midday Sir Raymond Osborne had called at the house, and remained a few minutes, an event which Gilhooly had not chronicled for two reasons—first, from a chivalrous desire to spare Mrs Fitzgerald's humiliation, and second, because he was anxious to make this detective business stretch as long as possible.

"Well-dressed visitor, sir?" repeated Fred, his memory reverting to Sir Raymond's fine clothes and perky eyeglass.

"Be good enough to reply to my question," said Mr Fitzgerald, sternly.

"Well, sir, unless he came in a clothes basket—"

"He came!" exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald. "Who came? Whom do you refer to?"

It was a clever trap even for an experienced lawyer, but Fred was equal to the occasion. With a look expressive of the most infantile innocence, greatly enhanced by the widening

of his two round eyes, he looked straight at the solicitor, and said—

"I thought you spoke of a gentleman, sir?"

Mr Fitzgerald did not reply. But he kept his eyes fixed on his clerk as if he would search down into his innermost thoughts. After a pause, he observed, coldly—

"This work does not suit you. You may go. Tell Mr Mannix to give you some deeds."

"Excuse me sir," said Fred. "May I never stir if I didn't watch the house from twelve till six. On me word, it's a fact!"

He trembled lest he should be deprived of the pleasure of idling all day as an amateur detective, with plenty of silver in his pocket. Mr Fitzgerald took up a paper knife and examined it whilst he meditated. Fred, with one arm on the counter, scanned his master's face with feverish eagerness.

"Very good," said Mr Fitzgerald at last, rising as he spoke. "You may try again. Let me have no more nonsense about bread carts and laundry baskets and Marie Antoinette. You may go now."

Fred turned to the door, which was immediately behind him, but as he grasped the handle, he seemed to recollect something, and turning again made an observation of a very incoherent nature. Mr Fitzgerald who had just taken out his watch, held it in his hand as he looked up and said—

"What do you say?"

"The money, sir," stammered Fred—"the sovereign, I should say, sir, is just gone. The expenses of dining at a restaurant—must keep up appearances you know, sir, and—"

"Do not suppose," observed Mr Fitzgerald as he took out his purse and presented him with two half-crowns, "that I mean to pay you at the rate of a pound a day. Here are five shillings. But you may bear this in mind, if you discover the information I require I shall pay you ten pounds."

Fred stared and muttered his thanks, but Mr Fitzgerald abruptly raised his hand, and, turning back, proceeded to read the pile of letters massed on his desk.

The first impulse of Fred Gilhooly when he reached the outer office was to run chuckling and crowing into the street. But his dramatic instincts conquered. He deliberately paused in the centre of the floor, compared his notes with the features of Mr Mannix, and said "Ha!" in his most ominous tone. He then took from his pocket a green shade which he tied over his left eye, in full view of the clerks and apprentices, turned up the collar of his coat, and, assuming the expression of a skulking ruffian, limped out of the office.

This behaviour annoyed Mr Mannix who felt himself ridiculed before his juniors who, on the other hand, welcomed it as a welcome reminiscence of melodrama. But on Tim Ryan in his solitary corner it had a different effect. He made no remark, but, furtively watching Gilhooly's pantomime, his face had turned suddenly pale, and throughout the day his handwriting, habitually remarked for neatness, was so shaky as to perturb Mr Mannix with perplexed astonishment. Inquiring of Ryan if he were ill, he was answered with a sullen negative.

Mr Mannix returned thoughtfully to his desk at the other side of the office, and from that position covertly stared, from time to time, over his spectacles at Tim Ryan in the opposite corner. But Ryan, although conscious of this intermittent observation, paid no obvious attention to it, keep-

ing his face, as usual, closely bent over his work. On several occasions Mr Mannix was called in to receive official instructions from Mr Fitzgerald, and when he had come out and laid his bundle of documents on the desk he invariably paused to take another look at Timothy Ryan.

Now, the chief clerk cared less about Tim Ryan's physical than his spiritual condition. Since he had first learned that the younger clerk was a Catholic, Mr Mannix had meditated over the problem of achieving his reformation. One of the means adopted to achieve this object consisted of joining in the theological discussions which occasionally rose amongst the staff, directing his remarks generally to the office, but so wording them as to apply to Tim's individual case. Ryan never joined in these theological bickerings, and never responded to Mr Mannix's charitable personalities.

But Mr Mannix's intentions were not to be balked by sullen indifference. Whenever opportunity offered, as, for instance, when Ryan temporarily left the office, Mr Mannix selected a controversial tract or pamphlet from an illimitable store, and placed it conspicuously on the vacant desk. When Ryan, returning to his place, discovered such a pamphlet he habitually dropped it unopened into the wastepaper basket beside his stool, and resumed his official work without exhibiting the slightest change of expression or making any observation on the matter.

On this occasion, however, he happened to leave the office on an errand occupying about twenty minutes, and on his return found, as usual, a tract deposited on his desk. Now, Timothy Ryan was apparently not in his usual mood. The moment he caught sight of the tract he seized it. He did not throw it, according to wont, into the wastepaper basket, but, crushing it in his hand, walked straight to Mr Mannix, and, holding it up, exclaimed—

"Did you leave this on my desk?"

It was such an unusual event to hear more than two consecutive words from Ryan, or to see him in the slightest degree excited, that clerks and apprentices with one mind suspended their work, and some of them, alighting from their stools, stood watching the two men.

(To be continued.)

MIGNONNE.

There are hours that seem steeped in gladness

And wondrous light,
With never a tremble of sadness

To mar their flight;
Nature in magical harmony sings—

Skies are so fair;
All life is a gallant romance, and flings

A charm o'er eate.
Love is the charmer that weaves the spell—

At her sweet touch
Lo! in a boundless Eden we dwell,

Nor dreamed of such:
For 'tis youth and beauty that rule the world

With golden sway;
Though cynics may sneer, with their cold lips curled,

Love wins the day.
Mignonne, will we ever remember

In coming years.
When around is bleak December

And sign of tears.
Remember that close of a summer day,

Cloudless and clear,
Now only a little back on our way.

So far, so near?
As we float on the waves of the past

To the unknown.
Will a taint of gloom be backward cast,

Mignonne! Mignonne!
Yes, our eyes in memory's dusk shall meet.

And once again
Our lips will together then repeat

And then—oh, then?— H. T. TIMMERTON.

WHO DID IT?

BY ANNIE BUTLER.

Just outside the village of Boganfin stood the "Model House," where resided Laurence Finnerty, a well-to-do farmer, or as he styles himself, "gentleman agriculturist."

The dwelling, out-offices, farmyard, &c., were all fashioned after the tiny models seen at exhibitions, but never any place else, and of these, his belongings, Laurence was very proud.

Being a bachelor, the house was presided over by his widowed mother, who, unlike other mothers, would gladly have resigned the keys of office to a daughter-in-law, for the small privilege of sitting down to read or knit quietly, as she did not feel equal to trotting about all day.

Now, it was not want of inclination prevented Laurence from entering into the matrimonial estate, but, forsooth, he considered there was not one fair creature amongst his acquaintances deserving the great honour of becoming his bride. No. The object of his choice must have beauty, good birth, and, not the least consideration, a good dowry.

Where this *rara avis* was to be found no one could imagine—certainly not within a wide radius of Boganfin, unless Finnerty aspired to the hand of a certain baronet's haughty heiress, whose mansion lay some four miles from this "Model House." But Laurence's matrimonial ambition just stopped short of that flight, and no shorter.

Even going about his every-day business, Finnerty was so particular in his attire that he came to be known by the name of "dandy Larry," and as his coat had a pinched-in, tightened appearance, many declared he wore stays in the endeavour to reduce his figure, which bordered on the rotund.

Then his feet—but everyone knows how a number six boot looks on a number eight foot!

Doubtless the reader is thinking how could a man of this stamp be a well-to-do farmer?

My dear critic the explanation is simple—his father had been born before him.

Yes, it was sterling, sensible, large-hearted Ted Finnerty who made the money that afterwards enabled his son to erect model pigstys, and make a fool of himself generally.

Laurence's workmen all knew more of farming operations than did their master; yet to hear him giving orders in his contradict-me-if-you-dare manner, you would, supposing you to be a stranger, fancy he, too, must be a model farmer.

One day, as a pig was killing, there came into the yard of the "Model House" a poor simpleton known throughout the country as Garrodeen-na-Petticoat, by reason of his wearing a coarse lindsey petticoat instead of that portion of male attire, trousers.

Surmounting a short frieze coat was a thick bull-like neck and a high head, having no other covering than a matted brush of hair, which, standing out all round, resembled the ragged thatch of a cabin.

Garrodeen's feet were bare, and also his legs, almost from the knees. On the latter were red weals, which, strange to say, were self-inflicted, the creature always carrying a rod to whip himself when he felt was lagging on the road.

At the sight of the slaughtered grunter the simpleton's delight was unbounded. He laughed loudly, clapped his hands, and cried out, "Pig-a-tail! Pig-a-tail!" because a neighbouring farmer having once given him a pig's tail with a fair portion of meat adhering to it, he

ever after on seeing a dead pig expected its tail as a matter of course.

Laurence Finnerty always declared he never encouraged "strollers," so, as the simpleton's voice fell on his ear, he turned, and, with a look of disgust, shouted—

"How dare you come in here? Begone! Begone!"

A workman here ventured to say—

"Don't be too hard on th' poor innocent crathur, sir."

"Mind your own business, and beware how you presume to dictate to me, Duffy," replied Finnerty, angrily.

The man hung his head, his companions muttering under their breaths—

"Shame! Shame!"

"Take yourself off, you vagabond!" shouted the furious Larry.

Garrodeen did not take any heed. He only laughed louder than before, and reiterated "pig-a-tail!"

Finnerty's face became purple, and he deliberately began to unchain a savage dog that had always to be kept tied up during the day, and only let loose at night for the protection of property.

"For goodness sake, sir, don't set Badger at him," implored Duffy, on perceiving his master's brutal design.

"Run, run; Garrodeen amock!" shouted all the men in breathless chorus.

But the simpleton appeared to think there was no need to hurry away, so did not move.

"Hi, hi! At him, good dog!" urged the unfeeling Larry.

The animal growled, crouched, and sprang; but, to the utter amazement of all present, instead of attacking Garrodeen, he whined and lay down beside him, by that act displaying the instinctive feeling of gentleness all dogs entertain for human beings of weak intellect.

Poor Garrodeen shouted with delight as he patted his canine friend fearlessly, saying, "Poo' Badge, poo' Badge!"

"If that dumb baste doesn't tache him a lesson me name isn't Pether," muttered Duffy.

But Peter Duffy did not read human nature aright—at least such human nature as was embodied in Laurence Finnerty—when he imagined he would profit by a lesson or example. No; he only felt like a tiger baulked of his prey.

With an oath he snatched up a whip, which he brought down with force on the back of the simpleton, who was still engaged stroking the dog.

The poor creature writhed and shrieked with agony. The men could remain silent witnesses no longer. Their manhood revolted at the cruelty that could scourge a human being who ought to have been held sacred by reason of his sad affliction.

"Shame, shame!" they shouted at their brutal master; while Peter Duffy, interposing between Finnerty and his victim, caught the whip and held it firmly until poor Garrodeen had been hastily but gently hustled out of the yard and the gate closed.

Beside himself with passion, Laurence almost meditated striking Duffy. We say almost, because a something in Peter's eye withheld him.

Like all tyrants, Finnerty was a coward. He would bully and beat the defenceless and weak, but shrink from the brave and the strong.

Some little revenge, however, he had by instantly dismissing Peter Duffy from his employment, while the dog was retied, and beaten until his cruel master's arm ached.

"He needn't have hurr'ed himself t' gie me th' sack," said Peter, "fur I wouldn't work another day fur sich a brute. An' mark me words, it's not th' ind ov it he's heerd. Did yez see th' black luk Garrodeen gev him wid his two eyes lek live coals? Musha! bud it's mesel' wouldn't care t' stan' in yer shoes, Dandy Larryeen, for all yer money."

The dispensary doctor of the Boganfin district was old Tobias M'Mahon, the oldest specimen of—we were about to say the medical faculty, but, begging the faculty's pardon, substitute instead, medicine man—that could be found from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear. How he came to be appointed to a dispensary, even in an out-of-the-way place, was as great a mystery as the Man with the Iron Mask!

Tobias possessed an antique vehicle he called an English Tilbury, which, he was wont to declare, had once belonged to the Prince Regent when George IV! In this he drove to the dispensary regularly twice a week, accompanied on fine days by his pretty daughter.

Mary M'Mahon was the only surviving child of ten, which might, perhaps, be owing to her determination not to be made a receptacle for her father's drugs. Her brothers and sisters had submitted to be dosed, and where were they? So the girl reasoned, being wise in her generation.

It was a case of "ignorance is bliss" with old Toby, for he firmly believed Mary swallowed all his prescriptions, and that it was his great skill which kept her from an early grave.

Mr M'Mahon was over seventy, and wore a wig—not one of your foxy-brown affairs recognisable at a glance as a sham—but a scalp of silvery-gray overshadowed by a fine verdant tint, which earned for its wearer from some country wags the title of "Ould Green Wig."

One morning the doctor—bless the mark—and Mary were jogging along the road, when a handsome young fellow overtook them, who, endeavouring to suit the animal's pace he bestrode to the shamble of M'Mahon's rickety horse, commenced talking earnestly to Mary.

The young people were laughing merrily as Laurence Finnerty chanced to ride up, and, although he was acquainted with Mary M'Mahon, and had gone so far as to say that she was a very "passable" girl, he had never given her a serious thought. Now, however, he honoured her by marked attention for the reason—and mark this beautiful trait in thy character, oh, man!—that there was already a worshipper at the shrine!

Mary and her companion, Hugh M'Dermott, did not seem overjoyed to meet the master of the "Model House," who strove to make Tobias hear something he bellowed at him in vain. The doctor was as deaf as the proverbial post, except when he wanted to hear.

When the dispensary was reached, Laurence shouted—

"You and Miss Mary must come and dine with us when your business here is over."

Old Toby pricked up his ears at the word "dine." Of all things, he loved a good dinner, especially at the expense of another.

"Yes, yes, Mr Finnerty," he chuckled, "we'll go, thank ye, we'll go."

"Not to-day, father," shouted Mary, but M'Mahon would not hear her words, saying again to Finnerty—

"We'll go; we'll surely go."

The girl cast an appealing look at Hugh as she extended her hand to bid him "good-bye,

and he devoutly wished "Dandy Larry" at the bottom of the sea.

That day, as Tobias was relating to Mrs Finnerty for the hundredth time how his mother's ducks had been ridden through by the militia at the Battle of Ballinamuck, and not one of the birds killed, Laurence was coming to the conclusion that Mary would make a nice addition to the "Model House".

"It will be an enormous sacrifice on my side," he mused, "and the whole country will laugh at me for throwing myself away on old M'Mahon's daughter; yet there is a style about her I rather like, and that cur, M'Dermott, will look black when he hears I'm going to take her."

That Mary might refuse him never entered into Finnerty's calculation. He was willing to resign the rich high-born beauty he had never yet met with. Therefore Mary would, no doubt, be impressed by the great self-sacrifice he was making, and be quite ready to fall down in gratitude at his feet.

One lovely spring evening Mary M'Mahon and Hugh M'Dermott were walking along the road leading to her dwelling, when the young man asked an important question, which question and its answer might be guessed by the words that followed.

"You have made me the happiest man in Ireland, Mary, darling," said he, with a rapture there was no mistaking.

Round a slim waist there stole a manly arm, and, "tell it not in Gath," a most peculiar smacking sound was heard by an impertinent little bird perched in the hedge, whose round black eyes had been inquisitively regarding the lovers for some time.

Then a green bank was reached, and the foolish young pair sat down, silent now from excess of happiness.

Trot! trot! sounded close by, and, raising their eyes, they beheld a showy brown horse, whose rider was "Dandy Larry".

Finnerty's eyes, sharpened by jealousy, had taken in all, and if a pious wish could have consigned Hugh M'Dermott to a warmer climate than Ireland's—hi, presto! he was gone.

"Ah, good evening, Miss M'Mahon," said he, raising his hat, and drawing rein. To Hugh he gave a jerk of his head, which that young gentleman politely responded to by raising his eyebrows.

"Yes, 'tis a lovely evening," responded Mary, rather irrelevantly, earnestly hoping that Mr Finnerty would now pass on.

But such was not Larry's intention. He dismounted, and, with his horse's bridle hooked on his arm, turned back with the lovers.

"Hem—Ah, is it not to early in the season for sitting in the open air?" said Finnerty to Mary, with an important air.

"Pooh! trash!" And Hugh gave a short laugh.

"I addressed Miss M'Mahon, sir," was Finnerty's insolent remark.

M'Dermott absolutely glared at the master of the "Model House," and poor Mary hastened to say something that would avert the storm.

"How is your mother, Mr Finnerty?" she inquired. "I thought she did not look well the other day."

"Mother never looks well; rather washed out sort of body, you know," was the careless reply.

Now, Hugh M'Dermott, who adored his mother, felt so disgusted at the want of natural

affection displayed by Laurence, that he remarked, with a quiet scorn that cut deep—

"You might take the trouble of remembering that she is your mother."

"And do you remember in future to mind your own business, my fine fellow," retorted Finnerty, coarsely, his face purple with rage.

M'Dermott's blue eyes flashed, as he hurled back—

"Keep your ill-breeding in the background, if you can."

"How, how dare you, you scoundrel! You black—"

The sentence was never completed. With a bound, Hugh leaped at the insulter, caught him by the throat, and shook him like a terrier shaking a rat.

Pale and terrified, Mary threw herself on Hugh, striving to tear him away.

"For my sake, Hugh," she gasped, "let him go. Oh, Hugh, you are choking him!" And the girl screamed frantically.

Her cries drew to the spot some men from a neighbouring field, amongst them being Peter Duffy.

The combatants were quickly separated, Finnerty with difficulty mounting his tall horse, and riding away without a word, although a fierce fire raged within him.

Duffy gazed after him, muttering—
"If mysel' knew it wor 'Dandy Larryeen' Mister Hugh had in tow, th' dickens hand or fut I'd have sthired t' save him, nor let t'other gossoons aither."

M'Dermott strides after Mary, but when he attempts to accost her, she turns on him, her grey eyes black with excitement, her lips quivering.

(Concluded in our next.)

COURTEOUS CONDUCT OF THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The gentle reader will kindly peruse the following lesson in the art of polite letter writing:—

COPY.

Lower Abbey street,
18th July, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—At the last general meeting of the Royal Hibernian Academy the following motion, of which due notice had been given, was brought on for consideration:—

"That inasmuch as Mr Mulcahy, A.R.H.A., has failed to exhibit for many consecutive years, and Mr Woodhouse, A.R.H.A., for five consecutive years, they be reported to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, as provided by the bye-laws (Exhibition), and that, on receiving his Excellency's sanction, two vacancies for associates be declared."

This resolution was unanimously passed.

I am directed to ask what you have to urge why this resolution should not be put in force.

I am, dear sir,

yours very truly,

B. COLLES WATKINS, Secretary.

To J. H. Mulcahy, Esq., A.R.H.A.

The gentle reader will be good enough to observe that the words, "of which due notice had been given," do not refer to any preliminary notice served on the gentleman to whom this interesting epistle is addressed. As a matter of fact, Mr Mulcahy, A.R.H.A., received no notice whatever that this resolution was to be proposed, a circumstance which may be due to postal mis-carriage, and may also be due to a deficiency of courtesy in Mr Duffy, and the circle of shining stars who compose that brilliant galaxy, the Council of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts. It will also be observed, that, having stated that the defaulting artist would be reported to the Lord Lieutenant, the humorous secretary is anxious to know what Mr Mulcahy has to urge against the foregone expulsion.

We would not suspect from Mr Duffy's sombre moonlight works of art that he was gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

Mr J. H. Mulcahy, A.R.H.A., is now over seventy years of age, and has only recommenced work within the last few months, after an illness prolonged over two years.

He exhibited in the Hibernian Academy for thirty years, and is one of the best, if not the best, landscape painter this country ever produced. We refer particularly to those effects in which the handling of trees and foliage form a prominent feature. His pictures are amongst the most cherished treasures in the homes of some of the wealthiest and most exalted persons in the Three Kingdoms. We hope he will live yet for many years to uphold the fame of the art of Irish landscape painting, and we are glad to know that he is at present busy on orders emanating from those who have more appreciation of this artist's work than the Hibernian Academy have of consideration for one who was one of their ablest and most habitual exhibitors.

We want to know what sacredness is this which halos a bye-law to the detriment of ordinary courtesy and the simple exercise of human kindness?

An old artist who exhibited for 30 years is to be "expelled"—such is the schoolboy term—without receiving notice, and is satirically asked what he has to say in defence. Surely, if any combination of men should be free from the deadly blight of officialism and red-tapeism it is an association of artists.

We fancied that habitual intercourse with the aesthetic spirit of nature, and artistic contemplation of the world's illimitable combinations of form and colour, would tend to expand the mind and broaden human sympathies.

But it would seem from the discourteous and curt emanation of the Hibernian Academy of Arts, we have been living in a dream, and we apologise to the shade of every-day red-tapeism which rises, with repulsive aspect, from the literary effusion of Mr B. Colles Watkins.

LA REVEILLE.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN REGATTA.—The weather was abominably eccentric. This kind of thing should be put a stop to. Are our scientists fast asleep that they have not yet obtained control of the weather? The Du'lin Metropolitan Regatta had to be postponed in consequence of the bad condition of meteorological science. Nevertheless the attendance was very good, and the display of summer toilettes counteracted the gloominess of nature with the triumphant brilliancy of human design; and everybody seemed delighted with themselves, the regatta, and the band.

KINGSTOWN REGATTA.—This regatta was more highly favoured by the kindness of the weather bureau than the Metropolitan, and gay and festive thousands thronged on both days the expansive though rough-shod promenade of the East Pier. There was a tendency in the display of costumes to trust the jocular assertion of the calendar that we were basking in the sunshine. Fortunately the ladies were not sent home in a limp and dragged condition, and had plenty of time and scope to dazzle with delight the enraptured eyes of their male fellow-citizens. Those awful designs of modern science in its most morbid phase, the torpedo boats, put in an appearance, sending a thrill of mingled horror and surprise through the spectators. The fireworks were a miserable failure. They were obtained from London. If they had been ordered from a Dublin firm we have not the slightest doubt they would have been in every respect a brilliant and dazzling success.

A series of entertainments, which may serve as a welcome hint for other clubs to go and do likewise, have lately been inaugurated on successive Thursday evenings in the club grounds at Naas. Two or three gentlemen members on each occasion have invited a large circle of ladies and gentlemen to afternoon tea, flirtation, and tennis, and the result in each case has been a most enjoyable reunion.

On last Thursday a special handicap was arranged, ladies' and gentlemen's doubles, the prize being a gold bangle presented to the fair competitor who should be finally successful. Needless to say, the greatest excitement prevailed among "tennisians" for days previous to the important event. About fourteen couples competed, and a really exciting contest ended, we think we are correct in stating, to the full satisfaction of all concerned. The handicapping was excellent, provoking very few murmurs, and certainly the thanks of tennis lovers in Naas and the public generally are due to the clever inventor of these delightful social gatherings. Another comes off this week, when, it is said, a novel suggestion on the part of the lady players is to be mooted. We await in breathless suspense the sequel to this mysterious announcement.



Ithuriel defends his going out during theatrical performances by asserting that even the curtain takes a drop between the acts.

Doctor (to patient)—"You must first of all remove the cause of this nervousness; then the complaint will soon disappear." Patient—"It's no go; I should have to kill all my wife's relations then."

"The man who set up that matter must be a truly religious man," observed the *Dispatch* foreman, as a lot of unjustified type dropped out of a handful he was lifting. "Why so?" "Because he evidently believes in justification by faith."

Customer—"I should like to look at a fat goose." Shop boy—"If you'll wait a minute, missus will be here directly."

A leading part—"Your wife seems to take a leading part in your affairs," said one friend to another. "Yes" was the sorrowful reply. "I only took the lead once." "When was that?" "When I led her to the altar" was the mournful response.

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The mercer shaves when ladies trade,
The broker shaves at twelve per cent,
The landlord shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in draughts and pills,
The tapster shaves in pints and gills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves in his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The pedlar shaves where'er he goes
The wily merchant shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

Little Jack: "What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?"—Mamma: "Oh, that is his way of saying that he is the head of the house."—Little Jack: If papa is captain, what are you?"—Mamma: "Well, I suppose I am the pilot."—Little Jack: "Oh then I must be the compass?"—Mamma: "The compass! Why the compass?"—Little Jack: "Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know."

A man who marries a rich wife must expect occasionally to have it flung in his teeth. We have heard a report, however, which we think must have silenced such threats. A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend.—"My horse, if you please," said the wife; "my money bought that horse."—"Yes, madam," replied the husband, bowing, "and your money bought me."

Reporter—"Are you going to work to-day, Pat?" Pat—"Sure, I dunno. My ould woman says she'll break me head if I don't, and the union men will break me head if I do. Sure, these are hard times for decent men. I think I'll take me chances with the ould woman."

A society journal informs its readers that, "when a gentleman and lady are walking up the street the lady should walk inside the gentleman."

"Lizzie, did the doctor propose to you to-day?"—"No, mamma; he only asked me if you would live with me after I got married."

A stump orator exclaimed, "I know no North, no South, no East, no West, fellow-citizens." "Then," exclaimed an old farmer in the crowd, "it's time you went to school and larnt jography."

Lawyer—"Excuse me, sir, but if you allow your will to remain this way, it will surely be contested by your wife after you are gone." Rich old gent—"Well, she's contested my will ever since she married me forty years ago, and it will be no new experience for her; let 'er go as it is."

"Young man," he said solemnly, "what would you think if I should put an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains?" "I would (hic) think, sir," hiccoughed, the young man, "that you were going to an unnecessary expense."

"I trust your late husband had something saved up for a rainy day," said a sympathising friend. "Indeed he had," replied the widow, with a fresh burst of tears; "he had seven umbrellas. John was the thriftiest man I ever knew."

We do not hesit8 to st8 that 1888 is something very choice and gr8 for ladies who desire to m8; and when they meet their proper f8, you bet we don't exagger8 when boldly we assever8 that not a woman will be l8 in gobbling up the tempting b8.

What a man should be alphabetically:—A man should be Abstemious, Brave, Chivalrous, Decorous, Energetic, Famous, Genuine, Honourable, Intellectual, Just, Kind, Laborious, Manly, Noble, Obliging, Patriotic, Qualified, Religious, Sensible, Trustworthy, Unchangeable, Valiant, Warm-hearted, Xtremely generous, Yielding, and Zeal-inspiring.

There is something so essentially what is called "Irish" in the following excerpt of a late trial that its repetition will be forgiven. It was suggested that the man had hanged himself, or endeavoured to do so, by his braces. Counsel—"But where were his braces?" Answer—"They were on the floor." (Loud laughter, which, as is seldom the case, the curious circumstances justified).

Here is a specimen of the way in which a Bombay native railway official keeps his head office informed:—"Great danger last night. Both pointsmen treacherously quarrelled, and beat each other. Barudiah was to be murdered by throw'n of a big stone from Mahomed. Fortunately it fell on the back of Barudiah's wife. She suffers. I tried to pacify both, but all of no avail. So I awaked up Barudiah forcibly. Mahomed then came, with a sword and a large bauge, to kill the pointsman inside and suicide himself. With great respect I watched them both. Please kindly scatter both to different sides by first train to-day, otherwise murder happen, including to myself."



HINTS TO INVESTORS.

London, 23rd July.

There was little demand for money on Saturday, and short loans were obtainable at $\frac{1}{2}\%$, but in the discount market a firmer tendency was observable owing to rumoured withdrawals of gold from the Bank, and three months' bills were not taken under from $1\frac{3}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}\%$. Consols for money are quoted at $99\frac{1}{2}\%$, and for the account $99\frac{3}{4}\%$. India 3% are higher at 97.

ENGLISH RAILS, with one or two exceptions, have not maintained the extreme prices quoted in our last issue. The weather has been all against them, and it is not a little to be wondered at that under such depressing influences prices have remained as steady as they have. East London took a sudden jump to over 10, but for what reason we are unable to say. Taff Vale, a Stock we recommended at round about 200, is now selling at from 217 to 222, and we should not be surprised to see it higher still, but for further speculation should not advise it as an investment it will pay anyone to hold. The dividend on Great Eastern was favourably received, and the Stock at one time rose to over 69, but remains steady at half a point less. Brighton A, with the weekly decrease in traffic, is a wonderfully hard market, and is being talked up to 125 or more, but we cannot recommend it just now, and should prefer to see some better takings before we should be tempted to buy them. They close steady at $122\frac{1}{2}$. Dover A $103\frac{1}{4}$; Great Northern A, $101\frac{1}{2}$; Caledonian, $103\frac{3}{4}$; Chatham, $21\frac{1}{2}$; Great Eastern, $68\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western, $146\frac{1}{4}$; Hull and Barnsley, 30; Metropolitan, $73\frac{3}{4}$; do. District, $34\frac{1}{4}$; Midland, $133\frac{1}{2}$; North British, $112\frac{1}{8}$; North Eastern, 156; North Western, $171\frac{1}{4}$.

FOREIGN STOCKS have been unable to sustain the late sharp advance, and the reaction is most noticeable in those which Berlin and Paris have lately taken hold of and so rapidly advanced. The advice we gave last week has been fully verified, and we see no reason to alter our opinion. The time to buy Foreigners is not yet. The extreme closing of the Market was slightly firmer, which may be accounted for partly by the sudden advance in Copper Shares reported from the Paris Bourse, where they have again taken up Tintos to 20. Egyptian Unified closed at $83\frac{3}{4}$; Greek 1881, $73\frac{3}{4}$; Portuguese, $62\frac{3}{4}$; Perus, $6\frac{1}{2}$; 15 $\frac{1}{2}$; Perus, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$; 14 $\frac{1}{4}$; Russian, 1873, $97\frac{1}{2}$; Spanish, $72\frac{1}{8}$; Turkish, Group I., $24\frac{1}{2}$; Group II., $14\frac{3}{4}$; Group III., $14\frac{3}{8}$.

AMERICANS opened very strong, and on good buying advanced rapidly; then realisation set in, and a greater part of the advance was lost, but the tendency at the extreme close was somewhat firmer. Although of opinion that most of these securities are going dollars better, yet our advice is to take profits, and don't run them too far on the bull tack; there will be plenty of opportunities of getting in, and act if the market is carefully watched. All our fancies are going the right way, but we recommend caution for the

moment. A rise of from 5 to 10 dollars is sure to bring in sellers, and if we had any profits ourselves we should certainly take them. Central Pacific at present prices look cheap (they are now quoted at 34). They pay 2% in cash, and the present price includes the accumulation dividend. Compare these with such rubbish as Erie (now selling at about 27) which has never paid but one dividend, and may possibly never pay another, and Central Pacifics look decidedly cheap. The lowest price they have touched since 1882 is $27\frac{1}{2}$, and they have sold within that period at 100. For a good speculative investment we consider them as cheap as anything in the Market. Don't part with Ontarios. They are certainly a very low Stock, but there is money in them, and they will have their turn. The traffics are increasing every week, and more than sufficient is being earned to pay all its bonded interest. When this Stock was in a far worse position its price was quoted double what it now—viz., 16. Milwaukee have been up to 73, and reacted to $70\frac{3}{4}$, but are now at $71\frac{1}{8}$. Denver Preference, $47\frac{3}{4}$; Erie, $27\frac{1}{4}$; Lake Shore, $94\frac{3}{4}$; Louisville, $60\frac{1}{2}$; New York Central, $108\frac{1}{4}$; Norfolk Preference, $50\frac{7}{8}$; Ohio, $21\frac{1}{8}$; Ontario, 16; Pennsylvania, $55\frac{1}{4}$; Reading, $31\frac{3}{8}$; Union Pacific, $58\frac{1}{8}$.

FOREIGN AND CANADIAN RAILWAYS have been a weak market, and prices are lower. Canadian Pacific are quoted $58\frac{3}{4}$; Grand Trunk Ordinary, $10\frac{1}{2}$; First Preference, 59; Second Preference, $41\frac{1}{4}$; Third Preference, $23\frac{1}{4}$; Guaranteed, $68\frac{3}{4}$. The only exception has been in Mexican Rails, which on the announcement of an opposition undertaking have advanced considerably. The reason for this is supposed to be due to a large bear account in this security. The Ordinary are quoted $45\frac{1}{2}$; First Preference, $118\frac{1}{2}$; Second Preference, $75\frac{1}{2}$; Mexican Central, First Mortgage, $68\frac{1}{4}$.

MINES have received considerable attention, and prices mark an advance in the majority of cases. The public are certainly not sellers, and a quantity of Stock is being quietly taken off the Market and paid for. The coming settlement will probably show a scarcity of Stock, and bears will have to give their support to the Market. The chief feature has been in Rio Tintos, which it is expected will be very scarce at the settlement which commences on Wednesday inst., and it is not unlikely that we shall see higher prices ruling. Carlisle, Kapanga, Gimpie Great Eastern, are all worth attention, and some of the almost unsaleable Stock will go off better. We should sell nothing at present. Carlises are quoted at 17/-. (We recommended them in our last week's issue when selling at 15/-.) Cape Copper, 37/8; Dickens Custer, 6/6; Don Pedro, 19/-; Etheridge Gold, 13/-; Balkis, 6/-; Gimpie Great Eastern, 9/-; Kaboonga, 3/6; Kapanga, 10/-; Mysore Gold, 3; Russell Gold, 3/6; Viola, 19/-.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET closed firm especially for Hotchkiss, which were done at over 12. Allsopps, $10\frac{3}{4}$; Aerated Bread, $5\frac{3}{4}$; Bristol Brewery, 24; E. C. Powder, 7; Guinness, $32\frac{3}{4}$; Hotchkiss, 12; Hudson's Bay, 18; Suez Canal, $84\frac{1}{4}$.

The traffic receipts of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway for Friday last, show a decrease of £2,455.

The Directors of Bells, Asbestos Co., Limited, have declared an interim dividend of 7/6 per Share for the past half year, being equal to 15% per annum.

Harrison, Barber, and Co., Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 7% per annum.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is on the decline, and an advance in Cédulas may be looked for.

The rise in copper and Copper Shares is attributed to the reported amalgamation of three of the leading Mines, viz., Rio Tinto, Mason and Barry, and Tharsis. Should this be true the collapse of the Copper Ring would be indefinitely postponed.

We hear the Shares of the New Emma Mine well spoken of. They are £1 Shares, 16/6 paid, and are now selling at about 4/9.

The following refers to the Balkis Consolidated Company, and is dated Esterling, June 10th:—"I have measured the flow quarter in the Esterling Creek, near the Old Battery, and find that approximately 3,300 gallons pass per hour. This should be sufficient for 8 or 10 stamps. It is now the dry season, and no rain has fallen for six weeks. In the wet season the quantity of water is, of course, very much greater, and by constructing a dam of sufficient size, so as to store the wet season water, a considerably larger number of stamps could always be kept going."

ADVICE GRATIS.

Answers will be given to Subscribers on Financial matters in connection with the Stock Exchange, and will be published in the following issue.

Subscribers who may require a full and explanatory letter by post must enclose a fee of 2/6, and give name and address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEEKLY READER.—The dividend just declared was at the rate of 1/- per share.

SHAREHOLDER.—You would have difficulty in selling at the figure you name. The official price is 1 3-16 5-16.

A. L. C.—The company is a thoroughly sound one. You would gain nothing by selling out.

J. D.—We should not like to recommend a purchase at present prices.

TRANSFER.—You should insist on delivery

IRISH SOCIETY

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WEEK ENDING 4TH AUGUST, 1888.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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WEEK ENDING 4th AUGUST, 1888.

The Princess of Wales is acknowledged to be the best-dressed woman in Europe, always elegant, always in perfect taste. Does she dress in the latest fashion? Nothing of the sort. She has never adopted the voluminous crinoline declared necessary by French couturieres, because she is too wise to cumber her elegant supple form with such monstrosity. Our princess dresses her hair to suit her face, and she wears a small bonnet necessary for that style of coiffure (which she never changes). She dresses in the newest silk materials, and her dresses always fit to perfection, but they are cut to suit the lines of her figure, and not according to the styles of the day. Her clothes look part of herself, and she has not the appearance of a fashion plate, as is unfortunately the case with so many women. Copying this elegant lady is the reason why eccentricities of fashion do not creep in amidst the nobility; ladies of rank dress richly, but more simply and quietly than the middle-classes.

The Prince of Montenegro is a handsome man, six feet in height, with a pleasant face, ornamented with a heavy moustache and mutton-

chop whiskers. The Princess is still a handsome woman, and in her youth was a beauty. She is probably the only woman in Montenegro past thirty who does not look an old crone.

The Khedive's wife is described by a lady who was admitted to her presence as still young, at most 26 years old, and has an extremely charming face. Her whole appearance would be bewitching were she not an Oriental, and, therefore, young as she is, already too stout to be perfectly beautiful according to European notions.

The Khedive of Egypt is a strict monogamist. He lives with his one wife and children at his palace at Ismalia, near the Nile Bridge. Every morning he rises between four and five and takes two hours' exercise. Between seven and eight he drives to the Abdin Palace, where he holds state receptions, receiving telegrams and attending to the affairs of State.

The first persons to offer their congratulations to the venerable Duchess of Cambridge on the completion of her 91st year were the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their three daughters; and the principal members of their Royal Highnesses' households presented with their congratulations a basket of magnificent roses, 91 in number, corresponding with the age of the Duchess. Her Royal Highness held a reception, which was a very crowded one, and in the evening entertained at dinner a very large family party of her children and grandchildren.

The marriage of Charles Anthony King-Harman, son of the late Hon. Laurence King-Harman, of Rockingham, to Constance, daughter of Major-General Sir Robert Biddulph, C.B., K.C.M.G., took place at St. Mary Abbotts, Kensington, last week.

Last Thursday was solemnized at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, the marriage of Captain Clifton Briggs (Devonshire Regiment) and Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr George Whitfield, of Cornwall Gardens and Modreeny, County Tipperary. The five bridesmaids wore rose-coloured silk dresses, with tulle veils and wreaths of roses, and each wore a gold bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom, with the date of the wedding.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Dr. D. P. Fitzgerald French, of Killeroran, Ballygar, County Galway, and Miss Kathleen A. Stone, of Grove Park.

The marriage of Mr G. Henry Loyd, of Langteybury, and the Hon. Clementina Brownlow, daughter of the late Lord Lurgan, took place on Thursday afternoon at St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington, in the presence of a very large and fashionable assemblage of English and Irish friends. Lord Lurgan conducted his sister to the altar. She was attended by eight bridesmaids attired in coral pink China silk dresses, with broad pink sashes and hats *en suite*. They wore crescent brooches of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding reception was held. The presents were very numerous and costly.

On Thursday last the marriage of Captain Acland Hood, Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Mildred de Moleyns took place at Sunnyhill Church. The bride was given away by Lord Ventry. Mr Arthur Hood, Rifle Brigade, was best man, and there were three bridesmaids. The wedding was very quiet. Amongst the bridal presents were several from the servants and labourers at Burnham, Lord Ventry's seat in Kerry, and also from the tenants and cottagers at St. Andries, Fairfield, and Wootton—genuine proofs of the love and esteem with which the fair bride was regarded by the poorer classes, to whom she was ever a friend.

A marriage will take place early in September between the Hon. John Mansfield, second son of the late Lord Sandhurst, and Edith, second daughter of Mr John Higson, of Oakmere Hall, Hertford.

On dit that an engagement has taken place between Captain John George Murters, R.N., Inspector of Coastguards, and Miss Manders, daughter of the late Mr H. Manders.

Also between Mr White, late High Sheriff for the County Leitrim, and Miss Hayes, daughter of Mr Hayes, of Malahide.

Mr George Peirse-Duncombe, of Queen's Gate and Winthorpe, states that the marriage arranged between his daughter, Mildred, and Mr Herbert Bindley, of Hadley House, Smithwick, is without his consent, and entirely contrary to his wishes.

A marriage has been arranged between the Rev. Alfred Legge, only surviving son of General the Hon. Arthur Legge, of Caynton, Shropshire, and Lydia, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Oliver Lambart, R.N.

The marriage arranged between Captain Spicer, of Spyne Park, Wilts, and Lady Margaret Fane, youngest daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, will shortly take place.

The marriage arranged between Mr Harry Mangin, second son of the late Mr H. B. Mangin and Mrs Mangin, of Carlisle terrace, Malahide, and Miss Fanny Tymons, second daughter of the late Mr John Tymons, will take place early in September.

An engagement is announced between Mr Carey Eleves and Lady Winifred Fielding, third daughter of the Earl of Denbigh.

The marriage of Miss Black, eldest daughter of Mr Gibson Black, of Blackheath Clontarf, will come off early in September, and the wedding is expected to be an unusually gay one.

A marriage has been arranged between Lord R. Cecil, third son of Lord Salisbury, and Lady E. Lampdon, sister of the Earl of Durham.

Now that the autumn session is a certainty, the wearied member wants to fly to scenes where no echo will come of "Ayes to the right, Noes to left," and he will be safe from all interruption from the announcement, "The clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day." There are dreams of a region where it does not rain all the morning and pour all the afternoon. But when measures are taken to realise the dream it is quite another matter. The Parliamentary holiday cannot begin till the end of the week. The nose of M.P.'s is to be kept to the grindstone, and it is said an edict has gone forth against too many pairs. Nor is the date given at which the holiday may begin. At school the day of the breaking-up is always known beforehand. In the House of Commons nobody knows.

The directors of the Dublin Southern District Tramways Company might occasionally take a trip on their line between Kingstown and Dalkey, and see if the trams could not be made to start from both ends at the hours mentioned in time tables. As it is now, very often through the cars leaving Dalkey behind time passengers miss the express train for Dublin at Sandycove, whilst the delay in leaving Kingstown makes it quicker to walk. A little more smartness and punctuality would put money into the hands of the company. Again, might we suggest to the directors the propriety of having something better than a steep iron ladder to the top of the car. For ladies it is simply indecent—for children it is extremely dangerous. Yet another suggestion. New harness is badly wanted. Sometimes two or three halts are made in a couple of miles to fix things up.

The Boers seem a charming race. Their last grievance is that Dutch is not talked enough. "I was in the market," exclaimed one of their orators the other day, "and everything was put up in English, even to the twelfth wagon!" It was generally suggested that the majority of the dealers were English, but that only added fuel to the flame—increased his Dutch courage. "No matter," he continued, "let them employ interpreters. If the whole world opposes me I will give every drop of blood in my body to uphold my national tongue." If ever patriotism can be pronounced morbid, I think—to any one who has ever heard Dutch spoken—it will be called so in this case.

If not actually spoiled the Rose Show at Bray last week was much interfered with by the uncertainty of the frame of mind the clerk of the weather might be in during the afternoon. In the morning bad weather all day seemed likely, but fortunately the afternoon was fairly fine, and a considerable number of the upper ten wended their way to the Carlisle grounds. The show of roses was superb, and the band of the Black Watch played, as they always do, delightfully. In the evening there was a musical promenade and a display of fireworks, which was well attended, £25 in sixpences being received at the gate.

Dalkey Regatta, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, takes place on Saturday, the 4th inst. It is undoubtedly the favourite aquatic festival of the year round the Dublin coast, and favoured, as we hope it may be, with fine weather it should prove this year, as it has for many years been, a success. All the arrangements are perfect, and extra trains will be run to suit the convenience of passengers.

Wicklow Regatta is fixed to take place on the 6th inst. A military band will perform, and numerous attractions are announced. The Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway will run cheap trains at convenient hours.

Bray Regatta is to occupy two days—one too much in our opinion for such a small meeting as it is likely to be. The dates are the 14th and 15th of August, and the usual attractions are announced.

The County Dublin Militia, now known as the 6th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, had an exceptionally rough time of it at Lusk, in the ground where once stood a convict establishment. The officers had their mess in an old convict shed with the numbers still up, underneath which at luncheon on Wednesday last many of the rank and beauty of Dublin city and county were gathered. Officers and men alike were under canvas and in water. The parade ground had been turned into a lake with a sufficient depth of water for Tommy Atkins to paddle his own canoe on it, but too deep even to wade in. The culinary arrangements were sadly interfered with during the training by the heavy rains that incessantly fell, and more than once dinner was unavoidably postponed, whilst in the absence of a boat the canteen could only be approached with any degree of comfort on stilts. On Thursday, owing to the exceptionally bad weather, the battalion was disembodied two days before the proper time, but not a moment too soon as far as the health of the men was concerned.

The Free and Open Church Association is again to the fore. Lord Meath is a great Free and Open Churchman, and may perhaps become responsible for a bill absolutely forbidding pew rent in churches which rightly belong to the whole people.

Les absents ont toujours tort. Les dames du monde ont toujours tort. However charming they may be, they are always in the wrong. The *Lancet* is never satisfied. Its latest protest is against the indescribable hat, the mysteries of whose twists and curls are beyond male criticism, but whose adaptation for summer weather seemed to be almost perfect. The *Lancet* shows us that we're all mistaken. Fatal accidents lurk in the curled brim of that remarkable headdress. The natural history and evolution of the hat as now worn has not apparently received the attention which is required at the hands of a scientific authority. It becomes clear only when the chief medical journal lifts its hands in holy horror, and prays that the angel of death may stop the ravages. Thus, then, the hat came into existence. The Princess bonnet, so long popular, developed a peculiar and very taking fashion of hair. The back of a lady's head has become in many senses very dear to her. When the wide-brimmed hat came to be recommended by the milliner it was at once seen that it would hide the dressing of the back hair. Wherefore the milliner curled the Leghorn brim in grotesque fashion, and lifted it high above the poll. There it rests by a large majority. But the *Lancet* is aghast. Whence comes sunstroke? From the play of the sunstrokes upon the nape of the neck. Brushed up hair and curly brimmed hats invite the darts of Apollo. For once in a way we are inclined to become the champion of the lady with the broad-brimmed hat. We should like very much to ask the editor of the *Lancet* how many darts of Apollo, how many rays of the sun likely to produce sunstroke he has experienced this year. Can he adduce a case of a lady stricken because of her back hair and curly-brimmed hat? The long flowing tresses will be seen again, the Panama hat will become once more the rage, but neither seem to be absolutely necessary in this year of grace. Their ladyships have conformed to the season. They may be seen all day carrying a garden on their heads to encourage the downpour of Nature's water-pots.

The latest American marriage custom is the "secret honeymoon," which is carried out as follows:—The best man at the wedding selects a wedding tour, the direction of which he is forbidden by the dictates of honour to disclose to either the bride or bridegroom. As the happy couple drive off a sealed envelope is thrown into the carriage, which contains the name of the place they are bound for, and as neither have any previous knowledge of the locality, the result is generally a joyful surprise and mutually satisfactory. It also throws an air of pleasing expectation over the honeymoon, and prevents any chance of a squabble as to the direction of the journey.

The last dance at the Absolute Club was not quite so well attended as some previous ones, still those who went thoroughly enjoyed the good floor, the good music, and the attention of their hosts. "Hospitality" and "The Absolute" are becoming synonymous words in Kingstown.

Prince Christian had a very enviable task to perform at the Royal College of Music. He had to congratulate it upon coming into a very pleasant little fortune. Mr Sampson Fox has given it £30,000. This sum will put the college on strong legs, which is conferring an enormous boon upon English music. It is more go-ahead than other and older institutions, and is attracting to the cultivation of their musical talents those very classes which it was designed to reach.

The Hon. Mrs Plunkett and the Misses Kirkpatrick have left 77 Merrion square for England.

Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, Bart., Lady Guinness, and suite have left Kingstown for England.

Lady Jones has arrived at her residence in Mount street from England.

Dr. Quinlan has left his residence, 29 Lower Fitzwilliam street, for several weeks, and is travelling on the Continent.

Mrs Christian, the Misses Christian, and suite have left their residence, 53 Merrion square, for "The Gold Thorns," Colwyn Bay, North Wales.

Miss Rose Barton, the well-known amateur artiste in London, is stepsister to Colonel McCalmond, now commanding the 4th Dragoon Guards at Newbridge.

The Libel Bill will go through the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor was well pleased the other day by a deputation from the National Association of Journalists. He got ideas about newspaper work as he once got ideas about land tenure reform. These ideas he is introducing into the Libel Bill. We do not know that they will improve the measure, but the great thing is to get the bill through, and have the advantages which it confers.

It has lately been decided that the purchaser of a theatre stall has no right to take his umbrella in with him—a most inopportune judgment in such a season as this, wherein a man would as soon think of parting with the button at the back of his shirt collar, on which, as it is well known, everything depends. Considering the stalls in all London theatres are now made for the accommodation of this indispensable companion, it is a gratuitous blow to the theatre-goer. It is also a blow to the actor, who receives his applause at least as much from the ferrule of the umbrella as from the voice or the hand. This discouragement of what has justly been termed "the national weapon" of our country is but poorly compensated for by the sixpence it puts into the pocket of the manager "for retaining it throughout the evening," but perhaps he looks forward to letting it out to others whilst the its proprietor is under cover. Under these circumstances a wet night, which is generally unfavourable to the drama, will have its compensation.

A correspondent writes complaining of the way subscribers (who are supposed to enjoy special advantages on the D. W. and W. Railway by

having parcels sent to the station where they reside for the nominal charge of 1d) are overcharged when sending a bicycle or tricycle down the line. It appears that last week our correspondent, "a subscriber," had occasion to send a tricycle to Bray, and tendered 2s, the advertised charge to an ordinary passenger travelling in the same train. This was refused, and an extra 1s demanded because our correspondent wished to return home by a later train, and which he was compelled to pay, being told by the official in charge that he was not a passenger, only a subscriber, and therefore not entitled to the reduction. It appears to us to be the height of red-tapeism to compel a subscriber to travel in the same train with his tricycle or bicycle or else pay an additional carriage.

In the law, in medicine, and in art it is getting more and more the custom to throw business into a few hands. A few lawyers, a few doctors, a few painters make large incomes, a large majority make small ones, and the rest make nothing. It is a ridiculous system enough, for the difference between a first-rate lawyer and doctor and a good one cannot be so very great; and, moreover, number two has more time to give to your case than number one. In art genius is supposed to step in and alter these conditions. Still a painter may be worth his salt, though he may not be a Millais, but it seems Peter Ignotus does not get his salt, or, at all events, the bread and butter to eat it with.

A capital suggestion has been made, and has been adopted in many quarters, that the usual excursions annually given by our railway companies in connection with the great National Horse Show at Ball's Bridge should this year be started a day earlier than usual, in order that visitors to the city might take in the inaugural meeting at Leopardstown, which is not unlikely to become at an early date the premier race meeting of Ireland.

The Horse Show will commence on Tuesday the 20th August, and as the Leopardstown inauguration has been fixed for Monday the 27th of August, the suggestion is that if the excursions by the Great Southern and Western, Midland Great Western, Great Northern, and Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford, were started on the preceding Saturday, our country friends could enjoy a day at Bray, or Kingstown on the Sunday, and witness the racing at Leopardstown on the following day (Monday), leaving them afterwards to the full attractions of Ball's Bridge during the succeeding four days.

While on the subject of the Horse Show it may be no harm to mention that householders having suitable apartments to let for that week, should, if they study their own interests, let the fact be known through the medium of the city newspapers. It is generally recognised that lodgings in Dublin during the great Show week can be obtained on very reasonable terms, but strangers often experience difficulty in finding exactly what they want, and many most desirable rooms remain consequently unlet during the holding of the Show.

Mrs Plunkett and family have returned to Portmarnock House from Winton Lodge, Monkstown.

The new ladies' club which has been recently established in Waterford gave a very pretty dance on Friday evening which was thoroughly enjoyed by all the favoured guests of the fair hostesses.

Mrs Corbally issued invitations for a large garden and tennis party at her residence near Swords on Tuesday last, but the uncertainty of the weather considerably marred the enjoyment of the day.

Very pleasant tennis and strawberry parties have been given the last four weeks by Mrs D'Arcy, at Kilcorney, Co. Waterford, and were fully appreciated by the guests, as informal genial gatherings of the neighbours.

There have also been tennis parties at Mrs Walker's, Raheny; Mrs Casey's, The Donahies; Mrs Colvill's, Coolock House; and Mrs Acton's, Brookville, but more or less, they were sadly interfered with by broken weather.

We regret to announce that Robert Clayton Browne, Esq., died at his residence, Browne's Hill, Carlow, on the 22nd of July, in his 90th year.

Mr G. L. Bassett, the largest mine owner in the country, died on Wednesday evening at his residence, Tehidy, Camborne, Cornwall.

"Squire Drake" died at the old family seat of Shardeloes, near Amersham, on Tuesday last, in the 71st year of his age. Few men enjoyed greater popularity than the former master of the Bicester Hounds. Owing to a fall he was obliged to retire from the hunting field for two years. When he resumed office he was presented with a magnificent piece of plate by his friends and admirers of the value of £600.

The old Rotunda is undergoing something in the way of rejuvenation in front, though what the nature of the intended repairs or improvements is to be, is a matter for conjecture. Certainly it wanted overhauling badly, as its outer condition was anything but creditable to the hospital authorities who have in it a steady and reliable source of income. When they are about it we trust they will extend their attention to the inside, which, with a little expenditure, might be made one of the most comfortable assembly rooms in Dublin.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless an undoubted fact, that the acoustic properties of the Round Room are of a very perfect kind, and that vocalists and public speakers are heard there to more advantage than in any other hall or theatre in the city. But its inner look has long been a forlorn one, and it could easily be made quite a fashionable place for high-class concerts and balls for a comparatively trifling expenditure. We commend the suggestion to the notice of the governors.

Davy Stephens's sparrows are fast becoming one of the sights of Kingstown. Every morning a crowd of these little birds may be seen flying down from the roofs and balconies of the Town Hall to receive their breakfast from Davy, and they are so tame that they perch about his papers and magazines as if anxious to improve their minds in the study of the latest flights of modern literature.

We have just paid a visit to the old and well-known establishment of Francis Falkner in Grafton street, whose patrons are numerous, and include many of the best families in the city and neighbourhood. Mr Falkner has his bonded stores at Adelaide road, and in these extensive premises keeps large quantities of whiskey, wines, rum, gin, and other liquors, available for use when required for the purposes of his trade. The cellars in Grafton street are spacious and very complete; and perhaps in no other establishment in the city are the blending arrangements more perfect. Around the walls are numerous huge vats, holding each 600 gallons of blended Irish whiskey, which is being constantly bottled for home, cross-channel, and foreign consumption, and perhaps this is the proper place to state that the amount of "Falkner's blend" of Irish whiskey sent annually to England, Scotland, the Colonies, and India forms a considerable item in the totals of shipments of spirits from the Liffey. The blending process in the Grafton street house is an interesting one, the business being done by steam power; and it will be of interest to state that the amount of employment afforded by Mr Falkner in the carrying out of this important department of his business is extensive, the skilled hands engaged being numerous. Filters on the newest and most approved principle are used, and from an upper floor the whiskeys are conveyed through a series of pipes to the vats below, from which after a time they are bottled and sent out. Several ships of the Royal Navy are regularly supplied with this blend, the trade in which is an extremely large one.

The Dawson street stores are used exclusively for the wine department of the business, which is one of the largest in the city. Every variety of the produce of the vine is found here, from the richest and costliest vintage to the serviceable and moderately-priced ordinary dinner beverage, which is now in larger consumption among the well-to-do middle classes than at any previous period. Mr Falkner makes a special feature of his wine trade and is thus enabled to cater for the palates and purses of all classes, his goods being in every grade marked by great purity and excellence, these being the characteristics which have built up his trade during the past century.

In the supply of general groceries the house has long had a high reputation for the excellence of their goods, and their business is consequently enormous. Their teas are blended by steam power, and their coffees roasted and ground by similar means, while the other goods which go to make up the general grocery business are present in profusion. Mr Falkner has a branch house at No. 2 Charing Cross, London, in which a large trade in wines and in his Irish blends of whiskey is conducted.

Irish family affection, which is a proverbial quality of our race, has just received a striking illustration in an instance that has occurred in Dublin. As the story has been told to us, it appears that a few years ago the eldest daughter of a labouring man residing then and now in the Coombe district, was taken as servant by a family leaving the city for the Argentine Republic. The girl was extremely good and clever, and rapidly became a great favourite with the household with whom she was connected, and from

time to time she was enabled to forward remittances to her relatives at home, which assisted to a considerable extent in providing for the wants of her young sisters and brothers, and securing many a comfort for her father and mother.

The other day a letter arrived from the mistress of this estimable girl informing her parents that their daughter had been so fortunate as to secure the affections of a rich cattle-dealer in that quarter—a man in every way worthy to be esteemed, and that her late servant was now the wife of one of the most extensive ranche owners in the Republic. The letter enclosed a solid remittance, and intimated that steps were in progress to bring the whole family out to the country in which the daughter has made a prosperous home.

"The rain it raineth every day." The quotation is an old one, and may be found in one or other of Shakespeare's comedies; but if the downpour was greater or more continuous when the Bard of Avon penned the line than it has been with us for some time past, the people of that day must have had a moist time of it. Excursions, pic-nics, and *al fresco* sports are being postponed in all directions in consequence of the excessive moisture; but much worse than this is the probability of grave injury resulting to what promised to be an abundant harvest.

St. Swithin has got a lot to answer for, and so has whoever put him on the list. The name, however, does not appear in the "Litany of Saints." After this summer he ought to be boycotted. A gentle shower once a day just to show his power no one would object to, but such a day in July as Friday last is rather too much. St. Swithin clearly comes under the designation of a wet saint.

Are there two sea-serpents disporting themselves in the waters of the two hemispheres? We have intelligence of the appearance of one monster at Newbury Port on the Atlantic seaboard, and word comes to us from Baltimore, County Cork, that some fishermen at work 15 miles south-west of that place, had a glimpse of the serpent while hauling in their nets on the morning of Friday of last week. Let us compare the American and Irish experiences.

According to the Yankee story published at some length in the *New York Herald*, the Newbury Port men were fishing for mackerel when their attention was attracted to a strange object off Long Point, a distance of over two miles away. It looked like a portion of the side of a monster fish. Inside of five minutes the distance from Long Point to the wherry had been covered, and the strange fish went by at a fifteen-knot rate. The creature passed within 15 feet of the boat, and created a swell like a tidal wave.

The body was perfectly smooth and round, as large as a good-sized cask, free apparently from fins, and at least 75 feet long. The head could not be seen plainly, owing to the force the marine monster was using it in forging ahead, and, according to the Newbury Port men, the

fish went whizzing by at tremendous speed, leaving a wake behind as high and as broad as that made by a steamboat.

So much for the American serpent. That reported off Baltimore must have been a veritable monster, as it appeared to the fishermen to be more than 100 feet long, with a black body and a head of tremendous proportions, going along leisurely, and always keeping well on the surface. But many people in the south are sceptical as to its being a fish at all, and are inclined to the belief that it is one of the huge logs from the raft which broke adrift on the American coast some time ago, and which must now be scattered far and near over the ocean.

A very interesting ceremony took place on Saturday last in the Junior Army and Navy Stores, D'Olier street, when the employes met for the purpose of presenting an illuminated address to their manager, Mr H. L. Peters, who is leaving the Dublin branch for a more important post at the head stores in London.

The proceedings were opened by Mr. Corner, assistant manager, who, in a few well-chosen words, spoke of the extraordinary success which had been achieved in building-up this branch, under the management of Mr Peters.

Mr H. Clark then read the address which Mr Corner handed to Mr Peters, and with it a very handsome case of cutlery and table requisites; also a prettily chased solid silver card-case for Mrs Peters, remarking that her recent illness had excited the sympathy of every one in the house, and they all trusted she would soon be restored once more to health and strength.

Mr Peters, who was received with hearty cheers, responded. He was, he said, completely taken by surprise when he received the invitation to meet them that day. He really felt very sad now that the time for parting was so near. He thought he did not deserve the flattering remarks contained in the address, for he believed that without the aid of the energetic staff he could have done nothing. He knew that they had in his successor, Mr Corner, a man who might well be trusted successfully to continue the work. It was doubly gratifying to him to receive such a gift from employes to whom he felt he had been a hard taskmaster. He thanked them sincerely for the beautiful present to Mrs Peters, and was sure if anything would conduce to her recovery the event of that afternoon would. He thanked them all for the assistance they had always rendered him. Three cheers were then given for Mr Peters, and, the latter having bidden farewell to each member, the proceedings terminated.

There are ten ladies in the world at present who bear the title of Empress. There is first our own Queen Victoria, Empress of India. In Germany there are three—namely, the Empress Augusta, the Empress Victoria, and the reigning Empress Augusta Victoria. Besides these there are the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the Empress Marie Alexander of Russia, the Empress Theresa Christina of Brazil, and the Empress Avon Ko of Japan, the ex-Empress Eugenie of the French, and the Empress Mother of China.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that the first book supposed to have been printed in Dublin was the Liturgy, in the year 1551, by Humphrey Powell, and that types for printing in the Irish character were brought into this country in 1571 by Nicholas Walsh, Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Amongst the many places of interest worth visiting near Dublin is the Church of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. The building, though small, is very handsome, being pannelled all round in oak. The ceiling is a work of art, and the stained glass windows are considered very fine, part of the large one over the altar being presented by her gracious Majesty. The church is nominally for old and disabled soldiers, though the great attraction at present seems the 11th Hussars, who have lately replaced the 16th Lancers, and attend Divine Service there. The Royal Hospital was commenced in the reign of James II. (1680), and opened in 1684.

The Liffey ferry service is improving, and we nautical people who frequently voyage across the pellucid stream should accordingly rejoice. The traveller desirous of reaching Commons street or Creighton street at one of the stairs, or Spencer Dock and Lime street at another, cannot possibly have a wait of more than twenty minutes for a conveyance across. The boatmen are getting spry and smart now, in view probably of the rumoured application of electricity or steam motive power for the propulsion of the admirable cutter-like craft that now take the voyage across that stormy water "in less than no time," as one of the boatmen remarked the other day to an intending patron, who thought better of it and walked round by the swivel bridge, reaching the opposite shore before the boat had arrived in mid-stream.

It is really too bad that in this age of general progress, with proposals for lighting the city with electricity, with railway trains running forty miles an hour, and with the Loop Line in actual construction, that something or other should not be attempted in the way of improving this antediluvian method of getting across the Liffey. It was scarcely endurable forty years ago, and it was infinitely better then than now. Men come and go, things change generally in an improving way, but the ancient boats are destined to remain with us apparently forever.

Many of our readers will be more or less familiar with an old venerable vocalist who on fine evenings sings some fine old English ballads at the halldoors of houses in Mountjoy square, Fitzgibbon street, Belvedere place, and a few other streets in that neighbourhood. His voice is low, but singularly sweet, and he accompanies himself with much artistic taste on a guitar. Well, that old man was once a favourite tenor in a company which numbered Sims Reeves among its members, and many a time delighted a bygone generation of lovers of music in Dublin. He has performed in good parts at the Royal, and we would hope that for "Auld lang Syne" those who come across him now may reward his minstrelsy generously.

The very smallest bovines of which we have ever heard are now in the cattle section at Olympia, these being owned by Mr Richard

Barter, of Cork, who has sent them forward as curiosities. And curiosities in the truest sense of the word they are. Kerry cattle, everyone knows, are diminutive little creatures when compared with animals of other breeds; but Mr Barter's show Kerries beat by long chalks all the records of diminutiveness hitherto heard of.

Fancy, if you can, a Kerry Dexter bull of the tolerably advanced age of a year and a half standing just exactly twenty-four inches high, and as perfect in form as even an animal painter looking for a first-class model could desire. But even this is outdone by its companion, a lovely little Dexter heifer, which comes up to the standard of twenty-two inches in height, and is also one and a half years old. These curiosities are creating the greatest interest at Olympia, and are inquired for by all the fashionables of London who visit the place. Several titled ladies are anxious to purchase the pair, and Mr Barter will probably dispose of them to advantage, though it is almost a pity to let them leave Ireland.

In this degenerate age there are not many young ladies, or indeed young men either, who take so much outdoor exercise, dress so sensibly, and live so abstemiously as Miss Mary Anderson. One of her chief recreations is rowing on the Thames, and at such times she wears a regular boating rig, and pulls like a University stroke. A lady who had a trip on the water with the great actress the other day said she wore on that occasion a blue flannel dress intersected with knife pleating of white, with lines of gold braid; sailor blouse bodice and skirt, and white straw sailor hat with ribbon band and upright bunch of loops. Underwear, a divided skirt of fine wool, with kilted finish and soft, long, silky wool vest. No corset, tournure, dragging skirts, or superfluous things hanging loose. Just a neat, simple trim, yet wonderfully picturesque, dress for a body as strong and supple, as perfectly under control and command, as that of a young athlete.

Apropos of the attractiveness of the dairy-maids at the Irish Exhibition comes an *on dit* which is going the rounds of the Italian Exhibition. The Mandolinists with their sweet instruments, and sweeter natural voices, have sung themselves well into public favour. One of them, whose handsome face and radiant smile have kept many young ladies from seeing other parts of the Exhibition, has been offered the "hand and shekels" of a lady known to many in Kensington. By some it is reported that the marriage is a fact accomplished; but certainly more than the ordinary conveniences have passed between the wanderer from the land of song and the fair lady, whose banking account is said to be considerable. But those who live long enough will see whether the whole affair is not on a par with American advertising.

As to American advertising and the means of obtaining success, the following lines may be new to many of our readers, entitled "How to succeed in Life"—

"Early to bed and early to rise,
You stay at home and advertise."

All the exhibitions are plentifully supplied with refreshment, coffee, and wine bars. At the Irish, however, the "boys who must be boys" (but think themselves men) seem to find the eyes of the daughters of Erin sufficiently enticing without either wine or coffee. Over the sale of strawberries and cream there is constantly noticeable a "soft passage," to use an American expression. To those who have been smitten, to those who may be so at present, and to those who shall be in the future, the following lines are dedicated by "one who has suffered"—

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.

Call not that love which madly asks
An all-absorbing passion
From one who in her zenith basks
Among the "suns" of fashion.
Call not that love which always looks
Towards a pile of dollars,
And at whose shrine and in whose books
So many are apt scholars.
Remember, absence makes the heart
Grow fonder—of another;
When you're away she plays the part
All over with the other.
You know the Latin adage ends
Mutamus nos in illis,
So love-sick Ovid warning sends
Through the hazel eyes of Phyllis.

The recent breach of promise case at Glasgow was an amusing affair. To think that a man would prefer a cigar to a wife is astounding. The hero of the case, one William Kirkland, is, however, looked upon by ladies in all parts of the country as an independent and heroic man worthy of idolisation. Since the termination of the case he has been besieged by congratulatory letters and telegrams. Among the epistles the funniest is one from a young English lady who does not shelter herself altogether under anonymity, but gives her initials and address at a post office beyond the border. After congratulating him on the result of the action she expresses a hope that he will not think her too cheeky when she says she will be glad to look over his one little fault, and as she does not object to the aroma of cigars, take him for his other good qualities. It is something after all to be the defendant in a breach of promise case.

The new Duchess of Marlborough is becoming a familiar figure in London Society. She arrived just in time to find the season in full swing, and she has made the most of it. She towers nearly a head over the Duke, who has not for years been so often in London drawingrooms as has happened during the last few weeks. At present the Duke and Duchess are staying with the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, who has taken very kindly to her richly dowered daughter-in-law.

The era of cheapness at all events is not over. Cheap locomotion is the order of the day. The "2d bus" was long ago superseded along several main lines of thoroughfare in the little village by the "penny bus," and now the "halfpenny bus" has become the rival of the halfpenny newspaper. Over several of the London bridges, and especially in connection with the tramways, the "halfpenny bus" now plies, and it being established as an auxiliary to the tramway in the western suburban district. Thus we have reached the very lowest possible point—not even the tramways will think of starting a "farthing bus."

Might we suggest to the railway companies having termini in Dublin that it would be a move in the right direction if their cloakrooms were opened on Sundays? There is now probably no day in the week that more passengers are conveyed by the iron road than the seventh, and yet on that day an office of very great public convenience is hermetically sealed. On what grounds, may we inquire? We pause for a reply, and find none, for there is none to offer. The only excuse for the closing of the cloakroom would be the closing of the traffic, but that is exactly what does not take place, travellers now-a-days on the Sabbath being a large multiple of those of week days. Again a number of excursionists bound from one railway station to another *en route* to their destination may be desirous of attending service—but where are they to leave their baskets and other impedimenta? Passengers arrive in Dublin from England, Scotland, and Wales, and before proceeding on their journey to different parts of the country might possibly desire to sanctify, even in a modified form, the Sabbath Day. But where are they to deposit their luggage? And one can hardly enter into church or chapel laden with portmanteaux, hat-boxes, or the fashionable Gladstone bag.

Of all weeks of the year, the Regatta week was the one selected by the Directors of the D. W. & W. Co. for painting up (not glazing) their several stations from Dublin to Bray. The reason why does not seem apparent. The weather—an important factor in painting, was bad—if it had been good the traffic would have been large. On the whole, out of fifty-two possible weeks in the year, no one possible week could have been worse selected by the intelligent Board of Directors, whose united wisdom in management of what should be in capable hands the most paying railway in Ireland results in a wretched one per cent. dividend.

Woman's suffrage has found favour in the eyes of all the candidates for the American Presidency. President Cleveland is particularly partial to women, and when he was Governor of New York signed several bills giving to them local franchise. Such consideration for the weaker sex will, we are sure, in the ordinary course of things yet animate the actions of our own legislators.

We are now in the height of the holiday season, and ladies who intend to travel should be guided by the timely advice of a fair correspondent, who recommends for travelling purposes skirts without foundations. They keep in order better made up in russel cord or firm chalis. The overdress, we are told, will hang best on silk; but the ordinary foundation silks are not strong enough for the purpose, and split too easily.

Light woollen materials are best for travelling, both as regards health and durability. Dust will shake off from them, and mud will brush off without leaving stains. If the colour be well chosen there is no tone more useful than almond, a little darker than string and as near the tone of dust as can be met with. For murning a black and white pepper-and-salt mixture is better than grey, unless you are able to secure a shade that does not fade.

At the various French watering-places this year simple dresses are considered in the best taste. In the morning ladies wear red or white flannel peignors embroidered with red or blue and straw cape-lines coming well over the face when they go to drink the waters. For *dejeuner* woollen material, such as cashmere or serge, either grey or beige, with embroidered waistcoats. For dinner, foulard or roile trimmed with lace or white borderie Anglaise; or dresses of red crepon de laine, made with yoke-piece of white guipure worked in colours; skirts with large pleats, and jacket-bodices opening over a light coloured waistcoat. Those who intend dancing in the evening wear light foulards with cross-over pleats in the bodice, lace or net skirts with redingotes over, made of cream, blue, or red faille; capaline or cabriolet bonnets, either of Leghorn straw or drawn tulle, flowers inside and out.

It was at the theatre the other evening that a young gentleman sat in the back row. Several ladies persisted in ostentatiously displaying their figures so that the poor fellow's view of the stage was entirely obstructed. He did not lose his temper nor utter rude anathemas, but combined the gentleness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent. Accordingly, in clear and measured tones he deliberately asked, "Will the pretty lady in front kindly sit down?" and, as might be expected, down plumped a score of ugly old women.

A correspondent who was at Bray on the evening of the Flower Show writes to say that the band promenade was most successful. He points out, however, that he has never seen at any of the various band promenades such a galaxy of rank and beauty unescorted. The absence of the sterner sex was most conspicuous. What are the young gentlemen about? Are their clubs and smoking saturnalias more enticing than the company of the most charming girls to be found in this or any other country? It seems very like it.

There are too many women in England; too many men, too, but not enough in quantity, and not good enough in quality for the women. It is in the West of Canada that the "woman's paradise" is situated. In Canada, at least the western part, all the men are most anxious to be married, whereas in England men defer that crisis in their existence, after which the road (according to America's adopted moralist) lies "dusty, and long, and straight to the grave." The "Titans of the West" have no such hesitation and forebodings. In the original Paradise there was only one woman to one man, and philosophers have held that she was one too many. On the other hand, the Canadian proportions are exaggerated in the opposite direction. Each woman must in Canada be a queen till she is married to a Titan; but after that her estate will be a good deal more homely and less regal. The condition of affairs appears likely to encourage flirtation in Canada rather than marriage. At the very best, a wise virgin will be in no hurry to make up her mind, and this may just possibly lead to difficulties among the Titans.

The following advertisement appeared in an Indian paper of the 16th of last month, which offered an exceptional chance for bachelors or

widowers intending to commit matrimony:—"A young and pretty girl is unhappy in her home, and wishes to correspond with a gentleman of good social standing with a view to matrimony; age or nationality no consideration. Photographs exchanged under promise of strict secrecy."

The Duke d'Aosta's three sons—the Duke of Puglia, the Count of Turin, and the Infanta of Spain, have presented their future belle-mère with a magnificent necklace, worth above 300,000 francs (£12,000). It consists of seven rows of pearls of perfect equality, and is fastened by a square clasp studded with brilliants, in the centre of which is a gigantic pearl. The costly gift is enclosed in a blue velvet case.

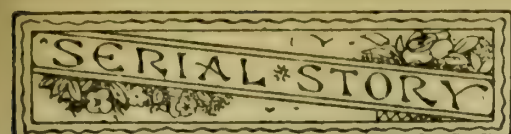
The badge of the new Leopardstown Park Club is a shamrock in silver, with the letters L. P. on it, attached to a green ribbon, and yet strange though true, the national emblem was not entrusted to an Irish firm perfectly competent though any one of them would be to carry out the work, but the order was entrusted to an English firm of silversmiths. This seems hardly fair, and the matter deserves consideration and explanation. If Dublin could not do the work, well and good. If Dublin could do the work Dublin tradesmen should have been employed. We admit a superabundant number of "Dublins," but they are necessary to draw attention.

Amongst the host of patents and novelties which are continually coming and going we have pleasure in calling attention to the new Patent Steel Tea Kettle, which possesses features of manifold excellence, being made by steam machinery and pressed out of solid sheet steel. The sides and bottom are all of one piece. This kettle possesses many advantages, water being quickly boiled, and being made of steel renders it most serviceable. We also understand that the price is the same as the commonest iron kettle in the market.

THE STAGE.

The St. James's Theatre is closed again. It had a long run of ill-luck until it was taken by Mr Hare and the Kendals. This partnership has been dissolved. Mr Hare has taken the Garrick Theatre for his new home, and Mr and Mrs Kendal for the moment are, theatrically speaking, houseless. What will now happen to St. James's?

Miss Rosalind Frances Ellicote is making a name for herself in the musical world, not only as a singer, but as a composer. She has recently taken part in concerts in company with some of the most distinguished professionals, and has been well able to hold her own. She possesses a remarkably fine soprano voice. When she was only six years old she could correctly harmonise any tune by ear, and at eleven years of age she became a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music. Her compositions have been successfully performed at the Gloucester Festival at Cheltenham and Bristol. She is the daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and her mother's beautiful singing is still held in remembrance by the musical world at Cambridge.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF

MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER X—*Continued.*

RYAN.

MR Mannix, at first surprised by the peremptory manner of his subordinate, recovered himself and replied calmly, even gently—

"Well yes, Ryan, I did."

"Then take it back!" exclaimed Ryan, with passionate vehemence, as he flung the crushed pamphlet into Mr Mannix's face.

Mr Mannix felt instantly excited. He took off his spectacles, put them on again, looked at Ryan, and backed towards the window.

To account for the timidity of the elder clerk it was only necessary to look at the expression on Ryan's face. For the first time since he had joined the office, six months ago, Tim Ryan exhibited passion; and it was a passion so appalling to witness that even the most distant clerk trembled. His complexion, constitutionally of a yellowish tinge, was absolutely corpse-like. His dark eyes rolled, and seemed to scintillate, their whites being bloodshot; in addition to these symptoms he clutched at his collar and necktie as if he were choking, and foam gathered on his livid lips.

"Do you think," he exclaimed in a semi-shriek, "that you can make *me* a Protestant? Why, I'd poison myself if I thought you could—poison myself! Look here," he cried, throwing out his clenched hand, "if I find another of your tracts on my desk again I'll strike you dead!"

Such language, delivered with delirious ferocity, the quick words tumbling into each other, had never before been addressed to Mr Mannix, inside or outside that office. Though he had not stirred since he backed to the window, his breath came in short gasps as if he had run a mile; his startled eyes behind their glasses were fixed on the writhing face and trembling figure of the youth before him.

Ryan, having terrified not only Mr Mannix, but the entire office, seemed in some degree to conquer himself, and, abruptly turning his back, walked in silence to his desk, and did not utter a word for the rest of the day. But a gloom fell upon the office. Ryan's exhibition of ferocity seemed unwarranted by the character of the incitement, and each and every clerk felt that the air would be lighter and brighter if Timothy Ryan would remove his quarters to some other portion of the city.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS DENISON'S GOOD INTENTIONS.

THE room in which Mrs Fitzgerald received Mrs Denison and Adelaide was furnished with a reckless indifference to expense. There were bric-a-brac cabinets, screens, piano, dados, china cups and saucers on the wall, curtains before the ante-chamber, marble statuettes, and exotic plants. Yet if there was a design in the arrangement of colour it was a desire to bring together every shade known to modern painters. It resembled the wild profusion of rainbow hues in a luxurious tropical forest, with vivid contrasts of crimson and yellow, blue and scarlet, black and gold.

Adelaide sat stunned by the offensive obtrusiveness of these violent arrangements, and was annoyed when she turned to contemplate the comely figure of Mrs Fitzgerald in a vivid ruby costume designed to palliate the richness of the wearer's complexion.

Mrs Fitzgerald, who was seated near Mrs Denison during her conversation, observed from time to time the look of pain which crossed Adelaide's face as she gazed round the room. She believed the expression to be the visible sign of jealousy.

"Don't you admire my room, Adelaide?" she said, during a pause in her conversation with Mrs Denison.

"The colouring is rather harsh, I think," replied Adelaide.

"It is certainly not sickly," said Mrs Fitzgerald, referring in this delicate manner to Adelaide's own apartments. "I hate the new-fashioned pale greens and dead golds. I like plenty of bright colours. They make me feel alive and jolly." "Don't they you, Mrs Denison?"

"I think everyone should try to please themselves," replied Mrs Denison. "I like plenty of colour myself, particularly in a conservatory."

"Adelaide certainly has her house well arranged," said Mrs Fitzgerald, lying back with both arms supported on a settee. "Her pale colours suit her complexion. I don't think she is looking very well, Mrs Denison."

Adelaide, at the request of the children, was seated at the piano, playing their favourite airs with an improvised bass. Bernard stood on one side, looking at her face, trying to discover the peculiar traits which he frequently heard mentioned in connection with this strange girl. Hettie was leaning against the piano, near the bass notes, making a ball costume for a doll, looking down gravely at her work, and occasionally frowning and stamping her foot when the thread became tangled.

"Did you hear what Bernard said the other day, Adelaide?" asked Hettie, without looking up from her work.

"No. Something very clever, I am sure," said Adelaide, smiling at Bernard, who blushed. "What was it?"

"Oh, a very silly thing. He is always saying such silly things."

"Now, you know that's not true," exclaimed Bernard, looking indignantly across at his sister. "I never said a silly thing in my life."

"Oh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear me!" said Hettie, with a laugh and a shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh, dear *you*," said Bernard, contemptuously. "You are only a girl, Hettie. That's what annoys you. You are mad to be a boy."

"Don't mind what he says, Adelaide," observed Hettie, calmly. "It's nothing of the kind. I hate boys. I wouldn't be a boy," said Hettie, holding out her doll's dress for critical inspection, "not if I got more money than I could put in my money-box."

"That's Hettie all over," said Bernard, appealing to Adelaide, who still continued to play. "Always thinking of her old money-box. I never knew such a sodded girl as Hettie is."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! Do you hear him, Adelaide? He says 'sodded.'"

"Well, what else is it?" asked Bernard, angrily.

"Sordid, you goose," replied Hettie. "You don't even know how to speak your own language."

"I hope the children are not worrying you, Adelaide?" said Mrs Fitzgerald, across the room. "They are such a tease. Bernard! Hettie! pray do not worry. They are such ill-behaved children," she added to Mrs Denison. "They are such a dreadful trial. I don't know why they are brought into the world at all."

"They don't annoy me, thank you," said Adelaide, and, turning to Hettie, "But you have not told me what Bernard said."

"Oh, we were talking of what we'd do when we grow big," said Hettie, still watching her sewing. "And I said Bernard should be a solicitor like papa, and Bernard said no he wouldn't, he didn't want to be a solicitor—"

"Listen to her!" exclaimed Bernard. "I didn't say anything of the kind. Hettie, you shouldn't tell tales. It's mean of you to tell things I said."

"I won't listen to it, then," said Adelaide, observing Bernard's angry eyes and flushed face. "Don't tell me, Hettie, since Bernard does not want you to."

"But it's such a silly thing, Adelaide," persisted Hettie, with a malicious grin at her indignant brother. He said—

"No, I didn't," shouted Bernard, excitedly. "Mamma, I wish you would speak to Hettie here. She's telling the most awful stories to Adelaide. Speak to her, mother!"

Bernard made a step forward, appealing to his mother with outstretched hands, flushed face, and brightened eyes, as if Hettie's threatened revelation was something akin to murder.

"Hettie!" said Mrs Fitzgerald, warningly, "you must not make your brother angry. Be a good girl, now, and do not vex Bernard."

"I'm not vexing him, mamma," said Hettie. "I'm only telling what he said to Adelaide. It's not any harm."

"It's not true," cried Bernard, hysterically. "She's always making up tales, Hettie is."

"Now, Hettie!" said her mother, raising her forefinger, in a tone of solemn warning.

Hettie smiled, pursed her lips together, and proceeded to sew in silence. Bernard returned to his position at the piano, and Adelaide continued to play. Both children seemed to listen in silence; but by-and-bye Hettie, edging close to Adelaide, stood on tip-toe, and, placing her mouth close to Adelaide's ear, whispered—

"He said—he said—"

"Now, mother!" shrieked Bernard, in an agony, "Hettie's telling. Look, mother. You told her not, and she's doing it!"

Hettie, thus suddenly detected, shrank back to her place, and appeared absorbed in her sewing, whilst Bernard, trembling with excitement, appealed to his mother, and pointed to his sister.

"Hettie, come here," said Mrs Fitzgerald, peremptorily. "Come here this instant."

Hettie, glancing indignantly at Bernard, walked across to her mother.

"Sit here beside me," said Mrs Fitzgerald, moving aside; and pointing to the seat. "You are a very naughty girl to do what I told you not to. Now sit down, and be good."

Bernard, intensely relieved in his mind, returned to the piano, where he had the monopoly of dictating to Adelaide what she should play, and he returned victorious glances for the angry looks which Hettie cast at him from time to time from her distant banishment.

"And did you really say a silly thing, Bernard?" asked Adelaide, when the storm had subsided.

He drew close to her, with his back to the rest of the company, and said confidentially, in a low voice—

"I only said I'd like to be a pirate, Adelaide."

"Is that all?" she returned.

"Yes, that's all. It's not silly, is it?" he asked, anxiously.

"I don't think so," replied Adelaide. "I think it's one of the most rational aspirations I ever heard."

Bernard turned and shook his head proudly at Hettie, leaving her to understand from this dumb show that Adelaide and he were of one mind. Hettie sneered, and looked up scornfully, with elevated chin and averted face, at the ceiling. She remained fixed in this attitude for several moments, when the entrance of her father relieved her altogether from her imprisonment.

Mr Fitzgerald, though entering with abstracted and careworn face, was pleased to find such visitors present.

Of late his own acquaintances seemed to have engagements any where save at his house, and his wife was gathering a new and inferior circle. He mentally placed Mrs Denison's visit to his wife's credit in the record of his impartial and judicial mind.

As he sat opposite his wife and her two visitors—Adelaide having seated herself beside her mother—he even admired his wife's splendid figure to himself, and once or twice called her by her Christian name with a tone of affection imperceptible to himself and surprising to Mrs Fitzgerald.

"You look worn out, Thomas Fitzgerald," said Mrs Denison, holding up her glasses, and surveying him. "You are killing yourself over these lawsuits and criminal trials."

He stroked down his thin face, but smiled.

"We have to live," he replied. "Every house must have its bread-winner. I would have no objection to retire if I could afford it. But I must remain at the mill and grind away."

"Oh, but you must use discretion," said Mrs Denison. "It would be a poor notion of your duty to kill yourself for the food of your family. It's wiser to live for them, don't you think, Thomas Fitzgerald? Your dear wife here has been telling me terrible stories of the way you work up till all hours in the morning. You might have a little regard for her feeling, Thomas Fitzgerald, if you have none for your own."

He glanced with surprise at his wife, who bit her lip, and coloured a little as she looked down.

If she had indeed expressed consideration for his wearying work, and honestly felt sympathy with him, he resolved that moment, surveying the softly rounded outline of her drooped face

and white throat, that he would receive anonymous letters in the future with more indifference than hitherto.

"There is no person," he said gently, turning to Mrs Denison, "for whose feelings I have more consideration than Geraldine. What a pleasant day this has been, Mrs Denison!"

"It has been," returned Mrs Denison, glancing towards the window. "But I do not know of what importance the weather is to a man who insists on killing himself with work. Killing himself and killing others, Thomas Fitzgerald, with work indoors."

"Killing others!" he repeated.

"Perhaps mother refers to murder cases," observed Adelaide. "You are working at the case of the Ballycashel moonlighters, I believe. Are they guilty?"

"I have no iota of evidence to the contrary," replied the solicitor, slowly rubbing his chin. "They are guilty without a doubt, and must pay the penalty of their crimes."

"I gather from the papers," said Adelaide, "that the old man can prove an alibi."

"I doubt it very much. In any case I hope not?"

"You hope not?" repeated Adelaide, astonished.

"Yes. We must make an example of these fellows soon. We must strike terror into them, or the country won't be fit to live in."

"As if this was an excuse," said Adelaide, "for hanging an innocent man."

"Ah, you are not a politician," said Mr Fitzgerald, with a smile of pity.

"No, thank you!" said Adelaide, fervently.

"Thomas Fitzgerald is incapable of wishing harm to the innocent, Adelaide," observed Mrs Denison, with some severity. "I am very certain he would be sure of his evidence before he would condemn anyone. A Fitzgerald is incapable of taking things on trust, or even paying attention to mere insinuations."

"No," he said with another glance at his wife, who looked as if the atmosphere had grown uncomfortably warm, "I shall never accept evidence which is not substantial beyond the slightest suggestion of doubt."

"Some assertions are so often prompted by malice," said Mrs Fitzgerald, speaking for the first time, and appealing in a mild voice to Mrs Denison.

"Quite right, my dear," said Mrs Denison. "And Thomas Fitzgerald is the last man in the world, I am sure, to believe mere hearsay. Dear me, those children have quarrelled again!"

The children had been playing dominoes in a far corner, holding an animated conversation at the same time. Hettie sat back as Mrs Denison spoke, and looked with speechless indignation at Bernard, who blushed when he realised that he was generally observed.

"No, I didn't!" he exclaimed loudly to his sister.

"You did, and I'll tell papa!" cried Hettie, rising.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr Fitzgerald, putting his arm around the little girl as she came beside him.

"He says that Mrs Calcraft is right, papa," she exclaimed, looking back over her father's shoulder at Bernard, who was meditating escape.

"Who says?" inquired her father, placing her between his knees, and stroking her hair.

"Bernard," she replied. "He says Mrs Calcraft is right, and I wish you'd speak to him, papa."

"And what did Mrs Calcraft say, you foolish little witch?" said her father, pinching her cheek and laughing.

"She said," whimpered Hettie, catching her breath, "that I'm not like you, papa; that I'm more like Raymond Osborne."

Mrs Fitzgerald, who had been speaking with her head close to Mrs Denison, with a startled air broke off in the middle of an observation, and remained with her dilated eyes fixed on the carpet.

"What is the matter, papa?" inquired Hettie. "Are you ill? You have grown so pale."

"No, dear," he replied, pushing her away and rising, "I am not ill. Bernard's accusation shall require substantiation," he added, bitterly, with a glance at his wife's bent head. "We must take nothing on mere hearsay, Hettie."

"Papa," said the little girl, "may I—"

"Run away and play!" he exclaimed, turning angrily on the child, who started with terror. "You children, you are enough to put a man in his grave. Go!"

Mrs Denison, having cast a look of horror on Adelaide, now rose, and prepared to leave.

Mr Fitzgerald went upstairs to his study, and Mrs Fitzgerald attended her visitors to the hall-door. When shaking hands with her, Mrs Denison observed tears in her eyes, and said—

"My dear child, do not vex yourself. Dear, dear, everything will come all right if we have patience."

Mrs Fitzgerald said nothing, but pressed Mrs Denison's hand.

"Well, mother," said Adelaide, as they went towards home, "your good intentions were frustrated."

"What are you laughing at, Adelaide?" said her mother, pettishly. "I do not see any amusement in that miserable family."

"Nor I, mother. But you had managed affairs with such admirable tact, and had all your trouble for nothing. Poor Mother!"

"Reserve your pity, Adelaide, until it is required," said her mother, angrily.

"Geraldine Fitzgerald," she added more meditatively as they approached their home, "has made a pretty state of affairs. I do hope when Eva comes back from school she will have some influence for good in that unhappy house."

"It is too bad," said Adelaide, "that Mrs Fitzgerald should have her silly flirtations developed into crimes by her good-natured friends."

"Ah, I fear," said Mrs Denison, shaking her head as she mounted the steps, "those friends are not so far astray as you believe, my dear."

"If ever there was a stupid, innocent fool, it is Mrs Fitzgerald," exclaimed Adelaide as she opened the door with a latch-key, and stepped aside to allow her mother to pass, saying, "Enter, lady, the glittering halls of light and art divine!"

As Mrs Denison entered she glanced discontentedly at her daughter, and said—

"How can you be so frivolous? I do believe, Adelaide, you have no heart!"

CHAPTER XII.

PERTURBATION OF OSCAR MUNRO.

THE morning was cold, with occasional showers and an east wind, an interpolation of spring in a summer month, the kind of weather likely to make an old man demand perfectibility in his fellow-creatures. Miss Denison looked at herself in an oval steel mirror on the wall, and then looked at her watch.

"Aha!" exclaimed a voice behind her. "Nice summer this is. A downright swindle. If I paid for the weather, I tell you, Madam," and Mr Henrikson stamped his stick, "I tell you I would dispute the claim when the bill was sent in. Why don't you look miserable?"

"I shall try," replied Adelaide, laughing, as she shook hands.

"If you don't succeed better at your scaling, madam, than you do at looking miserable," said Mr Henrikson, leaving his stick amongst the ornaments on a cabinet, and rubbing his cold hands together, "you and I shall quarrel. A nice miserable-looking face you've got, to be sure, with five dimples chasing each other all over it. Pooh!"

"Five, sir?" repeated Adelaide with assumed surprise.

"None of your theatrical stares at me, madam," said the old man looking at her, and limping towards the piano. "Think I'm a boy to succumb to a pair of widened eyes, do you? Where's that puppy?" he exclaimed, stopping and looking around.

"Do you mean my spaniel?" said Adelaide gently.

"Ay, madam, your spaniel, Mr Oscar Munro, the banjo serenader. How is it he is not up to time? Humph!"—He looked across at the clock on the mantelpiece—"half an hour late. Composing a tragic opera in 15 acts, I suppose. An idle, conceited young scoundrel!"

"He can scarcely be idle," observed Adelaide sweetly, "if he is composing an opera in 15 acts."

"Oho! how ingenuous you are, madam," he remarked, sitting down in a chair, and turning round to her. "What an innocent little bird you are. 'He can scarcely be idle,' he continued striving to imitate her tone, "'if he is composing an opera'—What's the matter with you?"

Adelaide as she stood before him, suddenly burst into a peal of laughter, and sat down, holding her sides whilst he glared at her indignantly. The more he glared the more she laughed.

"Upon my word! Silence, madam, silence I say! Oh, this confounded sciatica," he groaned, rubbing his back, and writhing on the seat.

"Poor master," murmured Adelaide, rising and going to him. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You can, madam. You can leave me alone!" he exclaimed. "Ah, puppy," turning as Oscar Munro came softly into the room with his music roll, "here you are at last!"

Addressed thus abruptly, almost before he had entered the room, Oscar Munro gazed with a startled expression at the old man, who, as he rubbed his back, looked up and grinned with pain.

"You must excuse me," said Oscar, hurriedly advancing to Adelaide. "I was so very busy, and I did not observe the time slipping away."

"Writing a musical tragedy on the suicide of a wax doll, I suppose," interrupted Mr Henrikson. "The entire orchestra fortissimo to express its dying squeal. Oh, this lumbago!"

"I hope I did not keep you waiting?" observed Oscar to Miss Denison, dismissing Mr Henrikson's remarks with a contemptuous glance. "I am very sorry."

"I am glad you did not come earlier," said Adelaide; "I had a slight headache."

"Oh!" said Oscar, with a tone and expression of sympathy, "is it better?"

"Oh, thank you. It is quite——"

"Wax doll tragic operas," growled Mr Henrikson, rising with a groan of pain, and catching himself by the back as he stood straight, "with an orchestra of penny whistles and Salvation Army tambourines. Oh, this confound—Scales, madam, scales! Is this day to be wasted? Now, Oscar Munro, esquire, composer and librettist—to the keyboard, sir, to the keyboard!"

Disdaining to be ordered about in this peremptory fashion, Oscar Munro calmly unrolled his music roll, and slowly placed the music on the piano, looking round as he sat down, and saying to Adelaide—

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, she's ready," observed Mr Henrikson, sitting down in his customary seat beside the piano, and groaning at the exertion. "Go on, you. Number fifteen to-day."

Adelaide raised her eyebrows. The exercise was the most difficult in the book. Nevertheless she attacked bravely.

"Stop—stop—stop!"

Mr Henrikson raised his hands, and they both turned round, surprised at his vehemence. There was a pause.

"Go on," he said, mildly. "It's only the sciatica."

Adelaide went brightly through the exercise, and felt that she had never performed better.

"And so, Miss Adelaide Denison," said Mr Henrikson when she had finished, "you expect to be an operatic artist, I believe?"

"Such is my ambition, sir."

"Well, madam, how long do you propose to study before—hang this sciatica!—before you assault the stage?"

"I shall take *your* opinion on that point, Mr Henrikson."

Oscar Munro turned round. He saw the old musician seizing himself by the small of the back, one side of his face twisted, and Miss Denison standing, her hands folded before her, an image of sweet patience and lovely deference.

"Now," muttered Oscar, between his teeth, "now he's going to insult her!"

"Oh, you'll take *my* opinion, madam?" said Mr Henrikson. "How extremely condescending you are! I thank you, madam. You overwhelm me with honour. Well, madam, my opinion is that if you continue to use your throat as you have during that exercise you will require fifty years before you can essay the stage. Well, sir," suddenly confronting Oscar, "what are you staring at? Do you see anything extraordinary about me? Have I two heads?"

Oscar, who looked at that moment as if he could have assassinated Mr Henrikson with the utmost cheerfulness, turned round, and prepared to play.

"That scale again!" said Mr Henrikson, and when she had sung it he ordered her to sing it again, and yet again, until Oscar Munro felt glad that there were no knives lying about. Adelaide, however, made no complaint, but paid particular heed to the most enacting demands of her master. When this scale was finished he put her through several more of great difficulty, and made disparaging remarks throughout.

Adelaide looked so tired when they stood up to go, that Oscar as he shook hands said in a low voice—

"You look exhausted!"

"Oh, no," she said, smiling brightly. "He is perfectly right. I do not practice enough."

"Now, good-bye," said Mr Henrikson, who

had gone to fetch his stick, and now came limping forward. "My sciatica is highly displeased with you to-day, madam, as you know."

"Yes, I know," responded Adelaide, laughing, as she shook hands and accompanied him to the door. "Count your time, maestro."

"Yes," he responded, turning on the first step of the stairs to look back at her. "Fifteen steps to the first landing?"

She nodded.

"And seventeen to the hall?"

She nodded again.

"Right! Now, Munro, come along!" And the old man descended the stairs, counting every step, Oscar following.

When the two men were out in the street, Oscar, who had been walking gloomily, with his head bent and in silence for some time, glanced up and observed—

"I think, sir, you were rather hard on Miss Denison to-day?"

"Do you?" returned Mr Henrikson, cheerfully.

"Well, yes. It struck me that you were unnecessarily severe. She sang very well, I thought."

"Oh, *you* thought. Give me your arm, my boy. So you thought she sang well, did you?"

"Unusually well. In fact, I don't think I ever heard her sing better. I fancied that she deserved more praise than censure."

"Oh, you fancied that, did you?"

"Yes. It struck me you were hypercritical."

"Oh, that's what struck you, was it?"

"Yes," said Oscar, rather irritated by the other's address. "I do not think you make sufficient allowance for Miss Denison's extreme sensitiveness."

"How so?" asked Mr Henrikson, with a thoughtful air.

"Well, what would be mere annoyance to an ordinary person," said Oscar, "would be agony to her. You know the kind of temperament I mean. You see it is nothing to me, but you might consider this, and not treat her so abruptly."

"No, it's nothing to you," said Mr Henrikson, meditatively. "Abruptly—temperament—I see. Well?"

"Well, I don't see anything to laugh at," exclaimed Oscar, annoyed. "It's not pleasant, I assure you, to have to listen to such a girl as Miss Denison being bullied."

"Who's laughing?" said Mr Henrikson, pausing a moment to look at his companion in astonishment. "I agree with you, Oscar, there's nothing to laugh at. I think it is quite a melancholy matter."

"Then why do you keep on jibing?" said Oscar, indignantly. "You know very well that you think I have no right to speak on such a topic. I agree with you Miss Denison's feelings are nothing to me, but, at least, I have feelings of my own; and I think you will admit that it is extremely unpleasant to me—leaving Miss Denison altogether out of the question—it is extremely unpleasant to me to hear you abusing her."

"Oscar," said Mr Henrikson, softly, "why do you leave Miss Denison out of the question? Come now. That is not gallant. Think again!"

"I know what is in your mind," returned Oscar, bitterly. "But I may tell you I have ceased to think of Miss Denison in any other light save that of an acquaintance. I admit I was foolish once. But that is past. I am no longer a fool."

"Since when did this happen, Oscar?" asked Mr Henrikson, gravely.

"What happen?" said Oscar, turning to look at him. "I see you don't believe me. You think I have still some foolish feelings for her. Well, it is a matter of indifference to me whether you believe it or not. All I have got to say is that I look on Miss Denison simply as a friend, and nothing more."

"A very wise resolution," observed Mr Henrikson, calmly, "and highly commendable. If all men at your age were sensible there would be less folly in the world than there is at present."

"I see," said Oscar, meaningly, and stopping as he spoke. "I shall bid you good-bye here."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mr Henrikson, looking into his face. Are you mad?"

"No, I am not mad," exclaimed Oscar, violently, "but I refuse to be made a butt of. It is nothing to me whether you believe my statements or not."

"What statements?" asked Mr Henrikson, astonished.

"My statements about Miss Denison. I said she was nothing to me, and I repeat it. You don't choose to believe me. Very well. Good-bye!"

Pressing his hand at the top of his hat, Oscar turned and hurried rapidly down the street. Mr Henrikson stood on the kerbstone, and cried, "Oscar! Come here, sir!" but Oscar never once looked back, and was soon lost to sight in the mingled traffic of the streets. Mr Henrikson shook his head and walked on alone.

"The boy's gone mad," he mused. "Mad with love!"

CHAPTER XIII.

ME AN' TESS.

MRS Denison was seated in a window recess engaged on some macrame work; intended, when finished, to be added to the art treasures of the Kyrle Society, of which she was an important member. She was stooping over the frame when she was startled by the entrance of someone, whistling "The old folks at home," with the addition of several florid passages of an inspired nature. She looked up and saw Adelaide, unconscious of her mother's presence, approach the piano, and place a sheet of tissue paper on the wires. Before Mrs Denison could utter an indignant protest, Adelaide seated herself and played a banjo accompaniment as she whistled the air.

"Adelaide!" cried Mrs Denison, at last, "Adelaide, what are you doing?"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Adelaide, turning round with a start, "I did not know you were there."

"But that's no excuse. Now, Adelaide, listen to me." Mrs Denison laid her macrame work down, took off her glasses, and marked her delivery by rapping them on the palm of her hand. "Is that an excuse for such vulgar conduct? You should be as guarded of yourself when alone—more so, a great deal more so—as guarded as when there are others present."

Rising from the piano, Adelaide walked to the window recess, and with her hands folded listened with an expression of attention to her mother's remarks.

"How have I offended now, mother?"

"Oh, you show great want of tone lately. We shall have to go over surely to London for the season. You are deteriorating dreadfully

here. It is most unpleasant to listen to you imitating every vulgar Dublinism you hear, and singing negro melodies. Whistling, too! As if a Denison should whistle!"

"Am I the first Denison that ever whistled, mother?" asked Adelaide, swinging the cord of the window-blind slightly to and fro.

Her mother put on her glasses and looked up.

"Do not swing the cord about, Adelaide. You make me fidget. Yes, you are the first Denison who, to my knowledge, exhibited low theatrical tastes. I do not mind so much your amusing yourself with stage fancies, but you should not let them demoralise you."

"I fear I am most incorrigible," replied Adelaide, looking dreamily through the window at the sky.

"Oh, no, not incorrigible," replied her mother. "But you are not sufficiently watchful. You lose tone so easily."

A servant man entered with a parcel for Miss Denison, and replied, in answer to a question, that the two young women who had brought the parcel awaited orders in the hall.

"Send them to me," said Adelaide as she untied the parcel and unrolled several yards of cloth.

She had thrown it over her arm and was critically examining colour and texture, rubbing the cloth between her fingers and holding it up to the light, when there was a sound like a half-suppressed chuckle outside, and immediately after a girl came suddenly into the room with a spasmodic motion as if someone behind had given her a violent thrust in the small of the back. As Adelaide, surprised, looked up, the cloth still falling over arm, this girl looked back in reddened confusion, and exclaimed in a loud whisper—

"Missie Connell, I'll trouble you to mind who yur pushin'!"

She was a bright girl with a white dress, and had her hands in the pockets of an open black jacket. Her large white straw hat was turned up at one side. Mrs Denison, from her distant window recess surveyed this young person for a moment through her uplifted glasses.

Missie Connell lingered on the landing until her hilarity was under control, when she entered with her head stiffly erect, and suddenly sat down on a chair, looking about her as if she were at a place of public entertainment. She was quite unabashed, and even sneered at the Beethoven statuette, wondering how any persons could be so absurd as to give the representation of an ugly man a place in their drawingroom.

Tessie Doyle bashfully looked about with her little love smile developing into one of wonder. "Won't you sit down?" asked Adelaide, fixing Tessie's wandering glance.

As Tessie hesitated, Missie Connell caught her by the wrist and jerked her down on a chair.

"I am afraid," said Adelaide, looking at the cloth as she held it on her extended arm, "this is not exactly the colour I require. It is near it. A shade lighter would do. Have you many shades of the same tone?"

"Well, reely, Miss," replied Tessie, who was addressed, "I can't say. The young lady in the cloth department cud tell you, Miss."

"I suppose," said Adelaide, "if you want the tone you require you have to go to London for it?"

"Adelaide!" said Mrs Denison, reprovingly, from her distant corner.

The two girls looked in surprise towards the old lady.

"Well, Miss," said Tessie, "I can't say reely. If I told you, Miss, I might deceive you, not being in thet department."

"Mc an' Tess," observed Missie Connell. "We're in the misheen department."

"Your hours are very long, I believe," said Adelaide, addressing Tessie, as she refolded the cloth on a table. "You are not afforded much leisure?"

"Oh, we knock out some fun all the same," replied Missie Connell. "Don't we Tess? We manage to get out, an' when we do we're not in a hurry to come back, I can tell you. Eh, Tess? Tessie herself, you see, was sent out with that parcel, an' I met her round the corner, an' we went off with a couple iv fellas in Stephen's Green, didn't we Tess? An' we should have been back agen before this, but I'll say I had to go to see me ma, an' Tess can say whatever she likes."

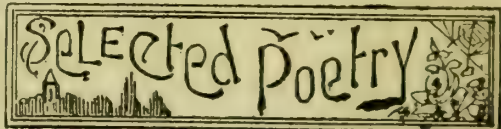
"Do you feel very tired after your day's work?" said Adelaide to Tessie. "I am sure the confinement alone must be very wearisome."

"Indeed it is, Miss; I won't deny it," replied Tessie modestly.

"If we hadn't fellas to take us about," observed Missie Connell, "I don't know what we'd do with ourselves in the evenin's at all. But Tess an' me we always manage to knock out a bit of fun. Don't we Tess? We were at the Gaicity last night, and the Queen's the night before, an' we went to the circus on Monda' last, an' we're goin' to a dance in Bride street to-night. Eh, Tess? You must know Tess thinks herself a great dancer, an' I'll say this much—for I hate the thought ov jealousy—she waltzes nice enough, only I think your steps are a bit too short, Tess, for my taste. The new style iv waltzin' I abominate to that degree!"

And Missie Connell looked up to the ceiling to express a contempt at once profound and refined.

(To be continued.)



FORGIVENESS.

Lone in a field a daisy raised her head,
And, knowing that the sun above her shed
His warmth and light for her sweet sake alone,
She sudden scorned his love, and, bolder grown,
Smiled softly on a wooing, vagrant breeze,
The sun to tease.

To teach her then the value of his grace
The sun, in pride and anger hid his face.
The flower felt the change in wild amaze,
And longed in sorrow for her lover's gaze;
A passing raindrop fell with sudden freak
Upon her cheek.

The sun, soon tiring of his lordly mood,
Peeped out to see if yet her scorn she rued;
He saw the tear—he watched the wooing wind
Float sad away and leave the flower unkind,
And heard with gladdened heart her voice entreat
His pardon sweet.

But still, to prove her quick repentance true,
He steeled his heart with resolution new,
And sank behind the world without one sign
And left her there in cold to pine;
Though thought he often of the sweet pale face
Refused his grace.

Up with the day he rose his love to greet,
And lay his love and pardon at her feet.
But, ah! No tender face returned his smile
With welcoming love and sweet reproach the while.
Naught save one leaf the faithful zephyr gave
To mark her grave.

WHO DID IT?

BY ANNIE BUTLER.

"Don't speak to me again—don't follow me any more. Oh, what will people say? Hugh M'Dermott, I—I—yes, I—I hate you!" and, bursting into a torrent of tears, away she darts, leaving poor Hugh the picture of astonishment, staring blankly after her fiery little ladyship.

"DARLING MARY,—Your cruelty is breaking my heart. Surely you did not mean what you said *that day*. The horrible words have been ringing in my ears ever since—to think that *detestable Finnerty* should have caused the estrangement between us. Don't refuse any longer to see me, or *I will not be accountable for the consequence*.—Your unhappy

"HUGH M'DERMOTT."

As Mary read these blotted lines tears fell from her beautiful eyes, and she pressed the paper to her rosy lips. Since the quarrel between the rivals she had refused to see her lover, her pride being sorely wounded that *he*—Finnerty counted for naught—should have been so unmindful of her feelings.

Not knowing the true cause of his daughter's dejection, old Tobias put it down to a disordered stomach, and set about preparing a draught, with two pills, to be taken by her at bedtime.

The evening of the day Mary had received her lover's epistle she went to see a sick woman who lived some distance from Boganfin.

The sun had sunk low in the West, and twilight was beginning to cast its soft grey mantle over the earth, as she left Kitty Nugent's cottage, choosing for her way home the road she had not traversed since the evening Hugh M'Dermott told his love.

As she moved slowly along, a bunch of fragrant primroses loosely clasped in her small hand, Mary's thoughts were all of her young lover, and when she came to a certain green bank she almost expected to see him again at her side.

His letter, reposing snugly in her bodice, was now drawn out, and read for the fiftieth time.

But, hark! Is that a horseman? At the idea it might be Hugh—her Hugh—the bright blood surges into the girl's creamy cheeks, as she strains her eyes through the gathering gloom.

All she can make out for certainty is a man on horseback, and, as she gazes, some object is hurled out of the wayside hedge right against the animal's chest.

Then there is a confused, hazy vision of a rearing steed that, half maddened, dashed by the terrified girl, riderless.

An instant she is numb and dumb, till the recollection that a fellow-creature is lying hurt, perhaps dying, on the road rouses her to action.

Swiftly as her tottering limbs permit, Mary gains the spot where the horse had been startled; then she halts abruptly.

Right at her feet are two figures—one motionless, and seeming lifeless, the other a hideous object, with glowing eyeballs, crouched like some savage beast of prey, as with a large stone he strikes the head of the prostrate man again and again.

Mary feels the life blood freezing within her at this awful spectacle—still she bravely catches at the arm raised for another murderous blow.

With a cry like nothing human, the wretched creature springs up, and dashes away through the hedge. Then the girl's courage forsakes her and she sinks down in a swoon.

Great was the surprise at the "Model House" when its master's horse, his saddle empty, galloped into the stable-yard covered with foam.

Although the very fibres of her heart were entwined around her only child, Mrs Finnerty's voice was unbroken, her eyes tearless, as she gave orders for a search to be made.

Her son had been thrown from his horse, and, no doubt, was injured—perhaps a limb was broken, for the poor mother would not admit the bare possibility of anything more serious.

Later on, and along the starlit country road, moves a solemn procession. First two men carrying lanterns, then a cart on which is a feather bed, and on that, carefully covered over, is something still and ghastly.

No need to avoid rough spots that the vehicle may not jolt—no need to converse in whispers; alike insensible to both is that mangled form. Stars may still shine, seasons come and go, but not for him.

Who can pourtray the feelings of the mother when she received a disfigured corpse instead of the son who had parted from her in perfect health a few hours before?

Mary M'Mahon had been found lying beside the unfortunate Finnerty, and at first it was believed that she, too, was dead; but, on being conveyed to her home, and having restoratives applied, consciousness returned, though not reason. That seemed to have been banished—at least for a time—from its throne, and some great horror to have usurped its place.

It was generally supposed that Finnerty's death had been the result of an accident till medical examination proved the unfortunate man's head to have been literally beaten in by repeated blows. A stone covered with gore and human hair found close by showed what the murderer's weapon had been.

The only one who could throw any light on the mystery was not in a condition to do so, as the grim spectre, brain fever, had seized poor Mary in its frenzied grasp.

Wonderful excitement prevailed when at the inquest on the remains of Laurence Finnerty his mother, more like a ghost than a living, breathing woman, handed a letter to the coroner to be read aloud.

This letter was Hugh M'Dermott's to Mary, which, with a little bunch of faded and crushed primroses, had been picked up beside the body.

As the sentences "*That detestable Finnerty,*" and "*I will not be accountable for the consequence*" were proclaimed aloud people opened their eyes and their ears, while some shook their heads, as if they thought it a very suspicious case indeed.

Mrs Finnerty made no secret of her sentiments. She boldly accused Hugh M'Dermott of the murder, and kept repeating "The blood of my son is crying for justice, and he *must* have it. Hugh M'Dermott *shall* die the death of a dog."

A day came when the fever fiend fled from Mary, and she slowly drifted back to life. "Blessings brighten as they take to flight." So old Tobias learned by his child's sick couch, for never had she been so dear as when he thought he was about to lose her forever.

As strength of body returned so did strength of mind, and the girl began to ask questions. Now, it was impossible in her weak state to hold conversation with her deaf parent, but she obtained from him paper and pencil, by which she asked, "Have I been long ill?"

"There now, my dear, you must keep quiet," said Tobias, uneasily.

The girl shook her head with a *soupcçon* of impatience, and traeced—"Who has been asking for me?"

"A great many, Mary, my dear. There was Mrs Long, and Judy Rhu, and Biddy —"

Mary held up her hands. Evidently she did not care for a recital of those names. Then she scrawled—"Have the Finnertys or Hugh M'Dermott been here?"

Like a child, Mary kept her sugarplum for the last.

Had poor Tobias been suddenly asked if the Czar of Russia ever favoured Boganfin with a visit, he could not have looked more puzzled or embarrassed. First he lifted one foot, then the other, as if seeking inspiration from their flat soles.

Mary was quick to see there was something wrong. She gripped her father's arm and, agonized excitement lending a momentary strength to her voice, she shrieked—

"My God, it was no dream! Hugh is dead!"

"No, no Mary," shouted back M'Mahon, "Hugh M'Dermott is quite well, you can take your old father's word for it."

There was the genuine ring of truth in this assurance, and, with a sob of heartfelt relief, she sank back on her pillow thoroughly exhausted.

Two evenings after, a timid knock came to the door of Mary's chamber, and after the required permission to enter, Kitty Nugent stood curt-sying on the threshold.

"Why, Kitty, is that you?" said the invalid, glad to see the woman. "Come and sit down by me."

Kitty took the chair indicated, seating herself on the extreme edge,

"I hope ye feel better this evenin', Miss Mary?" she said anxiously.

"Yes, thank you, Kitty; and I'm glad you are able to be about again."

"I jis' kem over t' see ye, Miss, unbeknown t' th' docthor, bekase ye see, Miss jewil, he don't lek ye t' be worrit."

"Dear father is too careful of me," replied Mary, smiling.

"Miss Mary, machree, tell poor Kitty if ye feel anyway sthrong."

"Not quite as strong as a lion, Kitty, but ever so much stronger."

"Th' Lord be praised fur that," replied Kitty, earnestly, "an' now—och, but I wish I knew how t' go about id." And the woman rocked herself to and fro.

"About what?" asked Mary, quickly.

"Tell me agin, agra bawn, if ye feel sthrong enuf t' hear somethin'?"

The girl started. Kitty's mysterious manner frightened her.

"What is it? Tell me at once," cried she, sharply.

"Ochone! Ochone!" And the woman fell on her knees, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "God forgive me if I harrum wan t' save t' other."

Mary gasped for breath, and caught Kitty Nugent's hands tightly.

"Tell me," she panted, "what you are hiding?"

"Agra machree I didn't hide id, but the docthor woldn't let ye be towld afeerd ye'd die or fright, an', the Lord luk down on me mebbe it's wrong I'm doin'," blubbered Kitty.

"You will drive me mad," cried Mary, wildly, "if you don't speak out."

"There, there alanna I'll tell ye all, bud, ochone! Miss jewil, promise t' take id aisy."

"Don't you see you are doing more harm by not telling me at once," cried the girl, one hand clasped to her fluttering heart.

"Thin here goes, Miss, ye see darlin' they've tuk Misther Hugh fur th' murther," blurted out Kitty.

"What murder?" gasped Mary.

"Ochone! have I t' tell her that as well?" moaned Kitty, "bud I'm the unfortin'it crathur this blessid day. It wor Misther Finnerty wor kilt, acushla, an' more betokens, th' very same evenin' ye kem t' see me id all happin'd. Poor Finnerty, God be good to his sowl, wor found with his head in smithereens, an' Miss, agra, ye must have seed it, for ye wor pick'd up aside ov the corpse, an' a letter poor Misther Hugh, th' darlin' that wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone a Christen, writ t' ye. Doesn't ould mad Mrs Finnerty, bud shure th' Lord comfort her, give id t' th' crowner, an' th' upshot is, Miss Mary, acushla, they've clapt poor darlin' Misther Hugh in jail, and mane t' hang him, wirrasthrue."

As one slowly turning to stone had Mary M'Mahon heard Kitty's rather disjointed story, and as the last sentence fell from her lips, the poor girl fainted.

Believing she had killed her, Kitty ran screaming from the room, and coming with violence against old Tobias, who had just entered the hall, he fell on one side, she the other.

"She's kilt, she's kilt!" wailed Kitty, not making any movement to regain her feet.

Tobias scrambled up very indignant, he just caught the word "kilt" and fancied Kitty alluded to herself.

"No you're not killed, woman," he shouted angrily, "get up and don't be making a fool of yourself."

"It's Miss Mary the darlin' that's kilt," screamed Kitty at the very top of her voice, and commencing a tattoo with her heels.

At his daughter's name away ambled poor old Toby to her chamber, where he found her insensible amongst her pillows.

It proved to be only a fainting fit, however, and when Kitty Nugent heard the girl had been restored to consciousness, she commenced to jig around the doctor's kitchen, cracking her fingers for music.

"Th' last dhrop ye tuk ye forgot t' mix id," remarked the red-elbowed kitchenmaid, with mild sarcasm.

"Faix, Nancy, th' dickens a sup crassed me lips th' day, bud it's mesel' feels light an airy bekase Miss Mary 'ill be able t' clear Misther Hugh, plaze God."

The chord of memory being once touched, Mary M'Mahon clearly remembered all. Her deposition was taken, and in it she stated how she had seen the stone thrown at Finnerty's horse on the evening of the murder, and how the frightened animal dashed passed her without his master. When she got to the spot where the unfortunate man had fallen, she discovered the simpleton, known as Garrodeen, beating at his head with a stone, and it was her coming up and catching hold of his arm that had frightened the maniac from his victim.

It is needless to say after this evidence Hugh M'Dermott was honourably acquitted.

Mrs Finnerty had borne up thus far. Now her mind became a total blank and she was soon laid beside her son.

Ere many months passed over her head, Kitty Nugent had the extreme felicity of dancing

another jig in honour of the marriage of "darlin' Miss Mary an' darlin' Misther Hugh."

The simpleton was arraigned for his crime, but, as the unfortunate creature seemed to have forgotten all about his horrible revenge, it would only be a ridiculous farce to go through a trial. He was simply placed in strict confinement for life.

The End.

RUFFIANISM ON AN IRISH RACE-COURSE.

Fortunately what is known to racing men as "ramping," or any of the kindred devices resorted to by the scum of the course to raise the wind, is not very common in this country, and perhaps on that account the ruffianism which ran riot on the first day of the Down Royal Corporation Meeting has attracted more attention than would otherwise have been the case. Respectable men on leaving the grand stand were set upon by blackguards of the lowest type, who, in language of the most disgusting character, demanded money, and threatened on refusal to cover one's clothes with handfuls of the liquid mud which they had gathered up for the purpose off the road. Indeed in one instance which has come under our notice a member of the sporting Press was informed that he would have his face smashed with a stone if he did not propitiate a couple of these ruffians with some of the current coin of the realm.

These efforts to levy blackmail were the subject of much complaint; and it is needless to say that it behoves the executive of the meeting to at once take steps to grapple with what may become a serious matter if not checked in its earlier stages. People will not run the risk of personal injury by attending a meeting where such scenes as these described are enacted, and we should certainly be sorry to see such an old and popular fixture as that of the Maze lose favour on this account.

But the question will very naturally be asked—where were the police while all this was going on? Well, about 150 yards down the road were five guardians of the peace in a body with their arms folded, and seemingly supremely indifferent to the scenes which were being enacted under their very noses. One could have imagined that at least some of them would have been found about the stand, if only to regulate the car traffic, in itself a danger to life and limb; and we verily believe that a man could have been murdered or suffered severe injury for all the use these representatives of law and order were to repress the blackguardism which was so much *en evidence* on the occasion.

CLERICAL CLIQUISM.

One of the most baneful curses of this distressful country is, and has been, snobbery. However, we may thankfully observe that from various causes the community is gradually freeing itself from this social pest. The revolutionary

tendencies of the age have tossed the aristocratic snob from his or her pinnacle to find a level among persons of modesty and refinement who accept Adam as a common ancestor, and hope for an unbiassed Judge in the trial to come. Now, of all the evils that snobbery is productive of, clerical cliquism is, in our opinion, the worst. We here exclude the Roman Catholic clergy, who are shut off from associating at large with their fellow-creatures, and live in religious seclusion beyond whose pale we are refused admission.

The clergy of the Church of Ireland are, as a rule, a body of educated, well-meaning, kindly-disposed men—some of very genial, benevolent temperament, others varying like their commonplace neighbours, and, perhaps, from over indulgence assume a caustic exterior that is far from agreeable. Let them pass. Their mission, according to their own theory, is to extend the principles of religious and social harmony, fitting preparation for the life hereafter.

Now, lift the clergyman out of his family, who by an unwritten law aggregate themselves the leadership of the parish, and what do we find? Snobbery and cliquism rampant.

We at this moment call to mind a parish in our suburbs where a clergyman has been officiating for the past 15 or 16 years, and is individually and officially highly esteemed. His family, who until recently were obscure, have been reared there, and are mostly grown-up. They associated occasionally with others families in the neighbourhood so long as infancy might excuse their indiscretion, but the moment this plea was removed they froze year by year, till at the present time their icy aspect enables them to meet with insipid gaze those who are their equals socially, if not their superiors. Another case in point. In the same locality resides another family which can claim direct descent from a well-known journeyman baker (who made his crust diligently) on the one side, but, attend ye gods and little fishes, they are a clergyman's grandchildren on the other. This distinction is supposed by them to be sufficient pretext for behaviour that would disgrace their journeyman grandfather. He, we fancy, in his daily labour was civil and obliging, and thus earned the competence with which he was rewarded, nor did he thrust aside with ill-concealed sneer the respectable pedestrian with whom he equally shared the highway.

These little inflated puff balls with their more crusty progenitors think fit to sneer at and otherwise insult those who are willing to ignore society their very existence in the ant-hill they so much despise.

Now, the sooner this state of things is altered the better for all parties.

We received another instance which occurred lately. A lady of our acquaintance gave a large children's *etc.* The hiliputians of clerical distinction religiously held aloof in small groups from their unsanctified associates for the nonce, one outsider only being admitted, but then, you know his uncle is "going to be ordained."

THE PAVING SETTS.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the public of the disgraceful manner in which the Corporation have been latterly using the streets of the city for the purpose of storing the paving setts. At various places, chiefly at the ends of some of the most important thoroughfares, as at College street, or in the centre of one of the busiest of arteries, as in Dame street, the Corporation have piled up barricades of stones, obstructing traffic and rendering the view, more particularly to foreign visitors, something to be remembered with the same pleasurable excitement with which we recall a nightmare. Apart from ourselves who are the citizens of this city where we have to be more or less at home for the best part of our lives, we think that in the matter of tourists and foreigners in general, the Corporation show extreme want of tact in turning the street landscapes of one of the loveliest cities in Europe into a general storage house for paving setts, with such effect that by night and day one is reminded of the state of the back streets of Paris during the Barricade Riots which followed the third Napoleon's famous *coup d'état*, a vivid description of which will be found in Victor Hugo's semi-romance the "History of a Crime." The intelligent Frenchman particularly must feel a kind of homeliness at sight of the Corporation paving setts, a sensation which he will either admire or resent according to his desire to feel homely or strange in foreign places. The paving setts having been carefully piled up, sometimes to the height of ten or twelve feet and almost the entire breadth of the street, are in some instances watched both day and night by paid watchmen lest the stones, having more regard for the citizens than the Corporation, might take unto themselves wings and fly away. These watchmen are paid not by the Corporation but by the citizens—by you, gentle reader, and by me—so that this peculiar condition of things is reached—we have to pay men for watching stones which we did not place there, but which, on the contrary, we are anxious to have removed. If we could mount one of Edison's coming perfected aerial machines, and just leisurely cross the city a little above the tops of the houses it would be utterly impossible for us, or any ordinary rational person, to understand why these barricades of paving setts are dotted all over the city, and left in some instances for an extraordinary period of time. It would be almost impossible for the aerial observer to come to any other conclusion than that the citizens were a collection of semi-lunatics who not only admired paving setts from a picturesque point of view, but deliberately placed them in the important thoroughfares with the meaningless object of obstructing the general traffic. We cannot call the attention of the Chief Magistrate of the city to the wilful obstruction to which we refer, as he is at present away in London. But we can draw public attention to them, and it should be re-

membered that the mere piling of the paving setts and allowing them to remain an extraordinary length of time is not by any means the most serious evil in connection with this new departure of the Corporation, who deliberately turn the public streets into storage yards. It is hard enough to have the traffic obstructed, bad enough to have the view paralysed with hideousness, but infinitely worse remains behind. It is the public who, while they object to this behaviour, have to pay for it. We not only pay for the paving setts, but we have to pay men for piling them up, we have to pay men for watching them, and we have to pay men for carting them. Now, the reader should give particular attention to this point—viz., the carting problem. The Corporation by their unexplicable folly make us pay double carting where it is absolutely unnecessary. In the first place, the stones must be carted from the quarry, and are carted to the public streets which are used as storage yards. The stones are left there until required, when they must be carted again from the street, where they are stored to the street where they are required. We do not expect our readers generally to understand that the expense of carting paving setts is extremely high—in fact, the charge for carting a load of paving setts even a moderate distance is about equal to the original cost of the load of paving setts carted. Of course the streets must be paved. We have no objection to that. What we object to is to pay double the carting expense for the setts. The stones should be carted but once, and that is when required for any particular street, and they should be carted to that particular street there and then, and used at once. Instead of that simple and straightforward method, which is the most rational and business-like, the setts are first carted from the quarry to some selected locality, where they are piled up, in some instances for weeks, when they are required for some street, perhaps two miles distant, and then are carted for the second time to this distant place. If carting paving setts were a harmless amusement, or perhaps if it were an employment involving merely nominal expense, we would not make any objection on this head, but as a matter of fact, the expense is very great, more so than the general citizens customarily suppose. Our readers will thus see, that apart from obstruction of traffic, apart from their want of picturesqueness apart from the actual cost of the paving setts, they are paying the enormous amount for two cartings where one carting alone should suffice. We draw the attention of all citizens and all taxpayers to this monstrous and unjustifiable taxation on the part of the Paving and Lighting Committee. We have looked about in vain for some rational excuse for this wanton and unnecessary charge of double carting, on the pecuniary demands of the citizens of this city, who are at present taxed higher than the inhabitants of any other city in the civilized world, and receive far less benefits,

as the result of their absurd submission, than the smallest provincial town on the Continent of Europe.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

We cannot be charged with entertaining or giving expression to feelings of hostility to our generally admirably well-conducted Metropolitan Police Force, who are as a rule a body of whom the citizens are justly proud. Their severe duties are discharged with good temper, firmness, and efficiency, and it may be said of them that they possess the confidence of the public in a remarkable degree. But occasionally incidents happen in connection with them which are rightly regarded by their friends as regrettable, though when the great number of this force is considered and the annoyances to which they are frequently subjected are remembered, the wonder is that mistakes do not more frequently happen on the part of the men.

A case has just occurred which calls for strong comment on the part of journals claiming to represent the interests and rights of the general public as against high-handed officialism clothed in police uniform and with police authority. A young gentleman named Boylan, residing at Howth place, Glasnevin, had occasion on Saturday last to post a letter at the "General" shortly after eleven o'clock a.m., on which occasion a number of people were naturally enough sheltering under the portico from the rain. Having dropped his letter in the receiver, Mr Boylan turned to leave, when he encountered a friend with whom he entered into conversation. At this point an over-zealous police constable (82 C) proceeded to clear the people away from under the portico where they were sheltering, and where they had a clear and perfect right to remain so long as they did not create an obstacle to the legitimate business of the Post Office. Most of the people left the shelter in response to the order "Move on;" but, according to 82 C "the prisoner" refused to move away, and was accordingly arrested, being marched in custody from the Post Office to Store street, and thence down to the Police Court, followed by the usual crowd.

The case was brought before Mr Keys, when 82 C could bring nothing further in the nature of a charge than that set out. Mr Boylan, however, had something to say, and he spoke to the point. He had, he said, been posting a letter for his employer when he saw a friend and companion sheltering under the portico from the rain. He spoke to him, and was only standing a few minutes when 82 C came up and, singling him out from the crowd, ordered him in a most rude and impertinent manner to "move on." He naturally took exception to being particularised in such a manner, when the constable seized hold of him and took him into custody. On the way to the police station 82 C caught Mr Boylan firmly by the arm, and even refused to allow him to walk quietly alongside of him. "I think your worship," said Mr Boylan, "will see that I am not a 'corner-boy,'" to which the magistrate promptly responded, "Indeed you are not a corner-boy, or anything like one. I discharge you at once."

This decision will be approved by everyone except by the stupid constable who made this most uncalled-for arrest, and who probably would not have been so quick in his movements had a semi-drunken rowdy or a *bona-fide* "corner-boy"

been concerned on the occasion. But Mr Keys, for whom we entertain great respect, might fairly have gone further than discharging Mr Boylan. He might have fined 82 C in a couple of pounds as a reward for his ill-judged zeal, *pour encourager les autres*; and had his worship seen fit to impose that penalty a well-satisfied public would have cried out, "Bravo, Mr Keys!"

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

The marriage of the Duke d'Aosta with the Princess Letitia Bonaparte will take place on the 10th of September instead of the 20th, as was originally announced. The religious ceremony will be performed by Cardinal Slimonda, Archbishop of Turin, following the civil rite in the Royal Palace. Conspicuous among the Princess's wedding gifts, which are numerous, is one which, apart from its considerable intrinsic value, has a sad interest for all the family. It is a fan, the handle of which is studded with precious stones, and containing in the centre a water-colour painting by the late Prince Imperial of the house where his mother lived when a girl. It was a birthday gift to "his dear mother on her fiftieth birthday," and the Empress Eugenie now offers this most precious of her possessions as a wedding gift to the Princess Letitia.

Their Royal Highnesses will then take a tour which will last three months. They will go first to Prince Jerome Napoleon's villa at Prangins, in Switzerland, then to Farnborough on a visit to the Empress Eugenie, and finally make a short stay in Paris.

On the 19th ult. Queen Emma of Holland had a narrow escape. She was driving, accompanied by the little Princess Wilhelmina, when for some unknown reason her horse became suddenly unmanageable, and rushed madly along the road. The Queen, terrified, dropped the reins and clasped her little daughter in her arms. Fortunately their dangerous career was brought to a close by the horse falling, and beyond the fright they suffered neither the Queen nor the little Princess was in the least hurt.

The weather is very unseasonable at present in Spain. It is very cold at Madrid, and there was a fall of snow a few days ago at Valladolid.

Great sympathy is felt throughout Europe for the troubles of the beautiful and fascinating Queen Nathalie, the "Venus of Belgrade" as she was called last spring at Florence. The latest report from Bucharest affirms that King Milan is suffering from mental hallucination and is seriously ill; but many believe that this is only a story invented with a view to hastening the divorce. The receptions at the Palace continue as they have always done, and the King shows himself in company more frequently than ever, accompanied by the Crown Prince.

Queen Natalie has bought the villa at Florence that she inhabited last winter for £11,000, and will make it her future residence.



"Hallo!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the sittingroom and saw her in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question and sealed it with a smack; "what's the time of day now?" "I should think it was about half twelve," was the cool reply. "You see, we are almost one."

"I don't understand why women dress that way," said a man, pointing a lady who passed along the street. "I don't either," replied a bystander. "That woman," continued the first speaker, "is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool." "I know he is," said the bystander. "Do you know him?" "Oh, yes; I am the man myself."

"Little Tommy—" "Can I eat another piece of pie?" Mamma, who is something of a purist—"I suppose you can." "Well, may I?" Mamma—"No, dear, you may not." Tommy—"Bother grammar, anyhow!"

A physician who lost his pet dog put a little notice in the paper, headed "Warning!" which charitably described the animal as having "strayed." "It is of no value, even to the owner; but, having been experimented upon for scientific purposes, a lick from its tongue—and it is very affectionate—would probably be fatal." That dog came back the next day.

"Jim," said an honest coal dealer to one of his drivers; "Jim, make that ton of coal 200 pounds short. It is for a poor, delicate widow, and as she will have to carry all of it up two flights of stairs I don't want her to overtax her strength."

"I wish my name was 'Notoriety,'" sighed a thirty-year old maiden. "Why?" asked her mother. "Because so many men court notoriety."

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.—Shopman—"Madame would like to have something quite new—please, step this way—this is the very newest thing out!" Lady—"The material looks very nice, but it's rather liable to fade soon, I should say." Shopman—"Oh! not in the least, madam. We have had this piece in the window for the last two years, and it is still in perfectly good condition."

Young Rural (in restaurant, showing off before his girl)—"Waiter, bring us a bottle of champagne." Waiter—"Yes, sir. Dry?" Young Rural (hotly)—"It's none of your business whether we are dry or not. Just bring it."

He who courts and runs away,
May live to court another day;
But he who courts and will not wed
May find himself in court instead.

A man recently took a bath in the dark. He managed well enough, only he got hold of a piece of stove blacking instead of soap—with marked results.

"So you think you can dress a show window so that all the ladies will stop and look at it, do you?" asked the manager of a drapery establishment of an applicant for work. "Yes, sir, I do." "Well, sir, what is the first thing you would do?" "I'd put a big mirror in the window and ——" "That's enough, young man; we don't want you as an employe. We'll take you as a partner."

Model husband, boastfully—"Yes, gentlemen, I have been married ten years, and never spent a night away from home yet." Doubtful friend—"Large and interesting family—eh?" "Only three of us." "Have one child—eh?" "No; the other is my wife's mother."

WHY HE DIDN'T.—O'Rourke—"I know how to manage my wife." Lynch—"You do? Then why don't you manage her?" O'Rourke—"She won't let me."

Young Wife—"George, I'm not going to the theatre again till high hats go out of fashion. I always have the bad luck to sit behind one." George—"That's just what I heard the man say who sat behind you last night."

"Sintince for loife, d'yer say? Arrah, thin, if the judge had his eyes about him he might ha' see that Dinnis was that delicate that he'd never live to sarve out a loife sintince, even if it was only for three years."

THE ALPHABET OF GEMS.—Some one has got up an alphabet of precious stones as follows:—Amethyst, beryl, chrysoberyl, diamond, emerald, feldspar, garnet, hyacinth, idocrase, kyanite (more commonly cyanite, a blue mineral), lynx-sapphire, milk-opal, natrolite, opal, pyrope, quartz, ruby, sapphire, topaz, uranite, vesuvianite (a species of garnet), water-sapphire, xanthite, zircon (a Cingalese stone).

Monsieur Prudhomme lauds the advantage of gymnastics. "There is nothing like it for health," he says; it increases a man's strength, prolongs his days—"But our ancestors did not practise gymnastics, and yet—" interrupts a pupil. "They did not," returned Monsieur; "and what is the consequence? They are dead, every man of them."

An old parish clerk was told to give the following notice:—"On Sunday next the service in this church will be held in the afternoon, and on the following Sunday it will be held in the morning, and so on alternately until further notice." What he actually did read out was, "On Sunday next the morning service in this church will be held in the afternoon, and on the following Sunday the afternoon service will be held in the morning, and so on to all eternity."

Gentleman, by request of lady—"Conductor, put the lady out at the next corner." Polite new conductor—"Excuse me, sir: seems as how she's a behavin' of herself; don't seem no occasion for proceedin' to extremes."

A graveyard in County Cork is said to have the following notice over its entrance gate:—"Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here."

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WEEK ENDING 11th AUGUST, 1888.

Her Majesty is not going to Baden. She will go northward in the course of the present month, arriving in Glasgow on the 22nd inst. The Queen will travel to Paisley next day, and on the 24th will quietly inspect the Exhibition, leaving for Balmoral at 11 o'clock in the evening.

The necklace and earrings to be presented to her Majesty on this occasion by the women of Great Britain in memory of her Jubilee, are composed of pearls and diamonds, and the beauty of the gift entitles it to a special and separate paragraph.

The necklace consists of diamond trefoils with pearls in centre of each; the centre, forming a pendant or brooch at pleasure, is a quartrefoil of diamonds with a very fine pearl in centre and pearl drop. The snap is in the form of a Royal crown, composed of diamonds, with two pearls forming as it were the cushion of the crown. This snap can be attached to the centre pendant or worn separately as a brooch. The whole can be

taken to pieces and be worn as separate ornaments for the hair, on velvet, or as brooches. The earrings consist of two choice button pearls of considerable size, surrounded by diamond trefoils to match the necklace. The jewels are fitted into a case, covered with Royal red morocco, with a gold plate. Her Majesty will spend the Autumn at Balmoral.

Sir Henry Ponsonby has intimated to Miss Croker that her Majesty the Queen will be happy to patronise "the Irish Association for Promoting the Training of Women."

The Court remains at Osborne, where her Majesty entertains small dinner parties. The Princess Beatrice continues with the Queen at Osborne, and among the distinguished visitors staying there at present are their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales, and the Princess Alix of Hesse.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has purchased from the Bandon Duck Company a brood of the Bandon magpie ducks, which have been placed on the lake at Sandringham Park. The company for introducing these handsome birds to England is one of the latest formed in the South of Ireland, and steps are now being taken to purchase them for every public park in England.

Nothing in the nature of approaching festivities can yet be reported in connection with the Viceregal Lodge, though it is more than probable that several dinner parties will be given at the Lodge during the Leopardstown meeting and the week of the Horse Show. At the close of last week his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant paid a visit to the Leopardstown course, and expressed his warm admiration of the preparation and arrangements for the initial meeting. The race day is fixed for Monday, 27th inst., the day previous to the opening of the Horse Show.

The Countess Fitzwilliam, Ladies Alice and Albretha Fitzwilliam, and the Hon. Hugh Fitzwilliam are at present sojourning at their Irish family seat, Coollattin Park.

Mr Fitzwilliam Dick, D.L., and suite are expected at Humewood Castle, Co. Wicklow, from Thames Ditton, Surrey.

If the memorandum alleged to have been written by Prince Bismarck for the late Emperor Frederick, and appearing in the *Noville Revue*, be not apocryphal, then the story told about the intervention of the Queen of England in favour of the marriage of the Princess Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenburg is a fact. He thinks it quite natural that her Majesty should want to have the brother-in-law of Princess Beatrice a member of the Imperial family of Germany. But he rejects the English advice with very significant emphasis. No more advice is likely to be tendered from the same quarter to the present monarch of Germany. There is such a deep gulf between the Queen of England and Kaiser William that all stories about their approaching meeting should be set aside as not only improbable, but for the moment impossible. There is a great deal of exaggeration, we are told, in the story of the reception by the Queen of the special Ambassador who announced her grandson's accession to the German Throne; but the Queen certainly did not go out of her way to be agreeable, and though all the necessary formalities were observed, there was nothing more. In fact, the family relationship, which was expected to make more easy the relationships between Germany and England, now bids fair to render more difficult the task of diplomacy.

A marriage will shortly take place between Colonel Frank Russell, of Aden, Aberdeenshire, and Miss Philippa Baillie, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. James Baillie, of Redcastle, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany.

A marriage will take place early in September between R. Errington, Lieutenant Bombay Staff Corps, third son of Mr G. H. Errington, of Merryoak, near Southampton, and Essie, eldest daughter of Surgeon-Major R. Boustead, of the Indian Army.

On the 1st inst., at Ballyleson, William Ayrton, of Walmer House, Tenby, was married to Ellen Graeme, eldest daughter of the late John Shaw Brown, of Edenderry House, Co. Down.

On July 31st, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, the marriage took place of John Wakely, Barrister-at-Law, eldest son of John Wakely, of Ballyburly, King's County, D.L., and Rebecca Lowe Monsarrat, eldest daughter of the Rev. Morgan Woodward Jellett, LL.D., Vicar of St. Peter's and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral. The father of the bride officiated, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop of Kilmore and the Rev. R. Godfrey Webster, curate of St. Peter's.

Walter Joseph, only son of Joseph Pearson Hogg, of Belgrave road, Rathmines, was married on the 31st of July to Sophie Dawson, youngest daughter of the late Charles Murray Arundell, of Belfast and Dublin. The ceremony took place at St. Stephen's Church, Albert square, London. The Rev. J. S. Pratt, Vicar, officiated.

A very remarkable marriage was solemnised at St. Andrew's Church, Fulham, on Thursday last by the curate of the parish between Mr Marcus Henry Milner (brother of Lady Milner and Lady Gerard), aged 24, and the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, aged 72. Mr Milner is her Grace's third husband. Her first, the late Duke of Montrose, died fourteen years ago. She next married Mr Stirling Crawford. He has been dead about five years. The Duchess has an income of £35,000 a year, and has long been well known on the Turf as "Mr Manton."

Another curious marriage took place in London the same day. Sir Charles Halle, pianist to the Queen, to Madame Norman Neruda, the great violinist. Sir Charles is 69 years of age and Lady Halle 48. They had both been married before.

On dit a marriage has been arranged between Captain F. Banister, R.H.A., and Miss C. Hamilton, daughter of Mr J. A. Hamilton, of 46 Fitzwilliam square.

Dr. Little has left his residence, 14 St. Stephen's green, for two months.

The Right Hon. John Thoma; Ball has left his residence, Taney House, Dun Inm, for England.

Julia, Lady Fitzgerald, has left Merrion square North for the Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown, for a few weeks.

Colonel Dease has left Kingstown for England.

The Countess of Banfurley has left North Wall for England.

Miss Annie W. Patterson, B.A. and Mus. B., has left town for London and the Continent.

Lady Shackerly is at present on a visit with Mr and Mrs Hodgson, at "Currareevagh," Oughterard, Co. Galway, where there will be a large party for the 12th.

The officers of the Curragh Brigade intend giving a grand ball about the 21st inst., in the gymnasium.

The last afternoon dance given by the Absolute Club, Kingstown, on the 2nd inst., was an unusually pleasant one. We understand that the members of this club intend for the remainder of the season to give a weekly dance. The ladies of Kingstown are thus "absolutely" sure of at least one dance a week.

The Duke of Devonshire arrived at Chatsworth last week from Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

Lady Dudley has invited a large party to assemble this week at Whitley Court to celebrate the coming of age of her son. The festivities will conclude with a county ball on an extensive scale.

Lady Rothschild's party, so long postponed, came off on Thursday night, and was one of the most crowded, as well as one of the most charming, of the season. There was a selection of excellent music and recitations by the gifted artist Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

Invitations have been issued by the Earl and Countess of Erne for a ball at Crom Castle, Co. Fermanagh.

Mr and Mrs Hans Woods had a large afternoon and tennis party at their beautiful residence, Milverton, near Balbriggan, last week.

Mrs White, of Leighton, Aylesbury Road, gave a nice dance at her residence on the 2nd inst., the company being numerous and fashionable. Mr J. J. Coates (Messrs. Cramer's representative) supplied the music.

Mr Plunket, Commissioner of Lights, has gone to Hamburg for some weeks to recruit his health.

Sir Charles Crosthwaite, Chief Commissioner of Burmah, who has just been made Knight of the Star of India, is nephew of the respected and venerable Canon Crosthwaite, of Dublin.

The Spa Hotel at Lucan is supplying a great public want long felt, in providing accommodation for private dinners, parties, and balls, in a style that cannot be surpassed. There are many ladies and gentlemen in Dublin, who would be more frequently hospitable than they are if it were not that they do not care for the upset to their residences involved in the giving of parties on an extensive scale; and in this respect the presence of the Lucan establishment does away with every objection, and secures a lovely and most suitable place for high-class festivities.

Among the first of the balls held there since the hotel was granted a license was that given on Monday night last, when a brilliant company, numbering some 70 couple, assembled. The Dublin and Lucan trams brought the ladies and gentlemen down, and conveyed them back to town by special carriages at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The Gasparro Brothers supplied the dance music, and the supper arrangements were of a *recherche* kind.

Among the ladies invited were—Miss Jenkins, Miss Sherrie, Miss Annie Bailey, Miss C. Bailey, Mrs Collier, Mrs Thorp, Mrs O'Farrell, Miss O'Farrell, Miss Spear, Mrs M'Mally, Miss Croghan, Miss Laidley, Mrs Lappan, Miss Cordukes, Miss Blundell, Miss Bagnall, Miss Long, the Misses Blackwood (2), Mrs Collican, Miss Collican, Mrs E. H. Croghan, Mrs Green, Miss Robson, Miss Corvan, Miss Lancaster, Miss Dick, Miss Perry, Miss Alice Phillips, Miss May Phillips, Miss Miriam Phillips, Miss White, Miss K. White, and Miss Hogan.

The gentlemen present included—Mr Spear, jun., Mr Spratt, Mr J. Couser, Mr J. White, Mr Fitzgerald, Mr R. Nolan, Mr A. J. Nolan, Mr A. Couser, Mr Collier, Dr Wynne, Mr Wine-wiser, Mr O'Farrell, Mr Phibbs, Mr J. W. Magee, Mr J. A. Magee, Mr Fahie, Mr Leech, Mr Hopkins, Mr G. Scott, Mr Dracott, Mr Grandy, Mr Tickell, Mr Leary, Mr Macdonald, Mr Lyons, Mr Frazer, Dr Ronayne, Mr Corvan, Mr Rotheroe, Mr Cahill, Mr Waters, Mr Caruth, Mr Herbert, Mr Gibbs, Mr Dick, Mr Fitzpatrick, and Mr Perry. Tea was served at half-past 6. Dancing commenced at 7 p.m., and was carried on with spirit, the company sitting down to supper at midnight. The ball was in every respect a thoroughly enjoyable one.

Are dress improvers for the benefit of the public or not? That is the question of the day. For some time past we must confess that we ourselves were not quite clear on this point; but happening last week during heavy rain to be compelled to seek the shelter of a tent at the Dalkey Regatta, we at once became convinced of the public benefit of "the dress improver." A tent, full almost to suffocation, impossible to look behind, ditto to right or left; nothing remained but to look straight ahead. What a relief then to find literature in store for one—stored up in a dress improver." This was literally the fact. The dress improver, worn behind by a fair damsel clad in white muslin who stood in front of us, and whose spotless muslin had not beforehand been subjected to the trial of washing, revealed to us *en plein jour* the *Irish Times* of the 28th of July. Here we found food for the mind at the expense of the wearer of the dress improver, and instead of time hanging heavy on our hands, we refreshed our knowledge of current events by the medium of a wet muslin frock, showing the dress improver, whose foundation was a copy of this celebrated advertising medium. We take it, however, that not even the frail brain of the manager of this leading journal ever thought of utilising as an advertising medium the "improver," which now-a-days forms a necessary part of every lady's attire, and we are equally satisfied that we (IRISH SOCIETY) have the first right to take out a patent for this new form of advertisement, which will not only be self-supporting, but also self-advertising. We invite tenders from ladies wishing to become our advertising mediums.

A very serious accident happened on Wednesday afternoon at Holywood. As Mrs Dunville, of Redburn, accompanied by Mrs Cordner, of Greenmount, Antrim, were driving into Belfast, they met a detachment of the Gordon Highlanders. The horses shied and plunged, and both ladies were thrown out, and very much bruised and shaken. They were driven back to Redburn, and three doctors were immediately in attendance; and it is hoped that neither of the ladies is seriously injured.

We yield to no one in our respect for the dog. He is the friend of man. He was developed from the wolf countless ages ago by our primeval ancestors, and has gradually become so humoured that his intelligence is a household word. But he is liable to rapid demoralisation. He is apt to get out of the beaten track of civilisation, and wander, for instance, along the sea wall of Bray. Here he throws off the veneer of long ages of culture, and revels in his primordial savagery with such wild enthusiasm that he lowers the estimation in which his species are universally held.

If he has been in the sea he deliberately selects the newest dress on the promenade to sprinkle with a sudden shower bath as he shakes his shaggy sides. He has a peculiar antipathy to a well-cut trousers, and never loses an opportunity of rubbing up against them, making off with a look of exultation before the indignant owner has time to raise his cane. This is deplorable conduct on the part of the dog, who ought to know better, particularly when permitted to mingle in the refined atmosphere of Bray promenaders.

But, though we sincerely regret that the friends of man should exhibit such depraved tastes, we do not blame the dogs so much as their owners. If persons insist on bringing dogs on the sea wall they might have the good taste to keep their animals in rational subjection. No matter how fond we are of dogs we strongly object to them when they are sprinkling whirlwinds of spray around our garments. At such a moment the loveliest canine becomes an object of intense loathing. Not less do we loathe the self-satisfied gentleman who can calmly contemplate such conduct on the part of the dog he owns, and not blush with shame. If we refuse the term "gentleman" to the semi-intelligent dog, what name shall we find for its intelligent master?

Ireland has been at all times celebrated for producing the most dashing cross-country horsemen in any part of the world. The feats of daring enacted by the "Galway Blazers" have been recorded in many a tale and ballad, but none more graphically than by the late Charles Lever in "Jack Hinton," "Charley O'Malley," and others of his undying novels; but we have now a youngster among us who bids fair to eclipse the fame of any of his predecessors in the hunting field.

This is Master Scully, son of our well-known fellow-citizen, whose fame as a thorough expert in horseflesh is second to no other in this equine-loving country. Young Scully, who is a little over 15 years old, is at present delighting thousands with examples of his horsemanship at the Irish Exhibition in West Kensington, and it is a sight to see this boy astride a thoroughbred, seated bareback, and running him at high speed at the big stone wall, the hurdles, and the water jump, over which he literally flies like a bird.

Friday last was a big day in the Amphitheatre of Olympia, as a great many events were placed for decision, and the crowd was accordingly enormous. Somehow or other these jumping competitions are attracting marked attention in London, and the department presided over by Mr George A. Stephens, who will be remembered in connection with the Royal Dublin Society's Show, is rapidly becoming the most popular and attractive feature of Olympia.

But to return to the events of Friday. On that occasion young Scully overtopped all his previous records, winning the Championship Cup for leaping, and carrying away also first prize for the high stone wall, double bank, and water jumps. The applause bestowed on the youthful Irish Nimrod was vociferous, and every Irishman present on the occasion felt proud of him.

While on the topic of Olympia we may refer to another interesting incident of recent occurrence there. On Saturday afternoon the Elcho Shield, won by the Irish team at Wimbledon, was removed on a gun carriage from the Guildhall, and escorted by a detachment of the London Irish Volunteers to Olympia, where it will remain until the close of the Exhibition. The spectacle as it passed through the busy streets was viewed with much interest by Londoners. The trophy was received within the building by Mr Sexton, M.P., in his official capacity of Lord Mayor of Dublin.

On the same afternoon there was a large gathering in the concert-room of the Exhibition to hear a number of papers on "Co-operation." Lord Aberdeen presided, and the following subjects comprised the programme:—"Co-operation as a means of improving the condition of Irish industries," by Benjamin Jones; "Irish co-operative woollen industries," by Mr B. O'Callaghan; "Co-operation in fisheries," by the Rev. Father Davies, of Baltimore; and "Co-operative dairies," by the Rev. Canon Bagot. The meeting was regarded as a success.

The Mechanical Engineers have come and gone, and they have had on the whole a good time of it. They were *feted* satisfactorily, and must have carried away with them pleasant recollections of Dublin and its generous hospitality. Perhaps the most enjoyable *reunion* of the lot was the dinner given in their honour in Trinity by the genial Dr. Haughton, who as a host cannot easily be surpassed.

The Merrion Pier promenades are attractive items in the summer and early autumn life of Dublin. The Tuesday evening bands are attended by a liberal sprinkling of fashion, and at the close there is always a private dance, which is most agreeably conducted in the neighbourhood of the ladies' baths.

Ireland is becoming less and less of a fruit-growing country, and even in October it is hard to find in Dublin a native-grown apple or pear. In America this industry is developing enormously. Eight million baskets are expected from Delaware and Maryland this season; and, of course, we in Ireland will get our fair proportion of them. Last season the same territory furnished only 1,500,000 baskets, and the whole crop, including that of New Jersey and the Hudson Valley, amounted to only 4,500,000 baskets. They are packed in neat crates holding 12 dozen peaches each, and each peach is kept separate by pasteboard partitions.

The country has just been spared a grave misfortune by an accident. The Duke of Cambridge in his wisdom actually appointed Lieutenant-General Graham, C.B., one of our ablest generals in the field, to the command at Bermuda; and Sir Gerald was on eve of proceeding to that station, when someone who knew

the island drew attention to the blunder that was being made, and dissuaded General Graham from going. But fancy sending such an officer to look after a floating dock and a number of negro onion growers!

What may be regarded as rather a new departure in the matter of excursions was taken on Monday last, when a couple of dozen young ladies connected with one of our largest city publishing houses left the Metropolis in drags for the Powerscourt Waterfall, and list ye, young men—unaccompanied by a single gentleman! Is this departure to be regarded as the premonitory "catpaw" which will precede the fierce hurricane of retaliation which must sooner or later burst from a justly-offended sex, who complain that "since cycles came into fashion the gentlemen seem to pay more attention to their machines than to the tender sex?" Be this as it may, one thing is certain—the ladies evidently seem to be determined on having independence. The gentlemen have their clubs and smoking concerts; the ladies have their at-homes. The gentlemen have their exclusive excursions; and now it seems probable that the ladies will make it fashionable to have their exclusive excursions too.

The pic-nic we refer to was a thoroughly successful and enjoyable one. A fund of amusement was derived from the various sports peculiar to the sex which were entered into by the fair excursionists, and an excellent dance was indulged in to music supplied by one of the nymphs. Luncheon was partaken of at the Scalp, and dinner among the rocks at the fall; while tea and talk were enjoyed in the cottage in the Demesne, after which the excursionists returned to town. We heartily congratulate the young ladies on the complete success of their plucky undertaking, which was favoured with fair weather.

It is not generally known how the 11th Hussars got the distinction, alone among British cavalry regiments, of cherry-coloured trousers. When Prince Albert reached England, just before his marriage with the Queen, the gallant 11th was despatched to Dover to escort his Royal Highness by road to London, no railway being then available. So pleased was the Prince with the crack regiment that he asked for and obtained for them the privilege of wearing cherry-coloured trousers as a memento of the occasion.

Reginald Brabazon, the Earl of Meath, better known to the public as "Lord Brabazon," attained the age of 47 years on the 31st of July. His lordship is well known as a distinguished philanthropist, and his indefatigable exertions in securing open spaces and enclosed squares for the recreation of the toiling masses in London, have made his name a household word throughout the vast metropolis.

Mr Barry Sullivan is living at Brighton, where he is under the care of Sir Andrew Clarke, for nervous prostration caused by over work. He is now in his 64th year, and has been one of the hardest working actors on the stage. He has three unmarried daughters and a son living with him. One his sons is shortly going on a tour in the provinces as Hamlet.

The pleasure of a row in the Bay is not always unattended with a certain amount of danger. The other morning two young men, members of the staff of one of our leading daily newspapers, accompanied by a friend, took a boat at the North Wall for the purpose of having a couple of hours' enjoyment. They had got well into the Bay when by some means they lost their rowlocks, and drifted out to sea at the mercy of the tide, which was fast ebbing at the time.

Their condition was a most helpless one. The strong currents of the Bay took them out rapidly, the signs of distress made by the men being unobserved save by one, and it is principally for the purpose of placing the reprehensible conduct of this person before the public that we write. The unfortunate men had been out for a considerable time, and were beyond Howth when a yacht passed by them pretty closely. The "gentleman" who sailed the yacht, believed to belong to Clontarf, plainly saw the condition of the men in the boat, and recognised the possibility of their foundering; still, with a cruelty which would put to shame an ordinary savage, he passed by, and would neither receive the men on board nor take the boat in tow. That he was perfectly aware of the dangerous position of the boaters cannot be doubted, for subsequently on being asked at Clontarf for a reason for passing the boat he remarked to the men, "Oh, I thought you were done for when I saw you." A specimen of humanity (it would be a libel to write man) of such capabilities should be cast out of civilised society.

It was not till 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning that the men were saved by being drifted back by the returning tide, having been 21 hours at sea without food or water. It is needless to say that their friends were in a state of the greatest anxiety for their safety. The Coastguard and other stations along the coast were telegraphed to; but it was not till the men landed that word of their adventure was heard.

We are glad to note that the musical abilities of Mr Mervyn A. Browne, of Lower Mount street, are being warmly appreciated by critical audiences in London. On the 1st instant he presided twice at Wedlake's grand organ, playing in finished style selections from works of the greatest composers, and was listened to with marked attention by a crowded auditory.

Up to the present Mr Browne, who, it may be mentioned, is organist of Christ Church, Blackrock, and was organist at the Monday Popular Concerts given some time since at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, has presided at six recitals on Wedlake's organ—a remarkably fine instrument with four manuals and pedals.

The organ has 49 stops, 12 couplers, and 11 combination pedals. The pneumatic tubular system renders the touch, even when playing on the full organ, as light and crisp as a first-class pianoforte. The tone of the instrument is very fine, and the solo stops admit of some charming orchestral effects.

Lord Fitzwilliam's shooting lodge near Lagnaquilla has been redecorated and furnished for the shooting party which will commence their sport on the morning of the 13th, and continue for the week.

The quarterly provincial meeting of the Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland was held in the Town Hall, Londonderry, on Thursday last. The visitors made several interesting excursions in the neighbourhood, and under the guidance of Canon Bennett, inspected the recent discoveries in the ancient Cathedral of Raphoe.

The sudden death of Mr Frank Holl, at the early age of 45, has given a great shock to the world of Art. He was known to be unwell, but his malady was regarded rather as a constitutional weakness than a sickness unto death. It was attributed to that unsatiable appetite for work which forced him to produce a score of portraits, most of them of the first-class, every year. His industry made him the chief of English portrait painters. He began as a painter of subject-pictures. The things which he loved to depict had all a touch of gloom, sadness, and sorrow. So he tried his hand at portrait painting by way of change. The results astonished nobody more than himself. He had the power of seizing the attitude, pose, and expression of the man, and of conveying it upon canvas. Candidates for immortality soon besieged him; to be "done by Holl" soon became the fashion, and he soon had more upon his hands than he could do. He learned to paint quickly, but he never had the art so necessary to the successful artist who wishes to live long of painting unconscientiously. There are artists of the first rank who, although they expend all their force while painting, declare only to work when they have a reserve of strength. Every picture was done at an expenditure of his strength, which left him no reserve. When he took a holiday he still sought relief in new artistic studies. He has painted all the distinguished men of the day. He did not paint women. His death has cut him short in the midst of his ambition. His removal leaves without a master the dwelling, which, perhaps, artistically speaking, is positively the finest in London. The gables were the delight of all those who loved beauty, and the despair of all competitors. The vacancy in the Royal Academy will not easily be filled.

We are getting occasional glimpses of summer, though the sun shines to be almost immediately overcast with cloud. The hay crop has begun to rot in the field, and the wheat is now too much beaten down to be raised again for ripening. There are hundreds of acres from which nothing can be produced save food for cattle. Until almost this very day the farmers have hoped against hope. Now they can only sigh over the loss of one of the very heaviest of crops. It is possible that the root crops will enable the farmers to recover a little. Their balance may not be altogether on the side of loss. But it looks as though we were on the eve of another fall of rent, and another period of agricultural depression.

Wicklow Regatta on Monday drew a large concourse of visitors from Dublin and other parts to the pleasant little seaside town. The sport was good, and the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Company contributed not a little to the success of the meeting by a capital train service, carrying passengers there and back for single fares. In this way our railways can nobly aid in the development of Irish sport.

Dubliners are enjoying rare opportunities for travelling at cheap rates during the present excursion season. Killarney is now within the reach of almost everybody through the generosity of the Great Southern and Western Company. The wild beauties of the comparatively unknown West are being opened up to the public by the Midland Great Western Company, and the Dublin and Wicklow people are doing their level best to familiarise young and old with the unrivalled scenic attractions of County Wicklow.

It is now the turn of the Great Northern Line to show what it can do, and we have had from that company some interesting excursions to Antrim for Lough Neagh, to Belfast, and to Portrush for the far-famed Giants' Causeway that huge basaltic formation which is justly regarded as one of the wonders of the world. Truly times are improving in the matter of cheap locomotion to attractive spots in our island home.

A meeting of the Committee of the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund, took place last week, Sir Percy Grace, Bart., in the chair. A most interesting report of the working of the Fund was read by Mrs Power Lalor. 143 ladies over 70 years of age, or rendered helpless by ill health, are receiving small monthly payments, while 800 are affiliated to the working centres. The orders received are very satisfactory. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice is a constant customer and her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry has given several large orders.

A sale of work will take place every Saturday in August at the Home for Distressed Ladies, Rutland square. Too much praise cannot be given to Mrs Power Lalor for her unceasing labours in this charitable undertaking, which deserves every encouragement.

An exhibition from which some good ought to come has been opened in Baker street, London, under the patronage of Lord Wemyss, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Charles Beresford, and a whole lot of M.P.'s. It is an exhibition of apparatus for rescue at fires. All sorts of domestic fire escapes are shown. Uninflamable dresses are displayed. "A lady in a ball dress and a ballet dancer walk through the fire unharmed." Fire alarms, luminous rooms, safety lamps, and doors and windows so constructed as to admit of easy exit are also exhibited. Not many yards away from the scene of the present exhibition occurred the fatal fire at Messrs Garroul's a few weeks ago. If a tithe of the information which will be available at this exhibition were practically applied in fires there would be but few lamentable deaths.

The Anglo-Danish Exhibition is, so far as its title is concerned, something of an imposture; but whoever designed the Morris dances which are being held has provided a very pretty thing. If only the weather be fine these revels round the Maypole by the children will become very popular. The ballet in the open arena at the Italian Exhibition looks wrong somehow, but the dance around the Maypole is such as might have occurred at any village festival not so many years ago. In a word, the spectacle is pleasing, enlivening, and historically instructive.

Colonel Robert Eglinton Seton, who has recently retired from the command of the 4th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers (Royal Dublin City Militia, Queen's Own Royal Regiment), joined the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders before the Crimean War, in which he attained the rank of Lieutenant. In February, 1885, he was gazetted as Captain in the Dublin City Militia, becoming Major in February, 1870, and Lieutenant-Colonel January, 1878, so that he commanded the battalion for eleven years. It is presumed that Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Horan, who has been for ten years a major, will succeed to the command. At the present moment the 5th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers is three captains and four subalterns short of its establishment.

An unusual notice appears in a recent *Gazette*, viz.—“3rd Battalion Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians)—The services of Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon. Colonel C. Wolseley-Cox are now dispensed with.”

Mr J. F. Lacy, proprietor of the magnificent Bray Head Hotel, is an undoubted public benefactor, inasmuch as he is affording opportunity to persons of moderate means to have a day's thorough enjoyment among the glorious scenery of Wicklow at a figure hitherto undreamt of in the economy of the tourist.

If we throw our memories back for even a couple of years we will remember that to do the Devil's Glen or Glendalough from Dublin involved an expenditure of at least a pound for car-hire, with a gratuity to the driver and other little etceteras which made a hole in another half-sovereign, and when to these items were added a lunch or dinner, with the incidentals, a couple of sovereigns had finally departed from your control in exchange for the day's outing. Only a limited number of ordinary people could undertake that expense, and so beautiful Wicklow was comparatively neglected.

Mr Lacy has revolutionised all this. He has established a series of tours running twice a week from his grand hotel in Bray to the most attractive spots in the picturesque county, and we would ask the traveller and tourist to note the fact that he is conveyed on a Parisian drag or in a waggonette drawn by spanking horses to the spot selected for the day, where he is provided with a solid luncheon washed down with the best liquors, and brought back again to Bray, at a cost of 6/6 for the day! This is undoubtedly the cheapest holiday outing on record, and when it becomes more widely known than it is, Mr Lacy will have to extend the number of his conveyances.

We confess to a little feeling of excitement over that wondrous performance of Professor Baldwin at the Alexandra Palace, when he jumped from a balloon—by means of a parachute, of course—from a height of 1,500 feet. This altitude is not so great as that from which the performer leaped in America—that, if we remember right, was something over a mile; but the Professor's jump was elevated enough to please the most fastidious or to satisfy the most exacting in the matter of dangerous experiments.

The balloon was an ordinary-sized one, and in presence of at least 100,000 individuals Professor Baldwin shot up into space—up, up, until the balloon had shrunk to the dimensions of a foot-

ball. From the outset he was not in the car, but sat astride a sort of cross-bar, his parachute hanging hooked on to the balloon.

What the terror-stricken multitude saw was this—He caused the balloon to descend until within 1,500 yards of the earth, when by aid of powerful glasses he was seen to detach the parachute, unship a cord which tied it round the handle, fix the said handle firmly to his hand and wrist—then, slipping his leg over the cross-bar, dart down bodily.

Something shot down earthwards with alarming velocity for a distance apparently of 500 feet, but the motion was so fearful and so lightning-like that no one could exactly realise what it was. It was seen, however, that the parachute lay close and seemingly disabled; and thousands amongst that enormous gathering must have felt a sickening at the heart at the prospect of what another half minute would bring forth—a fearful death to the reckless professor.

But it was not to be on this occasion. The aeronaut, holding on to the handle with one hand, calmly lifted the other, pulled a string or undid a catch somehow, and at the action the closed folds of the instrument at once stretched out on all sides like a huge sunshade. The rapidity of the descent was at once arrested, and the daring fellow began to float, slowly and gracefully descending to the earth almost at the point of his start. The hurrahs which greeted him were hearty, cordial, and prolonged.

We have learned on what may be regarded as reliable authority that Professor Baldwin will visit Dublin about the period of the Horse Show, and repeat here the fearful performance which he has just successfully gone through in London. Mountjoy square is spoken of as the point of ascent. Where the descent may be attempted will depend altogether on the wind and weather.

It is now certain that in point of numbers the show of horses at Ball's Bridge on the 29th inst. will be the largest ever assembled under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society. The Show is open to competitors from all parts of the United Kingdom, and among the entries are a great many from owners of animals of the best breeds in England and Scotland—equines which it is said it will take our breeders all their time to excel.

As a consequence of the show, or rather in preparation for it, city hotel books are beginning to fill up, giving promise of a profitable time to their proprietors. Owners of private lodgings are also beginning to bestir themselves for the occasion, and if they only act wisely they will probably reap a good harvest, not only for the Show week, but for some time afterwards, as it is more than likely that if visitors are comfortably lodged on moderate terms they will not be in too great a hurry to depart, particularly at this excursion season, when our railways are offering so many and such varied facilities for seeing the most attractive places in the country.

Our carmen are reasonably looking forward to a good time in connection with the Horse Show, and we will all rejoice if these honest and obliging public servants should have their wishes realised. Travel where you may you will not be

better served than by our Dublin carmen, and it reflects high credit upon them as a body, considering how numerous they are, that their general probity is unimpeachable, while their civility is universally recognised. Black sheep among them are rare, and the Larry Doolin of the present day is quite as humorous, if you only know how to draw him out, as his predecessor of any previous period.

We have the languages of flowers; gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, postage stamps, &c., but perhaps to most of our readers who study such matters the “language of sealing-wax” may be a novelty. Colours used in sealing-wax are said to express a certain significance. White is used for weddings; black, drab, and purple for mourning; lavender is condolence; dinner invitations are sealed with chocolate colour; blue denotes constancy; green expresses hatred; vermilion signifies business; ruby or cardinal denotes the most ardent love; light ruby or rose is affectionate remembrance; pale green is innocence; yellow indicates jealousy; yellowish green signifies grief and disappointment; dark brown, melancholy and reserve.

It is a fact not generally known that if one holds his breath wasps, bees, and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes sting-proof, and holding the insect by the feet and giving her full liberty of action, you can see her drive her weapon against it with a force that lifts her body at every stroke. But let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs and the sting will penetrate at once. For a theory in explanation it is believed that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin, thereby presenting an impenetrable surface to the sting of the insect.

A learned author explains the difference between a flirt and a coquette. A coquette, he thinks, is a cold, cruel beauty who fascinates men for the mere glory of conquest, while the flirt is an honest girl who makes herself agreeable with a view to a possible courtship. The prude says “No” when she means yes, the coquette “yes” when she means no; but the “modest and refined flirt says neither “no” nor “yes,” but looks and smiles sweetly, as much as to say, “Perhaps you can win my love.” It is gratifying to see philosophers turning their attention to these important subjects.

How the mighty have fallen! General Boulanger, who a few months ago was the pet and darling of Parisian society, has been discarded in a cruel manner by the mesdames and mademoiselles of the gay Capital. If there is one quality more than another which French ladies, like their sisters in our own Green Isle, admire in a gentleman it is that of bravery coupled with success. Poor Boulanger was the victim of Floquet's sword point, which almost put an end to the dashing soldier's life, and for this reason simply he has been thrown overboard, and his rather aged conqueror taken up and feted with sumptuous prodigality. What, however, could we expect? for such is life!

As garden parties seem to be in increasing favour, it may be worth mentioning that the fans principally used for them are mostly made in paper, and are printed with Watteau scenes. What good the fans are, and how the paper stands our variable climate are questions more easily put than answered.

Madame Neruda's marriage was a brilliant affair. The Princess of Wales sent her congratulations, together with a magnificent present. Madame Neruda's husband, Sir Charles Halte, was a widower, and 69 years of age, whilst the lady herself was the widow of a Scandinavian musician, and aged about 48. They have long been associated in the professional life of music, and with all classes both are highly popular.

The once famous and even fashionable fortune-teller of Paris has passed away. "Mother Moreau" attained the height of notoriety in the days of the Empire, when she was consulted, not only by the *Cocottes*, but also by the *Cococettes*, as the society beauties of the time were called. Her rooms were usually thronged in the afternoon, when her fashionable customers came to have their fortunes told, or rather to consult her in their affairs of commingled business and pleasure. Madame Moreau was a skilful *cartomancienne*, and her masterly manipulation of the cards must have enabled her to realise a considerable income. Just as in ordinary prosaic professional life, Madame Moreau had formerly taken over the premises and practice of an equally prophetic predecessor. The deceased, who did not profess to dabble in the "black art" like her predecessor, but confined herself strictly to the cards, died in her 71st year.

An English contemporary is responsible for the statement that Lord Lansdowne has received from Sir Edward Guinness, through Messrs. Agnew, of London, £50,000, or thereabouts for his noble Cuyp, and his two Rembrandts, the "portrait of the artist," holding his palette, and the "portrait of a lady."

Most of our readers will no doubt have heard of Dr Talmage, the great preacher of Brooklyn, U. S. Speaking one day, not long ago, on the position and prospects of women, he is reported to have declared, with reference to the latest fancy of women, that they should be allowed to whistle if they wanted to. A captious critic wants to know what course to pursue if the ladies were disposed to "wet their whistle." There's the rub!

The famous French *chef*, M. Joseph Dugnot, was asked by an interviewer recently to "write a bill of fare for the three meals of the day for what you consider the best things to eat at each meal?" "Certainly. Give me your pencil, please. Here," said he, "is the best bill of fare in the world;" and saying this, the worthy old *chef* wrote the following bills of fare on the reporter's pad:—

BREAKFAST.

Anything you like, and not too much of it.

DINNER.	SUPPER
Do.	Do.

We warmly recommend the above to the manager of an hotel not twenty miles from Dublin where the bill of fare is generally a mixture of distressed French and laboured English, and where very often the diners do not know what they may be consuming.

We cannot, neither do we wish, to account for the peculiar idiosyncracies of ladies. Sometimes their fancy runs in practicable and useful grooves; at others their fancies are unaccountable, wayward, and farcical. Quite recently the witer knew a

young lady whose glory was the luxuriant hair of which she was the proud possessor. It was of a deep brown tinge, and from its singularity was, we thought, of special value. The young lady, however, did not coincide with our opinion, as was evidenced by her the other day when we met her at an afternoon party, not with the sweetly rippling brown locks of yore, but displaying around her shapely little head a wealthy mass of yellow hair. The incident reminded us that yellow hair, though now somewhat out of fashion, has often in former times been esteemed a mark of great beauty. The Venetian ladies used to bleach the hair by stretching it over crownless broad-brimmed hats and sitting in the sun, and in the time of the Plantagenets saffron was used as a dye to produce the desired colour. Queen Elizabeth made yellow hair, and small waists also, very fashionable. We are told by an authority that this dress-loving monarch had her yellow locks "fair attired with rich strings of gold wire, and gold wire was abouten all her genteel middle small."

Breaches of promise and cases of elopement have always been fertile themes for gossip-mongers. Last week we had a Fortherm breach of promise trial at the Four Courts, and from the morning papers we gleaned the story of the elopement of a Welsh landlady of mature years with a young and innocent lodger. It is some time, however, since we have come across the details of such a romantic elopement as the following, which took place in France a few days ago:—The youth was 19, the son of a wealthy landowner of Honfleur; the damsel 18, the daughter of a merchant in the same town, equally blessed with this world's goods. The two families were very intimate, and "Edwin and Angelina," or, more correctly, Jean and Charlotte, fell in love with each other. Jean had shown his good taste, for the girl is very pretty and attractive, but when he spoke to mamma about it she said that she could not give her consent at once, as the pair "were over young to marry yet." Jean, however, was impatient to be united in the bonds of wedlock with the object of his affections, and a few days afterwards the couple were speeding together on the road to Paris, without treating their respective relatives to the slightest inkling of their project; but the old gentleman was equal to the occasion. The telegraph wires were utilised promptly, and when the train with the eloping pair steamed into the St Lazare Station there, a smiling and affable gentleman politely saluted Edwin and Angelina and requested them to step into the inspector's office, whence they were as civilly conducted to that of the head of the criminal department.

Meanwhile Charlotte's parents had been communicated with, and after waiting some time the following despatch was received:—"Please bring the young couple back; we consent to the marriage." The banns have been published, and soon the bells of Honfleur will be ringing a joyous peal in honour of the nuptials of Jean and Charlotte, both of that town. Again we are reminded of that wise saw, "All's well that ends well."

It has generally been allowed that no woman can look well in a waterproof cloak. But this reproach has now been removed: a waterproof has been introduced which is as elegant and tasteful as any other article of dress. The silk

cloaks, one of which we observed on a lady at Bray Flower Show, are the prettiest, and are gracefully designed.

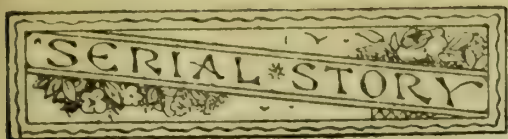
Humour is a captivating element and an antidote to lugubrious and morbid thoughts. One of those people who are continually saying smart things recently remarked that "let bygones be bygones" is no sort of motto for a woman, as "she would turn her head around to look after a stylish bonnet if it broke her neck." It is a libel; but much has to be conceded to the eternal necessity of saying smart things.

We have particulars to hand this week of another peculiar society of women in America. It is called the Shut-in Society, and is intended for invalids and a few who have distinguished themselves by active sympathy with the sick. Numbers of the members work at literature, flower-making, lace, and other occupations for their livelihood, and the rules of the society encourage communication between those who otherwise would know little of each other's doings, and afford opportunities for mutual help.

The latest, prettiest, and most useful decoration for a drawingroom is a new lamp and candle shade, invented and patented by Mrs Kendal. It is made of thin brass, elegantly perforated, and lined with closely-adherent tissue paper or silk. Besides the advantages of being durable and ornamental in the daytime, while most other lamps look tawdry, it cannot catch fire. The shade is called the "Egdam," being the pet name reversed of the fair patentee, who, we believe, receives a considerable royalty on the invention.

To those of our lady readers who intend to take their children to the seaside for the remainder of August we are assured by a fair correspondent that the very best seaside dresses for little girls are those made for the most part in blouse style. These dresses are of the simplest description. A skirt arranged in flat or box pleats, and loose blouse, with high or open collar, full bishop's sleeves, secured into a wristband; these are the details of a costume which has no sash or ribbons to come, dirty and dragged by sea spray and sand. Serge, of course, forms the staple material, and next in order of preference come flannels of all kinds and colours. Washing materials are rightly discarded for beach costumes. A charming little dress is of cream flannel, and it admirably suits girls of about seven. The plain, full skirt is of flannel, edged with a flounce of cream woollen lace. The blouse corsage buttons up the back, and is smocked into a pretty pointed yoke. Round the neck a pile of lace supplies a pretty collar. The full sleeves are smocked at the shoulder and again at the wrist.

Here is a hint for householders and others who may desire to know the quickest way to crack ice. Put a lump of ice on a clean folded towel. Take a pin and cover the head with a fold of the towel in your hand, when you will find that you can drive the pin instantly through the thickest part of the ice, chipping it as you require, and as fast as you can move your hand from one piece to the other.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

ME AN' TESS.

ADELAIDE carefully refolded the cloth in its brown paper, and as she tied it, said to Tessie—

"Would you like a glass of wine?"

"It's very kind of you, Miss," replied Tessie, smiling, and moving with uneasy bashfulness on her seat. "But I reely couldn't think of it. I never taste the like."

"Will you kindly return this parcel?" said Adelaide, presenting it to Tessie, who stood up. "And you might say that I shall call and select the proper shade."

"Yes, miss," said Tessie, jerking her arm abruptly from Missie Connell, who had pinched her from behind.

"Good morning," said Adelaide.

"Good morning, miss," replied Tessie, with a little curtsy.

Missie Connell, with an exaggerated sneer on her face, and her head stiffly erect, strutted past Miss Denison without replying to her salutation.

When the two girls reached the first landing Tessie paused to glance in wonderment towards the luxurious beauty of the ante-chamber and conservatory, whilst Missie Connell turned to thrust out her tongue towards the drawingroom above, but was disconcerted by the appearance of Adelaide who stood looking after them from the door.

"Thinks we want to steal the spoons," exclaimed Missie, loudly, with a toss of her head. "Tessie Doyle, you may say what you like, but them people are the stingiest I ever met, with all their grandeur. An' as for that owl catamaran that was at the macrame with the glasses, she ought to put her head in a sack."

Missie Connell kicked her heels along the hall as she went through it, and staring boldly at the man in livery, winked at him as he opened the door. He regarded her with unmoved face, and she walked out behind Tessie with her exaggerated sneer, and jerking her dress improver from side to side.

"Adelaide," said Mrs Denison, as she gathered her work together and prepared to leave the room, "I will be extremely obliged to you if, in future, you transact your business affairs in some other apartment. The conversation of that girl with the red hair was indescribably dreadful."

Adelaide curtsied, saying—

"It shall not occur again. I must not in future offend me ma."

As she passed through the door Mrs Denison looked back with a glance of horror at her daughter, who smiled sweetly and kissed hands.

About an hour after Adelaide was seated quietly reading in the same room when Mr Oscar Munro entered without being announced. He seemed astonished to see Miss Denison, and explained that he had forgotten some music which he was anxious to secure.

"I hope I do not disturb you?" he asked, standing near her and glancing doubtfully at her self-contained face.

"Oh, no," she replied, remaining seated with the open book in her hand. "You will find the music over there, Mr Munro, beside the piano."

"Thank you."

He hurried to the music, and as he stood turning it over, he glanced towards her. She had quietly resumed her reading. He continued to search, and again glanced towards her. But she still read on, seemingly interested in the work.

From time to time he paused in turning over the music to look at her, but she gave no indication of interest in his presence.

"I am afraid," he said, advancing at last, "I have made a mistake. It must be somewhere at home."

"It is a pity," returned Adelaide, looking up, "that you should have had your trouble in vain."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, I assure you," he said, turning abruptly to look towards the window. "It is of not the slightest consequence."

Adelaide made no rejoinder, keeping the book open on her lap, as if awaiting his departure to resume her reading. He tossed his head to throw back the stray lock of hair from his eyes, and, holding his chin, looked down at her.

"I hope," he said, hesitatingly, "you are not annoyed by Mr Henrikson's manner the other morning. He——"

"I beg your pardon?"

She looked up with enough surprise expressed in her eyes to throw him into a condition of confusion.

"It was the east wind," he stammered. "He is always out of temper when the——when the wind is in the east. I thought you never sang better, and in my opinion his strictures were entirely undeserved."

"But *he* is my singing master," observed Adelaide, quietly.

"Oh, yes, of course. I know that. But I was afraid you might have been annoyed by his——"

"Mr Munro," said Adelaide, "I am obliged to you for your consideration, but I cannot allow Mr Henrikson's opinions concerning my exercises to be disputed——"

"Yes, perfectly right, but I thought——" And he paused, looking down at the carpet.

She waited a moment in silence until he should finish his observation; but, as he made no effort, she continued—

"I engaged Mr Henrikson not without considerable deliberation, and I have not any cause to regret having done so. I am quite satisfied with my singing master, Mr Munro."

"Yes! I am very glad to hear it," he exclaimed. "I am afraid you consider my remarks impertinent. I am sorry to have offended you."

"Offended me?" she returned, with surprise "I am not so easily offended."

"Well, I spoke with the best intentions."

"I quite understand that, Mr Munro."

"Good evening, Miss Denison."

"Good evening," she returned, bowing slightly; and Oscar Munro left the room, stumbling over a chair in hurry his to escape into the open street.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISASTER TO THE ONE-EYED.

NEXT day was an inactive one for Detective Gilhooly. Seated at the window, time passed heavily. The most ordinary shop vans and other vehicles and the least suspicious-looking of visitors arrived at Mrs Fitzgerald's house, and departed as usual. There was nothing to chronicle. Next morning he reported that he had nothing to report to Mr Fitzgerald, who showed signs of impatience.

Fred returned to his watch more thoughtfully on that day. It was evident that the solicitor wanted a sensation, and would dismiss his private detective if the latter did not soon give him a mental shock. The problem therefore for Gilhooly to solve was, how to provide a revelation sufficiently harrowing to meet the anticipations of his employer?

Towards 6 o'clock that evening, about twilight, Fred was scratching his initials with a penknife on the window pane, when he saw a young girl approach the house of Mrs Fitzgerald.

His round eyes expanded and his mouth opened. With that expression, and his hand clasping the penknife and resting against the pane, he watched the girl's movements.

She wore her hair down her back, reaching near her waist, and tied with a scarlet bow at the nape of her neck.

She was small and well-shaped, wearing very high heels which projected the upper part of her body forward—an incline, however, which was somewhat counteracted by the contrary angle formed by a large dress improver. Her skirts were short, revealing her buttoned boots almost to their tops. She wore a large white hat turned up at one side, with a big red feather arching backwards. It was scarcely necessary to add to these items that she was tightly laced, wore a short jacket open in front, and had a lurking smile in one corner of her mouth, to assure Private Detective Gilhooly that he was staring at Miss Tessie Doyle. There was nothing mysterious in her movements. She carried a brown paper parcel under her left arm, but had her hands in the pockets of her jacket. The little

smile widened occasionally when she exchanged glances with any gentleman who caught her fleeting fancy as he passed; and Fred Gilhooly, noting an episode of this kind, violently strove to feel jealous, and did not succeed.

His mind engaged on the subject of the detective business, he connected her appearance with it, and was rather annoyed in consequence at the matter-of-fact way in which Miss Doyle tripped up the steps, rang the servants' bell, and faced round to see if any person happened to admire her. The door was opened, and the readiness with which she disappeared into the hall, without more than a word or two with the servant maid, was at all events enough to prove to the acute detective faculty of Fred Gilhooly that this was not her first visit.

Twenty minutes elapsed before she reappeared, apparently as matter-of-fact as ever. The proprietor of the shop was not surprised when he saw Mr Gilhooly disguised with a turned-up collar and a green shade over one eye, rush down the stairs and across the street, swiftly tacking in the direction of a young girl. The proprietor was not surprised, but he was interested, and went to the window to stare at the subsequent proceedings. He had learned enough to know, from Fred's mysterious hints and weakness for romance, that this daily customer of his was secretly commissioned by the Government to unravel one of the blackest political conspiracies in the history of the country.

Tessie Doyle had left her parcel behind. She was walking with her usual mincing step; her hands in her pockets and her eyes everywhere, when she felt a hand suddenly grip her shoulder and she forthwith screamed loudly, and backed into an old lady who was making preparations on the kerbstone to cross the thoroughfare. The old lady staggered into the channel, and Tessie heard these ominous words in a voice which she quickly recognised, despite its guttural disguise—

"Tessie Doyle, I arrest you in the name of the One-eyed Detective, Gilhooly!"

"Laws, Fred! What did you do that for? Go on, now. I won't speak to you. You reely frightened me."

Tessie, rubbing her shoulders, went on with an injured air.

"Hullo, Tess!" exclaimed Fred, following her apologetically. "It was only in fun. I say, Tess, won't you wait? Come, now. I've a lot to tell you."

"Well, I can't wait. I must be back at me work in half an hour. I won't speak to you. It's reely ridiklis: everyone starin'. I think you're mad, Fred Gilhooly."

He put his arm mildly through hers, and Tessie melted at the gentle pressure and the pathos which, in spite of the green shade, was expressed in his face. In fact, apart from his desire to solve the mystery of her visit, he dreaded losing the pleasure of her society in the solitude of his detective bureau.

The old lady who had been staggered into the channel was so astonished that she stood in the middle of the street, glaring indignantly back, until a jarvey nearly ran her over.

"Now then," yelled the driver, pulling up his horse and becoming black in the face with passion, "do you want to be run over? You're wan of them ould villins that ud be glad to get killed for the sake o' havin' a dacent man hanged. Yep!"

The old lady hastily gathering up her skirts and, revealing portion of two red stockings, hurried to the opposite pavement, and the jarvey, muttering frightful maledictions, drove on.

The proprietor of the shop was not excessively surprised when Detective Gilhooly entered, holding a young girl by the elbow as if in condition of legal arrest. The landlord, in shirt sleeves and apron, nodded knowingly across the counter, like a man who knew all about it, and Fred returned a mysterious wink with the eye which was not covered with the green shade.

Upstairs Fred shut the door, turned down his collar, took off his hat and the green shade, struck a gong, and inquired blithely—

"Now then, Tess, old girl, what'll you have?"

"Ah, I won't take anything, Fred," said Tessie, who had seated herself on the sofa. "I don't care for liquor, reely an' trooly."

This was absolutely the fact. Tessie had a constitutional abhorrence of drink, and only accepted it, under protest, when persistently pressed. It was one of the few particulars in which she had no desire to emulate that paragon, Missie Connell, who drank like a man and boasted of it like an undergraduate.

"Oh come now, you must have something," protested Fred, striking the gong again, "Say a glass o' port hot, or even a half one. Hang the expense," he exclaimed, producing a handful of silver and flashing it proudly before her amazed eyes, "let's make a day iv it!"

"All right, then," said Tessie, "I don't mind half o' port just to please you. But mind, I've to be back in half an hour, or I'll get tally-ho."

"A glass of B. and S." said Fred, in his most august manner, to the small boy who appeared, "and a glass of port wine hot, with sugar, for this young lady. Hurry up!"

The boy disappeared.

"Hurrah there, Tess!" shouted Fred.

With a sudden accession of animal spirits he caught her in his arms and waltzed round the room singing "See-Saw." Tessie, infected with the enthusiasm of his hilarity, laughed as they went round, but was precise in her steps, for she prided herself on her neatness as a waltzer.

When this ebullition was over, and Tessie sat panting and flushed in a chair, with Fred catching his breath, beside her, the door was reopened. The boy laid the refreshments on the table, received payment, and retired in astonishment at the excited condition of the two customers.

"Now then, Tess," said Fred when he had helped her to the wine, "what's all this about you're going to Mrs Fitzgerald's?"

"What's all that?"

"All this mystery."

"Ah, don't be botherin' me!" said Tessie, tasting the wine and shrugging her shoulders.

"I'm in earnest," said Fred, solemnly. "I'm here on a private and confidential mission. I'm here, ladies and gentlemen, on a mission, I may say, calculated to surprise snakes and raise cobwebs off a duck's back. Now, then, without any humbug—what are you doing at Mrs Fitzgerald's?"

"Why, fittin' on her ball dress for the Castle, tibleshure," explained Tessie. "What else?"

"Oh," said Fred, proceeding to fill his pipe, "is that all?"

"Ay, and enough, too," responded Tessie. "If you had to do it you wouldn't think so little of it. It's the mischief to please her."

"How so?" asked Fred, bending his brows and supporting his chin on the top of his forefinger.

"Why, she burst her body twice!"

"You don't tell me so!"

"Yes," said Tessie, indignantly. "It's time, goodness knows, she was gettin' sense. She's as tightly laced, I do assure you as—as Missie Connell is!"

"Then I give her up," said Fred, striking a match on the sole of his boot.

"She'd want a mangle to pull her body tight," said Tessie, still indignant.

"She's a fine woman, anyhow, Tess."

"She is, of course. But she needn't be so vain. There are other people maybe just as good-lookin' without half her vanity. I hate to see people so stuck up, so I do."

"But," observed Fred, producing his notebook, and tapping the cover, "fine as she is, I have here enough to take her down a peg and spread dismay around."

Tessie drew back her neck, and opened her eyes very widely, and seemed too surprised to speak.

"I'm not going to divulge secrets," said Fred, slowly glancing through the pages, shutting up the notebook and laying it on the table, "because I am here in the capacity of a detec—"

Now then, Tessie Doyle! Give up that notebook. No, upon me honour, I'll have you in Kilmainham if you don't. Here! no humbug. Up with it. A joke's a joke."

Tessie had snatched the notebook, retreated behind her chair, holding the book at her back, whilst she laughed defiantly. Fred rose, looking serious.

"Come now, Tessie Doyle, give up that notebook."

He chased her around the table and chairs, and finally seized her and recovered the book.

"You might tell us what's in it, Fred, anyhow," she said, coaxingly.

"I daren't," he replied, reseating himself. "It would be as much as me life's worth."

"Ah, do!" she said, putting her arm on his shoulder. "Ah, you might. I won't tell anyone. On me word. Do tell us."

"Well," said Fred, "if I tell you—mind it's a dead secret between you an' me."

"Oh, now!" exclaimed Tessie, looking up fervently at the ceiling. "May I never stir if I say a single word. There!"

"Not even to Missie Connell?" said Fred, impressively.

"Missie Connell!" repeated Tessie, with accents of contempt. "Tell that one indeed. I'm not such a fool!"

"Well, then, it's simply this," said Fred. "The guv'nor calls me in the other day, and says—'Gilhooly, I've a job for you.' 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'There's an awful political plot,' says he, 'goin' on in the city—a plot to assassinate every Crown official, and you're to find out all about it. Watch my house,' says the guv'nor, 'and make a note of everyone of a suspicious nature you see.' D'you mind, Tess?"

She nodded, intently listening.

"Now," said Fred, with a short laugh, "the guv'nor's cute enough; but, of course, I saw through the thing at once. The fact is he has been hearing something about Mrs Fitz, and he sets me to note down particulars for a breach of promise. D'you see, Tess?"

"Ah, Fred, you wouldn't ruin Mrs Fitzgerald?" exclaimed Tessie, piteously. "What would become of the poor little children?"

"Well, look here, Tess," said Fred, seriously. "I'll tell you what's annoying me. You know this is a jolly tack—doing nothing all day, and

gettin' paid for it. But, look here! Old Fitz is beginning to get crusty. When I bring him my notebook with nothing particular in it he gets furious, and he'll simply do me out of the job, and that's what annoys me."

"Oh, Fred," said Tessie, kneeling beside him and clasping his hands, "don't mind that. Only don't ruin poor Mrs Fitzgerald!"

"That's all very fine," observed Fred. "But I can't go on humbuggin' the guv'nor always. He's not a fool."

"Well, let him find out whatever he wants for himself," said Tessie, rising. "The idea of makin' you a spy! I wouldn't do it, Fred, if I was a man. I'd sooner hang meself."

"You're right there, Tess. Try another glass o' port. Why, you haven't touched it yet!"

"No, Fred. I must be off. I reely must. I'll be masacred when I get back. Old Simmons'll be the death of me for bein' out so long."

Startled at the sight of the clock, Tessie forgot all about Fred and Mrs Fitzgerald, and, hastily bidding him farewell, hurried away.

About an hour after Fred woke from a reverie to discover that dusk had deepened; the daily roar of traffic in the surrounding thoroughfares had become subdued, and the street lamps dimly twinkled. His meditations had, in fact, been disturbed by the entrance of a middle-aged man, wearing a heavy top coat and thick boots, who laid his blackthorn awkwardly across the table, and ordered a drink from the boy who answered the gong.

"Fine evenin', sir," said the stranger, with a provincial accent.

"You may say that," replied Fred, sociably, glad of a companion. "How's the country lookin'?"

"See that now," returned the countryman, with a heavy laugh. "How well you can tell I'm not a Dubliner! That's curious, too."

He proceeded to squeeze a lemon into his punch, which he had previously mixed with elaborate care. Fred drew his chair nearer the table, flattered by the stranger's admission of his acuteness.

"You see the difference of accent," observed Fred. "You're from Kildare, now?"

"Faix that bates all!" cried the countryman, bringing his fist down on the table, making the glasses jump, and staring with admiration at the other. "I'm from Kildare, sir, sure enough, an' there's no lie in it. Born and reared nigh the Curragh. Well's there's no gettin' over you chaps in the city in some things."

"Only in some things," said Fred, modestly. "I venture to say you know more about cows, now, than I do."

"Cows, is it," said the man, stirring his punch. "Faix, if I don't who does? I've brought more'n eighty head up yonder to Smithfield this morn. There's no sellin' um, sir, like the ould time. Why I'member when a grazier ud make money faster nor he cud walk. Not a lie in it. What'll you take, sir?"

"Well, I don't mind a half iv whiskey," said Fred, producing his pipe.

"Half? It wouldn't hurt a babby! Here, me gossoon," he continued to the boy when he appeared, "bring up anaggin o' the best whiskey, and look sharp."

This was so genial a treat that Fred felt generously disposed towards the countryman, whose conversation he found quaint and interesting, although it dealt mainly with cows and the changing prices of agricultural products. By

the time Fred had finished the naggin and some other refreshments he began to consider himself a gifted agriculturist, and discoursed of live stock and cereal crops with a fluency which apparently astonished his companion. Not, indeed, that they were agreed upon all subjects, several mild disputations occurring, especially concerning wheat and barley, which Fred invariably confounded with one another. Later on, the springs of geniality being thus unclosed, Fred Gilhooly, in his boastful anxiety to appear remarkably clever before bucolic eyes, delivered himself of a variety of mysterious hints as to his present occupation.

"Do you tell me so?" said the countryman, rising and walking to the window, the steps of his thick boots shaking the floor. "Faix it's yourself, sir, has the brains to be trusted like that. Only think now. I'll wager I cud guess the house you're watchin'. That one over there?"

As he pointed, Fred rose unsteadily, and stood grinning beside him.

"Wrong!" exclaimed Fred.

The countryman laughed, and, taking off his old cap, scratched his head.

"Begor, then, it's that one, now. Come!"

"Wrong agen!"

"Well, here now—I'll bet you a sovrin," said the countryman, pulling forth a huge handfull of gold and silver, "I'll hit it this time."

"Done!" exclaimed Fred, unhesitatingly, though he had at the moment only five shillings and a bunch of keys in his pocket.

"That one there with the blinds down?" observed the countryman, after a long pause, and holding his head at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

Fred, standing on tiptoe, was looking over the other's shoulder, and replied—

"Faith, you're right!"

Suddenly remembering that he could not pay the bet, he continued—

"But, I say, you'll have to take an I. O. U. It's as good as the bank."

"Troth an' I believe you," said the countryman, slapping him on the shoulder. "But we'll cry quits, sir. I made a few hundred pounds to-day on a few ould heifers, an' I'm not hard up."

This was generous. Fred began to think of making an observation with reference to Nature's gentlemen, but his companion spoke again.

"And now, do you carry all the goin's-on of that house in your head, sir? It must give you a power o' work."

"Not quite," said Fred, producing his notebook, and showing it for a second. "I've got everything safe here."

As he returned it to his pocket, the countryman, pressing to the window, cried out—

"Hullo, what's that down the street? There's a child run over!"

Fred, in his anxiety to see, knocked against his companion, but though he crushed his face against the glass, discerned no accident. However, the countryman exclaimed—

"That's something to see now. Faix, I come up to see a bit o' life, and here goes!"

Before Fred could realise the circumstance his companion had disappeared. Still, though he continued to look out, he could see nothing resembling a street accident. In the darkening dusk he caught sight of the countryman hurrying round a corner of the street.

Fred turned round to the table to finish his drink, and prepare to start. Before putting the

glass to his lips he put his hand in his pocket. The notebook was gone!

He searched all his pockets feverishly. He lit a match and searched the room. All in vain! Seizing his hat and stick, he rushed downstairs and into the street.

Away he went, to the astonishment and indignation of the foot-passengers and terror of all children and old ladies who crossed his path. He knocked a boy against a railings, and upset the basket of a flower girl. His excitement, added to indecision of movement, rendered him a dangerous passenger in the public thoroughfares. He held on his hat with one hand, and pressed the knob of his stick to his breast to prevent his coat flying open, as he sped along. He thought he saw the countryman in the near distance, and, to cross the street, dashed through a cabhazard, dodging under a horse's neck, discomfiting the animal, and causing the combined body of jarveys to launch after him a chorus of imprecations.

This happened in the more crowded streets. A few moments more and he was panting down a square, and fancied he saw the countryman lurching round the corner of a stable lane. In half a minute Fred was in that lane, standing exhausted, but gazing ahead. It was a long narrow lane, leading down to stables at the rere of a block of houses, two high walls on either side, and at either end flickered a dim and solitary lamp.

Fred, in the centre of this place, leaned his back against the wall to recover his breath and senses.

As he stood he was startled by hearing a low whistle at one end answered by a similar whistle at the other end of the lane. Fred thought it advisable to be moving, but had walked scarcely five paces when he was flung violently to the ground on his face by some person from behind.

Then the same person, placing his knee in the small of Fred's back, began to search his pockets.

Of course, the unfortunate Gilhooly could not speak, his chest being flattened against the pavement, and he dared not struggle lest his first kick should be also his last. But he could hear, and the man, having searched the outer-coat pockets, turned Fred suddenly over, putting a heavy hand on his throat, and said hoarsely—

"Where's yur notebook?"

The hand was removed from his throat to allow breath for a reply.

"Notebook?" gurgled Fred, faintly. "It's gone!"

The man glanced up, and Fred became dimly conscious of a figure standing near and motionless.

"D'ye hear?" asked the first man, interrogatively.

"He lies!" returned the figure, in a voice which, though disguised, startled Fred, it was so like the voice of Tim Ryan. "If he doesn't give it settle him!"

Fred shuddered.

"Come, now," said the first man, still kneeling beside Fred; "where is it?"

"On me word—" began Fred, piteously.

The man said no more, but in a brisk, business-like fashion, searched all Fred's pockets and the breast of his coat.

"Now then, its not here," he said, looking up and addressing the figure.

"Ask him," said the figure, "who tuk it?"

"Who tuk it?" repeated the first man fiercely, turning to his captive.

Fred rapidly narrated the interview with the countryman, and before he had finished the two men had disappeared.

Fred sat up and looked round. Was it a dream? Were these men who had seemed to sink back like blurred outlines from the darkness of the night whence they first arose, were they the first solemn warning of the subtle approach of disordered reason? The lane was no dream. He was sitting on the pavement, all his clothes disordered, and a painful sensation of restricted chest.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and, giving vent to a long-suppressed yell of terror, ran from the lane—ran without his hat, his coat and vest flying open, his eyes staring, his mouth agape—ran down several streets, now on the path, now in the channel, until he heard the measured tramp of an approaching policeman coming rhythmically along the granite flags.

"Oh, sergeant!" shouted Fred. "I've been—I've been—"

"What's up here?" asked the policeman, coming to a halt and surveying the wild figure from head to foot under the yellow gleam of the street lamp. "What are yiz doin' peltin' along a dacint street like a maniac? Come, move an ow a this! Go home, now, I'm tellin you, or it'll be worse for you."

"I assure you, sergeant," exclaimed Fred, lifting both hands, "I've been—"

"I don't care where you've been," said the policeman, seizing him by the shoulder and jerking him to a distance of about several yards. "Go home, now, I tell you, or maybe," he added, approaching with one stride, and with outstretched neck gazing suspiciously into Fred's face, "maybe, me fine fella I'd find a home for you."

Dizzy and confused, Fred was rubbing his eyes as he stood when the policeman, taking him by the other shoulder, gave him a spin in the opposite direction, and was evidently losing temper. So Fred, without another word, gathered himself together and made rapidly away.

CHAPTER XV.

A NOCTURNE.

THE air was close, and night had early fallen in profound darkness. The lights of the vessels in the harbour of Kingstown swung like trembling sparks, as the waves stirred; the windows on shore were like splashes of light on a curtain of impenetrable darkness. On the East Pier stood two men, Oscar Munro and Reginald Gordon, close together; but so dark was the night that they could not see each other, and from time to time they raised their voices above the roar of the waves, agitated by a recent storm, against the boulders behind the pier. Turning their backs on the township, and facing outwards, they could not distinguish sea from sky. The rumbling and crash of thunder and momentary flash indicated a storm at sea.

"Oh, storm," cried Oscar Munro, exultingly, throwing up his arms, "advance and burst above us, that we may revel in the wild crescendos and faint, the rallentandos of phenomenal nature!"

"Don't be in a hurry," said Gordon, buttoning up his coat. "Wait a little, it's a pretty night."

"The Universe prowls around us," exclaimed Oscar, "like a midnight assassin—"

"Like a what?" interrupted Gordon.

"Like a midnight assassin, with black cloak and dagger of lightning. Let us discuss the mysteries of life and death and the origin of the Universe here, where sky meets sea, and the cares of the day vanish like bubbles in the sun."

"You might get a less conventional simile," said Gordon. "I don't think much of your poetic rhapsodies."

"Let us not think," cried Oscar, seizing his arm. "Let us rather exist. Look yonder into that vast cave of darkness, and fancy the human race marching through it—"

"Why should I fancy that?"

"Because it represents the darkness surrounding the path of progress—amid storm and night we press on, and our path is littered with wreckage; but at last, at last—"

"Well, what then?" asked Gordon, contemptuously, as the other paused for breath.

"At last—hush!—the day breaks, and the sun rises, and flowers and music accompany the regenerated remnant who have survived, and who in a nobler world will build a civilisation transcendently beautiful."

"And we shall all become demigods," said Gordon, with a laugh.

"Not we," replied Oscar, sadly. "But those who shall follow. For them the brighter air, the sweeter flowers, the lovelier music, the life serene and happy in a world where all shall have abundant share of the illimitable wealth of Nature, and the thirst for gold shall become a wicked dream of ages that are past."

"And this exquisite millenium," observed Gordon, "how is it to be accomplished?"

"By science and honest men. You know what Goethe says—'The golden age shall be restored; none but the good have power to bring it back.' We must be honest first of all. We must trample the mud out of the world. 'Move upward, working out the brute.' The ape and the tiger must die, and Man become worthy of the Universe."

"This claptrap is now rather ancient," said Gordon. "A million years hence, no doubt, the human race will be different—at least as far as inventive science may transform them. No doubt they will have their flying machines, and Mrs Smith and Mrs Jones will rest on their wings to exchange the latest gossip and discuss the last thing in Parisian bonnets. But Mrs Smith and Mrs Jones, though they pilot the air and chat from Europe to Africa, will be exactly the Mrs Smith and Mrs Jones of the present day."

"I deny it," exclaimed Oscar. "The human race is growing morally greater just as they are growing physically bigger and mentally wiser. To me it is rapture to step aside betimes from the dusty road, and contemplate the exquisite glories which will dawn upon mankind in the ages yet unborn. Already we get glimpses of them, already we hear the flutter of the coming wings, the subtle harmonies of the grander music, the sweeter tones in which our descendants shall converse. You cannot destroy the premonitory symptoms of this vision. In the heart of every man there are the germs of a nobler life, and every sigh of discontent is a tribute to the universal happiness that is coming on."

"You have a large belief in your fellow-creatures," said Gordon. "You never met a man yet who preferred evil to goodness?"

Oscar was about to exclaim "Never!" when a rumble of thunder ended in a series of terrific crashes, and over the sea the sky seemed for a moment torn violently asunder, and the lightning flashed far and wide, revealing the water heaving like waves of pitch. At that moment Oscar Munro turned instinctively, and looked at Gordon. He recoiled.

Gordon stood on a huge stone little above him, and his white face was contorted with what seemed to Oscar's excited fancy the most diabolical grin he had ever seen on the features of any human being.

He had not until then thought it possible for the human face to be writhed so malignantly, and he shuddered. Next moment, however, he had forgotten this incident.

With wonderful rapidity the black envelopment of the sky seemed to melt, to fade, to vanish; the sea suddenly appeared, the stars twinkled in myriads in the blue depths, and the moon rose majestically from some bed of darkness, and flooded the waves with gleaming light.

Turning round, Oscar could now distinguish the houses, villas, railway bridges, steeples, Town Hall, and railway station as if in the brightest daylight.

"Did I not say," he exclaimed, with a laugh, to his companion, that the night of darkness would roll away, and the beauty of a higher civilisation lighten the world at last. See how lovely the coast lies. If I could translate such divine loveliness into music I would die contented!"

(To be continued.)

LOVE.

"Is it better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all?"

Oh! sterile the spot unblessed
By midsummer's ardent tread,
And barren the flowers unpressed
By her lips of glowing red.

To her fervid power expands
The precious germs of fruit;
The frozen stream cannot withstand
The influence of her suit.

In the light of her golden days
The soil's a sentient thing,
With the starry flowers ablaze,
And gorgeous birds on the wing.

She wanes, but the song-birds fly
To gladden some lands afar;
Creative power can never die
Nor shadow its fair work mar.

What mines of wealth beneath the soil
A vanished summer leaves,
Which winter's storm and wild turmoil
But to richer fruitage weaves.

And such is love—a summer-time
In every human heart,
And he who drinks its rich, sweet wine
Shall feel an inner part.

An under-stratum, thrill and glow,
Irradiate and expand,
Where starlike thoughts as florets blow
He scarce can understand.

And they are not lost, those feelings
Which once have blossomed forth,
And given in sweet revealings
A taste of heaven to earth.

The sun's hot kiss invokes the dew
Sweet tears of raptured earth!
Loveliest blossoms robed anew
From this two powers have birth.

So tender deeds—heroic, brave—
Shining stars in deathless fame!
Too often spring from lost love's grave
Thus to write their bleeding names.

Think ye were a blind man's choice
He would reject any glimpse of earth,
That gave to him, in its brief life,
Memory's eyes of priceless worth!



A TERRIBLE TABLEAU.

BY HENRY J. HOLMES.

Some years ago, before the present touring system of dramatic companies came into vogue, and when each theatre in the provinces could boast of a stock company, the inhabitants of a town which we shall call Grumsboro' had the rare reputation of being theatrical. The Theatre Royal being a well-patronised resort, Tom Brough, the manager, could afford to have a really excellent company, and he was a man esteemed in the profession, being of a genial and hearty temperament, with a manner of kindness, especially to those of the fair sex, which won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact.

One fine September morning the company had assembled on the stage of the theatre to rehearse the drama of "Kathleen Mavourneen," its first production in Grumsboro'. Addie Leigh, a young and promising actress, had been engaged for the title-role, and the company were on the tiptoe of expectation to see her of whom they had heard so much.

Soon the gruff, yet pleasant, voice of the manager was heard outside, and presently from amongst the maze of flats, wings, and all those mysterious pieces of painted canvas that invariably lie in such meaningless confusion about a stage, and which are very indispensable to the proper mounting of a piece, there entered that worthy gentleman, leading in true orthodox fashion the new addition to his company.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce Miss Addie Leigh, our leading lady. And now we will get to business."

During rehearsal the company had ample time to scrutinise the new comer, and may were the comments passed on her appearance—flattering no doubt, but yet having that peculiar tone of criticism which actors are wont to bestow on each other.

Poor girl! Her's was a story of much pain and sorrow. The death of her father, a London actor of good repute, some time previous, had left her alone in the world. In the fiery ambition which actors always have—that overwhelming desire, before which all thoughts of self or family are disregarded, on, on, blindly on, they meet with a sad awakening, when ruined health renders them unfit to carry further their mad desire—their war against self, and with a broken heart they see that the tomb alone can give the rest they have so long denied themselves.

She had loved her father dearly, and grief had prostrated her for a while, till Time, the great healer, had applied its soothing balm to her soul, and she realised that her struggle for life had begun; therefore she resolved to go forth and meet the foe bravely. An actress of merit, she found friends, and soon became known.

As the rehearsal progressed, her fellow Thespians soon found that she was an ideal "Kathleen," and with her sweet voice and winning way gained at once the admiration and good-will of all. But there was one amongst them whose life was completely revolutionised by the advent of fair Addie Leigh, being destined to play a leading part in the tragic drama about to be related.

Ernest Burke, the actor who played the part of Terence O'More, was so intensely fervent in his "business" with Kathleen that his friends could with difficulty believe him to be merely acting.

Ernest Burke's life's ambition was to be a great actor, and he had been working steadily up, rung by rung, the tedious ladder of fame. He loved a pure, devoted love, such as only a heart like his could cherish. Fortune favoured him, for Addie's heart was free; in Ernest she found a deal to win it.

Attached to many provincial theatres are a certain number of green-room loungers, favoured mortals, who hold a sort of "come-and-go" passport through the prohibited portals of the actors' retreat. One of these at the T. R., Grumsboro' was Jacob Stone, who had at some time or other written the locals for a Christmas pantomime produced there, and who was known as a fair amateur actor—sometimes taking a part on benefit nights. Stone was a man of thought and poetic aspirations, of morose and retiring habits, not particularly well liked by the staff, and mostly tolerated because of his talent as a writer. He saw Addie Leigh and loved her. From that moment he was never happy unless when in her society. But alas, when he had sacrificed his time in striving to be near her—when he had gone to all sorts of expedients to procure a few minutes' conversation with her, when he had hoped, and hoped in the misery of despair, that she cared for him, it was only to discover that her heart was given to another, that his she could never be! He loved her the more fiercely because of the utter impossibility of reciprocation. When he saw another's presence courted, and heard her sweet voice, silvered by the magic touch of love, address him whom he now hated, he felt that anything on earth would he do to be that lover. And yet he never told her of his passion. He felt that he would be repulsed, for his eyes and heart told him that she loved Ernest Burke with all a woman's devotion. How they loved each other, these two! What happy evenings they spent together! It was a glorious revelation for them, and they enjoyed it. They were quite in ignorance of the envious thoughts of others, and were the happier for that. So they had arranged, when the run of "Kathleen Mavourneen" was over, to become united, bringing their hopes to a consummation. How bright the path of life seemed—no darkness, no clouding, and as they spoke of the future there was naught but joy in it. Their sun had only just risen, and for them would never set. How different were the thoughts of Stone as he crept stealthily along watching the happy pair. Even though it cost him acute pain, he still yearned to see her sweet form. Many a time had he watched them before, and now his misery seemed as if almost too much to bear. Ah, tyrant love, thou mayest create happiness for some, but misery for many.

It is the last night of "Kathleen Mavourneen." It has been a most successful and profitable run. All are in good spirits. The worthy manager is there, beaming on everyone of his company. Suddenly a messenger is seen, approaching him with a note, which he opens, reads, and then turns pale.

"Look here, Stokes," he says to his acting manager, "Devoy has met with an accident, and can't turn up to-night. He plays Bernard Kavanagh, you know."

"Sorry for Jack, I am," replies the imperturbable Stokes. "However, Stone is here, and he has the words like the book. I'll make it all right, never fear."

Tom Brough gives a sigh of relief as he hastens off, congratulating himself on having such an excellent acting-manager. Stone is in the green-room, his eyes fixed on Addie's face, with an expression that almost startles Stokes out of his usual composure.

"Stone, I want you to do me a favour. Devoy can't turn up to-night—met with an accident. I want you to take his part. Make the end of the third act as effective as you can. It requires a good deal of realism—I mean where you shoot Terence. Burke is playing that part."

A terrible light darted like a flash through Stone's eyes. He suddenly turned pale, and trembled violently.

"Hullo, Stone, you're not growing nervous surely? I thought you had got over that long ago."

"No, no. It's nothing—nothing." And he laughed forcedly, and immediately made the necessary preparations for his part.

It is just before the "big scene" of the drama. Ernest and Addie have snatched a few moments in which they seek sweet communion. They have both been eminently successful during the evening, and the applause they have been greeted with on this the last night of the run, testifies to the favour in which they are held by the frequenters of the theatre. They are full of congratulations to each other, and are very happy.

"Only a few days, darling, until I can call you my wife. Oh, Addie, how glad I am to know that."

She answers him with a loving smile.

"And to-night, sweetest, your troubles will be over. This has been a long run, and a rest will be welcome for my poor tired sweetheart."

"Ernest, dear, I am so happy to-night. I feel so thankful that we have been brought together. It seems a direct act of Providence to send you to comfort me in my sorrow, as He knows what I had to bear when my poor father died. I am so grateful, dearest."

Her cue to appear is given. A silent, fond embrace, and they part.

The drama is so well known that it is hardly necessary to describe the details of the scene where Kathleen Mavourneen has been entrapped by Bernard Kavanagh, to be murdered by his creatures, and they are about to carry out his base design when suddenly Terence appears and foils them. He recognises Kathleen, who has fainted, and is trying to resuscitate her when he is confronted by Kavanagh.

Ernest is startled by the almost fiendish look that blazes in Stone's eyes, and thinks that for an amateur he is very realistic.

The struggle that ensues is known to be one of the most realistic in the drama. Kavanagh, maddened by the knowledge of his foul plans being thwarted, fights as only a defeated villain can. But to-night there seems to be something more than acting in the encounter. Ernest again sees that terrible light in Stone's eyes, and it suddenly reveals to him that he is struggling with a maniac! The audience, spellbound, are fairly carried away by the intensity of the scene. At length, according to stage directions, Ernest throws off his opponent, who then draws a pistol. Ernest sees the gleaming barrel in close proximity to his head, and, realising his peril, stoops almost instantaneously with the blinding report. Stone has fired point-blank!

Ernest, stunned for a moment, is quickly recalled by hearing a slight scream behind him, followed by a long-drawn sigh; and, rushing to the side of his beloved Addie, raises her from the rock-piece against which she has been lying in a swoon during the struggle, in accordance with the play. One glance—

"Oh, God, she is dead!"

Her breast has received the bullet intended for him! A terrible tableau, indeed! One moment do all gaze in horror upon that scene; then all is confusion. The curtain is rung down and a doctor is sent for. The doctor has arrived and traced the bullet mark. There it is in all its horrible destructiveness—a tiny red mark, just sufficient to force an entrance for death. The property man protests that the pistol given to Stone was loaded blank. And where is Stone? Did he not know that all firearms on the stage should be aimed high? Search for him. They find him alone in the greenroom, now a gibbering maniac, and in his mad ravings they know the story of his crime. Shattered in mind and body, he was removed under guard to the madhouse, where eventually he died.

Ernest Burke never played another part. Broken-hearted he sought relief in a foreign land, where, working as an humble missionary, he awaits the cue from grim Death which will summon him to his darling.

THE BRITISH SUBALTERN AS A SPECIES.

The great and glorious British Empire, together with Irish M.P.'s, civilian sea lords, plump aldermen, and other playthings peculiarly its own, possesses a dearly loved little toy it calls an army. Its pride and joy is to keep this toy bright, clean, and in good working order, and, to guard and tend it, it supplies from special rearing grounds that beautiful work of art and nature which it dubs "an officer."

It gathers together many of the youth of the country to its hatching grounds, and, after a due period of incubation, there emerges from the shell of callow rusticity, that quintessence of euphemistic manliness, that joy of maidens and of money-lenders, that terror of match-making mammas, "the Subaltern."

The Subaltern is not thrust naked on to a cold, hard-hearted world; it stands not shivering upon the brink of the great unknown. No; to the credit of the "great and glorious" be it said that it is during the period of its transmutation stayed up with many things, armoured with the theories of a quarto-bound experience; it is taught to command armies, to build up fortifications, to map out countries for future conquest. The veil is lifted, and the thoughts and theories of Napoleons and Von Moltkes are revealed to the astonished gaze of its mental eye, and it is bidden to go and do likewise. It was cruel of my old friend General Fourswright to say, "Its all dashed nonsense, sir. He'll only have to inspect buttons, bread, and barrack-rooms, and be occasionally damned on battalion drill." But he insists that he is right!

"Besides this mental food, the 'great and

glorious" tends to the primary needs of its embryo Mars in other ways. It is filled out with solid, unromantic food, and whilst filling out it is straightened up by the energetic application of "drill plaster" on its erstwhile rounded back. It is supplied with a uniform; it is called a "cadet;" it is given leave to "run up to town" to taste the sweet waters of the Picrian spring, to revel with boon companions in the delights of modern Babylon. Time rolls on. It gains experience; it holds up its head; it slaps its leg; it yearns for a moustache; there is a martial light enkindled in its eye. The *Gazette* dubs it "Bobbins" of the dashty second. The Lares and Penates of its old home say, "Well done, my boy. We wish you good luck in your future career." It is allowed a short period of grace wherein to practice its steps in the calm of its ancestral home before admiring sisters and fond relatives, and then at the appointed time it flies off. It joins its regiment. Its official incubation is o'er, and the dashty second rejoices in a baby Alexander—a warrior *dont on coup le pain entartines*.

With the dim masonic mysteries of its inoculation we have nought to say. The profane outer world must not participate in the secrets of the refining process. It must wait expectant whilst the regimental mint is doing its work, whilst the gallant dashty second are imprinting the regimental stamp upon their latest acquisition. At last—

"When next we see it, wings it wears.

And in papilio pomp appears"—

it comes a thing of beauty to our midst. We see it, the clean-shaved, covert-coated, sealed pattern Subaltern, and we can recognise it anywhere. How different it is inside the messroom and out of it! Within, it approaches an Uriah Heep-like politeness and inoffensiveness. Its manner embodies the cooing of the dove, and the tread of the pussy cat. It seems to yearn but for oblivion, and glides a silent drop into the *hirvana* of an armchair and newspaper in a remote corner of the room, where it listens attentively to the converse of its pastors and masters. Without, it is more aggressive. It feels it has a position to sustain. At quiet dinners or afternoon teas it bubbles over with an inward consciousness that it is a protector, a god of war, donning for the nonce the kid gloves of quiet conviviality. It feels the responsibilities of its position. It feels also the difficulties of sustaining it. "In me," it thinks, "these gentle maids should see one of those Olympian beings in whose fair trust is left the guardianship of 'this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,' in whom should be reflected the glorious records of a martial fame, and round whom should linger the sweet memories of regimental races, ball suppers, and 'soft nothings' on the stairs;" and it feels at first the difficulties of sustaining such a position.

Bear these in mind, oh, kind hostess! and think not that our young warrior is cold and conceited on first acquaintance. Bobbins is a good fellow, but in his early stages he at times falls into these errors in acting up to his new part. "Arma virumque cano" he inwardly cries in the language of his early youth. Let him un-

bosom himself of his petty martial anecdotes, display his intimacy with the military secrets of his station, and by-and-bye he will quench his refulgent glare, and descend to the candlelight of social topics.

Here the path bifurcates. Now the hydra-headed bents of our subaltern's inclinations in mufti are made known. Spavins, we glean, is of the horsey kind. From October to April it considers itself as wasting the precious moments not spent in the pursuit of Reynard or "the bull," or in wooing dame Fortune at whist, poker, or ecarte. There are many Spavins, and they smell, metaphorically, of the stable!

Perchance it may be differently inclined, and "neat, trimly-dressed, fresh as a bridegroom," we may find it has an inward craving for some gentler joys, borne on some Favonian wind from home to home; a society butterfly; it may delight to sip the sweets of five o'clock tea, babble its little talk "of arms, of arts, of song," smile as it were wont to smile and play its role of "the society man" to its heart's content. The Spavins of the martial world smile pityingly upon it as from the high heaven of sport; but why should not its hobbies be as dear though they waft not with them an odour of the stable—a whiff of the *Racing Calendar*.

But to our subaltern do we ever say with Hamlet, "Thou comest in so questionable a shape," &c.; nay, rather to the homesteads of its ordinary mankind—we poor beings living afar off from that world of pipe clay and parades—do we not welcome our Bobbins in whatever guise it pleaseth him to appear? Be he apparelled in the ordinary costume of our fellow-men, do we not give him a "Cead mille failthe," and rejoice that he is as one of us; or be he arrayed in the racy garb of the Spavin species, do we not sing songs of gladness to our inner selves to think our five o'clock tea and muffins is so graced by a bright sporting star of the military firmament, who, forsaking for the nonce his usual joys, is sipping our bohea and "piaffing" amiably with the ladies of our man-bereft home. Yea, it is so, and always so mote it be. Long may our subaltern shed the rays of his presence upon us, and ne'er may our little town be afflicted by the advent of that damp, diffusing, priggish set of youthful warriors who belong to that type of regiment which gives out, "We don't dawnc," or "We don't care to know the people," and whose highest mode of praise for heaven itself would be (if they got there), "Well, it's not such a bad sort of place."

But to return to our original Bobbins. Time rolls on; his tastes and inclinations become more confirmed. But two subjects are debarred to him—"talking shop" and "matrimony." The former he dare not do, for it is not accounted "bad form" in his leisure hours to converse upon that subject whereby he theoretically earns his daily bread, whereto he belongs, and wherefrom he hopes for advancement and fame? It is funny, but it is so. The latter he should not be allowed to contemplate. A married subaltern is in the abstract properly and righteously abhorred and discouraged by his brothers in arms. Otherwise, "he gangs his ain gait." The years slip by. Promotion looms nearer and nearer, and at last he "gets his company" or what you will. His subaltern existence draws to a close, and he passes from our theme. A further metamorphosis has arrived. May his higher station befit him well, but we lose our Bobbins amid the martial glories of the prefix, "Captain."

LA REVEILLE.

The Royal Artillery sports were opened on Saturday in the cricket grounds connected with Portobello Barracks. The weather was dull from the first, and in the evening the rain came down in torrents, compelling those who assembled to beat a retreat, and necessitating a postponement of the undecided events till Tuesday. The sports were graced by the presence of a large number of ladies, who, together with numerous other guests of the officers of the Battery, were hospitably entertained in the mess-rooms and ante-room, which were decorated with much taste. The band of the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire) Regiment played a programme of music.

The inaugural meeting of the Abbey Athletic and Cycling Club was held on Monday at the Lansdowne road grounds. For a first meeting it was very successful, and all the events were contested with spirit. The club has been formed by the employees of Messrs. Eason and Son, of Abbey street. During the day the band of the Liverpool Regiment played a fine selection of music. The prizes were gracefully distributed to the successful competitors by Mrs. Eason at the close of the sports.

The Polo Tournament which commenced on the Polo Ground, Phoenix Park, on Friday, was a great success. There were a few light showers during the afternoon. Ten teams entered the lists for this year. The best two, we believe, are the 11th Hussars and the 9th Lancers. The new Hon. Sec., Captain Fetherstonhaugh, deserves great credit for his management of affairs.

Colonel Kidston and officers of the Black Watch (73rd Highlanders) gave their annual sports at the Esplanade, Royal Barracks, on Friday. The attendance was splendid as the day kept up beautifully. The principal attraction was the reel and Highland fling. The dancing, of course, was wonderfully well executed.

The Curragh Brigade sports finished on Friday, when in cold, gloomy weather, her Serene Highness Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar distributed the prizes to the successful competitors, amongst whom was Major-General the Hon. C. W. Thesiger, commanding Curragh Brigade, who won in very hollow fashion the Veteran's race, for officers over 15 years service—distance 230 yards. This race was a handicap, 5 yards for each year's service over 15 year's service, so that the General had only 130 yards to run, whereas Lieut.-Col. Wodehouse, who was second, had to cover 195 yards. We regret to learn that in this race Colonel Vetch, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, injured his left leg, breaking one of the tendons. The musical ride of the 4th Dragoon Guards was the feature of the meeting.

The last handicap of the series took place at Naas last Tuesday, when the prize competed for was a silver-mounted walkingstick presented by the lady players. Mr E. Farrell proved to be the lucky man; but this was in a large measure due to the really splendid play of Miss Cissie

Farrell, his partner. Mr Lanphior and Miss E. Gray were the winners of the previous week's most exciting match. The clerk of the weather smiled down on the proceedings; the ladies' toilettes were simply bewitching; and the four courts, which were in first-class condition, were kept constantly going. In fact all went "merry as a marriage bell"—and, *apropos* of this, perhaps the same bells may be set agoing very shortly. The evening was actually so warm that ices and lemonade were in constant request, and "high tea" proved a most acceptable finale to a thoroughly enjoyable meeting.

There was a musical promenade at Lucan on Saturday last, and but for the occurrence of a regular downpour, it would have proved one of the most successful of the season. It was meant to have been held on the preceding Saturday, and was then unavoidably postponed owing to the same climatic conditions. The company attending was large, and it is only right to say that the tram arrangements made by the courteous secretary of the Dublin and Lucan Company could not have been surpassed for completeness.

The music was supplied by the fine band of the 11th Hussars, under the conductorship of Mr Cannar. Before the company reached Lucan rain was falling heavily, and it was attempted to commence the musical programme under shelter of tall trees, the ladies and gentlemen present being similarly protected; but it was at once decided to bring the band and the company to the Spa Hotel, where, in the large hall of the spacious building, the programme was splendidly rendered, the visitors being provided with chairs in the adjacent large rooms.

The items included the overture "Crown Diamonds" (Auber); walse, "Donnan Wellen" (Tranchoici); Reminiscences of Verdi (Godfrey); gavotte, "First Kiss" (Schubert); selection, "Die jungfrau von Belleville" (Millocker); grand selection of Irish airs (Fabian Rose); polka, "Brautschau" (Godfrey), and "God save the Queen." The company got back to town shortly before 8 o'clock.

The athletic sports of the South Wales Borderers, twice postponed, will take place on the 9th inst. in Richmond Barracks, when it is to be hoped the clerk of the weather may be in an amiable frame of mind.

The sports of the 14th Regiment will take place on the 11th inst. at 3 o'clock, in the football field, Richmond Barracks.

MRS SHERRY, OF KINGSTOWN, AND THE BOARD OF WORKS.

Between the Kingstown Baths and Windsor terrace, on a ledge of ground facing the sea, stands Battery Cottage. Here not long ago lived old Martin Ducie and his widowed daughter, Mrs Mary Sherry, with her two little children. It was a happy home then, resounding with the joyous shouts of childhood; the old grandfather, after his long and arduous career, taking a well-

earned rest in the evening of his life. Fifty-two years' continuous labour as overseer of dredging and general works was acknowledged by the Board of Works with a present of Battery Cottage at the nominal rent of 6d per week, and a small pension. Old Martin Ducie, the faithful public servant, did not live long to enjoy the nominal rent of Battery Cottage and the pension.

Some time ago he died, and left no provision, despite his 52 years of public servitude, for his daughter and her children. Left alone to face the world, a widow aged 35, with two children, Mrs Mary Sherry's first thoughts naturally turned to her father's faithful service of 52 years, and she wrote a modest appeal for assistance to the Board of Works.

She received the following reply:—

Office of Public Works,
Dublin, 23rd June, 1888.

MADAM,—In reply to your application of the 11th inst., I am directed by the Board to state that they regret their inability, notwithstanding the long and faithful service of your late father, Martin Ducie, to address the Lords of the Treasury on the subject of your claim, which, under the rules in force, could not be recognised by their lordships.—(By order),

W. SOADY, Secretary.

Mrs Mary Sherry,
Battery Cottage, Kingstown.

Mrs Sherry auctioned her furniture, and is now destitute. Her son, aged 15, has gone away to find some work; her daughter, 12 years old, has been received into a public school. Battery Cottage, once comfortably furnished with all necessities, including a piano and servant, now contains a small form and a little wooden table, extremely shaky on its legs. Mrs Sherry is a certified teacher of the Board of Education. She can teach music, singing, French, and plain and fancy needlework. This accomplished woman, who throughout her life knew no want, is now succumbing to slow starvation. She has not even clothes respectable enough to make her presentable in searching for a situation. She lies at night on a mattress laid on the bare floor, and the only fuel she possesses are the old papers and time books kept by her husband during his 52 years of honest public service.

We know that around her in the rich township of Kingstown there are many kind hearts and charitable minds to be touched by this simple but tragic story. A small fund would assist her to buy some wool with which she could make some fancy work for the shops, or enable her to dress herself to undertake tuitions. There is no time to be lost. A short time ago she received the following letter:—

I am directed by the Board to inform you that they will require you to deliver up possession of the house occupied by your late father, to which you have no claim whatever.—Yours,

ROBERT MANNING.

A few days more and this woman who holds the certificate of the Board of Education will be thrown out on the streets as a reward for her father's 52 years of public service. It is a notable encouragement for men to be zealous and faith-

ful in the service of public boards to know that after they are dead and gone their children will be treated with official inhumanity of this description. But we turn in this instance from the Lords of the Treasury to the many generous hearts in the wealthy community of the premier township, and we know that we shall not appeal in vain.



"How do you like your new place, Bridget?" asked the servant girl's best beau. "Not at all. Shure the mistress wears such small shoes that I can't get me feet into them

"Mamma, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What shall I do that for, pet?" "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

Butcher—"What can I send up to-day, Mrs Styles?" Mrs Styles—"Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure it is from a black sheep, because we are in mourning, you know."

Alarmed pedestrian (picking up painter at the foot of a ladder)—"My poor man, are you hurt much?" Painter—"Only three ribs broken. But I went down with colours flying, didn't I?"

A stump orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he collapsed when a man in the crowd sang out, "You'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

Young Wife—"Yes, father always gives away expensive things when he makes presents." Husband—"So I discovered when he gave you away." And then he went to his library to draw a check for the monthly millinery bill.

"Papa, why do they always call a railway train 'she'?" "Because it takes three or four men to manage her, my son," replied Mr Bawd, glaring towards his wife.

"Lenny," said his maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you'll never get a man." Lenny, looking innocent, inquired, "Is that what you eat it for, aunty?"

A dentist made several ineffectual attempts to draw out a lady's decayed tooth, and, finding at last that he must give it up, he apologised by saying, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

Miss De Society—"Oh, mother, such news! The Olamans have lost all their money and their head dish washer has fallen heir to a fortune." Mrs De Society—"How fortunate we heard of it in time. When we call at the Olaman residence this afternoon, we must remember to go around to the back door."

NOT THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.—"My dear," said a sick husband, as he lay with his eyes closed, "I think my time has come at last. I can hear strains of the sweetest music that ever mortal ear—" "That's a little German band on the street, John." "That's so," he said, rousing himself. "Tell 'em to move on."

Buxon Widow (at evening party)—"Do you understand the language of flowers, Doctor Crusty?" Crusty (an old bachelor)—"No ma'am." "You don't know yellow means jealousy?" "No, ma'am. Yellow means biliousness."

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick, "What makes my ankles grow so thick." "You do not recollect," cries Harry, "How great a calf they have to carry."

Kind old father—"Did you see my daughter reading in the pavillion, Mr Riprap?" Mr Riprap—"She wasn't reading when I saw her. She had a German author in her lap, though." "What! Where's my stick? Where is he? I'll smash his skull if I catch him!" "Mr Riprap smiles and explains."

Miss Smith—"My darling Eddie, you must know how much I love you! Be my own dear husband. I have four thousand dollars a year, and you shall have lovely clothes, a pony, and a billiard table. And I'll let you smoke all over the house." "You must ask my father, Miss Smith," he replied, blushing.

Mrs Finnigan—"He's no better, dochtor. You towld me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on sixpence. I hadn't a sixpence; but I gave him as much as would go on five pinnies an' two halfpennies, and it's done him no good at all, at all."

"Why should you object to marry an auctioneer, my dear? He's wealthy and respectable—what else do you want?" Cecil (secretly engaged to Gambooge, the artist)—"I don't like his appearance, ma mere! An auctioneer is always for bidding."

Curran was one day out walking with a friend who was very punctilious in his speech. The latter, hearing a person near him say "curocity" for "curiosity," exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," rejoined Curran; "he has only knocked an 'i' out!"

"Sarah, this going out incessantly I cannot have; next Sunday you must stay at home all day." "But, ma'am I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her." Little Girl (intreceding)—"Do let her go, mamma. Her aunt has been made a sergeant and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great long sword."

HE HAD BEEN OUT COLLECTING MONEY.—Husband to wife—"I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm wild enough to smash up the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay isn't fit to associate—" Servant, opening the door—"The butcher sorr, is down-stairs with his bill." Husband—"Tell him to call again

An Irish priest, a moderate drinker, was asked to address a meeting in favour of total abstinence. He met the difficulty thus:—"Bhoys," said he, "I would recommend to ye moderation in all things. Moisten yer clay a little by all means; but don't make a bog of it. If I hadn't meself moistened me own clay sometimes I'd 'a' been dust before now!"

An old clergyman was in the habit, as soon as he got into the pulpit, of placing his sermon in a crevice under the cushion, where he left it during the singing of the accustomed Psalm. One Sunday he pushed the sermon-book too far into the crevice, and lost it. When the Psalm was concluded he took up the Bible, opened it, and thus addressed the congregation—"My brethren, I have lost my sermon, but I will read you a chapter of Job worth ten of it."

LEAP YEAR.

We were sitting after supper,
Tete-a-tete upon the stair,
With the gleam of waxen tapers
Falling gold upon his hair;
And his roguish eyes were downcast,
While upon his sunburnt cheek
The dash of red grew deeper,
Ca seroit I had to speak.
The strong brown fingers trembled
As I held them fast in mine;
A shy, sweet glance made glad my heart.
Like draughts of Gascon wine.
I kissed his unresisting lips,
And then, in keen delight,
He sighed, "I bet them ten to one
That you'll propose to-night."

PAT'S DREAM.—An Irishman was amusing some country friends with the various exploits of his life, but finding that his host did not notice the empty glass before him, reminded him of it in the following humorous manner. "Faith, it's meself had the quare drhame, now. I dreamt I was in Rome the aternil city, and that I called on his riverence the Pope. I had hardly rapped at the door, when his holiness himself opened it. 'Ah, Pat,' said he, 'an' is it you are come to see me?' 'Faith, your honour, and it's nobody else.' 'Come upstairs with me,' he cried. And shure there was the handsomest room as iver you clapped eyes on. 'Be seated, now,' said his riverence, and what will you be taking? I was bothered for a moment, but I just said, 'A drop o' the cratur,' when he turns to me and says, 'Will it be hot or cowl?' 'Hot,' says I. And away wint his holiness to fetch the hot wather, an' before he came back I woke. Arrah, what a fool I was I didn't have it cowl'd or nate!"

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WEEK ENDING 18TH AUGUST, 1888.

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WEEK ENDING 18th AUGUST, 1888.

Her Majesty, according to the latest arrangements, is expected to leave Osborne on the 21st inst. for Scotland, and, after visiting the Glasgow Exhibition, proceeds direct to Balmoral. The horses and carriages for the Royal cortege during her Majesty's visit to Glasgow will be sent to Scotland next week. The Queen will probably reside at Balmoral till about the middle of November, when the Court returns to Windsor Castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to the Isle of Wight early this week, and returned to Marlborough House. The Prince will shortly leave town on a trip to the Continent, visiting Germany and Austria. The Princess will remain at Sandringham.

Prince Albert Victor, who was expected to visit the Yorkshire Agricultural Show at Huddersfield last week, telegraphed his inability to come, as he is confined to his room with a bad foot, and unable to leave it.

The sick children in the Victoria Hospital at Chelsea, hearing of the preparations for the late silver-wedding fete, and knowing that it was held for the benefit of the hospital, asked the lady superintendent if they might send a present to the Princess of Wales. The children had been presented with an English-cut cameo of the Prince of Wales, and it was agreed that this should be sent with a letter. After the letter—a genuine child's address—had been prepared, it was copied into a handsome book, and every child attached her or his signature.

There were over 60 children in the beds at the time; many of them were too young to write, so they made blots or marks, and the nurse attached the name. Those who could write sprawled up and down the page, and wrote exceedingly large round-hand. The address and the cameo were sent in due course; and the following reply has just been received:—"My dear little children,—I am most deeply touched by your kind thought of giving me such a beautiful silver wedding present, which I shall keep and value more than I can express; and that God may bless you all, and soon restore you to health and happiness is the most sincere wish and prayer of your friend.—ALEXANDRA."

There is a rumour that Stafford House, the London residence of the Duke of Sutherland, will soon be in the market, and it is more than likely that it will be purchased for the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and that he will live there after his marriage.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry are again entertaining at the Lodge. Her Excellency, who appears in splendid health, may frequently be seen driving in the city, and calling at business houses in Grafton street and other leading thoroughfares.

On the 9th inst., at All Saints', Ryde, by the Venerable Edwin Palmer, Archdeacon of Oxford, assisted by the Rev. Alexander Poole, Vicar of Ryde, a marriage was solemnised between Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, of Dublin, and Marie, second daughter of the late Joseph Wheeler, Esq., of Westlands, Queenstown, Co. Cork. The service was choral throughout. The bride was attired in a tailor-made dress of

white serge, with waistcoat of white moire, trimmed with gold bassemeterie. The presents were numerous and costly, including a handsome star of brilliants, a massive silver salver, a pair of gold bangle bracelets, several handsome vases, a dinner gong of four bells, like Westminster chimes, personal trinkets, and specimens of art needlework, irrespective of the always welcome and just now most fashionable gift in the form of a cheque. After partaking of a collation at St. Wilfrid's, the home of the bride's sister, the newly-married pair left Ryde for London, en route for Germany and Switzerland, Lady Stewart wearing a tailor-made travelling costume from Redfern of myrtle green and biscuit-colour, with toque to match.

Sir William O'Malley, Bart., was married on the 7th inst., by special licence, at Christ Church Cathedral, to Caroline Marie, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Favez. The Very Rev. the Dean officiated.

Joseph H. Moore was married at St. Stephen's Church, on the 7th inst., to Ethel Florence, youngest daughter of the late Henry Cope Colles, Barrister-at-Law. The Lord Chancellor was present, and gave away the bride, his sister-in-law

August 9th were married, by special licence, at Clontarf Church, Frances T. Heuston, M.D., 21 Harcourt street, and Francis Letitia, eldest daughter of Gibson Black, of Blackheath. The Rev. T. R. Collins, assisted by Rev. F. Tymmons, officiated. A scarlet banner was erected near the entrance to the church, with the device, "God bless Miss Black" inscribed thereon in white letters. The bride was attended by her four sisters, who acted as bridesmaids, and wore white muslin dresses, trimmed with yellow sashes, each one carrying a handsome bouquet of flowers. The guests, numbering about 200, sat down to an elegant light lunch, after the latest fashion, and early in the evening the bride, attired in a light brown travelling costume, with hat to match, took her departure along with the happy bridegroom for the honeymoon tour.

On Thursday last was solemnised at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the marriage of Henry Montague Butler, D.D., Master of

Trinity College, Cambridge, and Agnata Frances, third daughter of Sir James Ramsay, Bart. The wedding of two "senior classics" caused quite a sensation in learned and literary circles, and in addition to 200 invited guests the church was crowded by a number of personal friends from Cambridge and Harrow. The bride is a happy, bright-looking girl, with soft blue eyes, with not a particle of the traditional pedantry of the "blue stocking" about her. There were eight bridesmaids, and Nigel Ramsay, the bride's brother, in full Highland costume, acted as page. As a memento of the occasion, the bridegroom presented each of the young ladies with handsomely-bound copies of Wordsworth's and Tennyson's poems. In the course of the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Butler started for Switzerland on their wedding tour.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Captain Heyman, Royal Artillery, eldest son of General Heyman, and Helen Gzowski, eldest daughter of the late General Bingham Turner, Hillersdon House, Dover.

The marriage of the Rev. R. B. M. Chancellor, M.A., Vicar of Otley, and Henrietta Orde-Powlett, youngest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Orde-Powlett, will take place at Wensley on the 29th inst.

An engagement has taken place between Mr Edward Hulse, M.P., eldest son of Sir Edward Hulse, and Miss Lawson, daughter of Mr Levy Lawson, and is looked upon as a very important event of the season. He is rich, well-born, intelligent, and very popular.

A marriage has been arranged between Audrey Cecil, third daughter of Mr Charles Campbell, Cromwell road, South Kensington, and Delabere Pritchett, eldest son of Mr Delabere Pritchett Blaine, of Fowley, Hants.

The marriage of Mr T. R. Buchanan, M.P., and Emily Octavia, youngest daughter of the late Mr T. S. Bolitho, of Trengwainton, Cornwall, took place on Wednesday, the 15th inst.

The marriage arranged between Mr Granby Burke, Eccles street, and Miss Boyd, daughter of the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, will not take place till December. The father of the bride-elect is well known in the literary world under his initials, "A. K. H. B.," and is the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson" and other popular works.

On Monday last at Rathmines Church a marriage was solemnised between Dr. D. P. Fitzgerald Ffrench, Ballygar, Co. Galway, and Miss Kathleen A. Stone, of Grove Park. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr F. W. Stone, the bridesmaids being Miss Flora Stone and Miss Kathleen Machin. In the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left for Scotland.

Mrs Wolseley Charles and family have left 11 Pembroke road for Llandudno, North Wales, for a month.

Mrs J. Lacklan White has left Dublin for Colchester.

Mr and Mrs Dolmage and family have left Dublin for England.

Mr Fitzwilliam Hume Dick, family, and suite have arrived at Humewood for the autumn.

The Hon. Mrs Persse has left Dublin for Scotland.

Lord Emly has left his country seat, "Tervoe," Co. Limerick, for London.

The Hon. Mr and Mrs Gaston Monsell have gone to England.

Sir George Porter, D.L., Lady Porter, and Mr W. H. Porter have left town for six weeks.

Mr and Mrs Woodroffe have arrived at their residence, Ballysaggartmore, Lismore, from their London mansion, and propose giving a ball early in September.

Mr and Mrs Stafford Delmege have arrived at 36 Fitzwilliam street, Upper.

Dr. and the Hon. Mrs Smyly have left their residence in Merrion square for Stillorgan for the autumn.

Baron Dowse, family, and suite have left 38 Mountjoy square for Mount Merrion for the autumn.

Mr and Mrs Gladstone went to Hawarden on Friday. They intend staying there at least for the whole month of August.

The Earl and Countess of Jersey will pass the winter in India, and will leave for Bombay early in October.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne are at present staying at their country seat, Derreen, Co. Kerry, with their family. They were present at the Kenmare Regatta, which went off with great success, the weather being most favourable.

Mr and Mrs Woodroffe have arrived at their seat, Ballysaggartmore, Lismore, Co. Waterford, from their London residence. Mrs Woodroffe's ball will take place early in September.

The Lord Chancellor left Carlisle Pier on Tuesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, in the Royal Mail Steamer Ireland. The Right Hon. the Attorney-General left by the same boat.

Mr and Mrs Maunsell, Edenmore, Raheny, have left home for six weeks, and have gone for a tour in Switzerland.

Mrs Rowan-Hamilton, Shanganagh Castle, Bray, has issued invitations to an at-home and tennis party on Friday, the 24th.

Lord and Lady Hastings leave England for Australia at the end of the month. They will sail for Melbourne in the "Austral," and before their return to England will pass some weeks with Lord and Lady Carrington, at Sydney.

The Earl of Dufferin leaves India on the 17th inst., and until the arrival of his successor, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Reay will administer the Government of India. Lord Dufferin will go direct to Rome to assume the duties of British Ambassador.

Lord and Lady de Vesci gave the annual fete to the children attending the various schools in Abbeylax at the close of last week—an event which is always eagerly looked forward to. The tables were laid in the magnificent desmesne in view of the family mansion. Upwards of 300 children were regaled with an excellent repast, Lord and Lady de Vesci and a number of ladies and gentlemen on a visit with them personally attending to the wants of the little ones, who seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. When the good things so bountifully provided had been disposed of sports and games were indulged in up to a late hour. The day was beautifully fine and the attendance of the people of the town and district was numerous. The band of the Queen's County Militia, under the baton of Mr Crozier, supplied the music.

We don't often have elopements from Dublin, our girls as a rule wisely marrying in the old legitimate fashion; but excursions are occasionally found even here, and Miss Mary Smith, of Rathgar road, is one of them. The young lady, who has been well brought up by an affectionate aunt, has reached the age of 22, and had just finished her education, when she fell in love—unfortunately not with one of her own years and station, but with her aunt's vanman, one Larry Mullen, aged 40, and who is said to be married. At the close of last week the gushing young lady and Larry took wings from Rathgar road and flew in the direction of Derry en route to America.

Alas for the lovers! The telegraph anticipated their arrival in the Maiden City, and on their arrival there they were arrested by the police. It was alleged that she had obtained £10 in her aunt's name from a neighbour, and that she had also pledged a gold watch and chain, value £25, for £8, and on the charge of stealing this jewellery Miss Smith was detained. Her already mated lover the amorous Larry, who had also been arrested, was released, no charge being preferred against him, and he proceeded to America, hopeful that but a short time would elapse until they were reunited.

As for Miss Smith, she is reported to have expressed her determination, that rather than to return to her aunt at Rathgar, she would finish the weariness of her existence by a plunge in the waters of Lough Foyle; but even that sweet solace was denied her, and she has come back to the city on the Liffey, doubtless a wiser young lady than when she started on her westward tour. It is added that her aunt, who is proprietress of an extensive establishment in Rathgar, had intended to endow her niece with a fortune of £11,000, but after this escapade, the dot will probably be directed to a different quarter.

Some ladies light on their luck in an unexpected manner, while others strive for a lifetime and continually draw blanks in the matrimonial market. Last week there was a quiet but very

remarkable wedding in Christ Church Cathedral, the groom being Sir William O'Mally, Bart., who was born in the year following Waterloo, and is consequently 72 years of age, while the bride, Miss Caroline Marie Favey, has just emerged from her teens.

May and December! Let us hope that the union will be a happy one, notwithstanding the vast disparity in years between the wedded pair. And how simply the matter came about! Sir William was a widower for some time, and naturally he required a housekeeper. He advertised for one, and Miss Favey succeeded in obtaining the position. She did more than this, for she so captivated the aged baronet with her good qualities that he incontinently offered her his heart and hand, with the title thrown in. Miss Favey accepted, and she is now Lady O'Malley.

During the marriage ceremony the young bride on more than one occasion found it necessary to prompt the baronet in his answers, his auricular organs being somewhat defective, but he was otherwise all right; and the ceremony, it is needless to add, was witnessed with great interest by the very few people who happened to be in the Cathedral at the time. Sir William was formerly a captain in the 7th Fusiliers, and so far back as the year 1838 he was High Sheriff of the County of Mayo, where he has a residence near Castlebar. He has also a country mansion in Essex, and is the owner of a town house, in Argyle road, Kensington, London.

We have pleasure in drawing attention to the fact that the stand of Messrs G. and S. Laird, of Grafton street (the Paris House), is one of the handsomest in the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, and is a constant point of attraction for the feminine fashion of the great metropolis who make West Kensington a point of call. Among the many beautiful articles exhibited there is a wonderfully pretty point lace fan, mounted in tortoise-shell, with gold and silver shamrocks; Limerick lace and bog oak fan, Carrickmacross lace and tortoise-shell fan, the "Royal Jubilee Fan," with Royal Arms artistically worked; ostrich feather and bog oak fans, with many rich specimens of Connemara and Wicklow spar jewellery. For the guidance of visitors to Olympia we may mention that Messrs Laird's unique stand is No 198 A, and can be easily found.

Variety is all very well in its way, but its absence, like one's mother-in-law, is occasionally to be preferred to its presence. For instance, few, we think, of those who attended the Kingstown Garden Fete on Monday last will deny that the variety sought to be given to the proceedings on that occasion by importing into them a music hall element was far from charming. Indeed it would be hardly an exaggeration to affirm that if the committee had dropped that feature out of the programme most of those present would have gladly pardoned the omission. We are told that the fete has been losing ground latterly as a fashionable resort, but surely it cannot be contended that turning the Gardens into an *al fresco* music hall is the best way of restoring their popularity.

A well-known amateur musician now sojourning in Bray is recognised as a brilliant *ranconteur*.

But some of his stories he has sought to "father" on particular individuals in the locality. The contest between this champion relater of spicy anecdotes and a gentleman who has to pay his "footing" at the Irish Brighton is very keen, and a large circle is nightly delighted with the rival efforts of these gentlemen to eclipse each other. The newest version of designating an old story as a chesnut is to say it comes from "Austin-d."

We are not quite certain that any large number of people in this country would welcome the introduction among us of such a rate of speed as that made on Monday by the London and North-Western Railway between London and Edinburgh, when the distance between the two cities was covered in eight minutes less than eight hours. This unparalleled feat is quite enough to take away one's breath, and to make most people feel thankful that they were not travellers by the train in question.

The journey deserves record. On the run to Crewe, the first stopping place, 95 miles were covered in 100 minutes. From Crewe to Preston is 51 miles, and on this stretch of road the driver treated the travellers to a mile in 54 seconds, and not satisfied with this, a minute or two later he brought the record down to 48½ seconds. This, which equals 74 miles an hour, is the fastest run ever timed, and while running at this frightful pace the carriage was as steady as a rock. From Preston to Carlisle—90 miles—was done in 98 minutes. From Carlisle 100½ miles were gone over in 104 minutes, and ten of these miles were up a gradient of one in 80. Taking everything into consideration, we fancy that the limited mails in Ireland run quickly enough for the tastes of people in this country.

We sincerely trust that the appeal now being made on behalf of one of the most delightful song-writers of our time—Dr. Charles Mackay—may meet with a liberal response from the Irish capital, in which there are hundreds of citizens who have the pleasure of the poet's personal acquaintance. It is indeed painful to learn that a literary veteran of such nobility of soul as Dr. Mackay should in his extreme old age be the subject of a pecuniary appeal; but such is unhappily the case, and to his honour be it recorded, the Poet Laureate (Lord Tennyson) takes the lead in this effort to alleviate the distress into which the gifted ballad-writer has fallen.

In this good work his lordship is being assisted by writers and musical composers of the greatest distinction, who have added their names to the appeal. Dr. Mackay is now in his 73rd year, and if he had never written anything more than the songs with which a couple of generations have been familiar—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a good time coming," "To the West," and "Baby Mine"—he would have established claims on all classes which should not be denied. He is the author of more than a hundred songs, many of which have been set to music by Sir Henry Bishop, and which have become familiar as household words in nearly every English-speaking home. The grand old song-writer is now in broken health and reduced circumstances, and we sincerely trust that the response to this appeal will be a liberal one from Dublin.

There is a good deal of the farcical in connection with the Naval Manœuvres. The other night a powerful man-of-war was struck by a torpedo, but instead of acknowledging herself blown up, she steamed off. There are probably a dozen vessels great and small which have been ruled *hors de combat* by one side or the other, but they go on fighting as before.

The cremationists are moving on. They are about to build a chapel at a cost of some £5,000 in connection with their crematorium at Woking. The Church has not hitherto done much to patronise cremation. Some of the bishops have set themselves very strongly against it, and one of them some years ago hinted that possibly cremated persons would not find a place in the general resurrection. But the cremationists return good for evil. The Church may pass them by, but they will not pass by the Church. They help to build it up. We have not heard, however, whether they have adopted the amendment to the Burial Service which was suggested when first the movement was mooted, and when it was proposed that the words "we commit his body to the ground" should be changed into "we commit his body to the flames."

Galletly, the murderer of Rumboldt, in Regent's Park, who has been sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, will not be executed. He never intended, it is clear, to commit murder. He intended to commit a violent assault, and the death of his victim was, so to speak, an accident. But the crime has brought to light an amount of almost unsuspected savagery among the youth of certain quarters of London, which would seem to require a little more attention from social reformers. At 15 it seems they have their girls and quarrel over them, fight about them, and even, as it now turns out, commit murder in respect of them, with a barbaric manner which is worthy of the dark ages. The sentence on Galletly has been commuted. Imprisonment for life is a hard fate upon a lad of 17, whose youth is his excuse. But in the meantime some steps will probably be taken to humanise young fellows whose action has led to such a serious outbreak.

Tourists to Killarney should not fail to go on to Kenmare and to pay a visit to the Convent of Poor Clares where they will be welcome. Lately, through Mr S. C. Hall (whose love for the little children of Kenmare has been unbounded for many years), the Lady Abbess has received some most artistic ware porcelain, with a pretty shamrock design on each vase or ornament. The sale of this ware at most reasonable prices—it is the gift of the manufacturer—is for the benefit of the building and formation of a kinder garden for the very small children, since these institutions are little, if at all, known in Ireland. Every friend who obtains at a very small cost a truly artistic production, will also be helping forward a grand work, for three to four hundred children are clothed, fed, and educated by the Sisters of Poor Clares. A lady well practised in the management of kinder garden has but lately returned from giving the initial instruction as to the working of the system which has been so successful in Germany and England. To forward this work is one of the most sincere desires of that veteran lover of Ireland, Mr S. C. Hall, and if successful the evergreen shamrock

which is associated with the names of the authors of "Sketches of Irish Character" and "Ireland," will have to bud afresh to include the memory of, possibly, the first kinder garden in Ireland.

This month and next good fishing is anticipated at Killaloe, Corrib. The Anglers' Club have organised a grand fishing pic-nic to Lough Dan for the end of the week.

Several interesting additions have recently been made to our National Portrait Gallery. John, Earl of Clare, Richard Burke, son of Edmund Burke, William III. when a boy, and Quin, the actor, &c.

Captain the Hon Alwyn Greville on the occasion of his marriage received many handsome presents, and among the numerous list were a pair of silver branch candlesticks from the Prince and Princess of Wales, a chiming clock from Prince Albert Victor, who also gave a sapphire and diamond bracelet to the bride, and two silver-mounted claret jugs from Prince George of Wales.

The Marchioness of Salisbury and Lady Guendolen and Lord Hugh Cecil have left London for Folkestone, where they will spend some days before proceeding to the Chalet Cecil, their place near Dieppe, where they purpose passing the autumn.

William Hellier Bailly, M.R.I.A., F.G.S., and L.S., died last week at his residence, Rathmines, aged 69 years. For over 50 years he was an ardent worker in natural history. He was attached to the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and for the last 20 years held the Demonstratorship in Paleontology in the Royal College of Science, Dublin. His loss is much felt by his friends and colleagues.

Last week Dr. Francis Heuston was presented, on the occasion of his marriage, by his past pupils with a silver salver and tea service, and at the same time from his friends and colleagues in the medical profession he was presented with a handsome clock and silver dinner service. The addresses testified warmly to the high esteem in which he was held by the military and civil branches of the profession.

The most attractive and fashionable gathering of the coast season assembled in the Carlisle Grounds, at Bray, on Tuesday, under the auspices of the Bray Amusements Committee. The *fete* included band promenade, fireworks, &c., and it is anticipated that the financial result will be such as to encourage the Committee to repeat the venture. The band of the Royal Irish Constabulary played a lengthened programme.

The garden *fete*, postponed from week to week by the Kingstown Amusements Committee, has at length taken place, and as the evening was fine there was a very fair attendance. The band of the 24th Regiment (South Wales Borderers) played a selection of excellent music.

One of the centres of interest in this country at the present moment is the property of Colonel Hector Vandeleur, formerly of the Rifle Brigade, Kilrush House, County Clare. It obtained unenviable notoriety in the famine years, sharing

with Cahirciveen, in Kerry, and Skibbereen, in Cork, the distinction of being the scene of the most terrible distress. Colonel Vandeleur's house stands about half a mile from the town, and is a spacious, comfortable, but unpretentious building, surrounded by what used to be, in his father's time, a very well-kept demesne. The Vandeleur estates are about the third in point of extent, and the second in value in the county, the rental being near £12,000 a year.

The late Colonel Vandeleur, who married the daughter of Lord Norbury, was always resident on his property, but his son, who married a Miss Foster, of Apley, has been almost always absent since he inherited the property some ten years ago. Three miles from Kilrush is the celebrated watering-place of Kilkee, and seven miles south of it at Loop Head (the property of Colonel Vandeleur), there is some of the most magnificent sea scenery in the world. The rocks project into the ocean, and the eternal fretting of the restless Atlantic has worn archways in the Granite, through which the by-waters rush.

The calculation of the *Journal de Geneve*, that the continental armies represent 19,000 men ready to kill or be killed, is strongly illustrative of the enormous progress of the people of the present age in civilization and light.

Those who want to see Jerusalem had better hurry up. They are paving the streets, Europeanising the houses, whilst trams and hansoms are talked of. We are expecting to see a Jerusalem Improvement Company, Limited, shortly put upon the market.

Breathe it not at Manning's, whisper it not at Switzers, but it is true that the dyers are doing well, whilst other trades are languishing. The green tints of the present year of grace which some of the would-be-thought-fashionable ladies of Dublin mostly affect, are not fresh from the looms of English manufactories.

As imported fruits have ripened under other suns than those they find a market in, so the dresses of 1888 have appeared under a different shade in months gone by. The "terra cotta" of 1887 has given way to the selected colour of the present year, and so the dyer has stepped in to make the required change in fashion's hue. "What more reasonable?" says Pullar and Co. "What more unreasonable?" argue the providers of fashionable apparel. "Sailing under false colours," the verdict of the modistes. "Not at all," answer the dyers, "our colours are true blue (or any colour you select)." "We live by dyeing," answer Pullar and Co., "whilst the modistes endeavouring to live, too often die; not exactly from want of breath, but what is almost as fatal, lack of support." In the present state of affairs in Ireland, we back the dyers against the modistes.

Mr J. W. Whitbread's new drama, "True to the Last," introduced for the first time on any stage at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, a couple of weeks ago, met with a most flattering reception from an audience which crowded the house in every part. We are all well acquainted with Mr Whitbread's great cleverness and versatility as a playwright, which have been well ex-

emplified in "Shoulder to Shoulder," "The Race of Life," and others of his dramas produced in Dublin; but judging by the flattering Press notices which have been given by London theatrical journals of "True to the Last," we should feel inclined to regard it as one of the happiest and most successful of his constructive efforts. The play is already on tour, and some time must necessarily elapse before we can have the pleasure of seeing it in Dub'in.

It seems strange that at a time when advertisements are pushing their way into places in the newspapers that never knew them before, when in the middle of a love tale we listen to the virtues of a corn plaster, and at the end of a dramatic story find ourselves confronted with a liver pill, the public should still have an objection for advertisements in cabs. In trams and omnibusses (only one or two) we are surrounded with them; the appeals to insure our lives, to bury our families with credit and combined economy, and to avoid dissolution altogether by taking saline draughts (to imitate the trade mark of which it has been decided by the highest court of law in this Kingdom is forgery), are familiar to every eye; but cabs it seems are not to be thus illustrated.

It is a popular error to associate civilization with luxury. The high opinion that some people entertain for the Chinese is mainly grounded on the fact that vice is brought in China to the same high pitch as it is in Paris. It is possible, even as happened in Imperial Rome, to be exceedingly magnificent, and yet thoroughly worthless. The last news of the Roumelian brigands corroborates this fact in a very striking manner. These scoundrels have not only claimed the usual ransom from the unfortunate persons who have fallen into their power, but have demanded a large supply of articles of luxury, the very names of which one would not suppose they had been acquainted with. But even brigands, except in their morals, move with the times. "The authorities," as the Roumanian police are humourously described, seem to make no objection to the supply of high-class goods, but draw the line at "Martini rifles and cartridges." It seems strange, indeed, that a country calling itself civilized should put up with these pests. One would have thought that if there were any young men of spirit in it, that brigand battues might be organised, and their extinction effected. The last news of these gentry is that "the pursuit has been suspended in the interest of their captives through the intervention of the Austrian Consulate. The science of Government in these regions does not seem to have made equal strides with the march of luxury.

Mr Lacy, of the Bray Head Hotel, continues to carry out his interesting Wicklow tours with the utmost satisfaction to the numerous groups of tourists participating in them. His recent trip through Hollybrook, the Glen of the Downs, Newtownmountkennedy, and the Devil's Glen, was so thoroughly delightful as to charm the numerous company, close on 100 ladies and gentlemen spending on the occasion a day to be remembered as one associated with genuine pleasure. The tours, we may add, are given to one or other of the many beautiful spots in Wicklow on each Tuesday and Thursday, the carriages and horses being everything that could be desired.

We are rapidly approaching the period of the Horse Show, and already city hotels and parties having apartments to let are beginning to feel some of the benefits arising from this great annual display. The townships by the sea, too, are sharing in the harvest, as we have accounts from Kingstown and Bray of an influx of visitors who will be here to "do" Leopardstown as well as the Exhibition at Ball's Bridge.

As to the equine display of the Royal Dublin Society for the approaching occasion, it will be the largest in point of numbers that they have ever succeeded in bringing together at any previous Show, numbering this time 1,023 animals, against something over 800 last year. Among the exhibitors are a fair proportion of Englishmen and Scotchmen, but it is not believed that their stock is sufficiently good in the class of hunters to defeat the Irish-raised thoroughbreds that will be found in competition with them.

Leopardstown is within hail. The stands have been constructed and beautified by the painter's art, and on Saturday last Mr Quin entertained at luncheon the special race correspondents of the Irish and English journals, and afterwards showed them over the course. That the *reunion* will be a gigantic success admits of no doubt; and it is with pleasure we learn that the various railway companies intend running the usual Horse Show specials on Saturday, August 25, to permit our country cousins to grace the Foxrock track with their presence.

A regrettable *fracas* between gentlemen occurred at Tralee Races this week. Mr W. M'Auliffe, an owner of racehorses, accuses a steward of the meeting, Mr St. John Donovan, of assaulting him at the weighing scales, and that ponderous and expensive machine, the law, has been invoked to recover damages. It is only right to add that Mr Donovan emphatically denies having committed any assault on Mr M'Auliffe.

Most of our readers have at one time or other come across "Tumbling Jack" in the city streets or on suburban roads—an innocent and harmless fellow who earns a crust hard enough, particularly in dirty weather, by rolling head-over-heels for the amusement of onlookers, many of whom reward his agility by the contribution of coppers, for which he looks his thanks, never having been known to express his acknowledgments in any other manner.

Jack had an experience on Thursday. He had been attending the Metropolitan Market in search of an audience; but the people were too deeply engaged in the business of buying and selling to pay any attention to him, and he retraced his steps cityward. A Park-bound tram hove in sight, and after a minute drew up at a siding in order to allow an incoming one to pass, and in this circumstance Jack saw an opportunity for the display of his peculiar talent which was not to be lost. Quick as thought Jack was rolling like a ball over the footway, but there was an enemy in his rear on whom he did not calculate.

This was in the form of a drover's boy, who, struck by the singularity of the performance, gazed curiously at Jack, and then seemed to have devised a plan of his own as a contribution to

the sport, which was unfolded in a minute. On the return tumble the boy applied an ash switch vigorously to a tender portion of Jack's anatomy, which he acknowledged on regaining the perpendicular by sending his opponent sprawling on the footway. "Serve him right!" cried the outsiders on the tram, and a shower of coppers rewarded the pluck of poor harmless Jack.

The Dublin and Blessington Steam Tramway line is doing as well as could be expected since its opening for traffic, considering the high tariff charged for travelling the 16 miles. Considering the existing liberality of our railway companies, who are vying with each other in their efforts to induce traffic in all directions, the fares charged by this latest addition to the tram lines of Ireland are simply ridiculous, and are certainly such as to deter excursionists and tourists from visiting the lovely district opened up.

The directors should reconsider the position if they desire to popularise their line and to make it a success. Why, even Parliamentary trains run at a penny a mile third-class, and that figure is considered no special attraction to a majority of the public, while if railway companies adhered to that rate for excursions they might run their carriages empty. In the case of the Blessington Steam Tram, the charge for a ride third-class over the 16 miles of the route is, we understand, only 2/-. Where on earth do the directors expect to get their passengers?

The route is an admittedly lovely one, but there is such a thing as paying too much for one's whistle. In this autumn weather, when large numbers of city people are taking at least a day's holiday in some direction, a return ticket to Blessington at 1/6, or, better still, 1/-, would attract crowds, who will certainly not pay 2/- for the single journey. Gentlemen of the tramway line, you have commenced at too high a figure, and in your own interests you should "climb down" as rapidly as possible.

Might we venture to hint to the directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company that it is a little bit rough on passengers of all classes, at all events on days of ordinary traffic, only to open the gates leading not exactly to Eden, but rather to musty, fusty, carriages of the several classes that their trains are made up of, only *one* minute before it, she, or he, the train should start. This, however, frequently occurs more especially from 5.15 to 6.45 p.m., when the public mostly travel Kingstown or Braywards. Frequently have we noticed ladies and gentlemen not in that "best hard-fed condition" that tram horses advertised for sale by the Dublin United Tramways Company are invariably stated to be in, but rather broken-winded, panting for breath, as they endeavour to push their way through a crowd, along the muddy or dusty platforms (this depends on the clerk of the weather), which platforms, we might add, form a valuable and reliable free barometer for the general public. With the starting bell ringing in their ears, summoning them to fresh efforts of energy, the passengers rush past carriage after carriage, all full. At length, as they hear an intelligent porter as he slams the doors to, announce, "This train don't stop anywhere till he gets to the Rock," the would-be *voyageurs* are hustled by an official into a carriage of a class probably lower than that they have paid for. First-class folk find themselves rubbing shoulders with very second com-

pany, whilst not unfrequently a third-class gent takes his seat in a first-class compartment.

Is this true state of affairs absolutely necessary? Could not the directors arrange that the "golden bar"—we mean the dirty wooden doors—should be unlocked ten minutes before the train is supposed to start. "Supposed" we advisedly say, for with a late opening of the doors follows of necessity a late start. The life insurance companies doing business in Dublin should use their influence with the intelligent Board that steers the ship D. W. & W. R., for assuredly (no pun) they will be losers through many policy-holders dying of heart disease from excitement caused by rushing to secure a seat in a crowded train. There is, as a matter of fact, no possible excuse for this mismanagement—no other word suits the existing state of affairs. Apparently there were at Westland Row too many arrival and departure platforms, else why the recently thrown up "Earth Works?" Of one thing we are certain, that on no other line are passengers subjected at the hours we mention to so much hurry and worry as are those who pay highly for the privilege of travelling in the dirty, dusty carriages of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company.

Matrimony recently received a fillip in South Russia in a way that does credit to the innocence and simplicity of the good people of that region. During the late war scare a rumour, we are told, was set on foot in that portion of the Czar's dominions that all unmarried peasant girls between the ages of 20 and 30 were to be impressed as soldiers, more particularly as sappers. The report took root with the simple-minded people, with the result that as many of the girls as could do so hastened to assume the matrimonial yoke.

Smoking amongst ladies is gradually creeping into fashionable circles in the United States. Several society belles smoke the daintiest of pipes, worth about £20 apiece. The pipe is the size of a small meerschaum, and is made of gold, set with garnets, emeralds, and moonstones, the mouthpiece being of onyx.

The death is announced of a young gentleman who, had he survived, would have been the heir of Lord Egerton, of Tatton. This was Mr Cecil Egerton, eldest surviving son of the Hon. Allan de Tatton Egerton, M.P., for the Knutsford division of Cheshire, who, as his brother, Lord Egerton, has no sons, is heir presumptive to his peerage and the bulk of his great wealth.

Except for children, straw is not so fashionable as usual this season, and both hats and bonnets are charmingly light in character. The brims of hats are medium in width, and very narrow, or turned up at the back. To accord with the present style of dressing the hair, silk scarves sometimes form the trimming, but more often ribbons and flowers, very large blossoms being those chiefly used. The lace and muslin hats are larger than those of straw or other materials, and nearly all the crowns are rather high.

It may not be without interest to remind the readers of IRISH SOCIETY that Wednesday last was a date of which the numeral designation was entirely of one figure—viz., 8/8/88, a similar possibility only occurring once in eleven years.

Mrs Langtry has lately been in some trouble. Finding her fair complexion shrivelling up into wrinkles in the dry atmosphere of the United States, the story goes, the charming actress sat down disconsolate, after trying various remedies, and wept. To her aid came a travelled American, who proclaimed the mystic virtue of a certain cure much used by the women of Persia. Consequently, twice a week the Lily may be seen (or may *not* be seen) reclining on a sofa, with her face covered with thin strips of uncooked veal! The narrative recalls historic details of the toilet of the ladies of ancient Rome, and details not historic, current in France concerning the toilet of the ladies of England. Presumably this belongs to the latter class.

America seems to be the home of useful and peculiar inventions. Every now and again we are brought into contact with something or another proceeding from that land where necessity supplies the motor power to the constructive brains of her children. This week we read that some New York women have struck out a career for themselves that, if not quite new, has the greatest advantage of a name. It is that of "lucid critic." For fees ranging from £1 to £5 the lucid critic undertakes to bring order out of chaotic manuscripts. She will show an essayist, a novelist, or a poet in the most business-like way what passages should be cut and what enlarged. She will mend grammar, cure paralytic sentences, and clear up false metaphor. She will supply references and verify quotations. Thanks to misdirected literary ambition, the business of "lucid critic" promises to be a lucrative one.

The "Wristocrat" is the punning name of a useful article invented by a lady for the benefit of her sex. This is a metallic wristlet, made strongly and securely, to which can be attached a number of small parcels, a purse, an opera glass, or a Church service in such a way as to leave both hands free. We have seen some such commodity proceeding from a certain well-known bootmaker's shop in the city; but, as all advertisements must be paid for, we cannot more clearly specify the trader.

A handkerchief-holder has been patented by a Brooklyn gentleman. This invention provides an article in the form of a brooch, with a pin, to hold a handkerchief as in a clasp, while the device may be made in gold or silver, or other material, to make an attractive ornament.

In August fires are supposed, as we are reminded by a correspondent, to be no longer in request, and all sort of devices are resorted to to render the empty grate ornamental. The handleless Japanese parasol is not quite out of fashion, and this year it may be seen with a gathered frill or some fancy art muslin tied round the ferrule with ribbon, with a length of the same muslin carried down each rib, and tied at the point with bows of ribbon. The ribbon can be leaf-green, crimson, greeny blue, or any colour that goes with the general tone of the room, and the muslin corresponds to a certain extent. For any special occasion long ferns and real flowers can be substituted. Large painted tambourines or palettes fixed on to easels are,

perhaps, the last novelties. Both have scarves entwined around or massed at the top, or the tambourine is sometimes surrounded by deep ball worsted fringe of many colours, two lengths being joined around the base to form a depth of from six to eight inches.

Another new American craze is for albums in which to place and label locks of hair severed from the heads of friends. Surely there must be some germs of the Red Indian scalping mania floating in the American atmosphere.

The following recipe for the removal of freckles is published as coming from a very clever physician who enjoys a large London practice:—Take a wineglassful of the best gin, mix it with a tumblerful of very hot water in a small hand basin and with a scrupulously clean small-faced sponge, rub it into the skin from the roots of the hair to the chin. This will be found very beneficial to the skin. The disagreeable odour of the gin disappears almost directly. Very strong eau-de-Cologne would have almost as good an effect, but it is almost impossible to get it of triple strength in England. The acid of buttermilk two or three days old, it is added, is an excellent preventative of as well as cure for freckles and sunburn. Elder flower water and lemon juice are also very good. Washing the face with water as hot as the hand can bear it is excellent. This must not be done just before going out; but surely there is no great need to take precautions against freckles during the present summer.

No class of plants—certainly no class of flowerless plants—can command in the present day so many admirers as ferns. It is, however, a curious fact that the taste for ferns is of very recent date. Flowers in all ages and among all nations have been held in favour. They have been named and classified, and have even been thought worthy of being placed under the special protection of a goddess. But ferns until lately have been left uncared for and disowned. In Butler's time no place had been found for them in the botanic system. In his "Hudibras" he speaks of the fern as—

"That vile unuseful weed
That grows equivocally without seed,"
and even as late as the year 1822 Mr. J. Smith, curator of the Gardens at Kew, has left on record that he could not estimate the entire Kew collection of exotic ferns at that period at more than 40 species. In 1856, however, this collection had increased to nearly 1,000 species, and since that time very large additions have been made to it, and the increase is still going on.

A great tourist agency has, in response to a journalistic suggestion, established a bureau of information where intending holiday-makers may obtain information as to the state of the weather in different parts of Europe. When they get to the place that has had no rain for months they will find the rain commence then, while it will be reported fine weather in the home they left in despair.

Mrs Cleveland, the wife of the American President, who has won everybody's good opinion by her good sense and tact, can now claim distinction for having discontinued the use of that hideous excrescence, the dress "improver."

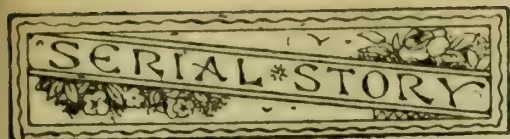
The ways of women are devious and hard to be understood by the bulk of the male portion of humanity. What gossip is to a woman a cool, fragrant indulgence in the seductive weed is to a man. To the majority of smokers there is something satisfying in a really good smoke, and it would be uncharitable to the majority of ladies for us to suppose there is nothing of a like nature in their indulgence of "harmless" gossip. We must, however, submit that the ladies' "harmless" evil is much more pernicious in its effects than the selfish indulgence availed of by smokers. Notwithstanding we do not wish to gloss over the opinion expressed by an esteemed correspondent that gossipers and smokers are alike nuisances and "public pests." Our correspondent, in her note, does not mince matters, but unscathingly condemns both practices. We do not, however, feel at liberty to publish what might be the expression of positive individual selfishness.

Let a person unaddicted to either habit take a seat on the top of a tramcar plying between the city and a suburban station, and ten chances to one but such a person is fortified on either side by a smoker, and immediately behind by a bevy of ladies whose tongues seem to be, like a lamb's tail, always wagging—the one discussing with the other what Mrs. S. said about Mrs. B., and deciding whether Mrs. A. was justified in divulging the secret told by Mrs. C. about her neighbour's husband's conduct. Upon such an occasion the most partial critic must admit that the smokers and gossipers are alike pests. We therefore hope our gentlemen readers will in future consult the convenience and comfort of their fellow-travellers before indulging in their pardonable "evil," and at the same time we appeal to our lady readers to reserve as many as they possibly can of their choice *morceaux* for their drawingrooms and afternoon teas.

It is wonderful, however, the number of missions a woman has to fulfil in this world. When a marriage party passes them on the street they consider it their duty to stroll leisurely along and discuss the merits and demerits of the bride or bridegroom, or both, as the case may be. One might be inclined on hearing them to ask was the old prayer a needful one, "From big guns and women's tongues deliver us." And then when a funeral approaches they must accost each other with the hackneyed phrase accompanied, of course, with a sigh, "Well, well, that is the way we have all to go." What a pity it is, we sometimes think, that the aggrieved income-tax payers could not get their share of the revenue turned into a tax upon gossiping females. What a large revenue the Queen would annually realise, for, be the tax large or small, scandal-mongers would, we have no doubt, return to the cravings of their insatiable vocation.

Perhaps some of our lady correspondents who are versed in tea-table etiquette can inform a "Doubtful Maiden" whether in laying the table for tea the knife should be placed upon the plate or on the table at the right hand side of the plate.

Much comment has been evoked owing to the alleged want of courtesy and attention on the part of the representatives of the French Republic to the Queen of Portugal.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF

MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

A NOCTURNE.

Oscar pointed as he spoke to the buildings of Sandycove, standing white and defined on the point of land, and beyond, the homesteads of Dalkey, with the castle-crowned hill rising up, darkly pencilled against the soft sky.

"All very pleasant no doubt," said Gordon, shrugging his shoulders. "But for my part, I prefer the city. Are you coming back?"

He jumped down and looked inquiringly at Oscar.

"Let us walk about all night," returned the latter.

"You must be demented. Come home and have a supper of oysters," said Gordon.

"Oysters!" exclaimed Oscar. "No, thank you. To me, delirious as I now am, with the loveliness of a summer night, supper is a profanation, and oysters the lowest depths of degradation. I go to commune with the stars."

"As you please. Good night!" said Gordon. "Let us hope your poetic delirium will not result in rheumatism."

Oscar was not displeased to be alone. His mood and his companion's did not harmonise. Besides, he recollected, with a reminiscence of his former shudder, the diabolical malignity of Gordon's face during the momentary lightning flash.

Two hours later Oscar stood alone on the brow of Dalkey hill, alternately gazing with profound wonder at the universe of stars, and with exultation at the moonlit panorama of country, dotted with townships, the buildings gleaming white, and far away the indistinct masses which indicated the city—Kingstown Harbour with its ships lying beneath him, looking so small that he fancied he could cover it with his hand—and the distant roar of the sea murmuring like a shell held to the ear.

With Nature and himself he mused, considering the problems of consciousness, volition, and sensation; striving to read the riddle of the destiny of the human race; realising, as he stood, the sphere of earth whirling on its unknown journey, one of the countless myriads of worlds in the heart of the unfathomable Universe. Whence came and whither tends this infinite procession of wonders? How is it, he wondered, that that phenomenal thing, the human mind, cannot put a limit to space or a beginning to motion?

Revolving these mysteries, and instinct with mental ecstasy, he wandered about the hill, and the moon rose higher and higher, now gleaming through a white vaporous cloud, now sailing in the ethereal blue, making the sea, far down below, dance and quiver in tremulous waves of silver light, and pouring a solemn, mystic radiance over hill and valley.

He paused on one of the roads which run across the hill, and, with arms folded on a gate, contemplated the scene beneath.

Through the silence of the night crept the sound of music, and the exquisite voice of a woman floated towards him on the softened air, and seemed in its tender loveliness to mingle as by natural right with the beauty of the stars.

It was not the first time that Oscar Munro had listened to Schubert's Serenade, but it was the first time that he had realised the delicate sweetness of its melody.

A little above him, and approached from the road by a narrow path, stood a one-storeyed villa, with two bow windows, from which the music issued. He approached, and, turning into the narrow path, drew near to the open window.

He could see distinctly into the room. In a corner on a cabinet stood a lamp with a green shade. Near the window was a piano, with a man playing an accompaniment.

Behind this man, and singing the serenade, stood Adelaide Denison.

As Oscar approached along the gravel path, the man at the piano turned his face towards the window. Oscar at once recognised Reginald Gordon.

The air was so clear and the moonlight so bright that Oscar was clearly visible. Gordon paused and seemed to make an observation to Miss Denison, and she at once advanced and stood in the open window. She smiled and shook hands as Oscar advanced. At that moment he thought that all the loveliness of moonlight, stars, and humming sea could not compare with the beauty of this one woman as she stood smiling before him with her outstretched hand.

"Mr Gordon told me you had returned to the city," she said. As she spoke she stepped from the window, which was close to the ground, and, seating herself on the sill, folded her hands in her lap, and looked up at him, the moonlight falling on her upturned face.

"And I thought *he* returned," observed Oscar, looking down at her.

Gordon had risen from the piano, and stood in the room behind Miss Denison.

"I was on my way when I was invited to return," he remarked, "by Mrs Denison. Ah, here she is."

Mrs Denison entered the room, and seemed startled under the impression that it was empty until she discerned the group of figures at the window. As Gordon turned towards her, Adelaide jumped up, and exclaimed—

Mr Gordon, hand me my hat, please. There it is in that chair."

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs Denison, advancing and putting up her glasses. "Mr Munro! How extraordinary to find you here. How do you do?"

"The beauty of the night invites me. Thank you," observed Adelaide, taking her hat from Gordon, and putting it on. "I go to romance around the hill. Mr Munro, you will come? Mother, entertain Mr Gordon, please. Adieu!"

"Adelaide you are surely not going at this hour in that wild fashion—"

Unheeding her mother's protest, Adelaide hurried down the path, exclaiming—

"Come, Mr Munro. I know you are fond of midnight rambling. You feel poetical, don't you?"

He was standing, having opened the wicket gate for her to pass through, and as she went out she glanced at him, and laughed.

"Well," he replied, following, "this is just the kind of night one is apt to forget the prosaic side of life."

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and appealing with her head aside. "That's right. Say something very lovely. You *look* as if you were brimming over with poetry."

The effect of this remark was to make Oscar feel his mind suddenly denuded of every vestige of emotional imagination.

He muttered inaudibly, and gazed far across the sea. She stood perched on a rock, and looked around at the heather-clad hill, with the white stones scattered about; to the right the line of coast fading into the sky beyond Bray; to the left Kingstown, and the villas dotting the sea margin to the huddled masses of shadow which represented the city.

They wandered about for some time, Oscar Munro self-consciously endeavouring to say something in harmony with the beauty of the scene, and forced at last to confess to himself that now, in the society of the woman he adored, in the silence of the starry night, he was unable to utter a word embodying the emotions which stirred him. He had often dreamed of such a scene as this—often fancied that at such a time he could have made the summer air vibrate with an eloquent rhapsody of love in tones of fervid passion. But he found himself wondering how all these huge stones got scattered along the hillside, and a constantly recurrent thought—eminently foreign to the situation—of the meaning of the phrase, "Interim dividend at ten per cent.," which he had read in the stock reports of the daily papers.

At length Miss Denison seated herself on a stone in the heart of a gully which was fringed with heather in dark scarlet blossoms, and Oscar, seating himself near her, made a trivial remark or two, and lapsed into silence. She was silent too, contemplating the stars and the sea.

"I believe," she said at length, speaking in semi-reverie, "that art cannot be true without

direct inspiration from nature. I believe I understand Beethoven and Schubert better for wandering here to-night. I am glad I prevailed on mother to take that cottage."

"It's a pretty cottage," observed Oscar, feeling that this observation was the last he desired to say.

"Do you know, Mr Munro," she said, "you are very dull to-night?"

He felt now at last inspired.

"I know it," he replied. "But it is because my mind seems overcharged, and if I once begin to talk I shall rave, and you might think me mad. I have been intoxicated with the beauty of the moon, and felt a rapture which could only be revealed in the sweetest flights of music, and yet beneath all there was a gnawing consciousness of want—of I know not what—but I know now—the desire of love—to express and——"

"You will excuse me interrupting you, Munro," said the voice of Gordon, as he appeared suddenly before them, "but Mrs Denison asked me to bring this shawl to Miss Denison. I have been looking for you everywhere. She is afraid the night is damp."

He spoke with perfect coolness, and proffered the shawl, which Miss Denison politely refused. Oscar knew that he might never again have such a favourable opportunity of declaring his love, and was furious at the interruption.

Miss Denison and Gordon were walking on before him, and he followed, in a reverie of disappointment.

He bade them good-night before they reached the villa, and, rushing away, wandered alone about until the stars had faded into the grey light of early dawn, and the morning sun flung a track of crimson across the sea.

CHAPTER XVI.

BAFFLED.

THERE was a marked change in Fred Gilhooly when he entered the office the morning following the loss of his notebook.

The customary theatrical swagger, the semi-assumption of bravado, were no longer apparent, and the clerks and apprentices found it difficult to realise that this skulking creature was the one-time jaunty Gilhooly. He wished to avoid observation, to secrete himself and meditate on his misery behind his work; but he had scarcely entered the office when he was greeted with general exclamations of astonishment to which he replied by depressing his head, and creeping sheepishly to his desk.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed a bright apprentice, after a pause, "allow me to introduce you to the new clerk. ('Hear, hear,' cried the staff.) I don't know his name," continued the bright apprentice, putting up his eyeglass. "And he doesn't look as if he'd got any, but, I think, gentlemen, we must all admit, that he is not an improvement on the late lamented Gilhooly."

"He is not!" shouted the others.

"Gentlemen," continued the apprentice, with a tone of profound mournfulness, "the late lamented Gilhooly was a man whom we all admired. His wit was magical, his presence dignified, his ability transcendent."

The staff took out their handkerchiefs and professed to be overcome with grief. One junior wept with such admirable simulation, that Fred, in a fit of rage, hurled a ruler at him.

But despite the distracting nature of the badinage to which he was subjected, Fred was occasionally moved to fix his eyes with wondering stare on Tim Ryan. There sat that inscrutable youth as sallow as ever, and as silent, diligent, unmoved.

The business of the day began. Mr Mannix went in with his letters and documents to the solicitor, and when he came out, in ten minutes' time, called out—

"Gilhooly, Mr Fitzgerald wishes to see you."

"Hullo, new clerk, where are you going?" exclaimed the bright apprentice with an air of astonishment as Fred slid off the stool. "You're not Gilhooly, surely?"

"It's Gilhooly's ghost!" said the junior in an awe-stricken whisper, and knocking his knees together.

As he passed, Fred made a clutch at the hair of the histrionic junior, but the latter dived in time, and crawled away under the desks. Fred then entered the inner office, and stood dejectedly outside the counter, waiting until Mr Fitzgerald was pleased to look up from his desk.

"Oh, there you are, Gilhooly! Well, what news have you this morning?"

The solicitor leaned back in his chair, crossed his knees, nursed the tips of his fingers together, and gazed steadily but quietly at his desk. This morning there was no trace of excited nerves, but an expression of solemn self-containment in the lowered eyelids and compressed lips.

"News, sir? None!" replied the unhappy Gilhooly.

"No news?" Mr Fitzgerald uplifted his heavy grey eyebrows. "How is that? Show me your notebook."

"It's gone, sir."

"What do you mean?"

Mr Fitzgerald uncrossed his legs, clutched his chair, and bent forward with an angry stare.

"I was robbed last night, sir."

"Tut! Come now, you were intoxicated. Confess at once."

"Intox—" exclaimed Fred, apparently too indignant at the insinuation to finish the word. "Why, sir, I had my usual allowance of one bottle of stout with my dinner, that was all. Clergymen and ladies take as much, so I don't think it a crime. But the fact is, sir, I was returning home when I was knocked down, all me pockets rifled, and the notebook taken. That's the truth, sir, on me honour. I was so knocked about," said Fred, whimpering, "that I'm unfit for work to-day, and must ask you to let me off duty."

"Mr Gilhooly," observed Mr Fitzgerald, "you are one of the worst specimens of an amateur detective I ever met or even heard of. I send you on a special mission requiring alertness and clear-headedness. You spend the day stupefying yourself—"

"No, sir, 'pon me—"

Mr Fitzgerald raised his left hand, a demonstration which effectually cut short his clerk's protestations.

"That will do. You have failed. Do not add falsehood to your failure."

"Falsehood, sir?"

"Wait a moment," said Mr Fitzgerald, steadily levelling his forefinger at him. "Had you any visitors yesterday during your watch?"

"No, sir, I assure—"

"One moment. Were you or were you not visited by a countryman dressed in grey frieze with heavy boots and a blackthorn stick?"

At this sternly voiced and deliberately worded

question Fred was stricken dumb, and could but stare openmouthed at his master.

"Ah, I thought so!" exclaimed the solicitor, scornfully. "And before you were five minutes in his society, you had told him all—all, sir!" exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald, raising his voice and bringing his clenched hand with an angry blow on the desk before him. "Did you think you could fool me? No, sir. That countryman from Kildare, who sold such a quantity of heifers at Smithfield, that bucolic visitor of yours, sir, was Detective Sheridan from the Lower Castle Yard."

"You don't mean it?" groaned Fred, aghast.

"And here," said Mr Fitzgerald, lifting a book from his desk, "here is your notebook, sir, full of your customary trivialities. You may go!"

Fred gazed for a moment in speechless astonishment at the familiar-looking notebook which the solicitor held poised in his fingers; then, collecting himself together, exclaimed—

"But I was knocked down, sir, I assure you—"

"You may go!" interrupted the solicitor, and his manner was so stern, that Fred, without further utterance, turned abruptly and left.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE GOOD INTENTIONS.

Public offices were closed, and in private offices the clerks had lit the gas. Monster houses of business had put up their shutters; but in many of the busier streets the glaring shop windows attracted their customary groups of observers. The street lamps were lit. People were already on their way to the theatres and music halls. The newsboys were bawling, "Horrible and brutal murder—in the County Tipperary. Great excitement!" They were mostly barefooted, and with their bundle of evening papers under their arms, hurried along the streets, vociferating so loudly that the ligaments of their throats swelled and stretched, and one wondered that these half-fed urchins could have such powerful lungs.

On the cab-hazard an elderly man, who resembled an animated bundle of old clothes, was stamping his feet and lashing his arms about his body. His name was Christie Doyle, and when he moved near the footpath and the yellow beam of the street lamp fell on him it illuminated a face weather-stained, sunburned, and rain-beaten. His mare, familiarly known as "The Pride of Kildare," stood in its place on the hazard, yoked to a decrepid cab. The Pride had an air of dejection, its head habitually sunken as if endeavouring to discover something eatable in the muddy stones about its hoofs; its front knees bent outward, which probably accounted for its gallop resembling a series of intermittent jumps; the peculiarities of the animal in general forming a common subject for irreverent comment amongst Mr Doyle's fellow-jarveys. Even then Patsie O'Hara, a young representative of the new race of Dublin jarveys, was striving to lower The Pride in the estimation of its owner. Patsie, with his jerry hat on one side of his head, and a short straw in the corner of his mouth, was passing up and down before the elder man.

"Is she booked for the Darby yet, Christie?" he asked, casting a glance at the mare.

"She's all right," replied Mr Doyle in a deep guttural tone.

"Shure I know she's all right," said Patsie, argumentatively. "Isn't that what I'm sayin'?"

Begor, she's worth a thousand as she stands. Hike up there. Wo! Steady!"

He gave the mare a resounding slap on the haunches, and exclaimed—

"Bedad, that one's full o' fire. It's a sack o' stones or a bag iv coal ought to be tied to her tail if you don't want her to run away. Look at her pawin' the ground and knockin' sparks out iv the flint. She must take a power o' houldin', Christie."

Mr Doyle had an expressionless face, and as he looked at his companion it was impossible to divine what his private opinion was concerning these observations. He stood gazing abstractedly at the other in silence for several moments. Then, suddenly beginning to lash his arms round his sides, he remarked in his hoarse tones—

"Lave the mare alone."

Yet during this desultory conversation Christie Doyle occasionally looked about in search of a fare, a habit common to all jarveys on that and every other hazard. But Patsie O'Hara was more naturally alert, as became a member of the new generation, in an electric age, and without staring he could catch sight of a fare faster than the older men, and was habitually known to break off in a sentence, jump on his vehicle, and dash at headlong speed down the street before the others had realised an uplifted stick or umbrella in the distance.

"I'd ride her meself at the Curragh," said Patsie, slapping his hands briskly together, "only I'd be afeared she'd throw me she's so skittish. Hike up there, me beauty!"

All at once Patsey became to all appearance a different man. The alert look vanished from his face, and he was more respectful in his demeanour towards his old comrade.

This metamorphosis was apparently due to the appearance of a smartly-dressed girl with high-heeled shoes, large dress improver, and who at that moment came along the street, looking to right and left with a good-humoured smile lurking in the corner of her mouth. She had her hands in the pockets of her open jacket, and seemed perfectly satisfied with herself.

"Here she is, Christie," said Patsie, sidling up to the old jarvey, and speaking in solemn tones with his head bent.

Mr Doyle said never a word, but looked up and continued to stare blankly at his daughter until she approached.

Tessie, with a short nod to Patsie O'Hara, simply said to the old man, "How do you do, father?" and minced on. There seemed no sign of recognition in Mr Doyle's eyes, and no softening of his weather-stained face. He turned and looked after her with the same blank stare.

"Is that you, Tess? Where are you goin'?" shouted Patsie, recovering his voice.

In order to quiet him, lest his boisterous tones should draw public attention to the fact that the young jarvey was an acquaintance of hers, Tessie turned back a few steps, and laughed as she said—

"Goin' to meet himself, of course."

"Ah, go on, now," said Patsie, with laboured playfulness. "Come here till I tell you something, Tess."

"What is it?" asked Tessie, advancing nearer, with an air of childlike questioning.

Patsie, catching her by the arm, said awkwardly—

"Give's a kiss."

Wrenching herself from his grasp, Tessie scornfully looked at him from head to foot, and exclaimed—

"D'you know who you're talkin' to, Patsie O'Hara?"

As she stood proudly and contemptuously surveying him, Patsie realised, not for the first time, what a great gulf was fixed between him and this dainty, sweet-faced young girl. His eyes fell before hers, he formed his lips to whistle, and idly cracked his whip in the air as if to dissipate his chagrin.

Tessie, having vindicated her outraged sense of self-importance, tossed her head, and walked off, her dress improver more elevated than before.

Patsie stood looking down at the flags for a while in resentful meditation, cracking his whip once or twice in a feeble way. When he returned to Mr Doyle he said, fiercely—

"Tess is gettin' more stuck-up every day."

Then the old man replied—

"Lave the girl alone," with precisely the same inflection with which he had previously remarked, "Lave the mare alone."

"Lave her alone?" retorted Patsie, angrily. "Who's touchin' her? Lave her alone? I tell you, Christie Doyle, you lave her too much alone. She doesn't know the difference between a dacent, honest chap arnin' his livin' an' a swell behind a counter only wantin' to amuse himself. Lave her alone? You'll be sorry enough some day for lavin' her alone, I tell you."

"There's no harum in my Tess," said the old man.

"An' who said there was?" responded Patsie. "I'd like to see the man'd say the like. Shure it's the poor girls there's no natheral harm in that gets the worst treatment in the end. Lavin' girls alone! Why, half the mothers an' fathers in the world couldn't rear a flock o' chickens much less their own daughters."

"I've often spoke to Tess," observed Mr Doyle, leaning against the shafts of his cab, his legs crossed.

"Ay," said Patsie, bitterly. "You an' her mother spake to her, I know; but how? Bully the poor child till she's glad to get out into the air and get someone to talk quiet to her. I don't blame half the girls for wishin' to be out o' their own homes. What's home to a spirited girl like Tess with two ould vixens like you an' her mother sittin' both sides of her, and both tryin' which 'ud make her cry the first. Why, one 'ud think—Car, sir! Here y'are, sir!"

In a moment Patsie was on his outside, the reins gathered in one hand, and as he stood up, whipped his horse into a gallop to the dim figure of an old gentleman in the distance, who held his umbrella aloft. The rest of the jarvies watched the younger one in astonishment, with some jealousy, and at the same time professional pride in his alertness. Mr Doyle, mysteriously chuckling to himself, pulled a wisp of straw from the box under the seat, and proceeded to rub down the legs of the Pride, puffing audibly the while.

In the meantime, Tessie Doyle, having walked to the end of the street, turned the corner, and mounting the steps of Mrs Fitzgerald's house, rang the servants' bell. She did not, according to her customary habit, turn her back immediately on the door and look about to see if she was admired. On this occasion she kept her face to the door, her head being bent.

She was, in fact, perturbed by the object of her errand, which was solely one of her own choosing, and now and again felt frightened at her temerity. She was not, like her friend, Missie Connell, an audacious girl; but despite

the fact of being born and reared in the city, had a natural tendency to shyness and a sympathetic disposition. Her chief characteristic—which she endeavoured to hide on most occasions—was a mild tenderness of feeling which made her melt affectionately towards every person in distress, and indignantly courageous in the cause of those who were unjustly treated. She had all the constituents of a humane heroine, but circumstance forced her finer feelings to run to weed. She now felt that she would be glad of some of that brazen audacity which made Missie Connell the ringleader of her set.

When the maid opened the door, Tessie uplifted her face, and said, very timidly—

"Can I see Mrs Fitzgerald, please?"

The housemaid, a fresh-faced country girl, was dressed in a blue dress, with a white collar, a servant's cap, and a small muslin apron. Though about the same age as Tessie Doyle, she was almost twice her size. Recognising Tessie's face, and believing that she had come on dressmaking business, the girl without parley let her in, and closed the door. She led the way up the broad stairs, the carpeted steps emitting no sound. Tessie knew the surroundings, but they were always fraught with amazed delight. The two statuettes on the landing holding lamps in their hands before the glittering satin curtains that draped the entrance to an ante-chamber were to her the highest works that had ever taken form from the brightest visions of plastic art. She looked upon them with awe.

The maid went higher, Tessie following, beyond the drawingroom to the third landing, where, from a half-open door, issued the soft murmur of a child's voice singing some nursery song. Tessie was ushered in, and found herself fronting a quiet domestic scene. If she had come on business she would have been self-possessed; but it was a new experience to stand abashed and trembling.

The little girl, Hettie, sat on a low stool, singing to a large, yellow-haired doll, which she had lain to sleep in a corner previously prepared with a heap of silken cushions.

Bernard was seated on the hearthrug reading a book, his shoulders resting against his mother's knees. Mrs Fitzgerald herself was sewing, and had been carrying on a desultory conversation with her children, the youngest, Norah, having been sent upstairs to her bed an hour before.

"Oh, is that you?" said Mrs Fitzgerald, looking up comically at Tessie, and letting her sewing rest in her lap. "Come over here. What's the matter now? Won't my dress be ready in time?"

Tessie had advanced. She stood fingering a plait in her dress, and looking down nervously at the operation. She glanced up as Mrs Fitzgerald spoke, but at once looked down again with increased confusion. She coughed once or twice, and twisted herself uneasily.

"Pleese, mim, it's not thet. If you'll b'leeve me, mim, I only called on a privet metter."

Tessie invariably adopted a genteel pronunciation in the society of her social superiors to show that she was not destitute of higher education.

"I'm here, mim, indeed, contrairy to me inclinection," she added.

"Dear me!" said Mrs Fitzgerald, still eyeing the girl comically, for she was usually amused by Tessie's peculiar stylishness. "What is the private matter? You are not going to be married, are you?"

"Oh, no, mim, such is far from me intentions, I do assure you. It is a more pertikler metter—"

if I might hev a word in priveet, mim."

As she spoke she cast such a beseeching glance, and there was so much earnestness struggling with the confusion of her manner, that Mrs Fitzgerald became grave, and had some suspicions concerning her visitor's sobriety.

"Run away, my darlings," she said to the children. "Hettie, take your doll with you, and *don't* toss the cushions about so. There now, you may come back presently."

Bernard lazily rose with a sulkily look at Tessie, who had interrupted him just as the Boy Pirate was severing the head from his tenth opponent. Hettie caught up her doll, holding it tightly against her breast, and before she left the room, pressed sideways against her mother and received a kiss on the forehead.

The children gone, Mrs Fitzgerald took up her needlework, and, nodding towards a chair, said, quietly—

"Sit down, and tell me what is troubling you."

Tessie seated herself on the edge of the chair, working her hands together, and conscious that her face was changing alternately hot and cold. The quiet domestic scene into which she had intruded seemed a direct rebuke to the dark rumours she had heard in connection with the lady before her. And there was such maternal gentleness in this handsome lady, not alone towards her own children, but Tessie herself, that the latter had an uneasy doubt as to whether she had not knocked at the wrong door. It seemed wonderful to consider that this kind and generous lady should be the sport of idle gossip, whereas Tessie's own mother, who brought up her family with an old broom handle and a vocabulary of low epithets, possessed a reputation whiter than falling snow.

"You will excuse me, mim, I'm sure," Tessie began, mincingly. "I'm only a poor girl, and far be it from me to say that I'd say anything to hurt your feelins. But, indeed, mim, it is not on me own account, I do assure you, I intrude meself upon you. If you b'lieve me, mim, when Fred Gilhooly told me about it, I said to his face it was a lie, and I wouldn't have anything to say to it, an' he ought to be ashamed iv himself. I assure you, mim, reely."

"Well, go on," said Mrs Fitzgerald, forcing a laugh through her shut teeth. "As yet I don't know what you mean."

"It's all this talk," exclaimed Tessie, suddenly bursting into tears. "I—I reely can't help it. It's none of my business, I know. B—but when Fred Gilhoo—hooly told me I thought I'd best come and tell yourself."

"Good heavens, girl," cried Mrs Fitzgerald, angrily, "what *are* you raving about?"

"Oh, he's been set to watch you, mim," exclaimed Tessie, staring, her reddened face wet with tears, "and Sir Ray—"

"There, that will do!" cried Mrs Fitzgerald, rising abruptly to her feet. "How dare you address me like that? I knew all along you had been drinking. I shall certainly report you to your employers."

If Tessie had been struck in the face without warning she could not have felt more humiliated and indignant than at that moment. Her feelings underwent a sudden transition. She had come on a mission of charity, stimulated by the tenderest generosity towards one of her own sex whom she believed hedged about with enemies, and this woman she had desired to befriend actually treated her with contumely. Miss Connell herself, though she was without doubt the

most audacious girl that ever walked, could not have assumed a more brazen front than Tessie Doyle, as she now rose, and faced the lady of the house.

"Me drink, is it?" cried Tessie, instinctively recurring to her mother's phraseology. "I'll make you prove it. See if I don't! Before the magistrate. It's yourself's more drunk belike, an' from all I can hear I wouldn't put it past you. Catch me comin' here agen for the likes iv you. Goodness forbid I'd put meself on a par with you, great a lady as y'are. Lady indeed! Ha! I wouldn't be seen in the same hearse with you."

Mrs Fitzgerald stood astounded. Her jewelled fingers clutched and unclutched the back of the chair from which she had risen. She almost choked as she threw out her left arm towards the door, and said—

"Begone, girl!"

"Girl?" exclaimed Tessie, with a toss of her head, and a short, hard laugh. "Ha, indeed!"

But she moved towards the door nevertheless, looking back across her shoulder, with contempt and wrath reddening her cheeks, and even her throat.

She saw Mrs Fitzgerald suddenly turn white, and assume an overacted appearance of ease, and at the same moment Tessie, with her head turned, collided with some person who had just entered. It was Mr Fitzgerald.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Tessie, at the same time looking towards his wife as if for an explanation.

"Only the dressmaking girl," said Mrs Fitzgerald, sinking with an air of weariness into her seat, and taking up her needlework, which had fallen to the floor. "We have been having a royal battle about my body. That will do, dear," she added, nodding with a motherly smile at the astonished Tessie. "You needn't wait. Tell Miss Simmons I shall call myself to-morrow afternoon."

Tessie made no rejoinder, and went out. Mr Fitzgerald looked round the book-shelves impatiently, and, muttering, "No, it's not there," left the room.

Tessie Doyle had reached the first landing, and was about to place her foot on the next step when she heard some person hurrying after her, and, looking up, saw the pale, careworn face of Mr Fitzgerald over the bannister. He put up his finger, and she paused in obedience to this silent signal. He glanced back towards the room where he had left his wife, then, descending to Tessie's side, motioned with his head towards an open door, and said in a suppressed voice—

"Come here. I want to have a word with you."

He held the door open, and when she had entered he closed it behind her, then turned and faced her. He seemed to Tessie a hard-featured, stern and elderly man. She had never admired his appearance at a distance, and liked him less on a nearer view.

"Now, then," he said abruptly, even fiercely, "what have you been saying to my wife?"

He had miscalculated his manner. Tessie Doyle might have allowed herself to be bullied on a matter affecting her own conscience, but was not to be cowed into compromising another person.

"I don't know what you mean, sir, reely."

She cast down her eyes, and he stared down at her quiet young face until his thin lips became compressed into two white lines.

"You had a quarrel with my wife?"

"No indeed, sir, I had not."

"Why, she said as much herself."

"Oh, about the body of her dress, sir? Sure, it was only she wanted it tightened, an' Miss Simmons says it can't be tightened any more than it is. It can't be done any better, reely, sir."

"Is that all?"

"That's all," replied Tessie, adopting a sulky manner.

"Very good. You may go."

"Thank you for nothing" muttered Tessie.

As he abruptly opened the door Mrs Fitzgerald passed with rustling skirts down the stairs, pleasantly humming an air. Mr Fitzgerald caught Tessie by the arm to detain her until his wife had descended.

Tessie then went down. As she was going through the hall Mrs Fitzgerald appeared from the study carrying a book which she had apparently gone to fetch.

"Oh, is it you?" she said, smilingly. "Here, dear," she whispered, pressing half-a-sovereign into Tessie's hand. "You are a good little girl, but you mustn't listen to any more foolish stories. Buy yourself a new hat."

Tessie Doyle unclosed her hand and looked at the half sovereign. She then looked indignantly at Mrs Fitzgerald, flung the coin contemptuously on the floor, opened the hall door, and slammed it violently behind her.

(To be continued.)



SECRETS OF DEATH.

Lying here dead, in this darkened room,
All passion gone from my pale, cold face,
Stiff, stark, and cold in this awful gloom,
Shrouded around with burial lace,
With eyelids fast closed upon my cheek,
I know strange secrets, but dare not speak.

Through half-closed lattice the breeze has stirred,
Sweet-scented and fresh from the mountains high,
And afar in the woods a lone night-bird
Has almost awakened me with its cry.
But motionless in my rich point lace,
I lie so still with my upturned face.

In this chill, dark room, with my hands fast pressed
Tight on my heart, so strangely cold,
I lie in wait for my last long rest,
Far, far from here in the churchyard mould.
But why am I left alone to rest,
With my hands still clasped upon my breast?

My husband has come and gazed apace,
With almost a sneer, and cold, calm eyes;
Nor once did he stoop to touch my face,
In the silent gloom there came no sighs;
For gold he wed me, and over my bier
He cannot let fall one pitying tear.

But one comes softly to me to-day,
And smoothes my hair from my marble brow
Upon my forehead his kisses lay,
He is not afraid of parting now,
And these are the words he whispers here,
Bending in sorrow above my bier:—

"Oh, golden hair, Oh, sweet face divine,
Poor, passionate, weary heart at rest,
In the Evermore thou wilt be mine!"
And his waving hands above me blest.
Yes, over robe and casket so grand,
He waved in blessing his loved hand.

He turned to leave me, but paused once more,
And pressed his hand to my cold, cold heart,
"We will meet again on the Golden Shore,
But, darling, for earth we must be apart."
He covered my face and turned away,
And my stiff, cold lips were sealed for aye.

ANNA BISHARD.



MY FIRST JURY CASE.

BY EUGENIA DUNLAP.

The courthouse was crowded to its utmost capacity. Women as well as men were there to hear the arguments in the case of the Commonwealth against Thomas Grant for alleged murder of John Belt.

Grant was a young man of handsome exterior and pleasing manners. He sat in the prisoner's box, and near him, closely veiled, was his beautiful girlish wife, with arm around a fine, manly boy, and her head bowed upon his sunny curls.

Near the group were the surviving relatives of the dead man, consisting of the wife, mother, and daughter. Their faces were heavy and stolid, and their whole appearance indicated not only the lower walks of life, but the existence of evil passions and aggressive natures.

Belt had owned a small grocery some fifteen miles from town, in a wild glen at the mouth of a shallow stream that flowed into the Kentucky river. The section was for a long time somewhat sparsely settled, but the establishing of a government distillery and a railroad station had led to an increase of population, so that young Grant was induced to locate there and open a grocery, that being the line of business chosen from his boyhood.

From the first Belt, who was one of the few German settlers in that part of the country, resented what he was pleased to call an encroachment upon his rights, and lost no opportunity of showing his ill-feeling. He was a heavy-set, sullen man of about forty-five years of age, and showed a dogged spirit even to his customers.

In vain Grant strove, first to pay no attention to his enmity, and afterwards to conciliate him. He continued obstinate, and his family were not behind him in giving slights and insults.

Time passed, and Grant prospered. He was obliging and agreeable, and people naturally patronized his little shop, which he strove to render as attractive as possible. His wife, too, charmed the neighbours by her simple, sweet ways, and motherly old ladies took special interest in her and her babe.

Grant built a new cottage, and this gave fresh offence. At last Belt, who was a drinking man as well as surly, swore that he would take Grant's life if the latter persisted in remaining there. His trade was falling off, and Grant was the cause. Matters reached a climax then, and Grant armed himself in case of a surprise.

One morning Belt was missing, and his family raised a great hue and cry that speedily assembled a crowd about the house just as Grant approached and made the startling announcement that he had shot at a man the night before, and was ready for such investigation as would be proper under the circumstances. He stated that he had been aroused by a filing, grating sound at his bedroom window, which was on the ground floor, and that he sprang from his bed, threw open the door, and fired upon a figure that retreated rapidly, and was soon lost in the darkness.

Upon this Grant was held in custody, while a party of men went in search of Belt. Hours were spent in vain, when it was suggested that Belt's dog, a vicious mongrel cur, should be put

upon the scent. Accordingly the dog, which was usually seen at Belt's heels, was unchained and given the trail. The testimony, as elicited at the trial, showed that the brute had darted off towards Grant's cottage, sniffed eagerly about the window in question, and then ran down the country road till he came to a clump of bushes on the river cliff. Here the creature stopped and set up a pitious howl. The pursuing party hastened to the spot and there lay the body of Belt, who had fallen there and died, as the autopsy revealed, of internal hemorrhage produced by a pistol shot.

As if to corroborate Grant's statement, a chisel and a pistol were found in the grass under the window of his bedroom.

Such was the history of the case. The entire absence of any testimony in behalf of the prisoner beyond his own assertion was painfully evident. His wife supported him in the facts, but the law did not permit a wife to testify in the husband's case, so this evidence was unavailable.

The natural sympathy which death awakens in the human breast had done its work even in the case of so unpopular a man as Belt, and already he was considered a martyr. The desperate lamentations and impoverished condition of his family asserted their claims, and the time of trial found public opinion greatly divided. The spark of envy in every community which had lain dormant as long as the Grants were novelties, sprung into life at their unwonted prosperity, and the gaily-painted store and fanciful cottage became eyesores to more than one. Various rumours, like uncanny spirits of air, floated about, till the prisoner felt himself sinking into an abyss. Once down, there seemed no power ready to lift him up.

He had employed several distinguished attorneys as counsel, and I, a struggling young lawyer, whose ambition was to be worthy the mantle of an illustrious father, was also retained. There was something about the case that inspired me to the utmost of which I was capable. There was no circumstantial evidence against the prisoner. He had frankly owned to shooting the man. The issue rested upon his motive. What was the provocation? True, Belt may have threatened his life; but Belt was a drunkard, and who attached any importance to his words?

The prosecution endeavoured to show that Grant, wearied with the enmity of Belt, and wishing to be rid of him, had enticed him away on the night of the killing and shot him in cold blood. True, a chisel and pistol had been found, but how easy for the prisoner to place them there to carry out his plans! The dead man was proved to have been a harmless character, though of intemperate habits and rough ways. His antipathy to Grant was only natural, since the latter had, by ingratiating manners, flashy advertising dodges, and a few modern tricks of trade, ruined the business of the old-fashioned, plain-sailing German.

In the hands of such skilful manipulators the case grew blacker, and the face of my client reflected the anguish he saw his wife enduring, and he powerless to comfort. He saw his beautiful, idolised boy the son of a convict, and all that had made life worth the living shattered to the dust.

Closer and closer the meshes were weaving about him. The jurors sat with fixed gaze as one by one the speeches were ended. At length the honourable counsel for the prosecution concluded a powerful argument, and I saw in the faces of the twelve men that it had told.

There was but one point left for me to make, and I wondered that my distinguished brethren had passed it by. They had dwelt upon the youth and good standing of the prisoner, and the uncalled-for persecution he had suffered. They pictured in graphic words the midnight attempt upon his life at his own house. A man's house is his castle, and he has the supreme right to defend both it and himself. They appealed to the sympathies of the jurors in behalf of the young, helpless wife and innocent child. Still there was wanting the one link in the chain of positive evidence. Sympathy was well enough. The twelve sworn men required proof. How was it to be shown them?

I was young, and felt all the nervousness attendant upon a maiden effort; but my heart was in the work, and I launched forth. Nature had given me a good voice, and I felt a certain power as I spoke. But I had not the egotism to suppose that I could compete with the learned gentleman who had preceded me unless I could make a decided hit in summing up the evidence. This I did. When I came to the hitherto unnoticed dog, I dwelt there with a tenacity that was determined to convince. I portrayed the well-known fidelity of the dog. No matter what the master, whether fortune's pampered darling or a beastly denizen of the gutter, his dog was always his friend. Be he kind and gentle, or cruel and pitiless, still his dog crouches at his feet in loving submission.

This man's dog had loved him. Drunk or sober, kind or cruel, his dog was not content out of his presence. He had been chained that night in order that Belt might follow out his vengeance untraced. The master knew his dog's sagacity. He wanted no companion on his midnight stroll. And when, restless and uneasy, the dog was unchained, and shown a coat of his master's, what did he do? He started off, nose to the ground, in loving, eager pursuit, along the way to Grant's cottage. When there, what does he do? First sniffs the ground, then jumps upon the window ledge with his forepaws, whimpers, starts away, and follows the trail down the path to the beloved body now cold in death.

What proof more convincing that Belt had been there? How improbable the trumped-up story that Grant could decoy from his home his bitterest enemy! A pistol and a chisel were found outside the window. It had been alleged that Grant placed them there for his own base purposes. But admitting that man would deceive, the dog could not. Canine instinct could not lie; and every man who knew the nature of the animal must feel convinced that Belt's dog would never have gone to the window except in honest pursuit of his master.

The Commonwealth's attorney occupied the floor for an hour, during which he ridiculed what he termed the schoolboy tales from his youthful opponent. But when the jury retired I felt that my influence was still uppermost. The suspense was trying, but it did not last long. They returned in a very short time, and the verdict pronounced in a clear, ringing voice, was, "Not guilty!"

Grant sprang forward as his friends pressed near, and seized my hand in a vice-like grip. Loud cheers rent the air; the crowd surged to and fro, women wept, and the fervent "Thank God!" that broke from the pallid lips of the young wife rang in my ears for many a day.

MRS POWER O'DONOGHUE AT HOME.

It was after repeated refusals, and due to the fact of being taken to some degree by surprise, that Mrs Power O'Donoghue—the most versatile and famous literary woman at present in this country—permitted the light of publicity to be shed upon her personality in these columns. Like most literary persons of sedentary habits, she has a sensitive diffidence to becoming an object of direct public discussion. She was found at home in 11 Peter place, Adelaide road, immersed in literary occupations, seated at a large table crowded with manuscripts, magazines, and books of reference. In person she is *petite*—we have no English equivalent for this word—with fair complexion relieved by dark arched eyebrows, shapely figure, and drooping eyelids, which give a peculiar dreaminess of expression to changeful blue eyes, an expression due probably to that side of her diversified nature which finds an outlet in the composition of works of fiction. Her manner is well-bred and cultured; her voice, even in ordinary conversation, extremely musical; her enunciation faultless, and her phraseology of an almost illimitable range.

"You seem to have an endless supply of work, Mrs O'Donoghue?"

"Yes. I work eight hours a day. Tuesday is my at-home day. I like to have the other days to myself. People come to me at all hours and at all times, and occupy a great deal of my time—not from any unkindness, far from it, but from want of consideration. I greatly prefer not seeing visitors except on Tuesday."

"I trust your friends will recollect this observation."

"Thank you. You wish to know how I became a writer? Well, I had a bad illness in the year 1881—the first year I wrote professionally. After this long illness I amused myself—having horses on the brain—writing desultory 'horsey' articles. Staying at Shrewsbury with some friends subsequently I found these articles in a drawer, looked over them, and sent them to the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. I waited most anxiously over a fortnight, when I received an answer from the editor accepting my articles, and asking for a novel—'Unfairly Won'—the only one published in that paper before or since. The articles were collected in one volume entitled 'Ladies on Horseback.' After a period of three months I received letters from editors of various other papers asking me to write for them, and so by degrees my time became fully occupied. I should mention that my work in foreign journals keeps me busier than the English ones. Oh, yes; I am devoted to horses. Up to five years ago I was constantly in the saddle, hunting three or four days a week, but an injury to the spine from a horse falling on me ended my career in that way altogether, so now really I devote my whole time to literature."

and
actually
nell herself,

"Which of your novels has been the most successful?"

"Undoubtedly 'A Beggar on Horseback,' which has been through five editions, and has just lately appeared in 2/- form. 'Unfairly Won' is the next most successful. A little book I wrote, called 'You Should,' published by Griffeth and Farren, had a sale of 23,000 copies at 1/- Well, then, the best known 'horsey' books done, are, 'Ladies on Horseback,' published by Allen and Co., Waterloo place, and 'Riding for Ladies,' with 78 illustrations drawn by myself. For some time I acted as reader to Messrs Allen in London, working six hours per day. I always felt so tired deciphering MS., that my eyes grew weak and my brain bewildered. It is a most invidious occupation, that of reader. A conscientious reader invariably makes enemies of authors whose works are refused. The faults I chiefly found were, writing on both sides of the paper, prolixity of diction, and lack of proper construction in the sentences. It was very often my lot whilst reading to be reluctantly compelled to reject works which contained much good stuff treated badly. My time is so fully occupied with journalism now that I seldom read even for my own pleasure. When I go to a theatre I bring some light literature to read between the acts, but I read books only when travelling, as I frequently do, between Dublin and London. I consider Rider Haggard the greatest novelist of the day; and yet, even in his amazingly clever works, I am surprised to find the grammar so slipshod. Of this he himself is aware. He stated in my presence at a supper party one night that he had sent a cheque to a lady for marking on the margin of one of his books numerous little errors in English which had escaped him. In singing, I consider Madame Nordica the best singer I have ever heard in any part of the world, and the truest artist; and among men, Jean de Reske. Well, Mrs Kendal is my favourite actress and Willard my favourite actor. He is a man who has come to the front within the last couple of years."

"You have not sung in public of late years?"

"No. I always sing as an amateur, and am never satisfied with myself. I have no opinion whatever of my powers in the vocal line. I am ambitious to be a great authoress. But it seems a height to which it is in vain to soar. I cannot break off journalism; in some instances I have actually signed contracts for long periods. Yet I dislike journalism, as I feel compelled to be honest, and at the same time in order to be honest I must necessarily wound the susceptibilities of many for whom I entertain a really most kindly feeling. And to write a good book is a very serious task. I never have what is commonly called a holiday. I never go away for pleasure. On the contrary, when I leave Ireland it is always on business, and to work even harder than when at home. I think myself I should be immensely more successful—so far at all events as money is concerned—if I submitted my writings to be edited. But my rule is that what I write must be put in as I send it, or not at

all. That spirit began with me when a child—for instance, if my drawing master put so much as one stroke to my work that drawing went into a miscellaneous portfolio, and was never shown as my drawing, and I have the same feeling about my writings."

"Have your literary labours affected your health?"

"Yes, indeed. Before I became a *litterateur*, and was devoted to horseback, I never knew what it was to have a cold, headache, or any illness; but going from an active to a sedentary life has altered my constitution very much, and I suffer constantly from delicacy. Last autumn, working in a dense and unhealthy atmosphere in London, I got blood-poisoning, and for four months had to relinquish my literary work. I am a very early riser and late retires. In addition to writings I attend to all my household duties, play my harp and piano, paint in oils and water colours, and besides business letters, correspond with old and valued friends. I am engaged to write a book on "Household Management" for Messrs Griffith and Farren. I should tell you that I am very fond of the Americans. I admire their go-aheadness, and my house is full of American inventions. I have orders at present from Bentley for a story to appear in *Temple Bar*, another for *Chamber's Journal*, in which at present I write much of the verse lore. I am to write as many books as possible for Spencer Blackett, and I have pledged myself to this publisher to have ready by next October a collection of all my sporting tales in book form, with illustrations, to be called 'Smoke Room Tales and Railway Readings.' You see, I have plenty of work. When reporting I seldom stay more than ten minutes at ball or theatre unless particularly interested. Fortunately I have a retentive memory. I have frequently in one day attended a horse show, two or three afternoon parties, a dinner party, theatre, and a ball, and reported all these without a single pencil note. I have been intensely amused at the stories which I occasionally hear concerning my humble self. For instance, I have overheard persons confidently state that I was an actress, a public singer, and a riding-mistress in a London school. Needless to say, there is not a word of truth in either statement. Sketches of my life, in most cases accompanied with portrait, have appeared in *The Contemporary Review*, *New York Sportsman*, *Women of the Time*, *Sporting and Dramatic News*, *Bow Bells Annual*, and *Irish Sportsman*, and I can honestly say that I not only never sought distinction in any case, but in four of the instances was unaware that it had been conferred on me until the papers were sent to me by distant friends."

In addition to her literary gifts, Mrs Power O'Donoghue is sufficiently accomplished as a linguist to be able to converse in three or four languages. She plays harp and piano, and some of her paintings have appeared in public exhibitions. She is an expert shorthand writer, and frequently prepares her manuscript with the typewriter, producing her copy through the medium of the instrument from the phonographic MS. In addition to the papers mentioned she writes for the *Boston Herald*, *New York Sportsman*, *Providence Daily Journal*, *Household Words*, *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Lady's Pictorial*, *Calcutta Asian*, and many others; and, as her numerous friends are aware, her literary talents are enhanced by a disposition of refined womanly sympathy and a bright and generous nature.

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WEEK ENDING 25th AUGUST, 1888.

Queen's weather did not accompany her Majesty to Glasgow on Tuesday, the day being particularly dull and hazy. Notwithstanding, immense crowds lined the Royal route to the Exhibition, and the reception accorded to her Majesty was of the warmest nature. We wonder if it is the Queen's intention to visit the Irish Exhibition at Olympia.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria when she removes her Court invariably takes her domestic pets, including even the stable cats, with her.

Princess Christian, who received lately £100 for a short article upon "Nursing as a Profession," and who was reported by a local contemporary as a convert to the Church of Rome, has recently exhibited marked leanings towards Roman Catholicism. Her Royal Highness has not, however, yet renounced the Church of England, although we see no reason why a Princess is not at as much liberty as a private individual to choose her own religion. Our contemporary will, no doubt, in a week or two announce that its statement was somewhat premature.

The Queen made a yachting excursion on Tuesday, accompanied by the Empress Eugenie,

the Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Alice of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and all the Royal children. They steamed down the Solent towards the Needles, returning to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, at half-past 7 o'clock.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine and proceeded immediately by road to Homberg, and took up his residence there at the Villa Hammerschmidt on the evening of the 15th inst.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by her three daughters, arrived at Wiesbaden on the 15th inst., and was received at the railway station by the King of Denmark and his brother, Prince John.

Among the passengers who travelled from Bordeaux to Paris with Queen Pia recently were two young ladies whom her Majesty once saved from drowning.

The Queen of Portugal is tall, fair, and graceful rather than pretty.

Prince Eugene-Napoleon of Sweden, fourth son of King Oscar II., is at present staying in Paris under an assumed name, and is studying art, for which, like his mother, he has a great aptitude and devotion.

Who will marry Princess Clementina, the daughter of the King of the Belgians? She is only sixteen, but by-and-bye will inherit an immense fortune. The Prince of Naples and Prince Rupert of Bavaria are both spoken of as probable suitors, but in Belgium it is hoped that she will become the wife of her cousin, Prince Baldwin, the heir-presumptive to the Throne.

A correspondent tells us that when King William of the Netherlands was looking out for a second wife, after the death of Queen Sophie, he was refused by the Princess Thyra of Denmark, and when he went wooing to Arolsen after this rebuff he was rejected by the Princess Pauline, the eldest daughter of the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, before he proposed to her youngest sister Princess Emma. She accepted her wealthy and elderly suitor with alacrity.

The other day a groom in the service of King Humbert, by name Eugen Agnello, dreamt of Queen Marguerite, and being, like most Italians, superstitious, bought tickets in the public lottery with the number of her Majesty's age and date of birth, on which he won £1,500, both numbers being drawn. The Queen hearing of this, and meeting the man some days afterwards, she said to him, gravely, "I hope you will spend that money well, as I helped you to it indirectly, and marry a poor but pious girl in my service."

During the military manoeuvres which are announced to take place during the present week in the neighbourhood of Blackchurch, County Kildare, General his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and personal staff will be the guests of Lord Cloncurry.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry gave a dinner party on Thursday evening at the Viceregal Lodge, at which, among others, were present, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs Chatterton, Mr Ion Trant and Lady Victoria Hamilton, General and Miss Sankey, Sir William and Lady Kaye. The band of the 11th Hussars played during dinner.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry went to Kings-town on Sunday, from which point they intended to embark on board Lord Ormonde's yacht *Mirage* for a short cruise, but the weather was threatening, and the Viceregal party did not go out, returning to the Lodge in the Park in the evening. Everyone will be glad to know that the health of her Excellency continues good.

The marriage of William James Shiell, son of the late William James Shiell, M.D., of Malahide, Co. Dublin, to Charlotte Annie, daughter of the late Rev. J. Gibbs, of Plettenberg Bay, Cape Colony, took place on the 10th of July at St. John's Church, East London, Cape Colony.

Frederick Coryton, of Liss place, Hants, was married to Augusta, second daughter of the late Richard Manders, of Shanganagh, County Dublin, on the 9th of August, at St. Martin's Church, Scarborough. The Rev. C. Mosse officiated.

General Sir Thomas M'Mahon, Bart., C.B., Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, was married on the 14th inst. at St. Paul's, Onslow square, to Constance Marianne, widow of John Brooking, Esq. The Rev. Canon Wilberforce officiated.

A fashionable wedding took place on Wednesday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge—that of Captain the Hon. Alwyn Fulke Greville, second son of the Earl of Warwick, and Equerry-in-Waiting to Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Mabel, only daughter of the late Mr Ernald Smith, of Selsdon Park, Croydon. The bride's dress was of white striped satin brocade, with front of embroidered crepe de chine, looped up with ribbons and orange blossoms. She wore a diamond tiara on her head, covered by a tulle veil. The six bridesmaids wore dresses of white crepe de chine, with large sashes, collars, cuffs, and vests of pale yellow silk. Their small bonnets formed a large pale yellow poppy. Each wore a handsome pearl and diamond brooch, formed as a spray of "May" in reference to the bride's name the gift of the bridegroom.

A marriage has been arranged between the Hon. Mina North, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady North, and Mr Francis Fitzgerald, eldest son of the Hon. N. Fitzgerald, of Melbourne, Australia.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain F. H. Munn, Royal Irish Fusiliers, and Mabel, second daughter of Colonel H. A. Justice, Madras Staff Corps.

A marriage will take place in the autumn between Mr Beresford V. Melville, son of Canon Melville, of Wisely and Worcester, and Mrs Spencer Clay, widow of Mr Spencer Clay, of Ford Manor, Surrey.

A marriage will take place early in September between Mr Harry W. Turner, second son of Mr H. Turner, of Stockleigh House, Regent's Park, and Amy Catarina, fourth daughter of Mr Thomas Holden, of Winstead Hall, East Yorkshire.

The marriage of Mr Thomas Somers Vernon Cocks, eldest son of Mr Somers Cocks, and Miss Ethel M. Fellowes, second daughter of the late Mr Horace D. Fellowes, will take place in October.

The marriage of Mr C. W. Mathews, Western Circuit, and Miss Lucy Sloper, daughter of the late Mr Lindsay Sloper will come off in September.

Sir Francis Montefiore was married last week at Vienna to Mademoiselle de Gutmann, the daughter of a Jewish ironmaster of that city. The young lady has a large fortune and Sir Francis is exceedingly rich. He is a grand-nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore; but he inherited nothing from him, and Sir Moses' title died with him. Sir Francis was made a baronet after his grand-uncle's death, and inherits a great fortune made in commerce by his grandfather. He was educated at Christ Church, and is one of the smartest young men in London. His seat, Wortn, near Crawley, is considered one of the show places in Sussex.

On Wednesday last the Lord Lieutenant and Mr Balfour were present at the Royal Irish Constabulary parade, and generously spoke of their constancy and devotion to duty during those most trying times.

The clerk of the weather has officially announced that owing to unavoidable circumstances the summer of 1888, is postponed till next year.

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn are entertaining a party at their seat at Baronscourt, comprising the Lord Bishop of Derry and Mrs Alexander, Sir Charles A. Cameron, and Mrs Wallock, the eminent essayist and novelist.

The Earl and Countess of Kenmare, and Lady Margaret Browne, have left for Germany, where they intend spending the next few months.

Sir Richard and Lady Wallace are at present sojourning at Bournemouth.

Viscount and Viscountess Lismore have gone to Folkestone for the autumn months.

Viscount Combermere, who is at present at Rhyl, intends to come to Ireland on a visit to the Lord Lieutenant.

The Earl and Countess of Leitrim have recently been the guests of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, who have been entertaining a large party at Holkham.

Lady Fanny Fitzwilliam was present at Lady Willoughby's delightful afternoon party in her beautiful garden near Slough on Saturday last. Lady Willoughby wore black and white, and looked very handsome. Her daughters were in white, with pointed sashes, and were much admired.

General Davis, C.B., and Mrs Davis, have gone to Lugalane, County Wicklow, for the autumn. This lovely residence they have taken from Lord Powerscourt.

The Rev. Canon Bagot has arrived at Kingstown from England.

Hon. Mrs Dealty has arrived at Kingstown from England.

The Earl of Aberdeen has arrived at Haddo House after attending the funeral, on Saturday last, of his uncle, the Hon. and Rev. John Bailie, Canon of York. The Countess of Aberdeen and family had arrived at Haddo from Dollis-hill, Hendon, some days previously.

Lady Harriet Poore, wife of Colonel Poore, R.M.A., and eldest daughter of the Earl of Verulam, died on Wednesday at Eastney, Portsmouth, of acute pneumonia.

The death is announced of Lady Arthur Lennox. She was one of the daughters of the accomplished authoress, Lady Charlotte Bury,

and married in 1835 Lord Arthur Lennox, youngest son of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond. She leaves surviving issue, two daughters—Constance, married to Sir George Russell, and Ethel, unmarried.

The Rev. John Smith, of Templetrine, County Cork, had a narrow escape from drowning at Tenby, last week. He was carried away by a current, and only reached the rocks two miles away when completely exhausted.

We have to record the death in his 72nd year of the Rev. Edward Burney, who was 42 years head master at the Royal Naval Academy at Gosport (well known as "Burney's Bulldogs") and who directed the education of Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Captain J. Massey Westroppe, of Attyflin, County Limerick, late 12th Lancers, is to be Captain in the 5th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Clydagh Lodge, on the shore of Lough Corrib and five miles from Headford, has been leased to the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, the Home Secretary, for three months, and he will spend the recess there Mr Lynch Staunton, the owner, is meantime going on the Continent. Clydagh Lodge is one of the finest residences in the West of Ireland.

Lady Victoria Hamilton on Friday distributed the prizes gained by the children at the late examination in Church formularies and Scripture held by the Inspector under the Diocesan Board of Education at Castleknock Parish National School. A number of people attended, amongst whom were Canon and Mrs Sadlier.

The Lord Chief Justice and Lady Morris gave the children attending the National Schools on their Spidal property in County Galway their annual *fete* a few days ago in the grounds of their residence. Over 200 children were entertained, and various games and sports wound up a pleasant day. A large number of visitors attended. The children were liberally supplied with refreshments.

A ball was given last Wednesday evening at the Curragh Camp, by General the Hon. C. W. Thesiger, and the officers of the Curragh Brigade. The ballroom was most tastefully decorated with flowers and plants; the walls were draped with flags and shields; the supper, supplied by Mills, of Dublin, was much appreciated, and the dance altogether pronounced a delightful one. The principal families of the County of Kildare and numerous guests from Dublin were present.

An agreeable *reunion* took place a few evenings since at Castleblayney, when Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope gave his annual *fete* to the children attending Castleblayney No. 2 National School, of which Mr Edward Gardiner is head master. Tables were laid under the magnificent old trees which line the avenue leading to the castle, and 200 children were served with an excellent repast.

Among those kindly attending to the wants of the little ones were Miss Kathleen Fox, Miss

Millar, Miss Bailie, Mrs D. Wilson, Miss Neroutsos, Mr C. de B. Fox, Masters Maxwell and Edward Fox, and Mr Gardiner. When the repast had concluded a number of sports and games were indulged in to a late hour, when all retired deeply grateful to the noble lord for his thoughtful kindness.

Lady graduates are coming to the front, on their merits, and on their merits alone, and we are glad that this should be so. Miss Letitia A. Walkington, Master of Arts of the Royal University, Ireland, has the distinction not only of being the first lady graduate in arts, but also the first to take a degree in laws, having passed most creditably, after private study, the examination for LL.B. recently held in Dublin. Fully a dozen of our fair countrywomen, a majority of them from the provinces, have passed with distinction the examinations for the degree of B.A., just held by the same university.

It is said that a highly descriptive sketch of the experiences of the present season at Bray of a gentleman whose pen is ready and whose wit is well known to and appreciated by the circle of his own select friends, will soon appear, containing pen-and-ink sketches of well-known places and familiar faces in and about that most charming locality. The gentleman mentioned is a layman. He has written in prose and verse some charming things, and it is said of him to his credit that, whilst highly humorous, his pen is never unkind or ill-natured, whilst his efforts are refined and life-like.

The published details of the Geiser disaster are terrible, and will not bear dwelling on. We in this country have deep cause for satisfaction in the circumstances that, with all the thousands of our people constantly traversing the ocean, such a thing as a collision in the Atlantic is never heard of as happening to any steamer of the numerous and well-ordered lines carrying emigrants from Ireland or tourists on their way to Europe. This at least speaks well for the watchfulness observed on board the British Atlantic liners.

The new Masonic Hall at Derryathey, near Lisburn, was solemnly dedicated at the close of last week in presence of a large and influential assemblage. The structure, which has been erected upon ground gratuitously given by Brother William Alderdice, P.M. 602, is in every way complete, and reflects great credit on the builder, Mr McHenry.

The following members of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Antrim, under whose auspices the hall was opened, were present, and took part in the ceremony:—Brother M'Connell, Senior Grand Warden; Brother Stokes, Junior Grand Deacon; Brother Macartney, Senior Grand Deacon; Brother Orr, Junior Grand Deacon; and Brother M'Cormick, Junior Guard. The brethren assembled in the house of Brother William Alderdice, where the lodge has sat upwards of 100 years, and a Provincial Grand Lodge was opened in accordance with the ancient Masonic custom. The procession having been formed, they proceeded to the new hall, which was solemnly dedicated. The usual ceremony having been gone through, the lodge was closed in the prescribed form.

The splendid band of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch, under the capable baton of Mr Buck, gave a brilliant musical promenade in Mr Colthurt Vesey's demesne at Lucan on Saturday evening last. The company was at once numerous and fashionable, from Dublin, Lucan, and the neighbourhood. An added attraction to the musical programme, and one which was much admired, was the introduction of sword dances, reels, &c. by the pipers of the battalion.

John L. Toole continues, we are glad to learn, as lively as a cricket and as fresh as paint. His latest achievement has been in a courtly way, and with another prime Dublin favourite. No tribute, we read, that Madame Marie Roze has received has given her greater pleasure than the modest salute she received at Aix-les-Bains from Mr Toole, when the comedian kissed her on both cheeks in the Gaelic fashion, exclaiming as he did so, "Ici on parle Français." We have some recollections of artistic triumph in Dublin which Madame Roze regarded at the time as the proudest of her life; but if this incident be true, Toole's salute would appear to be considered a higher honour than the genuine admiration in which the talents of this great lyric actress are held by the educated musical people of Dublin. It is all, however, a matter of taste.

We understand that under the auspices of "the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals," a limited liability company is about to be formed for the purpose of supplying seats at Westland row station on Sundays to persons waiting for trains. On week days the Directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company supply four benches for the use of intending passengers by their line, but on the seventh day, the Sabbath, these benches are hidden away somewhere. It seems as if the Directors wished to prevent travelling on Sundays, seeing the little trouble they take to make it attractive. We should be really glad to learn what reason, if any, can be assigned for this weekly removal of benches. It cannot be that the Directors are afraid of these old seats being spoiled by the rough element that occasionally journey on Sundays, for they are not pretty or ornamental—simply serviceable. We predict for the new "Bench and Chair Company," what we wish it success.

On the occasion of Dr Louis FitzPatrick, J.P., leaving Gueanbeyan, Australia, to take up a new practice in the vicinity of the Capital, he was entertained at dinner by a number of friends and admirers, and presented with a very handsome gold watch and chain. The watch was suitably engraved and inscribed, and the chairman in presenting it bore testimony to the esteem and regard in which their guest was held by all sections of the community throughout the district. Dr FitzPatrick replied in terms of gratitude to the many kind friends he was leaving behind. This popular and talented young physician is the son of a respected fellow-citizen, Mr W. J. FitzPatrick, J.P.

We have been favoured by Messrs. Traynor and Co., of South Great George's street, with a sight of the elegant assortment of brushes, combs, &c., which are to be supplied to the Leopards-town Racing Club. The brushes are of all varieties, and include some beautiful specimens

of ladies' and gentlemen's hair brushes, clothes brushes, hand mirrors, combs, &c., all of which are highly creditable to this old established manufactory.

Interest in the sad case of solitary death which occurred in Talbot street, Dublin, in the early days of March last has been revived by some circumstances in connection with the distribution of the assets of the unhappy deceased, Miss Jones. It will be recollected that the police who burst open the door, found the old lady lying dead in the cellar, the body being disfigured by rodents. She lived alone, and no one came to claim her property which was found to consist of the fee-simple of 3,000 acres of land in Ulster, in addition to the house and some money in bank.

A will was, however, discovered, which directed all this property to be divided between four unmarried ladies named Sproule, and letters were sent in all directions in search of them, but it was ascertained by and by that three of the legatees were dead. Nothing, however, could be discovered as to the whereabouts of the fourth Miss Sproule, and the police were ready to give the matter up when Superintendent Toole, who had the case in hand, received a letter from the lady, to whom, after due inquiry, the considerable property was handed over.

And now comes the motive that induced poor Miss Jones to lead the life of a recluse, ending in a solitary and miserable death. Again the power of love is exemplified. A bundle of letters found in an old box passed to the heiress, and these revealed the whole of the story. Thirty years ago Miss Jones was in love with an officer, and a marriage was arranged, but unfortunately the engagement was broken off in consequence of a dispute regarding the nuptial settlement. She felt the disappointment so keenly that she practically retired from the world, living alone during all those weary years in the old house in Talbot street in which at last she died. Many old-fashioned but beautiful dresses were found in the house after her demise.

The town of Knock, which is now the Mecca of Ireland, was visited on the 15th inst (Lady Day) by about 20,000 pilgrims, amongst whom were many from America, Australia, France, Spain, and England. The approaches to the church were blocked by the dense crowds, and the building itself was inaccessible, except to a few who arrived on Tuesday night and secured places. Of these many came on foot from the North of Ireland. The devotional services throughout the day were very impressive. The central figure in the religious ceremonial was that of Arch-deacon Cavanagh, who was followed everywhere by hundreds of the people, who sought his benediction. Two miracles are reported, one being the restoration to sight of a blind girl, and another a cure of lameness. The day's devotions ended in a procession, in which all the pilgrims joined.

We regret to learn from a medical correspondent that the pernicious habit of opium smoking is fast gaining ground amongst the youth of our city. The opium-smokers' ranks are being swelled almost daily by young men of the middle and

upper ranks who, if they persist in the habit, must sink into a state exceeding in misery and degradation even that of the most confirmed drunkard. We earnestly hope the authorities will soon see their way to effectually stamp out the abuse of this, as well as other like drugs, to partake of which would seem just now to be quite fashionable amongst those who, from their position and intelligence should be the leaders in morals as well as in modes.

A long-felt necessity would be supplied if some with the necessary experience and time person would sit down for an hour or two and write a guide-book for those in the agonies of courtship. We have heard of one at least who would be benefited by such a work. A young man of the disciple of Esculapius tribe, and of advanced social standing, was for some time courting the pretty daughter of one of our more prominent citizens not a hundred miles from Stephen's green; but, in marked contrast to most of his student compeers, was particularly shy, and found on his love visits that he had very little to say to entertain his fair companion or advance his suit.

On the occasion of his last call, some eight or ten evenings since, the bashful young fellow felt more than usually hard-up for something to remark, and after some general observations on the weather and the state of the crops, he gazed listlessly into the fire-grate for some time. Then he put the poker into the fire in an absent-minded sort of way. When the iron was pretty-well hot he withdrew it, tested its heat by holding it near his cheek, and then in the simplest manner possible poked it in fun towards his adored one's face, remarking at the same time, "Tut, I'll burn you!"

Frightened at his strange manner, the young lady arose, an action which was immediately followed by the male lover, and a chase around the table ensued, she taking the lead and he following with the hot poker, reiterating the simple sentence, "Tut, I'll burn you!" and evidently enjoying the fun immensely. The terrorised young lady at last screamed, and soon afterwards her eldest brother—a tall athletic fellow—hastily entered the room to ascertain the cause of the row. Seeing the state of affairs, he apparently took a wrong view of the lover's playful intentions, seized him by the collar, took possession of the poker, handed the young fellow his hat, opened the hall-door, and ejected him with cannon-ball velocity out of the house. The amorous young student gathered himself up, shook himself together, and ran for all he was worth in the direction of Trinity College. We hear he has not since visited the scene of his last courtship, and learn that in consequence of a politely-worded epistle addressed to him by the young lady's father it is extremely improbable that he will do so again.

To fashionable circles in Dublin the Horse Show and Leopardstown Races will come as a boon and a blessing. Things have been particularly dull during the past two or three weeks, the weather having very much interfered with tennis and other out-of-door parties. However, it is to be hoped good weather will favour next week's arrangements, so that a little pleasure may even

yet be derived from a season which has been particularly dull.

The visit of the English firemen to Dublin is an event of much greater importance than at first sight very many people would think of attaching to it. As a rule our thoughts don't dwell much on firemen, and we are only properly interested in them when the melodious fog horn is heard, accompanied by the clatter of steeds at their full stretch as they canter along the city streets on their way to the scene of a conflagration. Then we regard the firemen in their true light as heroes, and look on them with a pride which we cannot bring ourselves to feel in almost anybody or anything else.

Our English visitors have come and gone, and we are glad to know that they have left us very much impressed indeed with the efficiency of the Dublin Fire Brigade in every particular requisite to constitute a perfect force of this kind. There was an alarm of fire so early as seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, given from Nelson's Pillar, and sent by car to Clarendon row, with the result that the Brigade was on the spot and the hose at work on the Pillar—the supposed scene of the outbreak—within 3 minutes of the time at which the alarm reached them! This, it will be universally admitted, is really splendid work, and we fancy it will be difficult to break this record.

Perhaps the time will come when the Fire Brigade system as it exists in America will be introduced here. In the States it is a purely voluntary organisation, but one to the membership of which much honour is attached, and it is claimed for it that it is the most perfect in the world. Certainly in the chief centres of America the foremost citizens are enrolled in one or other of their Fire Brigade companies, and that they work with admirable precision and effectiveness will be admitted by all who have visited that country. Their excursions, balls, and other festivities of are pleasant features of American life.

A friend of ours has just had an experience in a well-known and highly respectable Dublin hotel which he is by no means anxious to repeat. The story has an extremely humorous side when the circumstances are known, but even yet the victim cannot quite laugh at the incidents. Our friend reached Dublin in the early part of the present week for the purpose of being present at Leopardstown and the Horse Show, and was lucky enough to meet an old acquaintance in the hotel in which he was staying. This is what followed.

The "chums" sat smoking and chatting until the hour of 1 a.m., when they lighted their candles and went upstairs. On the landing lay a couple of large black retriever dogs, apparently keeping watch over the safety of the establishment. They rose up and walked leisurely away on the approach of the gentlemen, but one of them, unknown to our friend, followed him quietly into his room. In the middle watches of the morning he was awakened by a noise of something moving under his bed, this being accompanied by that peculiar moaning whine occasionally given forth by the canine species when

in a solid slumber. He sat up in the bed, his hair on an end, while cold perspiration broke over him. All sorts of horrors were imagined by the unhappy man, but at last he mustered sufficient courage to strike a light and to attempt to solve the mystery.

Cautiously he raised the curtain covering the bottom of the bed and peered beneath, when an extended dark shadow met his view. A burglar, of course, it must be; and he prepared to defend himself, vigorously alarming the sleeping occupants of the entire hotel as a preliminary. The black object emerged from its hiding place, and revealed itself as one of the two retrievers he had previously seen on the landing. That dog took twelve steps of stairs at a bound on his journey downstairs; but our friend declares that he would not pass such another night or morning of agony for all the money in Dublin. The moral is—when you pass a night in a strange room be sure to look under the bed before retiring.

How wonderfully similar are the descriptions of field days, sham fights, and reviews that appear in the columns of *The Irish Times* and *The Mail*, from their respective Military Correspondents. One would imagine, indeed, that both journals had the same Military Correspondent, and that the same account was made to do duty for both journals. We have read in both papers of the 14th inst. an account of a sham fight at the Curragh on the 13th, and can't find even a comma different in the account. Even the same printer's error occurs both in *The Mail* and *Irish Times*. Could it be possible that either journal is cribbing from the other without giving credit, *The Irish Times* to *The Mail* or *vice versa*?

We noticed in the *Evening Telegraph* the other day a paragraph in which it stated that *The Mail* should be called "The Morning and Evening Crib." Is it possible that Mr Tickell's bi-daily journal deserves this appellation? We shall be glad to be in a position in our next issue to remove an opinion prevailing that *The Mail* does crib, and to a great extent, from its contemporaries without acknowledgement.

Foremost among the attractions at Kingstown is Davy Stephens's literary emporium in Upper George's street. Mr Denny Murphy and his excellent staff of artistic decorators have just completed the embellishment, exterior and interior, of the renowned newsman's world-famed establishment. A special word of praise is due to Mr M'Glade, artist-in-chief, whose facile pencil and artistic brush have produced a result which rivals the masterpieces of Angelo and Corregio. IRISH SOCIETY can always be had at Davy's, both in numbers and parts.

The inaugural meeting at Leopardstown will be attended by Davy, who has been invited to take a foremost place in the ring. He will be glad to meet his old friends, to whom he will give the "tip direct."

The Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort have arrived at Headfort House, Kells.

The directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company have finally determined to put to other uses than an instruction ground for Dr Crawford's pupils in fortification the earthworks recently erected by them at Westland row on the arrival platform. The wives of the directors have conquered. Already a shade of green is to be seen, and soon, we are creditably informed, a grotto, fresh with ferns of many kinds, will make its appearance. This will be accepted as a decided improvement on the existing condition of affairs.

A doctor has been writing to the papers to say that there is nothing so good for the liver as tobogganing and the switchback railway—"not a mere threepenny course, but a dose of from half-a-dozen to a dozen rides." This prescription seems a little expensive, but at all events is cheaper than that other remedy for bile—a cab. The suspicion that the medical gentleman holds shares in the switchbacks is partially set at rest by the alternative he proposes for the ailing—swings. As we have neither toboggans or switchback railways in this country, it is lucky that we can be cured by swings. The doctor advises every pater-familias who possesses a back garden to set up a swing in it, and try its exhilarating effect in his own person. We have tried it once since reaching years of discretion, and shall not forget the experience in a hurry; a sea passage is sometimes recommended to invalids, in consequence of its having a similar effect. It may agree with some people, and so may putting them in a bag and shaking them about, as Jews are said to sweat sovereigns, but it does not agree with us. The liver is like the gout, everyone has a different remedy for it.

The swords, poignards, and other formidable-looking weapons with which young ladies now-a-days are in the habit of fastening their hair and their hats are in danger of being turned to more harmful purposes. Those who have seen Sarah Bernhardt in "Theodora" will remember that she summarily disposes of one of the leading characters by stabbing him to the heart with a formidable hairpin. Sarah seems to have an imitator in Emily Banner, who, according to a statement made in a London police court the other day stabbed a girl first in the eye and then in the breast with one of those formidable ornaments. Such hairpins are most convenient weapons, and the practice of using them in street or domestic brawls is likely to grow with a few proofs of their efficacy.

A touching example of camaraderie in art is offered by the graceful act of the Artists' Society of Munich. They are sending over a wreath for the tomb of poor Frank Holl. As a proof of the continental reputation which Mr Holl obtained this is gratifying; but it also makes one think how insular our art is. Over what grave of what European artist has the wreath of his English brother been hung? English artists do not know, or, if they know, hardly recognise, the foreign painter, unless he happens to be a French impressioniste, whose slapdash style may tend to destroy what is best in our own more careful art. A little more sympathy between English artists and the better and more earnest Continental would do us a world of good.

The magazine rifle, which was being issued in small batches to the troops, has been condemned.

It was one of two or three which were under consideration, and was supposed to be, if it were found of practical service, the best rifle in existence. Its small expanding bullet had a velocity reached by no other existing weapon, and the committee who tested it found that it had a precision far surpassing that of the Martini-Henry. But the German Government has lately found that new weapons require a great deal more testing than can be given to them by a committee inquiry. The Germans have had to change all their ammunition for their new rifle, and it is very probable indeed that some flaw has been found in the British pattern which will have to be corrected. At the same time it is the intention of the military authorities to give the army the magazine rifle as soon as a good one has been discovered.

Ireland is about to practically electrify the biggest city in the world, and this time with the sympathy of everybody. The event will come off at Olympia one of these nights, and the sensation is bound to be profound. It is now a matter of notoriety that the Irish Exhibition is rapidly becoming a pronounced success in every department, but what is principally fetching the Londoner is the exciting sport provided for him in the grounds, where battles royal at the Sepoy fort are pleasantly intermingled with equestrian displays in the arena, and with all manner of athletics and military assaults-at-arms in another part of the buildings.

The evenings are now closing in rapidly, and in another week daylight will have left us by 7 p.m. As a rule, the most attractive portion of the programme at Olympia is reserved for the evening and night, and it is a necessity that amusement-seekers in London should be made aware of this circumstance. Certainly the Executive are going in a striking way about the work of making this fact universally known, as will be readily admitted when their plan is understood, and, what is most satisfactory, the material and the invention which will cause the surprise are Irish all over.

It is nothing less than a lighthouse on the top of Olympia—Mr Wigham's lights as shown on Mew Island, near the entrance to Belfast Lough, which is the most powerful reflector in the world; and also a *fac-simile* of the second greatest coast light in the United Kingdom at Galley Head, in the County Cork. From its elevated perch this will flash intelligence over the vast Metropolis that Olympia is well in the forefront of attractive places, and is certain to draw enormous crowds nightly while the Exhibition continues open.

The inception of this brilliant design is, we believe, due to the zeal of the honorary secretary, Lord Arthur Hill, who from the outset determined to make the Irish Exhibition a success, and with every prospect of a realisation of his hopes, his energies appear to increase as the days roll on. When the electric light, or signal station, was determined on he did not give the contract for its construction to an English firm, but sent the order to Ireland, and entrusted it to the capable firm of Messrs Edmundson and Co., of Dublin, who erected the Mew Island and Tory Island lighthouse stations, and who have already forwarded the necessary materials for the grand illumination to Olympia.

A good story is related in connection with the visit of a number of English gentlemen at present on a tour through Ireland. One of the scenes recently visited by the party was Glendalough, beautiful and legend-lore. The cross-channel tourists numbered three, and with them on the outside car from Rathdrum through the lovely Vale of Clara journeyed a well-known Dublin doctor whose *penchant* for a joke is proverbial.

Innocently the doctor asked the driver if he was acquainted with Tinahely? "Is it Tina-hely? Aye bedad, sir, I know it well." "You know Tim Healy?" queried one of the Saxon tourists; "deuced smart fellow, Tim!" The medico says he never enjoyed a joke more in his life.

There are those among us who speak uncharitably of the East Wind and of his brother from the North as being destructive of all human comfort in these latitudes, though in other climes they are regarded with great favour; but we must be thankful for their presence during the past week, as, owing to them, we have been happily favoured with dry weather, which has proved of incalculable service to the farmer, and has gone a long way towards bringing the imperilled crops to maturity. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" is a venerable proverb, and for once in a way it is a real pleasure to feel under an obligation to a visitant usually so stern and uncompromising as the East Wind.

Considerable sensation has been caused in Milan by a daring picture which has lately been placed on exhibition by the well-known artist Scanzoni. It was advertised as a portrait of Mdle. Frizzi, the *premiere danseuse* at the Scala; but it turned out to be something more piquant. Mdle. Frizzi, in the scantiest of ballet skirts, certainly occupies the centre of the canvas; but floating around her on the clouds are the figures of a dozen male adorers, who are apparently fascinated by twelve distinct rays which stream from her roguish eyes on their devoted heads. These heads are all portraits of well-known leaders of Milanese society, and among them are two noblemen of high position who are married and are fathers of families. The suggestiveness of the picture is deeply resented by these twelve personages, who have each brought an action for libel against Signor Scanzoni. Mdle. Frizzi is also very indignant, and she has served the artist with a writ in which she claims heavy damages. Meanwhile the Milanese Mrs Grundy is sagely observing that there is no smoke without fire.

Professor Baldwin has confided to an interviewer that he comes down from the clouds at the rate of 1,200 feet a minute; that he intends to keep on at the business for some time; and that probably there will soon be another aeronaut in the field who will try conclusions with him, and the result will be a series of contests as to who shall drop from the greatest elevation. This sensation will do, perhaps, when one of the racing trains blows up and all the passengers have been killed.

Since Professor Baldwin's daring descent from a balloon in a parachute, ballooning seems to be the order of the day. We have yet, however,

to see the Atlantic crossed by means of a balloon. This, we believe, is shortly to be attempted by the French aeronaut, Monsieur Jovis, who is at present engaged in fitting out the balloon in which he means, accompanied by some other men, to make this aerial expedition. He will start probably from New York, and expects to land in Norway or Sweden—that is, if he doesn't be found in the bottom of the sea. If this voyage is successful balloons will no doubt speedily come into great request.

Mrs Caird's recent article in the columns of an important London morning journal, under the heading of "Is marriage a failure?" is a particularly idiotic production. From the lady who proposes that candidates for matrimony should pass a competitive examination in housekeeping and good temper to the gentleman who has made the discovery that no woman is ever in love before marriage, every note in the gamut of absurdity is sounded. The matrimonial market at the present time is in a very depressed state, and Mrs Caird, with her sympathetic London editor might have done better than add to the depression by their absurd nonsense.

A fearful monster, like the dragons of old, has been recently caught in a fishing seine on the Mexican coast, near Tampico. It has been given the terrible name of the "Devil Fish," or "Ocean Vampire." When dead and spread out on the beach, it presented every appearance of a colossal bat. It weighed two tons, measured 15 feet in length, and 16 feet in width from the edges of its pectoral fins, and its terrible jaw was five feet across.

Many in Dublin will be interested in learning that the repairs to Nelson's flagship, the Victory, which are being carried out in Portsmouth Dockyard, are now so far advanced that the masts have been "stepped," and the standing rigging set up. All the worn parts of the hull, at and above the water line, have been replaced by sound leak planks six inches thick, and the oaken bottom timbers have been replaced and re-coppered. By the end of August the grand old ship will be once more at her moorings in the tideway off Portsmouth Harbour, sound and water-tight for another 50 years.

Ostend, the Flemish Brighton, is at this season of the year always crowded with fashionable visitors, many of them English and Irish, though the majority, of course, are foreigners. Ostend is an exceedingly popular place, particularly in summer time, and presents an endless panorama of life, colour, and human interest. With all its beauties and conveniences, however, it is not one whit prettier than some of our own coast towns, north or south.

The English watering-places at the present moment are particularly gay. Fashionable Society are in pretty full force at Buxton, Brighton, Folkestone, and other seaside resorts. There are, as usual bevy of pretty girls, numerous eligible young men, and multitudes of fascinating widows, besides capital bands, and pastoral players at each of the places named. It is wonderful what an amount of enterprise and energy is spent by interested parties in making these watering-places popular to the general body of holiday-makers,

and these efforts, natives of Irish seaside resorts should carefully note, are invariably crowned with success. By an influx of visitors in the summer and autumn months, trade is stimulated, the hearts of lodginghouse-keepers are made happy, and joyful contentment sits upon the faces of those whose livelihood for the winter depends upon their exertions during these holiday months.

Amongst the English noblemen who have, in their settlements with the agricultural tenants, taken into consideration the very depressed state of affairs, are Lord St. Oswald, who has remitted 20 per cent. of his farm tenants' rents; and the Earl of Yarborough and the Earl of Zetland, who have made reductions of 15 per cent. to their tenants. Such practical sympathy will do more than any act of Parliament possibly could do towards cementing the bonds between the classes and the masses.

It would seem that the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, now that she has again married, intends to discard the racing *nom de guerre* of "Mr Manton." All of those horses belonging to her Grace which have been entered for the autumn handicaps have been nominated in the name of her husband, Mr Milner, who henceforward will figure as the owner of the "all scarlet" jacket, which the stable has made famous.

An English society journal tells the following good story of the late Mr Burgon, Dean of Chester:—Preaching at St. Mary's of the progressive nature of man as compared with the lower animals, Mr Burgon pointed his comparison thus:—"Take the common ass, for instance. He always was and always will be the same. You never saw, and never will see, a more perfect ass than you see now!" The following wave of sound which rippled through the church in no way disturbed Mr Burgon's serenity.

Sir Beaumont Dixie is the latest recruit of the Church of Rome. Sir Beaumont became a Roman Catholic last week.

French ladies have discovered a use for the old chasubles, which are always to be met with in old curiosity shops. They unpick their embroideries, galon, and brocade, and utilise them to make bags in which to carry their opera-glasses. Imagine the horror of some of our Ritualistic young ladies at such desecration!

A collection of tobacco pipes is the largest attraction in Paris. It contains some curious and blood-curdling specimens; but it can hardly compare with the astonishing museum of all things connected with smoking made by a Sheffield gentleman, and dispersed some years ago in London. The collection contained pipes of all peoples and of all ages, from the strangely-sculptured stone pipes dug out of prehistoric mounds in Mexico to the meretricious fantasies of our own day.

A son of the wealthiest and best-known member of the Victorian Parliament is a porter on the New South Wales Railway. The political parent is a firm believer in making his sons earn their own living, and commence their career on their own resources.

It is said that some silly French mothers have adopted the fashion of painting their babies' faces to make them appear better looking. In the public gardens, babies of three years old may now be seen whose eyebrows have been blackened or dyed by their senseless mothers. Other anxious parents, distressed at the vulgarly ruddy and rustic hue of their children's cheeks, carefully powder them before sending them forth to meet the gaze and criticism of the world. Little coquettes of ten years are not permitted to go abroad until the regulation black stroke has been painted beneath their eyes. The doctors warn the mothers that when the children thus treated reach the age of 15 they will have a colourless and ruined complexion, to say nothing of the injury to health, which is an argument less likely to produce much effect.

At an afternoon "at home" last week we noted some exceedingly pretty costumes in the way of tea gowns—one a tight-fitting costume, made in Bengaline Changee, draped front of white Crepe de Chine over a coloured silk, covered with a very handsome gold trimming; neck and sleeves were made to correspond; bands of velvet to match the Bengaline down each side of the skirt. Another costume which took our fancy was made in grey French canvas, with a border of gold thread woven in the material; the tucked front, collar, and sash were made of pink silk, the whole forming an elegant and effective gown.

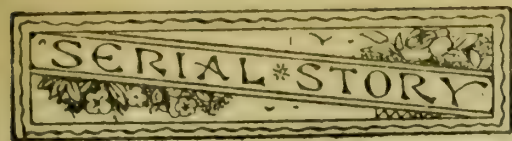
A rumour is afloat in Indian and Colonial circles to the effect that the gentlemen whom the Prince of Wales is sending abroad to beg money for the Imperial Institute will carry baronetcies and knighthoods in their valises for bestowal on liberal donors. Would it not be as well in such cases for the exact price of a title to be announced. There is many a man would pay it if he only knew the figure.

A word at this season of the year in recommendation of the useful and health-preserving herb in the world is not amiss. Use plenty of thyme in your household cookery and keep some in your pocket. The most powerful antiseptic in the world is thymic acid, with which thyme abounds, and a little of this fragrant and beautiful herb may ward off zymotic disease at any moment.

Barristers in India have proved so attractive that, amongst others trying to make their fortunes in the Orient, is Lord Colin Campbell, and his lordship will very shortly leave England for the scene of his new avocation.

Seldom has there been a more signal failure than the attempt to build the Church House. After all the high falutin talk of the bishops it turns out that the whole scheme will be nothing more than a clerical club, with a life subscription of ten guineas or an annual one of one guinea. The bishops as club proprietors is certainly a new feature upon the ecclesiastical bench.

A huge globe of the world is to be shown at the Paris Exhibition in 1889. It is to contain a conference hall able to hold 300 people, and will turn on its axis every 24 hours.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF

MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FOOLISH CHILD.

THE father of Maudie Miller sat alone at the half-open diamond-paned window in the upperroom of Rosebloom Cottage. He had been away a month in the provinces on business, soliciting and receiving orders for the Dublin firm of wine merchants. He was a weary-looking man, prematurely aged. Resting his brow on his hand, his elbow on the window-sill, he was gazing down vacantly into the apple trees in the front garden, hearing, as if in a dream, the laughter of his children beneath and the songs of the birds in the branches. The light of the sun near the hour of its setting radiated the diamond panes and warmed his face with colour.

His was a wearisome life. Once he had a full share of the joys of the world, such as they were. In his early manhood he had fallen in love with a pretty red-cheeked girl with a soft face and a softer manner. They married, and had a large family, and the soft-faced girl who in days of courtship had a complexion resembling the apple blossoms below, became a thin, sallow, foolish woman. She died three months after the birth of that noisy boy who was now building a clay castle with the aid of a wooden spade and a tiny bucket of water at the base of a tree. Mr Miller had previously buried one child, and had now five children, the two youngest being boys. Thus, before he had passed his prime he was a widower, a conscientious widower, with three helpless children to care, to rear, to support. It was this that had worn him thin, and had crossed his brow with innumerable lines and wrinkles; this that had thickly spread thin grey hairs amongst his foretime curling locks of brown. Always looking to the future, with weary, wistful grey eyes, denying himself all the luxuries and some of the necessities of life to save a few shillings; laboriously studying, by day and night, the art of making one pound sterling into thirty shillings; desperately striving to find the most remunerative outlet for his tiny store of capital, and all the time haunted by the awful dread that he might die too soon—die before he could save enough for his children's sake. It was to this bleak wilderness he had been unsuspectingly led through the sweet and devious paths planted with the delicate flowers of the romantic love of youth. Now, for his own part he was ready to die at any time. Life had no further charm for him. The great and glorious world was only a workshop,

He lived simply for his children's sake, and towards them, as towards mankind at large, his heart was somewhat hard. He had been tricked out of happiness so early in life that he secretly rebelled. Yet, though not passionately fond of his children, the desire to make some money for them before he died was the ruling passion—the one passion of his life. Persons who owed him money called him bitter names, because he persecuted them until they paid the uttermost farthing. But under different circumstances this same Shylock would have heartily made them a present of their little debts. It was the thought of his children which made him a relentless creditor. He had managed to buy two small cottages rented by artisans. These tenants hated him more than anything on earth. He exacted his rent to the day and to the penny. They did not know that it was not he who was so cruel, but rather the little children playing under the apple blossoms. His debtors called him a hypocrite when they learned that he was a rigid church-goer, and that he sent his children regularly to Sunday school. They could not understand that this man, who was worse than a thumbscrew to them, could conscientiously believe in the Gospel of mercy and peace.

Whilst seated in reverie at the open window he became conscious of stronger tones than the children's laughter or the songs of the birds. Presently he saw the medical student, Macnamara, talking seriously to Maudie, both coming along the path towards the cottage. By-and-bye Maudie began to cry, and, abruptly turning, left her companion.

Macnamara stood and looked after her, nervously fingering his moustache, and apparently doubtful as to whether he should follow her or not. At that moment Mr Miller coughed. Macnamara looked round, saw Mr Miller, and nodded, saying, "Good evening, sir" as pleasantly as he could. He then entered the house.

Mr Miller had no affection for this young man; but at the same time he did not dislike him. He had calculated the pecuniary advantages of having him as a son-in-law, and had concluded that he might court Maudie unless a more moneyed suitor appeared in the meantime. Macnamara, on his part, disliked Mr Miller for his hard, distant manner, and cool, meditative brain.

"How are you, sir?" he said, respectfully shaking hands when he had arrived in the room. "I am very glad to see you home again."

"Thank you" replied Mr Miller.

Macnamara took a seat opposite at the open window, pulled up his collar, drew out his white cuffs, and, putting his hands on his knees, proceeded to play the part of the affectionate young friend.

"You've been away some time now, sir?"

"I have been doing the southern counties—Cork, Limerick, and smaller towns. Yes, it takes time. To-morrow I go to Belfast."

"So soon again?" said Macnamara. "Can you not take a rest?"

"No; I must go when I am sent."

"It is too bad," said Macnamara, sympathetically. "They don't seem to have any pity for you. They think you are a kind of machine—a sort of human bicycle, always ready for the road."

"Yes. We must work to live," responded Mr Miller, with a brief laugh.

"What a lot of travelling you have to get through!" said Macnamara. "You must be sick of it."

"I am that," said Mr Miller, gazing wearily down into the garden.

There was silence. Macnamara began to move uneasily on his seat, glanced furtively at his companion, and made irrepressible choking noise in his throat once or twice, which signs of self-consciousness he endeavoured to smother with a cough; pulled at his cuffs, and blushed a little.

"I suppose," he said, coughing once more behind his hand, "you saw Maudie crying?"

"Just now?"

"Yes. The fact is," said Macnamara, grasping his knees, and bending forward with an air of confidential candour, "I thought it was time to give her my opinion on—a certain matter. I spoke to her before on the same subject but her mind is going back to that—to that matter again. She seems to have forgotten all I said before. You see, I take a deep interest in her. I don't think," he added, looking round the room, "there is anyone in this world I take a deeper interest in than Maudie."

He paused. He was looking at an oleograph on the opposite wall representing an old mill beside a stream which glittered with patches of yellow moonlight, but he saw nothing. He heard the children's voices in the front garden, and the swift twitter of the swallows mingling with the steady rumble of the tramcars on the road, and the rattle of kitchen utensils as that unhappy drudge, Sissie, prepared tea below.

"Well, go on," said Mr Miller.

The cold tones roused the younger man.

"The fact is," said Macnamara, lowering his voice as he took his eyes from the oleograph, and looked straight at his companion's face, "she is an extremely innocent girl, the most innocent girl I ever met."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr Miller, with an accession of fervour.

"Then you see," continued Macnamara, "how easily she can be made a dupe of by a designing person."

"Eh? What's that you say?" said Mr Miller, turning round so quickly and with such a menacing stare that the young man drew back with a start.

"Well, there's that fellow, Gilhooly," he explained, "has been here once or twice, I forget which, and the fact is—the fact is, I think Maudie rather likes him!"

"Oh, is that all?"

"Is that all?" exclaimed Macnamara. "Why, sir, you don't know the fellow. I know him, or rather, know of him, and he is the most notorious knock-about man in town. I can assure you, sir, respectable people wouldn't know him. They ignore him."

"I knocked about myself when I was young," observed Mr Miller, "more than I should have done. But there are many good-hearted young fellows who knock about, and make very good citizens and very good husbands too, when they get a little older."

"Yes," said Macnamara, desperately, "but Gilhooly is a hopeless case. Now, sir, you may think I am prompted by jealousy. But I may tell you, I have too much contempt for the fellow to be jealous of him. I tell you that candidly. I despise him. Everybody despises him. It is for that very reason that I don't like to see him coming about here. If he were an honest straightforward man; if he was a man able to marry and fit to keep a family, I give you my word, I would not say anything against him. No! I would meet him, fair and square, and say—the best man wins. That's what I think, sir. It's for Maudie's sake I speak at all."

There was so much trembling fervency in the young man's voice, that Mr Miller, always ready to view the serious side of things in preference to the lighter, was somewhat subdued. He looked gravely at his companion, and said—

"Well, I shall think over what you have said. I am obliged to you."

This was as much as he would say on any question propounded to him for the first time. So, after some further conversation on different topics, Macnamara took his leave, and spent half-an-hour in Maudie's society before going altogether.

Mr Miller was too busy over his professional duties to think over the matter that night, or to take any action, but next morning, when travelling to Belfast, he gave his mind to it, and resolved to interview Mr Gilhooly soon after his return.

In the meantime his daughter Maudie had grown weary of the world. Life was not worth living; it was a hollow shell which eternally murmured its dreamy suggestions, of sweet far-away happiness never to be realised. She saw through it all now. The delusive beautiful drop scene had run up, and behold, the common scaffolding and vulgar carpentry at the back of the stage! Her lips frequently curled with bitter contempt when she reflected on her sad awakening to the dreary reality of things. The fact that it was now several months since she had seen Mr. Gilhooly, had, of course, nothing to do with her pessimistic attitude towards the melancholy farce of life.

At one time she had looked upon him as her ideal hero of romance—the impetuous lover on whom the world turned its highly-respectable back—dearer to her once because of the nomad and eccentric habits abhorred by good society. She was accustomed for some years to the deferential affection of William Macnamara. Once he had even offered to kiss her, proffering the salute in these words—highly creditable to his sense of honour and propriety—"May I kiss you, Maudie?" I shall not do so, however, if you object." She felt then that there was some moral obliquity in her, because the effect of this offer so delicately tendered, was to make her feel extremely cold and possessed of a sudden desire to place an entire hemisphere between herself and her polite companion. On a similar occasion Mr Gilhooly had not asked her permission. He had taken her unawares, and was excessively rude. Often when she recollected it her face grew red, and she was certain she should never forgive him. But why did he not return in order that she might tell him how determined she was not to forgive him? If she could only see him to tell him this, they could then part for ever—he, to his ways, and she, to live through the empty years before her and sink into her premature grave.

Maudie had only a small portion of the household duties to perform. She kept the upper

rooms clean, and taught lessons to the younger children. In the evenings she sometimes wandered alone towards the Dodder, and frequently paused at the spot where Mr Gilhooly had failed to redeem the appointed meeting. She was glad of that now, for she felt it was not right for any girl to meet a young man by appointment, without the consent of her parents or guardians. On the first occasion she had drifted into it in a trance of self-forgetfulness, and it should be a warning to her in future to be more circumspect. Here, in the quiet evenings, she often rested on a wooden bench which was hacked by egotistic penknives into numerous initials. She looked dreamily at the waterfall and heard the falling water roaring—"Nevermore!" with fearful distinctness. Sometimes there passed young and even elderly men who expressed anxious sympathy for her loveliness, but her dignified silence was invariably a sufficient repulse to their solitude.

One evening an hour after the sun had, according to its confirmed habit, retired from the view of the inhabitants of the surrounding district; when the shadows grew long and began to join each other on the hillsides, and the glittering surface of the water became dulled, Maudie beheld Fred Gilhooly.

He came sauntering along the path which ran beneath her near the margin of the water. He had his hands in his pockets, his hat pushed to the back of his head, his big stick under his arm, and a wooden pipe in his mouth. He was alone. Maudie had two sensations—one of cold followed by tingling heat. She knew her face was rapidly changing colour, and became conscious of an irrepressible trembling in her fingers. She knew she could not go to meet him, for she would have fallen to the ground with weakness the moment she rose. But he was coming towards her. His round, protruding eyes were fixed rather vacantly on the water to his left, and he did not see Maudie seated on his right. She suddenly felt terrified lest he should pass on, and be lost to her again. She coughed, bashfully.

The spell of Fred Gilhooly's meditation was at once broken. He became another man, alert, lively, smiling; his face wreathed in a grin, his eyes sparkling with eagerness.

He had often heard that peculiar short female cough, and always with a responsive thrill, recognising it as the invocation which broke the conventional necessity of an introduction. But though he recognised the character of the cough, he did not recognise this particular girl. His memory where women were concerned was defective owing, doubtless, to the great number of his acquaintances. He stood for a moment contemplating Maudie, who sat blushing and smiling at him with inviting and confused innocence. One glance to the practised eye of Fred Gilhooly assured him, much to his astonishment, that he beheld no experienced flirt, but a simple-minded and exceedingly pretty girl. He was bewildered. However, in these matters, he was a man of prompt action.

"Hurrah there, Gilhooly," he said to himself. "Love at first sight."

He ascended the grassy incline towards the seat, raising his hat, and said—

"Lovely evening, isn't it?" as he coolly placed himself in the seat beside her.

"Go away," said Maudie, moving coquettishly from him. "I won't speak to you. It's a shame for you."

"Ah, go on. What's a shame?" said Fred.

moving after her, yet bewildered at her conduct.

"Please don't address me. I don't know you," said Maudie, feeling that she should not forgive him too easily after all she had suffered.

"And what about that?" said Fred, winking. "We'll know each other well enough by-and-bye."

"Indeed I won't make up with you as easily as you think," said Maudie, weakly pressing against him. "I've more pride than you think."

"And so you ought to have," responded Fred, placidly, placing his arm round her waist. "For you're pretty enough to be as proud as—hullo!" he said to himself, breaking off, as she turned her face towards him. "Where did I see this one before?"

"As what?" whispered Maudie, trembling with delight to feel his arm once more around her.

"As—as anything," stammered Fred. "I say—don't! Well, there. I couldn't help it. Who could resist those ruby lips, those cheeks so like the rose, the heart bowed down by weight iv—I'll have the same agen. Thanks awfully. You don't mind my smoking, do you, sweet one?"

"No, dear," murmured Maudie, her head on his shoulder, and she blushed as the tender word came involuntarily from her lips.

The evening had grown duskier, and a few stars already began faintly to reveal themselves, when at last they rose from the seat. Fred had smoked, listening to Maudie's child-like chatter, and occasionally felt bored. But to her these moments had been the happiest of her life, though he had enveloped them in a cloud of tobacco smoke. When they stood up he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the trunk of a tree, pulled his hat forward, dusted the ends of his trousers with his stick, and brightly proposed a moonlit stroll. But Maudie felt that it was time to be at home, and told him so. He walked beside her with the consciousness of possessing her affections, yet he could not recollect her name or the circumstances of their former meeting. This was awkward, and he ventured several devices to refresh his memory.

"What is your pet name at home?" he asked, as they emerged from the river path to the open road.

"Oh, I have no pet name. I have just my own name," replied Maudie, simply.

"Ah!" said Fred. He felt inclined to say, "But what is your own name?" but forbore, dreading the results of such a revelation.

They walked on, he holding the little hand which she had timidly relinquished to his grasp. Before they entered that portion of Donnybrook leading to Rosebloom Cottage, Maudie halted on the road, and said, gently—

"Perhaps we'd better say good-bye here."

"All right," assented Fred, cheerfully. "But mayn't I see you home?"

"I'd be afraid," said Maudie. "My little brothers and sisters might be about, and if Sissie saw me she'd tell papa."

"Then it's better not to risk it," observed Fred. "And if it must be—fare thee well; and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well."

He took her in his arms.

"Not for ever?" murmured Maudie.

"No. For a short while."

"Oh, you don't love me!" cried Maudie, wildly. "I know by the way you talk you are only pretending. Oh, Fred, won't you try and love me a little?"

"Love you? I adore, I worship you. Let me kiss you?"

"Oh, yes, kiss me," sobbed poor Maudie, clinging passionately to him.

Fred Gilhooly, at this instance of self-abandonment, felt his heart melt, and it was with unaccustomed gentleness he kissed the soft, upturned face.

"And you will love me, you will try to love me?" moaned Maudie, deliriously.

"I will—I do!"

"When shall I see you again?" she asked, breathlessly. "To-morrow evening? Oh, say to-morrow evening! I cannot live—oh, *why* did you make me love you?"

Here she burst into such a passion of tears that Fred, taking her by the hand, led her across the road to a more secluded place, where her manner was less likely to attract public attention.

"Hush, hush, pet," he said, caressing her, and at the same time feeling bewildered. "Don't cry, there's a duck. I'll meet you to-morrow evening at 7.30 sharp here in this very spot."

"Yes, here," said Maudie. "You don't think me a foolish child, do you?" she asked plaintively looking into his eyes.

He took her face between his hands.

"You are the dearest, sweetest girl in the world!" he said fervently, and at the moment he believed it.

She suddenly took his hand, kissed it, and breaking from him, rushed away, leaving him to stare after her rapidly vanishing figure, with an expression of open-mouthed amazement.

When he became calmer, he struck a light on the sole of his boot, lit his pipe, pushed his hat back on his head, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and, as he slouched away, muttered—

"Who is she?" I know her face, yet her name is involved in mystery. Of fairy wand, had I the power, I'd find it out this very hour. Ha, I am a poet and didn't know it. I must meet her to-morrow night. She's the biggest case of spoons at present on hands. Hurrah there, Fred! There's fascination about you after all. Well, she's a nice girl; something different to the usual run." He halted and glanced up at the glaring windows of a shop. "Do my eyes deceive me, or do I indeed behold a pub? Come let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet——"

He was about to enter—he had his foot on the threshold, and was feeling his pockets for some stray coppers, when he paused.

"You don't think me a foolish child, do you?"

The timid melancholy words seemed whispered again in his ears, like the phrase of some long-forgotten melody associated with the faint recollections of childhood, affecting him like the perfume of some flower which stirs the memory and awakens emotions of tender reverie. He stared in at the publichouse, with its aroma of drink and sawdust-sprinkled floor; and, with a shrug of his shoulders, he conquered himself for the first time in his life, and passed on.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

"I'll tell you what it is, Kinsella," said Fred

Gilhooly next evening, turning his head as he stood before the looking glass, "if there's

another of my collars stolen I'll be the death of you!"

Mrs Kinsella, his landlady, moved round the table in placid silence, removing the two plates with the remains of a chop and some potatoes, which had constituted her lodger's dinner. Though her lodger's voice was almost loud enough to shake the ceiling, she apparently heard nothing. The lines of her aged face remained unchanged, her scraggy hands, with their neglected nails, trembled a little, it is true, but not with terror.

"This is the ninth collar," yelled Fred, "stolen out of the dozen. I *had* a dozen of stand-ups when I came to this hole. Where are they, Kinsella?"

Mrs Kinsella stood—at a safe distance—with the plates in her hands and the dirty table-cloth folded up under her arm, and calmly returned the furious stare of his round, rolling eyes.

"You'd better take the roof off the house," she said.

"I'll take the roof off your head," he shouted, maddened by his losses and vexed at his inability to button his collar. "A nice person you are, defrauding your lodgers. D'you think I've nothing to do with my money except to buy things for you to steal?"

"As for your money, sir," observed Mrs Kinsella, with quiet dignity, "I haven't seen any of it for the last six months." She paused, coughed, and added—"It is possible you may have it, sir. I don't say you have not. Far be it from me to insinuate that you are not able to pay your washing bill much less your lodging bill. But if you *have* the money you know how to keep it."

"I do," gurgled Fred, choking in his efforts to fasten the collar. "And keep it I will."

"Oh, yes, sir, I know you will," said Mrs Kinsella, still standing near with plates and tablecloth. "But, with all due respect, sir, you'll have to keep it in some other lodgings."

"Go on, now," roared Fred, "and don't vex me."

"As I was remarking," continued Mrs Kinsella, with the manner of an unmoved narrator, "I hev let this apartment to a gentleman who will take possession this day week. I can't afford—I may tell you, sir—to keep strangers for nothing."

"D'you keep me for nothing?" exclaimed Fred, turning round so suddenly that Mrs Kinsella had to cough to disguise an involuntary tremor. "Ay, now—say that agen—d'you keep me for nothing?"

"Oh, no, sir, it costs me something to keep you," was the reply.

"I'll tell you what it is now," said Fred, squaring himself before her, "I don't mind you takin' me whiskey, for there's something natural about that; but I say to steal a man's collars! I'll serve you with a writ of *habeas corpus* under the Coercion Act. See if I don't!"

"Serve me with what you please, sir," said Mrs Kinsella, "so long as it is a notice giving up possession."

When she was gone Fred grinned at himself in the glass; he was in a better humour now that the collar was fastened. He put on his coat, tilted his hat carefully on his head, tucked his big stick under his arm, and filled his pipe. When he went out to the hall he leaned over the bannisters, and shouted—

"Hurrah there, Kinsella!"

An hour after Fred Gilhooly sat close to Maudie Miller on the little wooden seat next

the Dodder waterfall. The trees drooped their summer foliage over them, and the air darkened with twilight.

For some time they had been observed by a tall young man, with a high collar and long white cuffs. He had stood concealed by the bushes at the bend of the road, and from that spot watched them until dusk. He then moved up cautiously from tree to tree, and at length, concealed by darkness, took up a position against a tree close at hand, where he could see them, though indistinctly, and hear most of their conversation.

Fortunately the moon had not yet risen, and they were unaware of his presence.

"I'll soon have to be going, dear," said Maudie, fondly, to her companion. "What's the time now?"

Drawing a bunch of keys from his breast pocket, Fred looked at them, and said—

"Only half-past six."

"Such a fib!" exclaimed Maudie. "You did not look at your watch at all."

This was strictly true; he had none to look at.

"No, but really," she continued, "what *is* the time?"

"The time for love," was the reply.

Then the solitary watcher beside the tree saw the two faces meet, and heard the love murmurs that followed. He pressed his teeth on his lower lip and clenched his hand on his stick; but still he made no move.

"I used to think love such nonsense," murmured Maudie, her head on her companion's shoulder.

"So used I," replied Fred, "until I met you."

There was a long silence.

"Are you in earnest?" then asked Maudie, with a solemnity of tone which made the watcher tremble.

"I am always in earnest with you, duckie," replied Fred, gaily.

"Oh, *darling!*" cried Maudie, suddenly throwing her arms round his neck.

Then the watcher felt that the time had come to demonstrate his existence. He coughed loudly, moving down the path, and noisily shuffling the gravel with his feet. The moon had burst above a bank of clouds and lit up the scene far and wide. Everything was thrown in relief. They could see one another, and saw the watcher also, as he paused above them, and they turned their startled faces towards him. He, as he descended the grassy slope, raised his hat, with a simulated air of astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm afraid I startled you—Miss Miller! How are you? I was just taking a stroll. Ahem. Oh, Gilhooly, how are *you*? What a lovely night!"

The two men looked at each other and smiled. But these smiles had different significations. Macnamara—for it was he who had watched—felt some solace for the rage of jealousy in the malicious pleasure of spoiling their love discourse. Fred Gilhooly smiled with the frank consciousness of a man triumphing—nay, revelling in the defeat of his rival.

What was to Gilhooly, however, the mere evanescent pleasure of an idle hour was to Macnamara a frightful misfortune.

Macnamara had placed his affections seriously on this young girl; all his dreams of the future centred in her; he loved her truly and earnestly.

"Yes, glorious night," replied Fred Gilhooly, shoving back his hat. "How are you, Mac?"

Maudie said nothing, but at the same time she was furious with Macnamara for interrupting her delicious love-sensations. Oh, there was no doubt of it now—she hated him!

"The moon makes everything look very beautiful," observed Macnamara, sitting deliberately down on the near side of Maudie. "I observe few people about here at this hour. Only those, in fact, who ought to be at home."

"I think," whispered Maudie to Fred, "we ought to go now. Take me away!"

"All right," replied Fred, and as he spoke he stood up, shook out his legs, and buttoned his coat. Maudie rose, too, with her back to Macnamara, trembling and feeling an almost overpowering desire to fly from the spot.

"Good night, Mac!" exclaimed Fred, taking Maudie's arm and nodding over his shoulder.

Macnamara said nothing. He stared after them after them until they had turned the bend of the road where the salley bushes fringed the path. Then he flung himself face downward on the seat, and plunged his hands into his hair.

CHAPTER XX.

A MODERN MASTERPIECE.

REGINALD GORDON stood on the hearth-rug, his back to the fireplace, his eyes bent on the floor.

"It was a mistake," he thought. "She takes no interest in me—as yet. Why did I force my individuality on her notice? I am a fool! In her presence I must subdue myself, obliterate myself, and interest her in herself. Yes, she is an egotist of the most involved type. Discuss herself to herself and she is happy with herself and therefore happy with me."

A subtle and crafty expression distorted his features, and he stood, his arms folded, his eyes half closed, and a peculiar smile on his lips. He seemed amused at his own penetrative powers. The door was opened, and as he looked up, his face assumed its normal smoothness. Helen, the servant of the refined features and shapely figure, was standing in the doorway contemplating him with an eager look. For a moment in silence their eyes met, and then her eyelids drooped and her customary quietude of manner became slightly confused.

"Well, Helen?"

At the equable sound of his voice, she bit her lip and looked calmly at his placid face.

"Mr Henrikson, sir."

"What, that old— Oh, shew him in!"

Helen retired, and the old musician entered, limping with his common old stick, and glancing quickly about with his small bright eyes.

"Surely," thought Gordon, as he contemplated the massive hooked nose and long white beard, "this patriarch had Jews for ancestors."

"How are you, Mr Henrikson?" he said aloud, advancing, cordially shaking hands, and drawing a chair forward. "What a beautiful evening!"

It was a rule of Mr. Henrikson's never to converse about the weather unless it exhibited an unusual phase. He said—

"Yes. Well! I have come about the libretto of my cantata. How is it?"

He seated himself, bent forward a little, clasping the top of his stick, and gazed attentively at the other.

"It is here," replied Gordon, turning to a portfolio and searching the leaves. "Yes. This is it. It is finished."

"Good," said the old man, eagerly, stretching out his hand. "Let me see." He read the list of contents scribbled on the first page. "Two solos for baritone, two for tenor, three for soprano, one contralto—h'm—I wonder where she is to be found—a duet for tenor and soprano, trio four—yes, very good, for choruses—I see. Well, it seems to be all right."

Whilst the old musician looked carefully over the manuscript, Gordon stared indifferently out of the window. Helen presently made her appearance.

"Mr Munro, sir."

Before Gordon could reply, Oscar hurried in, tossing back his hair, his face thrust forward as if he expected to see the most delightful wonders revealing themselves before his idealistic vision.

"How are you, Gordon?" Oh—Mr Henrikson! How do you do, sir?"

The cold tone in which Oscar addressed the old man was a distinct contrast to the effusiveness with which he greeted his friend Gordon.

"Any more serenades?" returned Mr Henrikson, sternly.

"No," replied Oscar. "But I have composed the profoundest fugue since John Sebastian."

"Oh, you have?" said Mr Henrikson, looking at him from head to foot. "Are you sure it is not superior to Bach? Take time. Consider carefully."

"I am positively certain," said Oscar, spreading a sheet of manuscript music on the piano, and looking over his shoulder, "that Bach never composed anything like it."

"So am I," responded Mr Henrikson.

"When you have heard it, Gordon," said Oscar, appealing; before seating himself, to the younger man, "you will acknowledge that I have touched the extremest limit of sublimity. You will acknowledge that it is the greatest of modern masterpieces. You will acknowledge—"

"Sit down, you donkey," exclaimed Gordon, "and let us hear it."

"Ay, let us hear the modern masterpiece," said Mr Henrikson.

Oscar looked reproachfully from one to the other, seated himself, and began. The others exchanged a smile, and then listened in silence. Gordon sat on the window sill, his back to the glass. Mr Henrikson, his hands grasping the top of his stick and his chin resting on his hands, bent forward and gazed into space. When the fugue was finished, Oscar wheeled round on the stool, and contemplated his audience with a look of triumph. There was silence. Neither men changed their attitudes.

"Well?" said Oscar, interrogatively.

"Well," returned Mr Henrikson, calmly turning towards him, "when is it to begin?"

"When is what to begin?" asked Oscar, indignantly.

"The fugue," replied Mr Henrikson.

"I have just played it."

"Oh, that. I thought that was a prelude. Are you sure," said Mr Henrikson, anxiously, "that you have not made a mistake?"

"I am afraid, Munro," said Gordon, "you have brought the wrong manuscript."

"Ay; he has mixed up his papers," said Mr Henrikson. "Never mind, my boy," he added, encouragingly. "Next time look up the fugue, as I would be glad to hear it."

"So should I," said Gordon. "Hitherto Munro has been trifling with love melodies and

mazurkas. That thing you played is a mazurka, isn't it?"

"It is," replied Oscar.

"After Chopin?"

"A long way after Chopin," suggested Mr Henrikson, meditatively.

"Fire away!" returned Oscar. "The insinuations, prompted by green and jaundiced jealousy, affect me not at all. The piece is a fugue in three subjects."

"Don't be modest, Oscar," said Mr Henrikson. "Thirty-three?"

"By the way," said Oscar, turning to his old friend, "I believe you have composed the introduction to your cantata. Have you the score?"

"No; but I shall play it for you," said the old man, rising.

"Ha, ha!" shrieked Oscar, suddenly. "Now for r-revenge!"

Both men contemplated him in astonishment. He was standing on the hearthrug, clutching his hair with both hands, and rolling his eyes fiercely.

"What—what's the matter, Oscar?" asked Mr Henrikson.

"He's mad," said Gordon. "Permit me to ring for a strait waistcoat."

"R—revenge!" gurgled Oscar, with a ferocious roll of his eyes.

As Gordon approached the fireplace, professedly to pull the bell-rope, Oscar clutched him by the arm, and turned him facewards to the piano. Mr Henrikson was seated at the instrument and, after a preliminary run on the keys, had settled himself more firmly on the stool, and began to play.

Both listeners were differently affected. Gordon slid into a chair, stretched out his legs, put his hands in his pockets and turned his face towards the ceiling, delivering himself up to a reverie of serene intellectual enjoyment of the performance. Whatever mental criticism he was forming, was indicated by a slight pucker of his brows.

(To be continued.)

THE WHEEL OF THE WORLD.

The wheel of the world turns round and round;

Those who are uppermost may be

Down in the dust or beneath the ground;

The king in chains, the serf set free,

Over the track in sunshine and rain,

It rolls on, over and over again.

The wheel of the world turns day and night,

And its swift revolutions bring

Nations from darkness into the light,

Where bells of the good times coming ring,

Over the plot where the palace shone,

It rolls in the dust of the crown and throne.

Around and round the wheel turns and goes,

And we go with it, now up, then down;

Few win the prize that many must lose,

Tired at the goal, how late comes the crown,

The brave, the true, the noble, the just,

Will never be lost in the whirling dust.

What is the top of the wheel to me,

Though it lifts me a moment above

The proudest folks in society,

If I fall below in honour and love;

The hero who offers the cup and the crust

Will leave his memory sweet in the dust.

The wheel of the world unceasingly rolls

Over and over and over again,

Over the turnpike of space, where the tolls

Never hinder the wheels of the train.

As a star sweeps the realm of night,

The wheel moves on in a cycle of light.

The wheel is vast and the path is broad,

And its highway is unchartered space;

The hand that guides is the hand of God,

The banner it bears is the human race,

True as the needle that points to the pole

The wheel of the world will roll to its goal.



OUR FIRST QUARREL.

BY PAUL A. BARTON.

Herbert and I had quarrelled. It was all his fault, of course. The young people in our society had formed a dramatic club for the benefit of the Church, and I was a member of the club. We had just played a little comedy very successfully, judging by the receipts and the encomiums of the townspeople. I had taken the part of young lady heroine, and George Wakefield that of my devoted lover.

Poor Bert had no histrionic talent, consequently no place on the programme. As George Wakefield lived near the Smith paternal mansion—my maiden name was Smith—he was naturally my escort on rehearsal occasions. The knowledge of this fact, together with the stage love-making, had served to render my betrothed uncomfortable.

The evening of the entertainment Bert walked home with mother and me and went in for a few minutes' chat in the parlour. He was rather stiff in his manners, and spent so few words in congratulations that I felt aggrieved. As he seemed not to care for conversation, I sat down to the piano and began to play a waltz, one that the orchestra had used for an opening piece.

"It's very evident where your thoughts are," said Bert, angrily; "you haven't had an evening for me since this theatrical concern was first thought of, and now it is over, you can't do anything but live it over in your mind. Folks must have easy consciences, any way, to get up theatres and say they are doing it for the good of the Church."

"If you think our dramatic club so wicked," I retorted, "I am surprised that you should have patronised it."

"Of course I know you would have preferred me to stay away, then Wakefield could have walked home with you again," was the cutting rejoinder. "I hope you don't think I am so blind as not to see how things are going; your lovemaking this evening was very realistic, very, indeed!"

"Ah!" said I, with an exasperating smile, "you are observant."

George Wakefield was a fop, and I couldn't endure him, but I wasn't going to say so just that moment.

"I understand you," said Bert, rising to his feet in wrath. "We will call our little love affair child's play, and I will trouble you no more."

To emphasise the last clause he brought down

his fist heavily on the table, thereby utterly demolishing my new bonnet, which he had unwittingly made the target of his pugilistic effort. Instead of showing the slightest contrition, he scowled horribly and stalked out of the house.

On the whole I was pleased with the *denouement*; not that I wished to dismiss Bert—I simply adored him—but it was exciting, and I had always been curious to know how he would act when he was in a rage. We would, of course, make up again shortly.

The next morning I arose at a late hour, feeling very cross and disagreeable. I suppose mother found my society quite unendurable, for she speedily asked me if I wouldn't like to go and spend a few days with Aunt Fanny. A day or two with Aunt Fanny was the panacea for the family, from father down to six-year-old Charlie. If any one of us was bilious or cross, a visit to the farmhouse would restore us to our normal condition, else we were pronounced incorrigible.

Aunt Fanny was father's sister. She had never married, and had always lived on the home farm, which she managed as well as most men could have done. She was a charming middle-aged lady, exceedingly cheery and vivacious, nor would she tolerate the "dumps" in anybody. She always had a pleasant room in her well-filled house ready for ailing members of our family. She gave us delicious things to eat, and altogether entertained us in a regal manner.

On this occasion she received me with open arms. She was engaged in looking over a trunk full of old papers for a missing culinary recipe. I immediately proffered my assistance, and, seating myself on the floor, plunged my hand recklessly into the trunk, and drew out a lapful of old letters.

"What does it say on the paper, Aunt Fan?" I asked.

"Mrs Brown's mincemeat, I believe. Bless me, child, it isn't among those letters!"

I was in the act of undoing an interesting looking package tied with a blue ribbon.

"Oh, Aunt Fan, what are they?" I said. "Love letters, I do believe. How my fingers burn! Mayn't I look at one of them?"

"Yes, I s'pose you may read them all if you like. There's nothing in them that I'm ashamed of."

I was not slow in availing myself of the permission. They were very affectionate effusions, beginning with such epithets as "My beloved Fan." "Dearest." "My own precious darling." I had a bundle of letters very much like them at home in my own trunk. I thought with a sigh that Bert wouldn't be apt to write to me that way again for some time.

"They are splendid letters, Aunt Fan," I volunteered after I had read two or three. "What became of him? Didn't you like him?"

There were actually tears in Aunt Fan's eyes as she answered—

"Well, you see, dearie, we had a little mis-

understanding, and we said some rather hard things to each other, all about nothing. Another young man was trying to make himself agreeable, and I encouraged him a little just for fun. John was furiously jealous. I acted indifferent, and he thought I didn't care anything about him; so he started straight off without saying a word to me, and went to driving logs on a river up north. He wrote me a letter—it's the one you just took up—and told me how much he had always thought of me, and that he wished me happiness whoever I married. I wrote back directly the best letter that I could, but it never reached him. He was crushed under the logs the day that I wrote."

"Oh, Aunt Fan," said I, wiping my eyes, "how dreadful! How can you seem so happy always?"

"It wasn't easy at first, but one can learn to do many things, you know."

"Auntie," I said, suddenly rising from the floor, "I quarrelled with Bert last night, and I must go home this minute and make up."

Aunt Fan looked up in surprise and uttered a faint protest.

"Can't you wait a day or two? He wouldn't go to driving logs, you know."

I shook my head.

"He might walk off the ferryboat before it was fastened, and get drowned, or—or some one might murder him."

"But it rains."

"I must go anyway," I said decidedly. "I will borrow your umbrella."

In five minutes I was on my way to the railway station. In 25 minutes I was hurrying up the three flights of stairs to Bert's office. Bert was a fledgling lawyer. When I entered he was writing at his desk; he glanced around, and his face showed unutterable amazement.

"Will you forgive me Bert," I panted.

I was very much out of breath.

"Forgive you? Certainly," he said making a gesture of reconciliation with both arms. "But I would sooner have expected the Bartholdi statue to walk in and ask my pardon."

After his surprise was over he magnanimously condescended to implore my forgiveness for various trifles, such as scowling at me and crushing my millinery. We mutually forgot and forgave, nor did we disagree again until we were safe within the pale of matrimony.

To make hens lay, says an exchange, put two or more quarts of water in a kettle, and one or large seed pepper or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire. When the water boils, stir in coarse Indian meal until you have a thick mush. Let it cook an hour or so. Feed hot. Horse radish may be chopped fine and stirred into the mush as prepared in the above directions.

Curran, the Irish advocate, was examining a witness once, and, failing to get a direct answer, said, "There is no use in asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face!" "Do you, sir?" said the man. "I never knew that my face was a looking-glass!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

"I Puritani," with which "The Puritan's Daughter" is sometimes curiously mixed up, was produced for the first time in London in 1835, Grisi (whose benefit it was), Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache being in the caste.

Mr Van Biene, well-known as violincellist, conductor and impressario, will direct the performances of "Corinna," to be produced soon at the Opera Comique. Amongst the company are Mesdames D'Arville, Rosina Vokes (Mrs Clay), Messrs Collette, Durward Zely, Snazelle Wyatt, &c.

We are all looking forward to Mr Gunn's Italian Opera season. No wonder, for do not "winged words" sound in our ears bearing names of Nordica, Scalchi, De Anna, Ravelli, De Reske, and other notabilities?

The German Emperor purposes visiting his Royal cousin of Italy. A great musical celebration will be given in his honour.

The festival of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester will be given early in September. The programme includes the following:—"Elijah," "Messiah," Samson Cherubini's Mass in D minor, "The Creation," "Gott du bis goss," of Spohr; "Golden Legend," "Woman of Samaria," and other important items.

The "Puritan's Daughter," which is announced for Friday evening, stands 26th in the list of Michael Balfe's operas. In Mr Lamb Kenney's interesting biography appears a *fac-simile* of the catalogue of works from the composer's own hand. This beautiful work, esteemed by high authority as one of the best efforts of Balfe, was produced in 1861, having for its predecessor "Blanche de Nevers" (1860), and followed by the "Armourer of Nantes" (1863). It was first given by the Pyne and Harrison Company, at Covent Garden. The libretto was by Mr J. V. Bridgman. Its success was at once assured. The cast included Miss Pyne, Messrs. Harrison, Santley, Honey, and H. Corri (the last being a name well known and honoured in Dublin). Alfred Mellon, described as the most conscientious, enthusiastic, and specially gifted of conductors, held the baton. The work was received with generous appreciation by the public and the critics, who lavished praise on the Irish composer. It has been said by contemporary critics that the work shows the highest art and skill on the part of the composer; that the orchestration is spirited, ingenious, and interesting, and finales and concerted pieces well constructed. I have always deemed this work very nearly the *capolavoro* of our distinguished countryman; but like the "Siege of Rochelle" (1836), of his early period, and "Satanella" (1858) of the latest, it is not as well appreciated by the public as it deserves, if we may judge by the infrequency of its production.

It is a curious thing that "The Puritan's Daughter" and "I Puritani" are constantly

confounded as if the English were a translation or adaptation of "I Puritani," the "swan-song" of Bellini. (N.B. to amateurs—Read J. W. Mould's "Memoir of Bellini.") Between this opera and that of Balfe there is no affinity whatever. Old playgoers will remember the performance of this "Puritan's Daughter" at the Royal, when Madame Guerabella (Miss Genevieve Ward) achieved a brilliant success in the role of Mary Wolff. The cast for Saturday, as may be seen by the public announcements, is an excellent one.

STRADELLA.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

Marie Pia, Queen of Portugal, who is a good artist, has made a water-colour painting of the Bay of Lisbon, with the town of Belim, and has sent it to Paris to Froment-Maurice to be mounted as a fan, which she intends to present to her sister-in-law, Queen Margherita of Italy. The fan will be ornamented with the Arms of Portugal and Italy.

It is reported that there is a probability of a marriage being arranged between the Italian Crown Prince and the Princess Clementina, youngest daughter of King Leopold II. of Belgium and sister of the Princess Stefania, wife of the Prince Imperial of Austria. It is thought that the Prince of Naples' recent meeting with the Princess Stefania at Monaco was a preliminary step. Prince Vittous Emmanuele is nearly nineteen, having been born on November 11th, 1869, while the Princess Clementina celebrated her sixteenth birthday on the 30th of last month.

On the occasion of the Savoy-Bonaparte marriage there will be an august assemblage at Turin, which will include the heads of the Savoy, Braganza, Portugal, and Bonaparte dynasties; two Kings, two Queens, an hereditary Prince, ten Princes, and four Princesses. Such a *reunion* of the house of Savoy as has not taken place for more than twenty years.

Great preparations are being made at Turin for the festivities in September. A *fete* of flowers will be given in honour of the Princess Letitia, at which the bride and bridegroom and their Royal guests will appear with a splendid *cortege*, escorted by troops of cavaliers, and pages dressed in the picturesque costume of the Court of Louis XV. A tournament will then be held, in which the cavaliers who are recruited from the *creme de la creme* of Italian society will take part.

The following incident happened last month whilst the King and Queen of Italy were staying at Monfa. The guard at the Royal Palace gate, a soldier of the 21st regiment of infantry, received orders not allow anyone to walk in the vicinity of the Palace during their Majesties' residence there. Rather late in the evening the sentinel perceived three ladies walking together a short distance away, and immediately called on them to leave, as they were on forbidden ground. Two of the ladies then came forward, and one of them said, "We are two of her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting." "I am very sorry," the soldier answered, "but I cannot give a pass

even to you." At this moment the third lady came up. "And shall I not be allowed to walk here?" she said. The sentinel, recognising Queen Margherita, made her a military salute, but added, "Pardon me, Majesty, my orders do not permit me to make any distinctions. The Queen and her ladies therefore returned to the Palace, and related their little rencontre to the King, who wrote a note at once to the captain of the Palace Guard, asking him to praise the sentinel for the firmness with which he had carried out his orders.

The infant Prince, who was born on the 27th of July, is the fifth son of the Emperor William II. and the Empress Augusta Victoria. Their eldest is Prince William, born 6th May, 1882; the second, Frederick, born July 7th, 1883; the third, Adelbert, born 4th July, 1884; the fourth, Augustus William, born the 29th January, 1887. The Emperor William was born on the 27th January, 1859; the Empress on the 22nd October, 1858; and their marriage took place the 27th February, 1881.

The Emperor William's visit to Rome is now positively settled, and the date is fixed for the 18th of October. The German Ambassador has given orders for repairs to be made in the Palace Caffarelli, which is the present seat of the Embassy, and the formal receptions will be held there, whilst the Emperor will stay at the Quirinal. The Italian Government are already making preparations for his reception. A grand military review will be held in his honour, in which 40,000 men will take part.

A Madrid paper says that, contrary to the reports that are circulating, the little King of Spain enjoys excellent health.

The Count de Caserta, brother of Francis II., ex-King of the two Sicilies, has gone to Madrid with his two elder sons, Princes Ferdinand and Carlo, in order that they may pursue their military studies at the School of War, where the Count d'Eu and the Duke d'Aleucon, cousins of the Count de Paris, also studied. This step, taken with the consent of Francis II., has produced a great sensation, as it appears to imply an adhesion to the reigning dynasty of Spain on the part of a Prince who was one of the best generals in the army of Don Carlos. Don Alfonso di Bourbon Count di Caserta, born of the second marriage of King Ferdinand II. with the Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria, after taking part at the defence of Gaeta, enrolled himself in the Pontifical army, and fought at Mentana. A relation of Don Carlos, he embraced the cause, and was nominated General on the field of battle. The war being ended, he returned to France, and lived in comparative retirement with his family at Cannes. On the 8th of June, 1868, in Rome, he married his cousin, the Princess Antoinette de Bourbon, daughter of the Count di Trapani. The Count di Caserta is now the father of nine sons.

We hear from Monaco that Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, having passed all the usual examinations, has obtained his degree in medicine. Prince Louis Ferdinand is 29, and in 1885 married the Infanta Maria de la Paz, sister of the late King Alfonso. It is said that he shows a decided talent for the profession of his choice.

INTELLECTUAL DUBLIN.

We have recently had several new portraits added to the National Gallery. The most interesting of these is one of the son of Edmund Burke, a young man who was of no particular importance, and the portrait is of interest because Mr Henry Doyle, C.B., R.H.A., Director of the National Gallery, assures us that he is under the impression it was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We have carefully inspected the work and decided that it is a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, possibly painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the coat and cravat having been filled in from memory. However that may be, we have seen many portraits by living artists in the Hibernian Academy which we would sooner possess than this semi-authenticated portrait of an unimportant young man.

We do not object to Mr Doyle cultivating retrospective and archaeological tastes in his private capacity. He has an equal right, with the best of us, to worship the old masters, and if he pleases, burn pious candles before the shrines of Angelo and Tintoretto. We object, however, to his ministering to his peculiar art principles at the expense of the public funds. We have drawn attention before now to the ridiculous collection of musty old canvasses which monopolises the chief room in the National Gallery. There is a rule of this institution that the works of living artists are not to be purchased. We hold that to be a pernicious rule based upon false and timid principles. We hold that so long as that rule is held in force, this institution has no right to the title of National Gallery, but, on the contrary, is more appropriately named anti-National Gallery. The rule is due to the nervous apprehension of creating jealousy amongst artists and sculptors whose works would be rejected. But there is another view to it. If the Council of the National Gallery are not sufficiently cultured and honourable to be above suspicion and to frame in self-defence this illogical rule, then the Council had better cease to exist, and make room for men who are not afraid to single out contemporary artists and give them a place of honour in the chief art gallery of this country. The Board of Governors contains the names of the Earl of Rosse, Lord Clonbrock, Earl of Meath, Earl of Portarlington, Viscount Gough, Lord Ardilaun, &c. These men may possibly be persons of some culture, but one glance round the principal room of the Gallery proves that they are not *en rapport* with the desires of moderns. Then why should this splendid building, presumably intended for the education and pleasure of all classes of the people, be devoted to the services of the comparatively small number who believe that the old masters exhausted the Fine Arts? We, for our part, believe that the modern painters are superior in design, form, and colouring to the painters who worked hundreds of years ago. Furthermore, we believe

that the general public hold similar views, and would gladly welcome a permanent gallery of modern paintings. Most of the canvasses at present exhibited in the National Gallery would not be hung in an exhibition professing refinement if it were not that they are the work or copies of the work of men with foreign names. Let any reader examine these pictures; take, for instance, the two enormous canvasses at the end of the room by Lanfranco, and inform us in what manner they minister to his or her enjoyment. What benefit do they derive by contemplating the big allegory by Jordaens? These things seem to us to be nothing better than monstrosities of the imagination. This allegory for instance—observe the absurd jumble of clouds, virgins, St. Sebastian, and cardinals. The St. Sebastian figure was painted by Rubens. Look at the flesh tints! Could anything be more unnatural? What European exhibits these blue tinges and red eyelids? The most devotional mind must be satiated by the congregation of saints and holy families in this gallery; there is little else. Of the innumerable forms of city or provincial life, of the inexhaustible varieties of individualities amongst human communities, we find no indication. We know the reason of this. The old masters received their orders solely from Church prelates or those nobles and princes who lived when demonstrative devotion to the Catholic Church was the leading feature of high life. We do not blame the old masters. They did not live at a time when art is free from these trammels, and can appeal with confidence to the judgment and support of the educated peoples. We, however, live in a different age. Art is free. We want to see what our artistic intellects are doing; we want to see the manifestations of modern art. We ask for a permanent gallery in this city, like the famous modern gallery of Edinburgh, where we can see these things. We do not care for the abortive drawings of Caravaggio, Maratti, Bassano, Marteschi, Cotignola, or Sassoferrato. We have no more than an archaeological interest in the old schools, the Florentine, Roman, Venetian, Lombard, or Bolognese. We want an Irish school. We appeal to Irish artists. Why do they not form a self-protective association? They have the unspoken support of the public, and we guarantee them the entire support of the Irish Press. There is no politics in art. We know that Irish journalists would gladly give the able support of their pens to the glorious cause of the formation of an Irish school of Art. We decline to believe that this country is destitute of artistic genius. But we believe that it is in vain to expect a crop where the ground has been unprepared. Out of the yearly Exhibition of the Hibernian Academy as many pictures should be selected as the funds of the National Gallery permit, and hung in the large room. The ancient canvasses now desecrating these walls could be sold by public auction, and their spaces filled by the best efforts of native artists. This would necessitate rescinding the rule which debar the Council from purchasing works of living men. Well, rescind the rule. Shall a handful of syllables block the progress of native art? We would be children to admit it. Rescind the obnoxious rule, throw open the National Gallery to modern works, and we guarantee the appearance of an Irish school of artists which will be an honour to the country.

DONNYBROOK.

A REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE.

I made a pilgrimage the other day, not to Mecca, nor yet to Canterbury—not even to London to see the much-vaunted Olympia—but down Mount street; and, having turned to my left, made towards the canal and Boland's steam bakery. Then, following my nose (my ears would be the more accurate term), I arrived at my goal. Do not be disappointed when I add that this goal was the Cats' and Dogs' Home. Let me assure you that my visit was by no means unprofitable, for I had the opportunity of going over an institution which quietly and unobtrusively is doing a work of human kindness in our busy city. About three years ago a kind-hearted lady—Miss Swift—got up this home in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is a neat little brick building with a good piece of ground at the back. Having readily been admitted to the latter, I was ready to exclaim with Goldsmith that here—

“Many dogs there be,
Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.”

But not only curs, but hounds of high degree. Near the gate is a four-compartment kennel that would satisfy the most fastidious canine epicure. In which were several dogs which I imagined would not remain long unsold, for “lost” dogs are always sold if possible, well-bred animals finding many purchasers; the curs of very low degree are, I believe, destroyed after a time. One beautiful bloodhound put a confiding paw through the bars at my approach, reminding me of the famous picture of Laud bidding farewell to Stafford. They all seemed well and happy, their throats and lungs being in particularly good working order. Further on were a quantity of mongrels—a noisy set, indeed, but as knowing-looking as it befits such dogs to be.

And then the cats. There are 60 cats in the Home, including the boarders—*i.e.*, cats temporarily placed here, at the cost of 1s per week during owners' absence from home, &c.—a humane arrangement which surely might be more generally followed, for during these months when most folks are away enjoying the briny breezes, the spectacle of homeless, nomad, starving cats is always before the eyes of the few who remain “in Dublin's faircity.” No cat is refused admission, and several bear the marks of their warfare with the world. One was minus an eye, another lost a bit of its ear, but all seem well content with the pleasant lines in which their existence has fallen, for they are well fed and well looked after.

This Home should be widely known and supported. True, the argument might be raised that starving children are more deserving than starving cats; but it might be thus answered, “Let great things be done, but neglect not the little things.” As we have heard—

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All creatures, great and small.”

B. M. C.

A witty Austrian journalist was standing in a crowded theatre. Someone leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. The other drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. The latter started back. “Oh, I beg your pardon,” said the journalist, “I thought it was it mine!”

LA REVEILLE.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., the Queens-town Annual Regatta came off under the patronage of Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. C. Carpenter, commanding the Irish Station. The harbour presented a most picturesque appearance, all the naval and merchant shipping in port being beautifully dressed with bunting, as were also the flagstuffs of the consuls and ship agents. The promenade was crowded during the day by a most fashionable gathering. The band of the 1st Bedfordshire Regiment was present, and late in the evening a brilliant display of fireworks took place, supplied by James Pain and Sons, of London. The weather being unusually fine, everything contributed to make the day an enjoyable one.

On Thursday last the Galway Regatta came off on Lough Corrib, opposite Menlo Castle, the seat of Sir Valentine Blake, Bart., who kindly threw open his place and grounds to the public. The day being perfect, the attendance was the largest for the last ten years. By the kind permission of the Colonel and officers, the fine band of the Wiltshire Regiment attended. The Industrial School band was there. On dit Colonel Williamson of the Welsh Fusiliers refused the committee to allow his band to attend, though in Galway at the time.

The officers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were "at home" on Thursday afternoon at the Curragh, when the annual regimental games were held. The weather was delightful, and the attendance was both large and fashionable, including Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, their nephew Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, Major-General the Hon. C. W. Thesiger, Colonel Crichton, &c. Mrs Hannay, wife of Major Hannay, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, distributed the prizes at the conclusion of the sports. The band and pipers of the Highland Light Infantry played during the afternoon.

At the close of last week Major-General Thesiger and the officers of the Curragh Brigade, Q Battery 2nd Brigade Royal Artillery, gave a theatrical performance, under the patronage of their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, in the Royal Artillery Theatre, Newbridge. The attendance was large, and the programme an attractive one, this including "The Lion-slayer, or Out for a Prowl," negro minstrel entertainments, and the comédienne, "The Happy Pair," in which Mr T. White and Mrs Pollard sustained the characters of "Mr and Mrs Honeyton" with admirable effect.

The Freeman Athletic Sports on Saturday last at Ball's Bridge were well attended and gave much satisfaction to all concerned. The weather was fine, to begin with, and everything followed agreeably, as a matter of course. Both the running and cycling paths were in excellent

order. Hitherto these sports have enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being the best mismanaged of any of a similar kind in Ireland, and we are therefore glad to be able to say that those of Saturday last were a marked improvement on previous gatherings.



A man bought a horse by photograph, thus literally getting the carte before the horse.

Miss Sangbleu (indignantly)—"Waiter, you've got your thumb in my soup." Green Waiter (assuringly)—"No matter, miss, it isn't hot enough to burn me."

When the young man detects the first evidence of hair on the upper lip, he feels elevated, when in reality it is a sort of coming down.

A stout old lady got out of a crowded tram the other day, exclaiming, "that's a relief, anyhow." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the 'osses thinks, mum."

Warder (to condemned man, eating his last breakfast)—"Will you have some of the ham and eggs?" Condemned man—"A couple of the eggs, please, but no ham. It gives me indigestion."

Fashionable Daughter—"Mamma, do you really think it is wrong for me to flirt in a mild sort of way?" Fashionable mother (terrified)—"Clara, I'm surprised at you. The idea of an unmarried person flirting!"

Teacher—"Now, my boy, spell 'window.'" Boy—"W-i-d-o-w." Teacher—"No, sir. Don't you know the difference between window and widow?" Boy—"Yes, sir; you can see through the one and not through the other."

"What's the matter, sonny?" "P-pa's been w-whippin' me hard." "Why; did you go against any of his rules?" "I should say I did. The hardest one he's got for about s'teen minutes."

Little Annie was playing very roughly with the kitten, carrying it by the tail. Her mother told her she would hurt pussy. "Why, no I won't," she said. "I'm carrying it by the handle."

A phrenologist told a man that he had combativeness largely developed, and was of a quarrelsome disposition. "That isn't so," said the man, angrily; "and if you repeat it, I'll knock you down."

"Teacher—"Name the seasons of the year." Boy—"Flat-racing and steeplechasing." Teacher (shocked)—"You wicked, worthless boy. I shall acquaint your father with this." Boy (astonished)—"You needn't trouble, sir. Father knows as much about it as you do."

LIMITED TIME.—"The hour is nearly up," said the schoolmaster, consulting his watch, and I have no time to dwell upon this point any longer." Then he sat down on a bent pin, and the time he had to dwell on this point seemed even more limited.

SEE HOW THESE ANGELS LOVE ONE ANOTHER. —First Pretty Creature—"Yesterday was my birthday, dear; and my Charlie gave a string of such beautiful pearls—one for every year." Second ditto—who has failed to secure Charlie—"How sweet, dearest! What an expensive present—such a long string, dear."

"Look here, Maria!" shouted Mr Breadwinner, in great wrath, "there isn't a button on one of my shirts." "No," said Mrs Breadwinner with a show of genuine interest; "and the kitchen roof leaks worse than ever, the back of the grate has been burnt out for three weeks, the front door won't shut, and if I knew how to weld a cast-iron hinge I'd fix that front gate myself before another day went by. Why don't you wear the other shirt?" And Mr B. kept so quiet that he could hear himself breathe hard.

A London doctor, who despaired of being able to cure a woman finally wrote her so, and added that *tempus edax rerum* (time which finishes up all matters) was the sole remedy. His patient, who was seemingly ignorant of Latin, got an obliging apothecary to furnish her with this specific at the moderate price of 7s 6d. After drinking several bottles of it she met her physician, and astonished him by her gratitude for the invaluable medicine he had recommended to her.

WHAT A WOMAN NEVER ADMITS.

That she is in love.
That she ever flirted.
That she laces tight.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she is fond of scandal.
That her shoes are too small.
That she cannot keep a secret.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she uses anything but powder.
That she says what she doesn't mean.
That she blushed when you mentioned a certain gentleman's name.

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IRISH SOCIETY

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WEEK ENDING 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1888.

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WEEK ENDING 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1888.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria and suite are at present at Ballater, where a stay of a month or two has been decided upon.

The casket given to the Queen at Glasgow is described as a novelty. Her Majesty must be weary of receiving "gold boxes" all alike in shape, style, and uselessness, and a little variety must have been found charming. This particular model is cylindrical. Its shape has been taken from an Indian piece of goldsmith's work. It is chased with "Runic rhymes," and ornamented with Scotch jewels. The cylinder stands on four pillars "in Celtic form" (whatever that may be), a military velvet base being flanked by figures of Scottish soldiers. At Queen Margaret's College her Majesty also got a casket. We wonder what she will do with them?

The marriage of the Emperor of China is fixed for the first of the ensuing Chinese year. Six million taels (about a million and a quarter sterling) are being provided in order to celebrate the event with adequate pomp, one-third from the Imperial and the remainder from the provincial revenues.

Queen Margherita of Italy is one of the most stylishly-dressed women in Europe. At some races recently the Queen appeared in yellow, covered with Oriental embroidery, with a gorgeous dolman also made of Eastern work, and a plain straw bonnet of a light bronze colour.

The wedding dress of the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, who is about to be married to her uncle, the Duke of Aosta, is of white *moire*, in the style of the First Empire, and is ornamented with silver embroidery and festoons of orange blossoms. The Princess will wear on her wedding day a splendid diadem of diamonds. The long bridal veil of *moire* is embroidered with 360 silver bees and 160 eagles, the emblems of the House.

The christening of the newly-born son of the King and Queen of the Hellenes took place on Thursday last in the Russian Imperial Castle at Pavlovsk. The infant Prince received the name of Christopher.

The proceedings in the divorce case between King Milan and Queen Nathalie will commence on September 1. The case is looked forward to with much interest.

Bray for some time past has not witnessed many marriages. However, on Friday last a chosen few had the pleasure of witnessing a very pretty wedding in Christ Church, the bride being Miss Dassie Brownrigg; the bridegroom being the Rev. E. Noyes, A.B., second curate of St. George's, Dublin. The bride was attended by three little bridesmaids. After the ceremony, as the happy pair proceeded to the carriage, flowers were strewn in their way. The day was not very favourable, and the happy bridegroom had great difficulty in getting his bride safe to the carriage, as the wind blew her beautiful long veil in all directions. The happy pair have gone to spend their honeymoon in England.

Robert Douglas Morrison, D.I., R.I.C., Gort, County Galway, was married to Henrietta Langrishe, daughter of the late Rev. William P. St.

George, formerly of Bryansford, County Down, on the 16th inst. The marriage took place by special license at St. John's Church, Monkstown. The Venerable H. V. Daly, Archdeacon of Clonfert, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Herbert Caldwell, officiated.

Captain William Dowman, late of the 101st Fusiliers, eldest son of the late J. Darby Dowman, Glenageary, County Dublin, was married on the 18th inst. at St. Stephen's Church to Elizabeth Mary, widow of the late W. Moore Armstrong, and daughter of the late John Stuart Vesey, M.D., Belle Vue, County Derry. The Rev. Canon Hogan, Vicar of All Saints, officiated.

At the parish church, Penmaenmawr, N. Wales, on the 6th inst., Charles H. Miller, M.A., T.C.D., third son of Charles Miller, of Rosney, Glenageary, Kingstown, was married to Anna Mabel, second daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Orby Carey, of Glenelge, Adelaide, S. Australia. The Rev. John Lynch, of St. John's, Monkstown, assisted by the Rev. R. M. Miller, brother of the bridegroom, officiated.

William Lawson, of Lower Baggot street, LL.D., Barrister-at-law, third son of the late Right Hon. Mr. Justice Lawson, was married on the 16th inst. to Marie, eldest daughter of Major Henry Henderson, of Belvedere, Bray, County Wicklow. The ceremony took place at Holy Trinity Church, Southport, the Rev. J. S. Gardner officiated.

On the 9th of June at St. Paul's Church, Kyneton, Victoria, Australia, Herbert James, only surviving son of William Dawson Daly, of Riversdale, Co. Galway, and grandson of the late Owen Daly, of Mornington, County Westmeath, was married to Katherine Emily, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Fancourt Mitchell, of Barfield, Victoria. The Rev. James Carlisle was the officiating clergyman.

At Cappoquin, County Waterford, on the 11th, Henry Frescheville Jebb, of Firbech Hall, Yorkshire, was married to Evelyn Lucy, widow of the late Captain Goold Adams, Royal Artillery.

The bans of marriage between Harry Mangin and Fanny Tymmons were published the last three Sundays at St. Dolough's Church. The wedding will take place on the 5th of September.

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A marriage will shortly take place between John Thursby, eldest son of Sir John Thursby, Bart., of Holmerst, Hants, and Ella Beatrice, second daughter of Colonel and Lady Mary Crosse, of Shawe Hill.

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The marriage arranged between Captain J. G. Musters, R.N., Malahide, and Edith, daughter of the late Mr Harry Manders, will take place some time in November.

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The marriage of Mr Arthur Wigram and Miss Edith Talbot, second daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. P. Talbot and Lady Emma Talbot, will take place at Esher on Saturday, September 4.

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A marriage is arranged between Mr Roger Mariotte Dodington, of Horsington House, Templecombe, Somerset, and Miss Hester Pinney, second daughter of Mr Frederick W. Pinney, of the Grange, Somerton, Somerset.

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The marriage between Mr C. B. Sainsbury, 1st Dorsetshire Regiment, and Miss Pratt Barlow, will take place at St. Michael's, Bray, Berks, on Tuesday, September 11th.

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The marriage of Lord James Douglas and Mrs Hennessey will take place in Scotland about the middle of September.

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The marriage between Major E. J. Fell, 8th Hussars, and Ethel, daughter of Mr Henry Haig of Kingsland, Winkfield, will take place on Wednesday September 5, at St. Peter's, Cranbourne, Winkfield.

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The marriage of the Hon. Sarah Bruce and Mr Mackenzie, son of the late Sir John Mackenzie, was solemnised on Saturday at Moun-tain Ash. The bride was given away by her father, Lord Aberdare.

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The marriage of Miss Agneta Ramsay, who obtained first place in the classical tripos, has caused her academical triumph to be much talked of at Cambridge. There is a possibility of a lady obtaining the first place in the mathematical tripos. The lady referred to is Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-General.

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A marriage has been arranged between Mr Edmond Cecil St. John Mildmay, Equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and Edith Mary Agnew, youngest daughter of Mr Macaulay, of Red Hall, County Antrim.

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The usually well-informed London correspondent revives the rumour of the marriage between Mr Chamberlain and Miss Endicott. The event will, he says, take place in the course of next year.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry gave two dinner parties last week at the Viceregal Lodge, and entertained, with their usual hospitality, a number of distinguished guests. A military band was in attendance on both occasions, and played during dinner.

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Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry honoured Mrs Power-Lalor with a visit on Saturday afternoon, and inspected with much interest many articles of beautiful design on sale for the benefit of distressed ladies at the home, Rutland Square.

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In connexion with the Leopardstown inaugural meeting, which came off on Monday last, her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry visited Mr. Alfred Manning's well known establishment in Grafton street during the past week, and ordered a complete toilette, including costume, jacket, coat, and hat of reseda cloth and moire which she wore at the race meetings. Her Excellency, who is undeniably a lovely lady, never looked to more advantage than in the splendid outfit specially supplied for her use on the occasion by Mr. Manning, whose taste in the matter of bewitching costumes is universally recognised.

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The Duke of St Alban's and Lady Sybil Beauclerk, have arrived at Newtown Anner, County Tipperary, from Bestwood Park, Notts.

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The Earl de Montalt and the Ladies Maude have arrived at Dundrum Castle, Cashel, for the autumn.

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The Marquis of Hartington and Lord Edward Cavendish, with Messrs. Victor, Richard, and John Cavendish, have been at Bolton Abbey for the shooting season and had good sport.

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The Duke of Abercorn completed his 50th year on the 24th of August.

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The Venerable Archdeacon Bowles, of Killaloe, died suddenly on Friday morning at the Rectory, Nenagh, of heart disease.

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Mr and Mrs Ancketell Jones left their residence at Glenageary on 29th August for a trip to Russia.

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Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., Controller of her Majesty's Household, and Lady Arthur Hill have arrived at Lord Downshire's Marine residence, Dundrum, Co. Down, where they will remain for a few weeks.

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The Marquis and Marchioness of Drogheda have arrived at Moore Abbey, Co. Kildare, from Cowes, Isle of Wight.

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Caroline Duchess of Montrose and Mr Milner, who are on their wedding tour in Switzerland, have arrived at the Hotel, Beau Rivage, Ouchy, near Lansanne.

The Countess of Bessborough, Sir Edward and Lady Guinness, Sir William Kaye, C.B.; the Earl of Howth, and Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot arrived at Kingstown last week from England.

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The Marquis of Salisbury, accompanied by Viscount and Viscountess Cranbourne, left Hatfield House on Saturday morning and proceeded by the early continental train to Dover, en route to Calais, whence the Premier proceeds to Rogat-les-Bains, Clermont-Ferrand, where the Marchioness of Salisbury, with Lady Guendolen, and Lord Hugh Cecil, had arrived early in the week. After a short stay at Rogat they go to the Chalet Cecil, near Dieppe for the remainder of the recess.

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The Speaker, it is said, intends to stay during the greater part of his absence abroad, for the benefit of his health, at Contrezeville, a watering-place of some repute in the valley of the Var.

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The tenants on Earl Fitzwilliam's estates met on Monday to decide on the form of the presentation which is to be offered by them to their noble landlord and Lady Fitzwilliam, in celebration of their golden wedding. It was decided it should be an exact *fac-simile* of one laid on the table for their inspection, a solid silver salver gilt with gold which bore this inscription—"Presented by Queen Victoria to the Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam, K.G., 20th of April, 1838, in token of his attendance on her father the Duke of Kent." The presentation plate is to be of Irish manufacture, and a book containing views of Irish scenery and the names of all the subscribers will accompany it.

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Lady Grace, of Boley, Monkstown, has issued invitations for an "at-home" on Friday, the 31st. "Sports" are mentioned as the attraction.

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The officers of the 8th (the King's) Regiment had luncheon parties at Beggar's Bush Barracks each day of the Horse Show, and a large number availed themselves of their hospitality.

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The Kingstown Lawn Tennis Club had an "at-home" on Saturday, the concluding day of the tournament, when the prettily-situated grounds of this now most successful tennis club were crowded with a very fashionable gathering. Good play, pretty frocks, and prettier faces, with an excellent programme of music admirably played by the band of the 4th (the King's Own) Regiment made the afternoon hours fly all too quickly.

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Lord Cloncurry entertained a large party at Lyons for the military manoeuvres last week. Amongst the guests staying at the house were—General his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, G.C.B.; Major-General Davis, C.B.; Major-General the Hon. C. W. Thesiger, with their respective staffs, and his Serene Highness Prince Bernhardt of Saxe-Weimar.

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In the prospectus of a burial society recently started in the North the first article runs as follows:—"That, whereas many persons find it difficult to bury themselves."

The officers of the Wicklow Artillery Militia at present encamped on the Murrough, Wicklow, entertained a large party of friends on Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening a dance took place, the band of the regiment playing. Among those who received invitations were the Earl and Countess of Carysfort, the Earl and Countess of Wicklow, the Hon. Mrs and the Ladies Howard, Colonel J. S. Tighe, Mrs and the Misses Tighe, and about 100 of the leading families of the County Dublin and the County Wicklow.

Mrs Callan, of Dowdstown, Ardee, gave a highly successful dance on Wednesday, 22nd August. The company was numerous and the enjoyment general. Mr Mervyn A. Browne's band supplied the music.

On Thursday, 23rd August, Mrs Hall-Dare, of Newtownbarry House, Newtownbarry, gave a ball on a magnificent scale. The invitations included the fashion of the district. Everything passed off most successfully. The dance music was supplied by Mr Mervyn A. Browne's band.

Garden parties in good weather, and especially in the mellow autumn season, are delightful reunions, and the fete given by Mrs Rowan-Hamilton on Friday afternoon at Shanganagh Castle, Bray, was thoroughly delightful in every sense of the term. Nearly 200 guests were present, and the gardens looked their best, the bedding-out arrangements presenting masses of harmonious colours beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the senses.

The spacious ballroom was thrown open for dancing, in which nearly the entire company joined, the music being most catching, and in the dining-room during the afternoon refreshments were served. Amongst the fashionable company were—Hon. Mrs and the Ladies Howard, Lady Kathleen Brabazon, Mr Justice and Mrs Harrison, Sir Arthur and Lady Nicholson, Serjeant and Mrs Hemphill, the Hon. Mrs and the Misses Plunket, General and Mrs Loftus Steele and Miss Steele, Lady Ribton, Colonel and Miss Colin Campbell, Mr J. Lowry, Captain Guise, Lady Victoria Blackwood, Miss Rowan-Hamilton, the Right Hon. S. and Mrs Walker, Mr and Mrs Lewis Riall, Mr and Mrs Edward Geale, Mrs Grove Benson, Mr and Mrs Wentworth Erck, &c.

We are informed that a grand evening fete is being organised to take place in the beautiful grounds of Donard Lodge, Newcastle, county Down, which have been kindly granted for the occasion by the Dowager Countess of Annesley. An illumination of the grounds and a brilliant display of fireworks will be carried out by Mr. Motherell, of Belfast, and it is added that the band of the Gordon Highlanders will supply the music, Highland dances being also given.

On Saturday, 1st September, the last band promenade but one of the season will be given in the beautiful demense at Lucan which has been kindly granted on several occasions for these enjoyable reunions. To Mr. McClelland, J. P., all the credit of these agreeable promenades

is due, for without his zeal and energy in the matter they would never have been organised. The Spa Hotel provides everything, and the efficient steam train service renders the journey to Lucan a real pleasure.

The rainfall sadly marred the success of the Horticultural Show in Sir Edward Guinness's grounds at Earlsfort Terrace at the close of last week, the attendance being unusually small. This is much to be regretted, more especially as the exhibition of flowers was one of the choicest yet gathered by the Society. Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry was among the visitors, but she only stayed sufficiently long to make the tour of the marquees and inspect their floral treasures.

The proceedings were naturally dull, thanks to the wretched weather, the rain coming down continuously during the day, and necessitating the employment of closed carriages and cabs. This, of course, destroyed to a large extent the chief beauty of the Show, which is always to be found at Dublin Horticultural gatherings in the clusters of female loveliness that assemble and in the brilliance of their toilettes. Sedate and sober garments, with a plentiful supply of water-proofs, were, however, the order of the day on this occasion.

It is only right to mention that the Society's Cup for the best stand of thirty-six dahlias, each different, was awarded to Mr Laurence M'Cormick, of Rowlestown, county Dublin, while the Cup for the best stand of thirty-six gladioli, containing no less than twenty-four varieties, was carried off by Mr. James F. Lombard, J.P., South Hill, Upper Rathmines, Mr. Ambrose Balfe, secretary of the Society, carried out the arrangements satisfactorily as usual.

We are glad to observe that the pretty little town of Kildare is displaying a desire to encourage music of a good class, this being particularly noticeable since the advent to the district of the Rev. Canon Triphook and the Rev. N. A. Staples. These gentlemen lost no time in bringing into play all the available musical talent of the town and district, which they utilised at a highly successful concert a few evenings ago in the courthouse in presence of a crowded audience.

The performers were as a rule above the average. Miss C. M. Triphook sang "Angus MacDonald" charmingly, imparting to the well-known melody the pathos and fire which are its distinguishing characteristics. Another young lady, Miss Moroney, who possesses a highly sympathetic voice which was listened to with real pleasure, rendered the well-known ballad, "Waiting," delightfully. Similar praise may be fairly accorded to the tuneful contributions of Miss B. Dunne, Mrs Simmons, Miss Stedmond, and Mrs Mulock; and among the gentlemen amateurs the character delineations given by the Rev. Mr Triphook, and the songs of Mr Richard Chaplin were much appreciated. Corporal Barry, from the Curragh, sang some humorous Irish songs, and Mr R. Mooney presided cleverly at the pianoforte.

Towards the close of last week a ball on a brilliant scale was given by Mr. and Mrs. Villiers Stuart, of Dromana, to celebrate the coming of age of their eldest son and heir. The company was numerous and fashionable, including several of the nobility whose homes are in the south of Ireland, and the principle county families in Waterford. It is scarcely necessary to add that the festivities were thoroughly enjoyed, and that the most cordial congratulations were offered to the young gentleman who has just attained his majority.

Mr. Charles Sullivan and his Irish Combination Company are occupying the boards of the Queen's Theatre during the present week, and every one who remembers the young actor's lamented father will be delighted to know that the company are drawing crowded houses. The piece is "Arrah-na-Pogue," and young Sullivan's personation of *Shaun the Post* is a highly humorous portrayal, giving great promise of future excellence. Miss Eleanor Reardon is a pretty as well as clever *Arrah Mellish*, and is deservedly a favourite with the public.

We are enjoying this week another visit from the Blue Hungarian Band, who a few months since delighted the musical public of Dublin during a brief engagement in the Leinster Hall. They are giving two grand orchestral concerts each day—in the afternoon at two, and in the evening at eight, and their selections are listened to with genuine pleasure by large audiences. Not to have heard these accomplished performers is a mistake which people who love to hear high-class music will be likely to regret.

The badges for the lady members of Leopardstown Club are in the form of brooches, shamrock shape; on one leaf 1888, on the other two the initials of the club, L. C.

Leopardstown, as everybody anticipated, has resulted in a glorious success. The Irish racing world attending in their thousands, while from across Channel as well as from the Continent lovers of good sport were numerous on the ground. The Viceroy and his charming Marchioness honoured the course with their presence, and received a cordial and flattering reception. The racing was all that the most ardent Irish sportsman could desire, and nothing further remains to be said on that point; but we would like to offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. Quinn, the able secretary of the meeting, whose clever management brought the "inaugural" to a brilliant conclusion.

There is nothing either new or novel in the statement that the great National Horse Show is a huge success—that goes without saying; but this year's exhibition is remarkable in many respects, and chiefly in consequence of its being attended by more foreigners than have ever visited Ball's Bridge on the occasion of any previous show. The hunters were superb, and the jumping up to everything that was expected. Wednesday's gathering was one to be remembered, all the beauty and fashion of Dublin and of many Irish districts being there, and the weather being fine, the spectacle was a brilliant one. The Lord Lieutenant and the Mar

chioness of Londonderry were present on two of the days, and were received with befitting honour.

What a short-sighted set of creatures the directors of the Dublin Tramways Company must be! As Richelieu said—"The very moles less blind than they." They evidently thought the Horse Show a splendid opportunity for replenishing their coffers, as they at the last moment raised their fare to Ball's Bridge from threepence, at which it had hitherto been fixed, to fourpence. This was a noble effort, but we are glad to say that it did not succeed so well as had been anticipated.

Thousands walked from Sackville street to the showyard who would otherwise have paid the ordinary fare, and other thousands patronised the carmen, who saw their opportunity, and brought out passengers in battalions to Ball's Bridge and back again, at the charge of threepence per seat either way. This should prove a lesson to the Tramways Company, who after all are not an indispensable institution among us, and who can on occasion be brought to sharply by an indignant backward wave of public disapproval. Serve them right, will be the verdict of the travelling community.

Bishopscourt, the residence of the Earl of Clonmel, is at present shut up, the noble Earl being abroad. No doubt had his lordship been at home he would have had his house full to see the fight at Blackchurch.

With last week's *Life* was presented an excellent portrait of a charming and gifted Irish lady—Miss Armytage Moore, daughter of the late Mr William Armytage Moore, of Arnmore, Co. Cavan. Both in Dublin and London Miss Armytage Moore has attracted a large share of admiration.

Thanks to Mrs Power-Lalor, whose energy is unceasing, the sale of work for distressed ladies is resulting in a gratifying success. Last Saturday's sales were fairly attended, though the weather was against visiting, and the amount of the purchases made gave satisfactory proof that strong sympathy with the object of the promoters exists on the part of numbers of ladies of means and position. Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, who takes a deep interest in the movement, attended, her presence encouraging many to assist in promoting the success of the sales.

Several new articles have been added to the large collection previously gathered together, one of these attracting marked attention. This was an exquisitely beautiful centre-piece for a dinner table, made of rich silk of a pale blue shade, embroidered all over with wreaths of flowers and leaves in fillole, the execution of which was charming, more particularly as the harmonising of the colours was simply perfection. The wreaths consisted of flowers of white, red, red dish, and golden tints, intermixed with the green of the leaves, while the *tout ensemble* was soft and pleasing.

We are glad to know that Mrs Power-Lalor had a stall in one of the galleries at the Horse

Show at Ball's Bridge, and that the beautiful exhibits displayed attracted great attention, resulting in numerous sales.

We are advancing in the matter of railway travelling in Ireland—not in speed, but in comfort. The first application of the improvement has been made by the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Company, and we are sure that parties who have been lucky enough to travel in the carriage in which Mr Dowling's patent has been introduced will agree with us that it is a step in the right direction.

The company referred to have fitted up a first-class carriage with woven wire seats, and the improvement on the ordinary kind of cushions is very considerable, as the new seats afford very much greater comfort to the passengers by preventing oscillation and jolting, which, as all travellers know, cause a good deal of inconvenience in railway carriages. The patent can be applied to second and third-class compartments as well, and we expect to see other Irish companies adopt it.

The date has not yet been fixed, and we would suggest in connexion with the fete that the Great Northern Railway should run an excursion from Dublin to Newry or Warrenpoint, where passengers could reach Donard Lodge by car through as lovely a district as any in Ireland. We trust that something like this will be done, as many at this season would like to make a tour in the direction of Rostrevor and on by car route to Newcastle.

The Rathmines Sanitary Association has given a striking proof of its usefulness by a cookery book for the use of artisans' families which will be found useful to a much larger class than the one for which it was originally intended. The cost of the little *brochure* is only a penny, and it certainly should be in the hands of all housewives, as all to whom necessity or prudence suggests economy will find an abundance of cheap, palatable, and wholesome dishes from which to select a desirable change of diet for themselves and their families.

Another interesting theatrical case is likely presently to come before the world. A baronet and one of the most pleasing and promising of our younger actresses figure in the story. The baronet has interests in various directions, and especially in the theatre, and the young lady is calling upon him to fulfil his promise. There is plenty to interest one in the theatrical world just now. What with Miss Phyllis Broughton's action against Lord Dangan, and Miss Bessie Bellwood's action and some other similar cases, we are promised a lively time in the courts when they begin to sit after the long vacation.

The confectioners' shops of Bishop Auckland were invaded the other day by a cloud of bees, which, deprived apparently by the cold weather of their usual sustenance, battened upon the various good things displayed. Unless, however, Bishop Auckland confectionery differs a good deal from that of other places, the bees are now probably regretting their greediness.

A school is badly wanted in Dublin where young and old of both sexes could be instructed in the proper way of walking. There is not, we think, a city in Europe whose inhabitants have vaguer notions of treading their way in streets than those of Dublin. Walk down Grafton street any day in the week and we think the truth of what we write will be apparent, for you will be more jostled in that shut thoroughfare than you would be promenading Regent street from one end to the other. The Corporation might assist such a school by putting on each lamp-post "Keep to the right;" it would be the right thing to do, and prevent people going wrong.

The maiden of London no longer sings, "Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad." The refrain of song now is, "Oh, come and I'll whistle to you, my lad." Whistling is already a competitor with the banjo for popularity. It would be untrue to say that every young lady now whistles. Only a proportion of the female sex seems to be endowed with a whistle. But those who possess the power of imitating the nightingale are putting themselves under the training of Mrs Shaw, and we soon shall have whistling ladies "all over the place." It may interest some of our readers to know that whistling is not like swimming—an art once acquired and always possessed in perfection. It needs as much continuous practice as the fiddle or public speaking. It requires constant repetition for success.

The largest price ever given for a dog has just been paid by Mr J. R. Emmet, of New York, for the champion St. Bernard Plinlimmon. The animal was purchased by his late owner Mr F. W. Smith, of Leeds, for £800, who has parted with the dog for four figures, £1,000 sterling.

Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury's third son, who is going to marry Lady Eleanor Lambton, Lord Durham's sister, is a barrister. He was called to the bar last January, and is considered a young man of great promise and ability—the flower of the family. Lord Robert ought to succeed at the bar. He has a pleasant manner and appearance, is a good speaker, and on his mother's side ought to have inherited the legal qualities of his grandfather, Baron Alderson, who was one of England's greatest lawyers. Lord Robert will be the first member of the aristocracy, if he succeeds at the bar, who will have begun his career with the distinguished title of "My Lord."

There was heavy rain in Belfast on Tuesday and Thursday last week, that the low lying parts of the town were flooded. On Tuesday there was two feet of water in the kitchen and servants' apartments in the Royal Hospital. It very quickly subsided.

Sir James Corry, Bart., M.P., left Redlands Helen's on Friday night via Ardrossan for Strone on the Clyde. He was accompanied by Miss and Master Gotto.

The Emperor William has sent a telegram to the widow of Wagner, congratulating her on the success of the Bayreuth representations of her distinguished husband's works.

The Irish Exhibition has at last taken a leaf, a vine leaf maybe, from the Italians, and the whole concern has taken a new lease of life. With new entertainments, the increased illumination of the grounds, and the final firework display, the public have come in greater numbers despite "all London" being out of town. The "cead mille failthe" in lights is very attractive, and the grounds have assumed a very pretty appearance, the noise of the Ballyhooley Railway being enlivened by the shrieks of those travelling and by the strains of a somewhat poor band. Still everything comes to those who wait long enough, and so success should attend the efforts which Royalty has not smiled upon quite in the promised way.

The Irish Cricket Team to Canada is said to be one of gentlemen amateurs, who, contrary to custom, stand their own expenses. The fourteen matches which have been arranged are, some of them, at least looked upon as "good things" according to sporting circles in London. The team is captained by J. W. Hynes, a barrister and a prominent medallist of Trinity College, Dublin. All sportsmen must wish them luck and success, and also that no such misfortune may befall them as has done the English Football team in Australia, whose captain was drowned in the river Hunter while sculling.

Was it not Lady Morgan who said that the eyes of Ireland's daughters seemed to be put in with dirty fingers? This somewhat homely yet truthful remark is fully evidenced in the most attractive faces to be seen in the industrial village at the Irish Exhibition. It is not improbable that the lustrous beauty of the eye has sold many a piece of lace and linenwork; and, yet, with all, the stalls are comparatively free from that most detestable class, society loungers.

It is comical to see how the medical journals go on writing week after week against the fashions which are favourable to sunstroke. The *Lancet* was very much concerned the other day about the new hat, with its mysterious twists and curls, designed apparently to display a number of gilded brass pins in the back hair of its wearer. "Sunstroke!" the *Lancet* cried, and the *Hospital* is so much afraid of this serious infliction as to advise everybody to "remain indoors for an hour or two at mid-day if possible." This, according to the *Hospital*, is "plainly a matter of common sense." Umbrellas are recommended to men and large parasols to women, the latter piece of counsel being offered, we cannot help thinking, in a spirit of supererogation. Men are also recommended to wear helmets or white hats, and to take a cold bath, not only on rising in the morning and at mid-day, but at night, with an occasional sluicing of the head with cold water.

We read all this, and then look out upon the clouded sky. Not one vertical ray of the sun has reached this part of the world for many days, and instead of suffering from sunstroke we have lately been putting on warm clothing. The truth, of course, is that the fashions against which the medical journals so loudly protest as being dangerous have been adopted in consequence of the weather, which has made them almost a necessity. The man who went about in a tropical helmet, say on last Sunday, would

be regarded as an idiot; and if he put his head under a tap every hour he would probably find himself in bed next day suffering from a very bad cold.

According to the *Star*, Ireland must claim among her "girls who have won renown" the clever authoress of "Nitocris," the Egyptian blank verse play produced at Drury lane. "Clo Graves," such is her name, was born in Buttevant, County Cork, and came of a military family, her grandfather, three uncles, and father all being officers in the same corps. The successful career of a girl who has kept several members of her family by her pen since she was seventeen is to be carefully watched, and she herself should be congratulated on her pluck and energy. She is the "Hurdy-Gurdy Man" in *Judy* every week, has been five years on the stage, and is now one of the four adaptors of "She" for the Gaiety Theatre.

A good yarn comes from Belfast circles. One of the numerous deadheads came across Mr Warden, of the Belfast Theatre Royal, and with the usual coolness of his class craved the favour of a pass. The request was not an uncommon sound to Mr Warden; yet, in the pretence of having no "pasteboard" with him, wrote on the deadhead's shirt front, "One to stalls; J. F. Warden," saying, as usual that it must be shown to the check-taker. The show was commencing as Mr Deadhead came to the stall door, only to find that the check-taker was firm in his decision to accept no "order" unless it were given up to be placed among the checks.

It is generally known that advertising is used much more extensively in Germany for finding suitable partners for life than it is in Great Britain. But not only for matrimonial wants do the foreigners beat us, since the following is an actual literal translation of an advertisement appearing in a German paper:—"Wanted by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably-dressed children two or three hours a day to amuse a cat in delicate health." Really the "respectably-dressed" and "delicate health" do, in Yankee parlance, seem very "cunning."

On Wednesday evening last the members of the Dolphin Rowing Club, Ringsend, gave one of their aquatic parties, which have always proved enjoyable to their friends. The party, numbering about 40, found ample accommodation on three barges of the club, and proceeded to visit Clontarf to enjoy the strains of the band, after which a start was made for Ringsend. The passage across was rendered interesting by a race between the crews steered by Mr Cochrane and Dr. Macnamara respectively, the doctor's crew eventually reaching the landing slip well ahead of their opponents. On the re-assembling of the guests, dancing was the order of the night, and during the intervals songs by Messrs Warren, Mulligan, &c., added considerably to the enjoyment, which continued unabated till about 6 o'clock a.m.

It is intended to have occasional trips during the remainder of the season, whenever the tide will suit, to visit places within reach, and during the winter the usual quadrille parties, balls, con-

certs, &c., will be in full swing under the energetic management of the committee and captain, Mr D. McGowan.

How accurately Shakspeare described the present weather in Ireland when he wrote—

"Nor custom stale its infinite variety."

Some of our English visitors, who, writes a correspondent, joined a certain pic-nic party to a lovely lake in the County Wicklow last week had a good opportunity of experiencing the truth of that adage. The party set off with plenty of sunshine and spirits, and heralded by the inspiring tones of a cornet, "but little thought of running such a rig." When they had arrived at the charming and romantic lake of their destination, around which not a human habitation can be seen for miles, down came a perfect deluge of rain, hail rattled against them with great fury, thunder peals echoed wildly over the mountains and through the glens, and the lightning filled the affrighted ladies with awe and apprehension.

The day's long-looked for enjoyment was nipped in the bud and the sweet anticipations of several young people who are fast entering upon the joys and sorrows of love's young dream partook more of a sorrowful consummation than of a joyful one. The party returned to Dublin at the earliest possible moment, and as they descended from the waggonette which conveyed them they presented an unhappy and bedraggled appearance, each vowing vengeance against the elements for affording them such an experience of their power over the vain projects of man.

We are glad to see that in their Killarney tours the directors of the Great Southern and Western Railway are paying due deference to the scruples against Sunday travelling which animate a considerable portion of the community, and are now running their wonderfully cheap excursions to the Lakes from Dublin and intermediate stations on Saturdays, returning on the following Monday. This is as it should be, and it is a real pleasure to know that these wonderfully attractive trips are being—as they ought to be—largely availed of.

There is interesting news for sojourners at Bray. The Amusements Committee are about to have placed before them a remarkable offer which both from its singularity and generosity they should on the part of the visitors at once accept.

An eccentric old-young man of fashionable attire and superb "form," who is desirous of hiding his noble lineage under the *nom-de-theatre* of "Professor Rooster, the Antient Contortionist," has expressed his desire to give daily entertainments on the Esplanade free to the public provided a temporary platform is erected for him.

He will there display his highly-trained collection of birds and fishes, whose performances will be interspersed with short impromptu pianoforte solos and pithy illustrations of natural history by the Professor. The second portion of the programme will be devoted to tricks of leger-de-main and clairvoyance.

We have only room to refer to one or two of the items with which the Professor promises to amuse his audience. He will make the ordinary seats along the Esplanade appear to attain life and, leaving their accustomed places, engage in frisky curvettings on the roadway. There will be, no doubt, great longing to see this feat accomplished. The aquatic items will be very daring. The Professor will exemplify the beauty of the graceful salmon leap, and will demonstrate the practical utility of an ordinary waterproof overcoat when used as a parachute to rescue a drowning person from the angry billows. Space will not permit us to mention other items in the Professor's eccentric programme.

Festivities at the Viceregal Lodge have been few and far between for a long time past, but to a large extent this has not been the fault of their Excellencies, who were precluded from entertaining during the greater portion of the summer by the deaths of the German Emperors. They might, however, do something to make up for what was unavoidable by at least one ball at the Castle before September leaves us. Dublin has been socially so dull since the long period of the last Viceregal festivity that the announcement of another would cause quite a flutter among the upper crust of Irish society, and would be hailed with acclaim by a small army of *costumiers*.

Their Excellencies, we observe, will visit Belfast about the middle of October, when the noble Marquis will open the Municipal Free Library in that town. This will be followed by a luncheon given in the Town Hall in honour of his Excellency by Sir James Haslett, Mayor. Immediately afterwards the Viceroy and the Marchioness of Londonderry will leave Belfast by Northern Counties Railway for Larne, *en route* for Stranraer and London.

It is stated that during the first week of September his Excellency will pay a brief visit to the Earl and Countess of Erne at Crom, Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh, and that during his stay a county ball on a grand scale will be given by his noble host and hostess, to which many distinguished parties will be invited from other parts of Ireland.

We have much pleasure in congratulating the popular and highly esteemed Mr B. L. O'Donnell on having passed the preliminary examination of the Royal College of Surgeons. Having regard to his great lingual abilities—his vast experience on the Continent, and his general knowledge of the world in all its phases, we have no doubt but that Mr O'Donnell will in due course blossom not only into a full-fledged but highly distinguished disciple of Esculapius.

He has during his career interviewed some of our commercial magnates, and can discourse with equal fluency on the *bouquet* of the choicest vintage or the philosophic merits of the humble cabbage leaf. His experience has been extensive, his self-confidence profound, and his fine presence has graced many a platform, be it the extemporised elevation of the practical wagonette at a popular demonstration in the Park, or the not less sought after, but much more elaborate chariot of Sequah, of "Prairie Flower" renown.

Italy copies us in other ways besides annexing foreign lands. Her Duc d'Aosta is about to be married, and, following the British idea of Jubilee year, one day's pay of the troops in her army has been stopped, in order that the soldiers may have "an opportunity" of making the prospective Duchess a nice present. The soldiers it is said do not fully appreciate this great honour however.

Walking-sticks are being turned to novel purposes by an inventive manufacturer. From one a silk umbrella emerges, and, screwed into the handle, answers every purpose; in another a dozen pennies are stowed away; another contains a measure for the height of horses, with a spirit level attached; while another with a crystal handle shows the face of a watch, which tells the time perfectly. Raising the lid, it is easily wound up as required, and the crystal shows the hands distinctly.

One of the most interesting women of New York is Mrs Margaret Moore, an Irishwoman. Mrs Moore is a tall, slight woman of graceful figure, with clear, regular features, and bright, dark blue, Irish eyes. She is said by the American papers to have "served three months in Tullamore Gaol in the cause of Irish liberty."

American girls are making their way in London, where just now gossips are sadly puzzled over the identity of a wondrously pretty girl who drives in Rotten row in carriages emblazoned with the crest of his Grace of Portland. The fair-haired beauty is Miss Jeanie McNulty, of Irish-American parentage, who played ducks and drakes with the hearts of dudes when with the Adonis Company at the Bijou Theatre.

Another Yankee girl, Josie Hall, is wedded to a German baron; Adelaide Detchon is whistling her way into the company of peers; the gipsy-like De Lussan is carolling a career for herself among the high-born belles of Belgravia; Mary Anderson is declining coronets as disdainfully as though they were stale buns; and Martinot is daily snubbing princes from the door of her Paris *salon*! Who will venture to affirm that the Americans are not a great people?

Of the making of books there is no end. Against this industry we have nothing to advance, as long as the works produced are of a healthy and instructive nature. One has only to look at the displays made at railway bookstalls and other places to secure confirmation of the fact that the publishing trade, especially in England, shows no signs of decay. While this is so, we warmly appreciate the efforts made by Mr Olley, of Belfast, to retain for this country the production of the works of native authors. Since the publication of "The Golden Halcombes," by Mr Olley, we have watched with interest the upward steps which he has made towards obtaining a foremost position among the publishers in Ireland.

His praiseworthy efforts to place upon sale in this country books of fiction of a better and purer class than the majority of those which find their way here from some of the London houses, deserves, and we are glad to know are receiving, the support of the reading public. The latest volume from his establishment is entitled, "A Bunch of Shamrocks," the author of which is Mrs M. J. Houston. The Manse, Portlengone.

A casual glance through the pages satisfies us that the work is one whose existence only requires to be made known to be appreciated and admired. Mrs Houston weilds a facile pen, adorns her facts with eloquent and persuasive language, and produces moral inferences with the best and noblest of aims. The price of the book which extends to 205 pages crown octavo is one shilling, and the typographical finish is exceedingly creditable to Messrs Marcus Ward and Company, the printers.

Miss Dod, the lawn tennis championess, cannot be more than four or five-and-twenty years of age. She is slightly above the middle height, well built, with muscular biceps, and an admirable figure. Her face and hands have acquired a nut-brown hue from constant exposure, and with her soft dark eyes and jet-black hair give her quite an Oriental appearance. She does not triumph by force or craft, and her returns are not difficult to take, but she herself scarcely ever misses a stroke. During the tennis season she travels all over the country to attend tournaments and prize meetings, and her rooms are a perfect storehouse of cups and trophies of her prowess.

The rumour is again revived that Ireland is an auriferous country, and that an attempt will be made in the near future to work our mines, though the exact locality of the deposits is not specifically stated. This may be for good and sufficient reasons; but it appears that on the west coast the peasantry have known of gold ledges for a very long time, and used actually to work at them with the aid of crude implements until the Government stepped in and put a stop to the experiments.

Many years afterwards an attempt to work our alleged gold mines was made by Government officials without any result, and the project was abandoned as useless; but now a prominent Irish Member of Parliament asserts the existence of a ledge of 70 feet in thickness, which actually carries 15 pennyweights of gold to the ton, and it is said that the mines can be worked with a profit. It looks like business to be told that the mine will be worked by the proprietor alone, and will not be formed into a company. Under the circumstances the least we can do is to hope that the news may be true.

The oldest inhabitant of Kingstown does not remember a solitary occasion since the opening of the railway to Dublin, in which the residents of the premier township have been given a cheap trip to the metropolis. This seems curious, but is nevertheless strictly true. Might we suggest that similar fares should be charged morning and evening to the inhabitants of Kingstown wishing to go to Dublin as are now afforded Dublin folk to go to Kingstown. The Carl Rosa Opera Company is now performing, the admission to whose performances, admirable though they unquestionably are, is pretty stiff, the high railway fares makes the total cost to a paterfamilias a large sum. Would it be too much to ask the Directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company to issue return tickets to Westland row from Bray and all intermediate stations after 6.30 p.m. at the same fares as they now charge from Westland row to Kingstown and Bray by morning and evening trains?



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF

MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

A MODERN MASTERPIECE.

On Oscar Munro's face every change of the music was reflected in his expression. His mouth opened, his eyes expanded; his mouth shut, his brows met; he smiled with the unconscious delight of a child; he frowned with the exaggerated frown of a stage bandit.

The introduction played by Mr Henrikson was a long movement, taking about seven minutes to execute.

During these seven minutes Oscar Munro had passed through almost every change of emotion possible to the most developed human being. His eyes grew dim as the last pathetic phrase passed slowly into silence, and during this passage he had been moving unconsciously towards the piano. As the old musician rose from the stool, Oscar took his hand and reverently kissed it.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr Henrikson with a stare of astonishment and yet a smile of pleasure. "You see," he explained, looking to Gordon, "the boy is nothing if not theatrical. His soul revels in bombast. Have you ever been out with him during a storm?"

"I regret to say I have," replied Gordon.

"And did he behave like a lunatic?"

"Like a penny edition of Byron's Manfred," replied Gordon.

"Just so. It is a fortunate thing for his relatives," said Mr Henrikson, "that he does not mean all he says. Now then, Oscar, what are you doing?"

Oscar had taken his manuscript fugue, and was slowly tearing it into small pieces which he dropped into the fireplace, contemplating the destruction of his composition with an expression of dejection.

"The fugue," observed Gordon, "is now, without doubt, in thirty-three parts."

"You shouldn't have done that, my boy," said the old musician. "Jesting apart, it was a pretty fugue. It promised well."

"Yes," returned Oscar, gloomily, dropping the last few pieces of manuscript into the grate, "I am always promising, never performing."

"Well, you shall perform now," said Mr Henrikson, cheerfully. "Come! Let us have something. Liszt, Schumann—anything. Gordon's piano is—strange to say—in tune. Let us take

advantage of it, Oscar, before he plays on it himself."

"What shall I play?" inquired Oscar, seating himself, and looking up reverently at the old man who stood beside him.

"There is a thing—a novelette—by Schumann—this—" he stooped, one hand on Oscar's shoulder, and played a few bars. "You know it?"

"Oh, yes."

When the piece was finished with several others, Mr Henrikson invited his two companions to accompany him to a meeting of the Kyrle Society to be held at Mrs Denison's town residence at the hour of 30 minutes past three.

CHAPTER XXI.

ADELAIDE IN DISGRACE.

AS Mr Henrikson was not fond of walking, owing to his lameness, they hailed a cab which was leisurely passing, and the three companions got in. When they arrived at Mrs Denison's house, they found that lady and her daughter leaving their carriage, a servant in livery who was carrying a large paper parcel, preceding them up the steps.

When Adelaide caught sight of Mr Henrikson stepping from the cab, she returned down the steps to assist him. Her mother, halting at the open door, put up her glasses and viewed with astonishment the extraordinary conduct of her daughter.

"Helping her music master from a cab!" said Mrs Denison to herself. "This is positively dreadful. Adelaide must go to London. Her tone is getting demoralised."

The carriage had driven away. The cab stood before the steps. The two younger men had alighted after Mr Henrikson, and raised their hats to Miss Denison. The driver—an elderly man with weather-stained face—had let himself swing down slowly from his seat, but when his feet were on the pavement he rushed to his mare's head, seized the bridle, and backed her, shouting—

"Hike! Hike up, there. Ah, would you? Steady."

And he made a soothing noise by blowing the air through his loose lips. He stroked down the haunches of the animal, whose only signs of animation were the steam breathed from its nostrils as it hung its head, and a trembling in its front knees. Adelaide held Mr Henrikson's old stick whilst he searched for his purse.

"This horse of yours," said he, turning to the jarvey, "is, I suppose, the slowest yet created?"

The man stared at him for a moment, with a total blankness of expression, apparently unable to understand the question.

"She's not a horse," he growled. "She's a mare."

"Oh!"

"Ay, she's well enough," added the man, as he pocketed the shilling, hoisting up one waistcoat

to get at the pocket of another. "It's the roads is bad. When I hears any anyone talkin' agin the Pride I let them have their fling. Lave the mare alone, I say."

"A very judicious observation," muttered Mr Henrikson, as he turned away.

Mrs Denison was disgusted to observe the tender, reverential care with which *her* daughter assisted this old musician, with the common old stick and the shabby brown overcoat, up the steps. She saluted him with the tips of two outstretched fingers, and glanced with indignation at her daughter.

Oscar Munro, when he discovered the presence of Adelaide, and saw her face sweetly smiling under a large straw hat, adorned with ears of corn and scarlet poppies; when this vision of loveliness burst upon him, he fell against the equable Gordon and almost upset him into the channel. Nor did the chilly shake of Mrs Denison's two fingers tend to assist him to his self-possession.

He continued to stare after Adelaide as she went arm-in-arm with Mr Henrikson through the hall, until he backed again on Gordon, and got a rude thrust in the small of his back for treading on his friend's toes.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Oscar, turning to him in confusion.

"So you ought, you idiot," muttered Gordon, savagely; then almost immediately, turning to Mrs Denison, he engaged that lady in quiet conversation as they passed together up the broad stairs.

"Ex-cuse me, sir," said a flunkey to Oscar, at the sametime closing the door. "This 'ere door's got to be shut, sir."

Oscar, discovering that he had been standing in the man's way, abjectly begged his pardon, and followed his friends in a bewildered state of mind.

"Don't suppose," said Adelaide, laughingly, to Mr Henrikson, as she left him at the drawing-room door, "that I am going to assist at mother's Kyrle Society. I have just got a costume for Figaro, and intend trying it on."

She indicated the parcel which she had taken from the servant, and now carried herself upstairs. Mr Henrikson entered the drawingroom with Mrs Denison and Gordon. Oscar Munro shortly followed, and to his dismay found himself in the presence of the Kyrle Society, with Adelaide absent.

As far as Oscar could observe in his bewildered condition, the Kyrle Society, or that branch of it patronised by Mrs Denison, consisted of half a dozen elderly ladies, several clergymen, and a bishop. They were all ranged for the transaction of business in a semi-circle of chairs, with a table for the secretary in the middle, and at the head of the table a large chair for the chairman.

Mr Henrikson limped modestly to the background near the window, which looked out on the square, the view being likely to afford him pleasant variety to the possible dullness of the proceedings. Gordon, with pale, impassive face,

somewhat wearied-looking, sat behind Mrs Denison, who held an animated conversation with two clergymen on either side. Oscar Munro, having cast a glance around, made his way sympathetically towards the piano, and sat on the stool, his fingers playing a noiseless interlude on the keys.

Most of the members of the Kyrle Society held papers and notebooks. When there was a lull in the general conversation, a young clergyman, who had been looking anxiously from time to time at his watch, rose, and assuming a genial smile, said—

"I beg to move that his lordship do now take the chair."

Silence ensued.

"I beg to second that," said some person in the background.

His lordship, a small but dignified old man, with a bald head, rose, bowed, and seated himself in the chair.

Here he sat for a moment, with his two fore-fingers on his chin and his brows bent; then, rising, he said—

"Mrs Denison, ladies and gentlemen,—Before calling on our honorary, and, I may say, efficacious secretary to read the minutes of our last meeting, I should like to say a few words to you by way of preface to our—"

He paused and looked round, as did all present, at Oscar Munro, who had inadvertently brought his hand down on the bass notes, and produced discordant sounds.

"I beg your pardon," said Oscar; but he was too distant for his low-voiced apology to be heard. His expression of abject misery, however, gratified all, and the bishop resumed—

"I was about to say, before being interrupted by our young friend, that I feel myself bound as a member—an unworthy member—of this estimable society to further its interests not only in connection with the humanising influences of art in its highest sense, but in connection with—"

Here his lordship paused, and looked towards the door and listened. Adelaide was singing with such clearness that her voice easily penetrated to the rooms below—

"When love unfurls his wings above thee."

Mrs Denison looked unhappy. Old Mr Henrikson quietly smiled, and rubbed his hands softly together in the solitude of the window recess. His lordship, however, having ascertained the cause of the interruption, proceeded—

"I was about to say, the advantages of mingling amongst the poorer classes of our fellow-citizens, or, as I prefer to call them—using the higher and broader term—our fellow creatures, affords each one of us many unusual facilities for appealing to their higher moral faculties, and lifting from the depths of degradation those men and women—"

"Of love beware."

The bishop momentarily paused as Adelaide rang out her crescendo passage; but he proceeded—

"Those men and women who congregate, alas, too numerous in the slums. I would earnestly remind all here"—his lordship looked solemnly round at the attentive faces—"and par-

ticularly those members who, like myself, are also members of the Church, never to neglect any occasion, whilst on the mission of this admirable society, to instil into the benighted minds of these poor, wretched, unhappy denizens of the slums these inestimable precepts—"

"When love unfurls his wings—"

"these inestimable precepts," continued his lordship, with an impatient glance towards the door, "which form the principles of true morality. It is not alone, my friends, the decoration of these poor, humble dwellings with Japanese fans and similar ornaments, which should be our care—"

"Of love beware."

"but the moral welfare of this class of the community which, I have no hesitation in saying, should rest on a much higher basis. Mere outward adornments, however pleasing to the eye and however elevating to the intellectual nature, may be—I will not say are—but may be merely the outward beauty of the painted sepulchre, whilst all within is—"

"When love unfurls—"

"rottenness and decay. Mrs Denison, I am sorry to trouble you, but it is impossible to transact our business with these repeated—"

His lordship broke off in his observations, looked round at Oscar Munro—at whom all present stared—and sat down disgusted. Oscar had been listening with rapt attention to the singer in the distant part of the house, and though sitting with his back to the piano, his hand, groping behind, instinctively played a noiseless accompaniment to the Habenera, but he came to grief among the treble notes, which shrilly interrupted his lordship's appeal to Mrs Denison. There was nothing for it but a public apology, which Oscar stammered forth, conscious of the universal indignation. Mr Henrikson was the only person who seemed to enjoy the young musician's confusion, to judge from the grim smile on the old man's face.

Oscar, as he re-seated himself, glanced reproachfully across at Mr Henrikson.

Mrs Denison sent a servant to silence her daughter.

The business, relieved from further interruptions, proceeded rapidly. From the triumphant accounts of slum visiting detailed by the members, one after another, Oscar began to understand that this society had solved the problem of raising the masses with peacocks' feathers and Japanese fans. The meeting then discussed the proposal of a concert for the general relief of the poor; and Mrs Denison said that, though opposed to her daughter's desire of a stage career, she had no objection to her singing at a charitable concert. As her daughter's consent, however, was necessary, Mrs Denison sent a servant to fetch her.

In the meantime some of the members, and chiefly the ladies, looked towards the door, for Miss Denison was an interesting, though somewhat eccentric young person with Bohemian tastes. Their interest deepened when Adelaide appeared in a long cloak which completely draped her figure. She seemed rather astonished at the number of members, but bowed to the chairman and turned questioning towards her mother. Oscar's breath came short and fast, but he strove to appear unconcerned, for though he did not dare to glance towards the window he knew the penetrating eyes of Mr Henrikson were fixed upon him.

"You may sit down, dear," said Mrs Denison to her daughter.

"Thank you, mother," replied Adelaide, standing beside the secretary's table. "You must excuse me, I am very busy upstairs. You sent for me—"

"We are anxious, Miss Denison," said the bishop, as he sat back in the chair, his ankles crossed, and his finger tips together, "to arrange a concert in the interests of the poor of this city. We desire to know if you will allow your name to go on the programme, to be printed, I may say, in the customary way, on the concert programme. We wish to add some pecuniary assistance to the poor, besides our efforts for their moral regeneration."

"Oh, a concert," said Adelaide. "I have no objection—"

As she spoke the cloak, which had been hurriedly fastened at the throat, gave way and slipped to the carpet, and Adelaide stood revealed in the gorgeous costume of an operatic page.

An universal inhalation of breathing was heard passing round the astonished members of the Kyrle Society. Mr Gordon sat slightly smiling. Oscar Munro fell off the piano stool, and, when he got up, sat down on the keyboard. Adelaide stooped to pick up her cloak, and Mr Henrikson hurried forward to assist her.

"Thank you, maestro," whispered Adelaide, with a sweet smile in her eyes, as she turned to the old musician.

"I have no objection," she continued, calmly, to his lordship, as she held her cloak tightly at the throat, "to sing at your concert, and I shall let your secretary have my songs this evening."

She bowed and walked out. Mr Henrikson held the door open. As he bowed to her she smiled with an air of amusement in her expression.

The business of the meeting, already at its termination, was shortly closed, and the Kyrle members departed. The bishop was the last to go. As he stood in the doorway, and shook hands with Mrs Denison, he said—

"As an old friend, Mrs Denison, I shall take the liberty of saying a word relative to your daughter. Mrs Denison, she is not under your control. You have been lax with her. You have been—"

"Oh, please spare me," said Mrs Denison, pathetically.

"Ah," said his lordship, "believe me, I sympathise with you. At the same time I have a duty—"

Oscar Munro had lingered behind, somewhat in the rear of Mrs Denison and the bishop, but on looking round he suddenly caught sight of Mr Henrikson approaching him with a sarcastic smile, and Oscar, in his anxiety to escape, stumbled against the bishop.

"What—" exclaimed his lordship, indignantly, as he stepped aside and glanced through his uplifted glasses at Oscar. "What do you mean, sir? Ah, this was the young man so given to interruptions. Sir, a word with you."

"Excuse me," exclaimed Oscar, already half way down the stairs, and pausing to look back, "I can't stop. I must—I must breathe!"

"Must breathe?" echoed the bishop, meditatively. "What an extraordinary young man! Well, good-bye, Mrs Denison."

He passed away with his hands clasped behind his back. Mrs Denison re-entered the drawingroom and sat down in a chair.

"That Adelaide should have disgraced herself so!" she murmured.

These words were partly directed to Mr Henrikson—the sole occupant of the room besides herself. He was placidly turning over the leaves of an album on a table.

"Oh, she has disgraced herself?" said the old man, lifting his heavy grey eyebrows.

"Yes. What will the Kyrle Society think of her?"

"That all depends," observed Mr Henrikson, "on whether they have a taste for the beautiful or not."

"She has lost tone," moaned Mrs Denison. "She must go to London for the season. She is rapidly losing tone."

The door was opened very slowly, and Adelaide, bending over the handle, looked mysteriously behind the door, then round the room, and said, in a tragic whisper—

"Are they gone? Are all the Kyrles gone?"

She was now attired in an ordinary wateau house costume. She advanced into the room on tiptoe, after the manner of stage villains, looking from right to left, and starting dramatically at the slightest sound. When her mother coughed, Adelaide turned as if to fly.

"How you frightened me, mother! I thought you were a Kyrle."

"It is quite absurd, Adelaide," said Mrs Denison, indignantly, "to make fun of such a *an'retemps*. You are not a child. I am excessively annoyed."

"And is it annoyed," said Adelaide, standing before her mother, with clasped hands and wistfully, like a penitent child, "is it annoyed, then, with its own ickle Adelaide?"

"You have lost tone, Adelaide," said her mother. "I will not permit this nonsense. I will not submit to your theatrical fancies. The bishop has been talking about you."

Here Adelaide thrust up her shoulders, squared her doubled hands on her sides, and in a hoarse, bass voice, which startled both her mother and Mr Henrikson, growled—

"The bishop has been talkin' has he? Well, when I hears anyone talkin' agin the Pride I let them have their fling. Lave the mare alone, I say."

"Adelaide!" exclaimed Mrs Denison, starting up, "you are incorrigible. You are positively vulgar."

As her mother angrily left the room, Adelaide looked with a melancholy smile at Mr Henrikson.

"Well, I must be off, too," said, he looking at his watch.

"Oh, no, maestro, not quite yet," cried Adelaide hurrying to the piano. "It has been haunting me all day. I *must* sing it."

"Well, find it," said the old man, seating himself composedly before the piano. "Whatever it is find it."

"I *must* find it," said Adelaide, turning over the music. "If I do not sing it and have done with it I shall die. Ah, here it is!"

She opened the music before him. Then, standing a little behind him, her hands quietly clasped before her, waited the finish of his introduction, and attached the air. It was the habenera from Bizet's "Carmen."

CHAPTER XXII.

EVA FITZGERALD.

EVA, daughter of Mr Fitzgerald by his first wife, had arrived at home from the convent in Paris, where she had been reared from

her childhood. She was now eighteen, and when she returned to Dublin was confused by the new life around her. She had a slight figure, her hair being auburn, and her skin of that clear paleness which usually accompanies hair of a reddish tinge. Her lips were bright scarlet, and her eyes, of hazel colour, were large, presenting a curious effect, under a fringe of long lashes which were almost white.

After her seclusion in the Parisian convent school this lovely girl looked on the world suddenly presented with child-like wonder, marveling at the strange sights and citizens, and feeling extremely shy in society.

Being of this simple nature, she became fond of the society of her father's children, and took more delight in walking and talking with them than in the pleasures of great fashionable parties where crowds of men hummed round her, bewildering her with attentions.

One summer evening she went out for a walk with Bernard and Hettie, unaccompanied on this occasion by their governesses, and the three wandered slowly along the Grand Canal, under the trees.

Bernard held close to his breast a model yacht, and looked anxiously towards the water. Ambitious of becoming a pirate chief whenever occasion offered, he seized every opportunity to make a practical acquaintance with the movements of model ships on the canal, as a kind of preliminary apprenticeship to the wild life on the ocean wave that awaited his maturer years. Eva walked between the children, holding Hettie's hand, and supporting a sunshade which threw a shadow over her face and shoulders. She was dressed in a tight-fitting costume of light grey, with a large hat, and long gloves reaching to her elbows.

At last Bernard, who could no longer bear the prompting of his imagination, cried out—

"Wait a moment, Eva. I want to sail my ship."

They halted, the two girls quietly watching the eager movements of the boy. He knelt down on a fringe of grass, and carefully deposited his yacht on the water, holding it with a string.

A few pedestrians idly patrolling the banks stood about to stare, some at the boy and others at his beautiful step-sister. On the opposite side of the canal there had been for sometime seated under a tree a young man apparently absorbed in lonely and sombre reflections. For an hour or more he had been seated there alone, so wrapt in thought that he never once glanced up at passers by, or made a change in his position, but kept his dark eyes fixed on the water. He was neatly dressed, and had a sallow, delicate face. It was Tim Ryan. He was seated opposite to Eva Fitzgerald, but when Bernard set his yacht afloat Tim glanced a moment at them, and then resumed his introspective and meditative stupor.

Suddenly Eva Fitzgerald uttered a piercing shriek, and dropping her sunshade ran up, and down the bank, wringing her hands. The pirate chief in his exciting efforts to control his yacht had unintentionally plunged headlong into the canal, and disappeared from view. A crowd at once collected and stood, some shouting, others open-mouthed and staring, everyone suggesting what everyone else should do, and nobody initiating any rational action. The pirate chief reappeared on the surface of the water, and casting one wild despairing glance at the crowd, again went under. Eva continued to run about

momentarily deranged. At length there was a general shout of applause. On the opposite side, Tim Ryan stood poised for a moment on the bank without his coat. With one bound he was in the middle of the canal, disappeared, and rose with his arm round the unconscious form of the pirate chief.

"This way, this way," roared the crowd who surrounded Eva. "Bravo!"

Tim Ryan, however, calmly struck out for his own side, and there in a few moments deposited his unconscious burden on the bank. A cheer rose from the people. Tim Ryan, with a perfectly unmoved face, put on his coat, and lifting the boy in his arms, carried him along the bank towards the bridge. Eva snatching Hettie's hand, ran on her side in the same direction. Most of the people followed.

On the bridge stood the impassive Tim Ryan holding Bernard Fitzgerald in his arms, replying to the excited congratulations of the crowd with stony indifference. His clothes were dripping, and his wet black hair clinging round his white face. Several jarvies had arrived in the hope of a job. More distant stood the Pride of Kildare, in its usual disconsolate attitude, Mr Doyle seated on the box. Only once did Ryan shew any signs of mental animation, and that was when he exchanged glances with the wandering eye of Doyle. Both men were evidently acquainted.

The crowd parted, and Eva Fitzgerald, with her hat hanging on her shoulders, came through, dragging Hettie with her. As she uttered her incoherent thanks, Tim Ryan forced his way through the people, unheeding the seductive yells of the jarvies, and deposited his burden in Doyle's cab. He then stood beside Doyle at the open door assisting Eva.

Eva put Hettie into the cab, then before getting in herself, turned to Tim Ryan, and exclaimed—

"How can I thank you?"

A change came over Ryan. For about the first time in his life he blushed. His frame tingled to the delicious music of her voice. Never in his life had he beheld so lovely a face. What was it like? he wondered. The Madonna Mary. A superstitious sensation seemed to creep through his nerves.

"Here," said Eva, opening her purse; it is very little, but what I have—"

She looked up, having extracted the only sovereign in her purse. Ryan had disappeared. The moment he had observed her searching for money, he had raised his hat, and suddenly pressed his way through the crowd.

"Betther get in, Miss," said Doyle, touching his cap, and holding the door open. "The little boy'll get a chill mebbe, an' the sooner he gets home the better. Now then," he roared, turning on the crowd, "where are yiz pushin'?"

"Stand clear o' the cab there!" shouted a police sergeant, making his appearance. "Come now, move an'."

The sergeant closed the door, and Doyle mounted the box and drove away the Pride at its best pace, which resembled the worst of an ordinary mare. The crowd fell back as the wheels were set in motion, and dispersed their several ways.

Later on in the night Bernard lay in bed sleeping, and Hettie seated on the bed, alternately sewed and watched him. A shaded lamp burned in the room. There was a fire and on it a saucepan with a gruel preparation when the pirate chief should awaken.

He had been rubbed with rough towels until he screamed with agony, and had drunk two spoonfuls of hot brandy which almost instantly set him asleep. He had been rolled in blankets and placed in bed, and was now lying with his mouth open, his eyes fast closed, and two pink patches on his cheeks.

Though asleep he was at times conscious of the oppressiveness of the heat, and sometimes flung out an arm. It was Hettie's duty to replace this arm under the clothes lest he should catch cold, and this duty she performed with a great show of promptitude.

"Dear, dear me," she said, making a clacking noise with her tongue against her teeth, which she had learned from her mother, "that boy has his arm out again!"

She replaced the arm, tucking it under the clothes, and, shaking her finger reproachfully at the unconscious pirate, reseated herself and resumed her sewing.

But the little arm was tossed out again, after an interval of restless turning.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" Hettie exclaimed in a low voice. "I declare it's out again. What shall I do with this bold boy?"

She laid down her sewing, slid off the bed, and slapped the arm briskly but softly. As she was tucking it once more under the clothes Bernard opened his eyes and said—

"Mamma, I'm so hot. O—oh!"

He pushed the clothes from his chest with his little hands, and worked himself up on the pillows, his face damp with perspiration.

"Lie down, Bernard," said Hettie, stamping her foot. "Lie down this instant. You'll catch cold."

"But I'm so hot, Hettie," complained Bernard. "I'm suffocated with all this heat."

"No matter. Mamma, says you are to keep under the clothes or you'd catch cold. You must do what mamma says. Go down, now."

She caught him by the shoulders, and thrust him down with what little force she possessed.

"Oh, you don't care if I melted all away," said Bernard, miserably.

"How could you melt, you silly boy?" said Hettie, fixing the clothes about his neck in quite a motherly way.

"Oh, I know I'll be melted all away," moaned Bernard, "before morning. I'm suffocating."

"This ought to be a lesson to you," said Hettie, standing beside him, and shaking her head with awful seriousness. "It's a lesson that you ought to remember all your life. If you lived to be as old as Methusalem."

"Oh, Hettie, don't go on like that."

"I often told you," said Hettie, putting up her finger and looking sideways at him, "that it was silly nonsense wishing to go to sea, and, goodness knows, perhaps getting your head cut off like those men in the pictures. Now, I hope you know what it is to be in the sea. You frikened me very much, and I hope this won't occur again."

"No it won't," moaned Bernard, half-smothered in the blankets. "I don't want to be a pirate any more."

"I am very glad indeed to hear you say so," observed Hettie, smoothing her dress in front. "It is a great relief to my mind, and I hope you will be a better boy in future and not worry me. You know, Bernard, I was entirely against your going to be a pirate, and you now see that I was right. If you had taken my advice this dreadful accident would not have happened."

"I couldn't help it," returned Bernard. "I

didn't mean to fall in. The water got over me."

"It was awful I'm sure, Bernard," said Hettie. "But what would it be if you were really out on the ocean and drowning in the big waves? Oh, dear! oh, dear! it was a great shock to me, but I hope the worst is past."

"Hettie," said Eva, entering, and speaking in a loud whisper, "you must not be talking to Bernard. Let him sleep."

"Yes, Eva," whispered Hettie, stealing from the bedside on tiptoe. "I was only telling him he must not throw the clothes off. He really is drefffully hot, you know. I put my hand on him and my fingers were quite wriggly with the perspiration."

She returned with Eva to the bedside, and they stood looking down at Bernard. He was again fast asleep, and nothing save the upper part of his flushed face visible on the soft white pillows. Eva went to the fireplace to remove the saucepan, Hettie silently following her. Then they sat down in silence, Eva on a chair reading a book, and Hettie on a little stool at her feet making doll's clothes. By-and-bye Mrs Fitzgerald came in and anxiously watched Bernard as he lay asleep. Shortly after, the doctor arrived, and, having studied the boy and felt his pulse, relieved the minds of the household by declaring that there was no danger, but that Bernard should be kept quiet and remain in bed for several days.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RYAN'S DREAM.

TWO months passed. Eva Fitzgerald went into society and men fell in love with her, but she often thought of the nameless youth with the pale face and the black hair who had rescued her little step-brother. It was evident, as she remembered, that her offer of money had been taken as an insult, and she longed to meet him again to apologise. She accused herself of not having asked his name. What must he think of her? He must imagine that she was a selfish, heartless girl who evidently fancied that a man who risked his life to save another would be sufficiently repaid with a sovereign.

Mrs Fitzgerald often laughed at her step-daughter's self-accusations, and was convinced that Eva was a morbidly sensitive girl.

"My dear," Mrs Fitzgerald would say, "what a goose you are! You think this young man—I suppose some artisan or other—was offended at being offered money. He was only offended because you did not offer him enough. Of course he knew a girl could not have much in her purse. If you had given him your card and said 'Call to-morrow for fifty pounds,' he would have jumped at the offer."

On one occasion when Eva was riding through Stephen's Green, accompanied by a male friend, she saw Ryan seated alone, his eyes fixed on the ground. As the horses passed he looked up, and Eva, with a look of surprise and pleasure, smiled and bowed. He started like one suddenly from sleep, and raised his hat. The gentleman accompanying her was astonished at the recognition. Ryan sat still, but continued to gaze after her until she was out of sight.

Next day at the same hour he was on the same seat, but Eva did not appear. The following evening, however, when he was sitting there

gloomily alone, he was startled by the sound of that voice which, from the first time he had heard its utterance, had lingered in his mind like the memory of an old sweet melody.

"I am so glad to meet you again," said Eva, holding out her gloved hand, and blushing.

He rose and accepted her hand. She was alone.

"I am afraid," said Eva, "that you think me very inconsiderate. I was so excited and so frightened I never thought of thanking you or giving you my address."

"You did thank me," said Ryan in a low voice. "You said 'How can I thank you?' I remember your words."

"But not enough—I did not thank you enough!" exclaimed Eva, ardently. "It was such a brave thing to do!"

"Jump into the canal to save a child?" said Ryan, with a disdainful toss of his head. "I see no bravery in that."

"Oh, I have a different opinion," said Eva. "If you saw all the foolish people staring, and not knowing what to do, and my poor little brother drowning before their eyes—I cannot think of it. I dream of it still, and sometimes waken crying."

Ryan looked curiously at her. There were tears in her eyes. She turned aside to hide them, and began to walk slowly towards the gate. He walked beside her, unconscious of the hundreds of eyes which stared at the sight of two companions in such widely different spheres of life.

To be continued.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace,
And others call you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hands and kiss your face—
You'll not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knee—
Oh, then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years.
When I, too bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with your tears.
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will pause in sweet surprise,
And your soul unto mine will call
In that dear forgotten prayer,
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word, may be,
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere—
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,
At longest it cannot be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait,
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the golden gate,
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part! Never again!

LILLIE E. PARR.

A DESPICABLE CLASS.

The anonymous secret letter writer has always been justly regarded as a human reptile who implanted his envenomed sting in his hapless victim in the most stealthy and cowardly manner, and from such every honest nature revolted. But alas! the dishonour of producing a worse specimen of this loathsome class remained for the present age. He now attacks his prey in the columns of the public Press, darting out the printed lie and retiring under the safe ambush of a *nom de plume*.

A recent case has come to our notice which deserves attention. In one of our Midland Counties a cricket match was lately played between a county and a local team. The match came off on the property of one of the most popular gentlemen in the county—deservedly popular owing to his high character for rectitude, his thoroughness as a good sportsman, and his open-handed hospitality. His team on this occasion came off victorious, and their opponents retired grateful for the friendly kindness of their reception as guests and feeling the justice of their defeat. But we should have said all save one. This “guest” departed without one word of remonstrance or dissatisfaction. He bided his time until the next issue of a local newspaper. Then his imprisoned venom found vent in a letter to the editor, in which he openly denounced the winning team as having procured their success by fraud. He named the date and locale in full, and declared that the result was achieved “owing to the most peculiar umpiring” of the gentleman who stood at the wicket for that team. Then he breathed a hope that if ever the losing team played again with the same opponents they “would receive fair play at the hands of the umpire.” This cowardly assailant conceals himself under the *nom de plume* “One who was looking on.” In the following week a letter appeared in the same paper from the captain of the County Club indignantly “repudiating in the name of the defeated team any assumption of unfairness on the part of the umpires,” and expressing “their deep regret that such a letter should have appeared in the paper.” Other letters of indignation followed, as owing to the universal esteem in which the host was held, the county was up in arms at such an unwarranted insult towards him and his team. Now comes the real nut to crack—to discover and treat as he deserves the coward who penned the lie. We doubt not that ere this his identity is well-known, and we trust he will be taught such a lesson by the entire neighbourhood as will show him that honest-hearted Irish sportsmen will not harbour in their midst such a venomous and secret enemy, but will compel him to apologise and eat his own poisoned words.

FIRE AND WATER !

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN BOYLE, OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

We found the genial Captain at home in the splendidly-kept Station in Clarendon row. The Chief of the helmeted and bloused Brigade, of which Dublin is so justly proud, is too well known to the citizens to need description; sufficient be it to say that his manner is in accord with his splendid physique. Having mentioned to him the fact that we visited him for the purpose of having an interview, Captain Boyle bid us “cead mille failthe,” and invited us into the “bunk room”—an American appellation given to the telegraph and general office by the late Captain Ingram, who commanded the Brigade from its formation up to the year 1882. This office is fitted up comfortably for the accommodation of the officers and men on immediate duty, and contains telephones which communicate with all the escape stations, as well as with almost all the large establishments in the city; and telegraph instruments communicating with the Castle, Leinster House, and the different Government offices in the metropolis. Outside are the mess rooms, kitchen, and machine-room, in which the engines and “jumpers” are kept, while on the other side of a fine courtyard is the Captain’s residence, above the machine room and offices being cosily-arranged rooms for the firemen.

We commenced our conversation by remarking—

You have a very fine station here, Captain Boyle?

Captain Boyle—Oh, yes; the station is all that could be desired. It is a pity the approaches cannot be improved.

It is a pity; but after a while you may depend upon the old rickety houses opposite coming down.

What did Sir Charles Frith think of your station?

He admired it very much.

You seem to have an immense quantity of hose. Are you satisfied that your appliances are such as would enable you to cope with any fire that might occur in the city? Oh, yes. We have in the Brigade more than 5,000 feet of hose. We have with us at every fire, however trifling, 2,500 feet, and should we want more we have but to send a “jumper” (a large fire cart) back for more. Our appliances are all of the very best, while our engines consist of two steamers, three manual engines, two hose carriages, two “jumpers,” which carry 2,500 feet of hose, and a hand hose-reel, which carries 700 feet of leathern hose, together with the necessary stand and branch pipes, &c. Thus you may see we are ready at any moment to turn out with plenty of hose and general appliances.

How many fire escapes have you?

We have ten telescopic escapes, which can be raised to an altitude of 75 feet. They are all stationed in most advantageous positions in the city, and communicate with the chief Brigade stations by telephone.

You turn out quickly?

Well, yes. You may have seen in the journals that we turned out in pretty good time on Saturday morning in response to an alarm by telephone from Nelson’s Pillar—Sir Charles sent it. In 3½ minutes after receiving the alarm we were playing over Nelson’s head with an inch pipe. The distance from the station to the Pillar is about three-quarters of a mile. Sir Charles was astonished at our turning out in such short time; so were the members of the cross-Channel brigades who were on the spot and timed us.

You generally turn out with alacrity. How long would it take you to reach the outskirts of the city? On one occasion we reached Blackrock, and were playing on a fire 17 minutes after receiving the alarm. We were twice summoned to Kingstown. Once we went the distance in 25 minutes, and on the latter occasion we turned out in response to an alarm in the small hours of the morning, and reached Eden Park in 28 minutes.

That was excellent time?

Nearly as fast as the Kingstown express train.

What were the biggest fires you attended?

Well, the most dangerous was the Chambers street Distillery. The burning material there consisted of an immense number of barrels of whiskey piled on each other. The flames were terrible, and the whiskey flowed into the sewers and the river Poddle, and the roads in many places were blown up by the whiskey below. The number of persons who died in consequence of drinking the whiskey which flowed down the streets, mixed with the water from the hose pipes was never ascertained, but it must have been large. Many barrels of whiskey were rolled from the scene of the fire and broached in the streets, and men, and even women, drank from them until they fell unconscious beside them. Others satisfied their appetites for whiskey by scooping it up where we had it dammed with their boots, while numbers carried home the polluted liquor in cans and buckets. Before reaching a dam it had to pass through a knacker’s yard, so it could hardly be called “pure malt.” Then we had the Theatre Royal, the Thomas street Timber Yard, Beckett’s Oil Yard, Lambert Brien’s, and many others.

Were any of your men killed at any of these conflagrations?

No. The only man who lost his life since the Brigade was formed 25 years ago was Kite, who was killed in the Trinity street fire. There were entombed in the ruins of the house that fell on that occasion nine men, including two officers—Hines and Kavanagh. Eight were seriously injured and one (Kite) was killed. Kite was one of several members of the Brigade who fought with the Naval Brigade in the batteries and trenches before Sebastapol, and was always foremost in any dangerous undertaking. He had always an aversion to “fighting a fire at long range,” preferring close quarters.

I suppose, Captain Boyle, all your men like close quarters?

Well, yes. They are all given that way. They seem not to know the meaning of the word "fear," and I have often extreme difficulty in keeping them from working at dangerous posts.

They have all been sailors I understand?

Yes. They have all served in either the Royal Navy or merchant service, and therefore they are all fit men.

The water supply never fails you?

Never. In fact the Dublin water supply is second to none. We always have a very high pressure. I may say everything connected with our means for extinguishing fires is perfect. The committee never refuse me anything I ask; my men know what is required of them, and without exception they do their duty in excellent style, never flinching even in the face of the greatest danger—in fact, they seem rather to enjoy risk.

You are a long time now in the Brigade?

Yes. I entered it as Captain Ingram's lieutenant in 1868. Messrs Byrne, Hines, and Myers, my subordinates, have seen long service, too.

You have a fine dog here, Captain Boyle. I suppose he knows a thing or two about fires?

Yes. He is a collie of wonderful intelligence, and takes his share in clearing the way for us, and has often proved a valuable help to us. "Haven't you, Jack?"

The intelligent creature looked up, and wagged his tail, as though he understood the Captain's words.

Captain Boyle is in favour of the volunteer system, but does not think the Dublin people spirited enough to form one. There was a Volunteer Brigade in Kingstown lately, but it broke up.

The system which existed in America some time ago has now been abolished, and has given place to paid brigades of great numerical strength.

Sir Charles Frith and other members of the Fire Association were immensely pleased with our splendid Brigade, which consists of 35 men and 5 officers, and presented the Chief with an address before they left Dublin. The men have all served at sea, therefore why not give them the motto, "*Per Ignem, per Aquam*" (through fire and through water)?

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION FOR DUBLIN.

We are indebted to the generous instincts of a noble-minded Englishman whose interest in Ireland has long been practically proved for a start being given to the project of a great International Exhibition in Ireland. The gentleman we allude to is Mr Ellis Lever, of Manchester, who shows his sincerity by a munificent offer of £1,000 to be used as the nucleus of a fund to set the industrial ball rolling. Without meaning offence to any of the other Dublin newspapers, we may be permitted to express our opinion that, in selecting the *Irish Times* as the medium for conveying to the public at large his

desire to see initiated an International Exhibition in this country, Mr Lever made a highly proper choice, inasmuch as for years past that journal has been specially remarkable for the efforts it has made to foster and develop what remain of our ancient and valuable industries. On the subject of the general desirability of holding an International Exhibition in Dublin, there cannot be a second opinion, and we rejoice to know that a weighty volume of popular approval has greeted the suggestion. But ideas are divided on the policy of fixing 1889 as the year for the display, many people of influence holding that the intervening time would be entirely too short in which to gather an effective display of the world's industries, to have a suitable building prepared for their reception, and to have them properly arranged and displayed. The arguments of this section of the community—and they are in every way entitled to respectful consideration—are materially strengthened by the circumstance that an Irish Exhibition in 1889 would directly clash with the brilliant show which will be held in Paris next year, and at which it is certain the attendance will be enormous and continuous, dwarfing any efforts which we could make into very small proportions, and they naturally exclaim, "Why run such a risk? Agree to postpone the Irish enterprise until the following year, 1890, which will give us twelve months of additional time, clear the Paris Exhibition out of the way, and leave to us a perfectly unoccupied field." These are arguments which must have attention paid to them.

In his latest communication to the *Irish Times* Mr Lever would seem to have anticipated this form of objection to his proposal for holding the Exhibition next year, as he reminds the public that "37 years have elapsed since the 'Exhibition of All Nations' was held in Hyde Park, and nothing was done in regard to the erection of the building until the end of September, 1850. That building was designed by Joseph Paxton, then a gardener to the Duke of Devonshire. Although it was 1,851 feet long and covered twenty acres, it was completed within seven months, and the grandest Exhibition the world has ever seen was opened on the 1st May, 1851." Mr Lever is accordingly of opinion that what was done in London nearly forty years ago could surely be accomplished in Dublin now; but in this view he will scarcely find the most sanguine individual in Ireland to agree with him. Besides, he entirely ignores all reference to the Paris Exhibition in 1889; and on reflection he will, we are satisfied, come to the conclusion that its existence at the time would be a fatal blow to the prosperity of the Irish enterprise in which he is taking so deep and laudable an interest. Indeed, if we might gauge public feeling in the matter, it would be found unmistakably in favour of holding

the International Exhibition in a suitable part of the Phoenix Park, not next year, but in 1890.

As to the auspices under which it should be held there is and can be no difference of opinion. There is in Ireland but one body who could undertake it and guide it to success, and that organization is the Royal Dublin Society. Their fitness for the work is admitted on all hands. We are reminded that their origin as an association dates so far back as the early days of the reign of the Second George, in the year 1731, when a few citizens of Dublin met in the Philosophical Rooms of Trinity College and resolved to form a society for promoting "improvements of all kinds," this being the origin of the Royal Dublin Society, and for more than a century and a half it has steadily pursued this object. It may be mentioned that the first of a series of Industrial Exhibitions, which subsequently became triennial, was held by the Society in 1834, and one of these exhibitions—that held in 1850—was the first International one held in the United Kingdom. Further than this, through the liberality of William Dargan, the Society was enabled in 1853 to accomplish a more ambitious design, the temporary building for the memorable Exhibition of that year costing £60,000. We are all familiar with the efforts of the Royal Dublin Society to make the Irish Section at Manchester last year a success. With the general public we are satisfied that if they will only take up Mr Ellis Lever's proposal with that spirit of energy which characterises all their movements, and if they will in addition decide on holding the great exposition of the world's industries in our matchless Phoenix Park, the project must result in a national triumph which would bring honour and profit to Ireland, extending her industries, and going a long way in the glorious work of spreading peace and prosperity throughout the country.

THE MARRIAGE LAWS.

It is not too much to say that 30 years ago no daily paper in Great Britain could have been induced by any consideration to insert the letters that have been appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* during the last ten days under the title, "Is Marriage a Failure?" Although we venture to think it a discreditable act of the editor of that journal to permit the discussion, yet we feel that there is a certain amount of interest in the curiously conflicting opinions and experiences. Marriage is still sacred in Ireland, thank God, among all classes, and no relaxation of the marriage laws is demanded or would be tolerated.

The social conditions in England differ very much from those in Ireland. Population is denser, wealth is greater, and there is a stronger materialistic tendency of thought in the former. It is impossible to believe that any Church will ever acquiesce in any further loosening of the marriage tie; but there is precedent for granting a statutable indulgence, even though unrecognised by Ecclesiastical authority.

If a time should ever come for a discussion of the existing marriage laws in the House of Commons with a view to prevent by legislation certain grievances and anomalies that arise therefrom, it will be then found how little scope there is for Parliamentary interference without endangering the whole fabric of society, or possibly dissolving it.

The sacredness of the marriage tie is the mortar wherewith the bricks of the social structure are held together and enabled to stand unharmed by the winds of heaven. There are undoubtedly a few anomalies and wrongs which must press hard on those who view marriage as a civil contract and nothing more. A young woman may marry and in a fortnight afterwards (as has been the case) her husband may be apprehended for a crime he previously committed and sentenced to imprisonment for life. True, she took him for better or worse; but it is not difficult to sympathise with those who would release the unfortunate wife in such a case.

Then again, when either party to the marriage contract becomes hopelessly insane, thousands think the union should be dissolved. Possibly either of these cases is meet for legislative indulgence.

We will not express our opinion one way or the other. There are one or two other somewhat similar cases which we cannot deal with here; but it will be observed that they are very exceptional. Such cases are genuine anomalies; but it is not so when incompatibility of temper is the sole reason argued for dissolution of marriage, even though the consent of both parties be given.

If the day ever comes when an English law permits two persons to throw aside the marriage bonds because they cannot agree, then farewell England's greatness!

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Horace Lingard and Van Biene, encouraged by their provincial success, bring "Pepita" to London, Toole's theatre being the location.

Madame Marie Roze announces a six weeks' concert tour. A contemporary makes the mistake of announcing Signor Geunaro Bissaccia as a vocalist. He is the well-known pianist and *metro al piano* of Italian Opera.

The eminent Commendatore Titodi Ricordi, of the music firm of Ricordi and Co., of Milan, has been seriously ill. Latest news to hand speak of improvement. It is to be hoped that even better tidings may arrive.

The "Paper Chase," which Lal Brough has removed to the Royalty; "The Union Jack" (Pettitt and Grundy), at the Adelphi; "Betsy" at the Criterion, "Sweet Lavender" at Terry's, "Uncles and Aunts" at the Comedy, "Marina" at the Gaiety, "Dorothy" at the Prince of Wales's have been doing good business.

Mr Mansfield is doing fine business at the Lyceum in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde." It is not so long since this excellent actor was to a great extent neglected by London managers. Our American cousins showed better appreciation of his talents, and he undoubtedly struck oil in the States.

It is stated that Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt is about to produce an adaptation of "As in a Looking-Glass," the popular novel by Mr F. C. Phillips. The accomplished "Ithuriel" in the *Topical Times* says that the author of the story has visited the actress in order to assist in producing the piece at Bordeaux.

Madame Marie Roze, says a contemporary, during her stay at Aix-les-Bains last week found a lady's hand in her pocket whilst she was strolling about the Casino with her husband. As Madame Roze quickly raised an alarm, the lady, who very quickly decamped, was soon overtaken. The well-dressed pickpocket is pretty, and is said, moreover, to belong to respectable circles in Turin.

Under the direction of the famous Maestro Faccio, of La Scala, "Asrael" has been produced at Brescia with great success. The *Gazetta Musicale* says that the second representation emphasises the first. The audience applauded frequently and loudly. The execution was perfect; the performers were admirable, especially La Calaneo and L'Oxilia, who aroused enthusiasm. The chorus sang to perfection, and for the orchestra, under the baton of the renowned director, our contemporary remarks, that eulogy is superfluous.

Mr Augustus Harris, with his usual energy and enterprise, is organising an exhibition of relics appertaining to the Spanish Armada. He contributes the following to the theatrical Press:—"I have been fortunate enough to secure the services of a powerful committee, on which several of the descendants of the Elizabethan heroes have kindly consented to serve. I shall be very grateful if any person who may be able and willing to assist me by the loan of objects for the exhibition or otherwise will communicate with me directly, with Mr Pridham Whippell, secretary of the London Armada Tercentenary Celebration Committee, Goldsmith's Buildings, Temple; or Mr W. H. K. Wright, Drake Chambers, Guildhall, Plymouth. I trust to be able to publish full particulars in a few days, but the promises of help I have already received justify me in expressing a hope that the exhibition will be one of general interest."

STRADELLA.

"My darling," said a fond mother, who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "if you are so naughty you will grieve mamma, so that she will get ill and have to lie in bed in a dark room and take nasty medicine; and then she may die and have to be taken away out to the cemetery and be buried; and you will—" The child had become more solemn, but an angelic smile overspread his face at his mother's last words, and throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed—"Oh, mamma! and mayn't I sit beside the coachman?"

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

THE BELFAST FREE LIBRARY.

"The Belfast Free Library is to be opened at last in a merry mood, and with loud cries of 'Hip, hip, hurrah!'" Thus ends an article in the *Northern Whig* announcing the opening for the 19th of October. Surely no one can with any show of fairness accuse the Belfast Town Commissioners (or should we now say City Council?) of anything approaching unseemly haste in their attempts to provide for the recreation or elevation of the people of that prosperous city.

This Belfast Library has a somewhat curious history. About the year 1880 a number of gentlemen endeavoured to impress upon the Corporation the desirability of taking advantage of the powers conferred by the Free Libraries Act and of establishing a free Library in what they are pleased to call the "commercial metropolis of Ireland." In reply to those gentlemen it was said that the working classes did not desire more reading facilities than they then possessed, and the Council did not feel justified in imposing a tax for that purpose.

Some time after this there was formed in Belfast a United Trades Council, and the promoters of the Library question waited upon this Council, with the result that a deputation of the Trades Council accompanied the original promoters to again wait upon those City Fathers who, some said, wished to shelve the question altogether. The efforts of this united deputation seems to have convinced the Members of Council of one of two things—either that the working classes did not desire the Free Library or that they (the Council) must, however reluctantly, turn from their labours in promoting the interests of the commercial portion of the community (a laudable work, no doubt) and take up the question affecting the common people. So at the July meeting of 1882 it was reported that "a memorial of certain ratepayers requesting that steps should be taken to establish a Free Library was considered, and a resolution passed that steps should be taken accordingly." One well-known Councillor suggested that those leading merchants who had made their fortunes in Belfast, and also the Councillor who had spoken before him, should subscribe the money required; and he (the speaker) cared not how much the said Councillor subscribed—be it £100 or be it £1,000, or that sum multiplied by ten; he (the speaker) would do likewise. But the challenge, if such it was meant to be, was not taken up, and the hundreds or thousands or tens of thousands were not forthcoming. In order that this careful Council should not be led into error a plebiscite was ordered and taken, with the result that 5,234 voted for and 1,435 against the project. This being considered sufficiently crowning, steps were ordered to be taken with regard to a site and plans. But the steps could not by any stretch of imagination be called strides, as it was not until after the lapse of two years that, on the 18th of June, 1884, the foundation stone was laid by Earl Spencer, the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the new thoroughfare (Royal avenue) the site agreed upon as worthy of this monument of the irrepressible energy of the Belfast Town Council, buildings grew apace; a fine new structure for the General Post Office and many offices and warehouses were completed, but the library seemed for a long time

unable to rise above the hoarding which surrounded it. Still all things earthly have an end, and so the bricklayers and slaters completed their portion of the work. Then came the plastering of the walls, ceilings, &c.; and the Library Committee of the Council did not show much preference for home manufacture even in the matter of plaster, as the plastering contract was given to a Scotch firm, whose estimate it was freely stated was not by any means the lowest. This course of action raised such a storm amongst the various trades and the general public that the contract had to be withdrawn, and was given to a Belfast firm. Ultimately the building was finished, and a librarian was appointed at a salary which could not be said to be in any degree excessive, and two assistants were appointed with due regard to the same principle of cheapness. In the appointment of Chief Librarian Belfast was again sent to the background, and a gentleman (no doubt worthy in every respect to fill this responsible position) was brought from Gateshead-on-Tyne. Then came the question of estimates for the supply of books, and in this it was expected Belfast booksellers would stand a good chance; but, no; the first was given to Grant, of Edinburgh, though the difference between his estimate and that of one Belfast bookseller was said to be something under £4. This difference might surely have been set right to the satisfaction of the rate-payers, though not, perhaps, to that of those worthy councillors who are, no doubt, anxious to avoid any imputation of partiality for Belfast houses. The second contract went to Heywood, of Manchester. It was generally expected that the competition would have been principally between the Belfast booksellers, but when put into competition with a wholesale house such as Heywood's they could stand but small chance even with the preference of their own council to help them. We find that fresh applications for tenders for a further supply of books to the value of almost £100 have been issued, and one Belfast bookseller, whose communication appears in the public prints, writes to the Library Committee declining to tender, as he finds, he says, that he has already tendered for the same books, adding that they should have been given to John Heywood, who, it is stated, offered to supply same books at same rates as others—viz., 35 per cent. discount. Other Belfast houses may tender, but will be surprised if they are successful.

Mr William Gray deserves the thanks of the Belfast public for his untiring efforts in the promotion of the Library and his endeavours to increase its scope in the matter of Museum, Art Gallery, &c.

The Woodvale Park, situate in the Shankill road district of Belfast, has been formally opened to the public. It was understood that the ceremony of throwing open the gates would be performed either by the Mayor or the Chairman of the Park Committee, but, neither of these gentlemen appearing, the duty devolved upon a councillor who was present.

Belfast has now four parks, and we doubt not the worthy Alderman who some years ago said "he considered that Belfast was well enough parked," would agree that it is better "parked" now. The more parks for the people, the less work for the doctors. Was the good Alderman thinking of this when he so expressed his views of the matter?

The northern watering-places have suffered severely this year through lack of visitors, partly owing to the inclemency of the weather, and partly to the popularity of the Glasgow Exhibition and the Irish Exhibition in London. But they have borne up bravely, and by bazaars, regattas, athletic meetings, and swimming races, have rendered matters as pleasant as possible for those who did visit them.

The frequent strikes in the shipbuilding trade in Belfast cannot but be looked upon as seriously affecting the prosperity of both masters and men. On the 29th of April of last year there commenced a strike on the part of the men for weekly payments of wages. The struggle continued for seven weeks, and ended by the men returning to their work on the 17th of June without gaining the object for which they struck. And now those engaged in Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard, known as the Queen's Island, are out again.

This time it is for an advance of wages. It is stated that the boiler makers gave notice for an advance, but on the expiring of the notice an intimation was posted up stating that "the riveters, platers, boiler makers, and caulkers having struck work the place would be closed." Another some 5,000 men are idle, and the circulation of £7,000 weekly is suspended.

If the men's statement be true that only the boiler makers struck, it is a pity that the gates should be closed against 5,000 through the action, however unwise, of 300, or at most, 400 men. The consequences to tradesmen must be serious, but they will no doubt receive some support from their various trades; but to labourers the consequences must be dire indeed.

Surely some board of arbitration composed of representatives of masters and workmen could be instituted that would obviate these oft-recurring difficulties.

An advance of 40/- per ton in the price of flour by the Belfast Millers' Association, will considerably intensify the distress arising from the strike.

Miss Janette Steer has been gaining fresh laurels by her performances of "Lady Clare," and "Galatea" at the Theatre Royal, Belfast. Her impersonation of the latter part was an unqualified success. From first to last she secured and held the sympathy of her audience. Mr Fred Mouillot gave a careful and efficient rendering of "Pigmalion," looking the sculptor lover to perfection. Mrs Hope drew forth warm applause by her effective representation of "Cynisca," the other parts were well filled.

On the last night but one of her stay in Belfast, Miss Steer had a house crowded in all parts. Pit and gallery were packed, whilst the other parts were filled to their utmost capacity by a fashionable audience.

Amongst those present were—The Marchioness of Downshire, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill; also Sir Arthur Sullivan, the eminent

composer, who, being on a visit to Thomas H. Ritchie, Esq., the Grove, took an opportunity of witnessing Mr W. S. Gilbert's version of the beautiful Greek Legend.

George Poole's Myriorama is drawing crowded houses nightly in St. George's Hall. The scenes shown are all well painted and effective—those representing High street and Castle place coming in for loud applause. The mechanical effects are truly wonderful, while the company of artistes and the orchestra are both far above the average.

A grand fashionable concert took place at Newcastle, county Down, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Devonshire, Countess of Roden, Countess of Kilmorley, Dowager Countess Annesley, Countess Annesley, &c. The concert, which was most successful, was in aid of the Clergy's Sons Education Society. Lady Arthur Hill played a number of the accompaniments.

"Can't you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife, as he was about to start for his office. They had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make it up." "Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms round his neck, "forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."

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WEEK ENDING 8th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

We have much pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to the new features which grace the columns of our journal this week. Amongst these will be found a Lady's London Letter written by one who moves in the highest circles of society in the great English metropolis. Every topic of interest to ladies—such, for instance, as dress and fashion, household hints, home amusements, &c.—will be dealt with. Our lady readers may, therefore, always look with confidence to the columns devoted to their interests for the latest doings and modes of fashionable life. Another most important addition to these columns is the page of Northern notes. These notes will contain all items which our representatives may consider of interest to our Northern readers, and when possible, at-homes, balls, parties, marriages, and fashionable assemblies will be noticed. "Stradella's" Musical and Dramatic Notes will be found useful to those of our readers who take an interest in all that pertains to the world of music and the drama.

The Prince of Wales, it is expected, will arrive at Vienna on September 10th. Thence he goes to Belovar with the Emperor to witness the military manoeuvres and afterwards he will stay the latter's guest at Godollo. Towards the end of the month the Prince returns to London whence he will go straight to Scotland.

The Prince of Wales has had a tooth out. This is the latest news very gravely chronicled

from Homburg. The Prince's tooth would seem to have been regarded almost tragically in the society just now wherein he is enjoying himself. We have not heard that any of the company put themselves into mourning in consequence of the fatal disaster which befell that tooth. Nor has the chronicler dared to lift the mystery, and to state what kind of a tooth it was the Prince lost; whether an incisor, a cuspid, a bicuspid, or a molar. It is to be hoped that the departed tooth is not of a kind whose absence disfigures the expression. But what a dearth of news there must be when the visits of the Heir-Apparent to the dentist are thought worthy of being recorded in print.

The Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication of "A History and Geography of Wales for the Young," compiled by an owner of Welsh land. Mr Pritchard Morgan is binding a copy for presentation to the Princess in Welsh gold from his mine near Dolgelly.

The Queen has just sold a number of beasts from her herd of shorthorn and Hereford cattle at Windsor for exportation to the United States and Canada.

Prince Edward is known amongst his brother officers as "Collars," owing to the height of the neck ornamentation with which he is accustomed to decorate himself.

The Czar's youngest brother, the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, is shortly to be engaged to Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Greece. The Russian Prince was born in 1860, and the Princess in 1870.

The betrothal of Princess Sophie, third sister of the Emperor William, to the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, is announced. The Princess is 18 years of age, and her betrothed has just completed his 28th year.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar gave a dinner party last Thursday at the Royal Hospital, amongst the guests present being his Serene Highness Prince Bernhardt of Saxe-Weimar and Colonel Sir West Ridgeway, K.C.B.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry gave two large dinner parties last week at the Viceregal Lodge. At the first, their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Prince Bernhardt of Saxe-Weimar were present, as well as the Marquis of Headfort, Marchioness of Downshire, Earl of Arran and Lady E. Gore, Earl of Coventry, Earl and Countess of Fingall, Earl and Countess of Enniskillen, Viscount Combermere, Lord Lurgan, &c.

At the second dinner party their Excellencies entertained the Marchioness of Downshire, Earl and Countess of Rosse, Viscountess Helmsly, Viscount Bangor, Lord William Beresford, Mr Mr John Mulhall, Private Secretary, &c.

The Earl of Dufferin will leave Bombay on the 14th of December by mail steamer for Brindisi. It is said His Excellency will proceed direct to Rome to assume his post of Ambassador.

The empty Chief Secretary's Lodge was utilised during the present week to "put up" some of the guests of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Viceregal Lodge, proving too small for all invited.

The member for South Dublin during his lengthened stay in the United States would appear to have had time in the midst of his political engagements to look after a suitable partner for life. The *American Rural Home*, a Rochester journal, mentions that a marriage engagement of considerable interest in social circles has just been announced, the parties being Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart., M. P., and Miss May Brady, second daughter of Judge Brady, of New York, who is described as a beautiful and attractive girl.

Francis Richard Wolfe, son of the Rev. R. R. Wolfe, Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, was married on the 28th of August at St. Bartholomew's Church, Clyde Road, to Sophie Rebecca, eldest daughter of Arthur MacMorrough Murphy, of Ailesburey road, Dublin, and Monamolinn, County Wexford. The father of the bridegroom officiated, assisted by the Rev. Ambrose W. Leet, D.D., Incumbent of Baggotrath. The service was fully choral, and the procession up the aisle was most solemn and impressive. The beautiful church was crowded by interested spectators, to whom the sacred music was a great attraction. As the bridal party left the church the chimes rang a merry peal. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. MacMorrough Murphy entertained a large and fashionable party at Ailesbury Road. In the evening the newly-wedded couple left for London *en route* to the Continent. The presents were numerous and costly.

The marriage of Mr. Harry Mangin, second son of Mrs. Mangin, and of the late Mr. Henry R. Mangin, of Carlisle Terrace, Malahide, and Fanny A. Tymons, daughter of the late Mr. John Tymons, and granddaughter of the late Dr. Mulville, of Gort, was solemnised at St. Dolough's Church on Wednesday last, in the afternoon. The bride was attended to the altar by five bridesmaids, her three sisters, Miss Trumball, and Miss R. Mangin, all the dresses were simple and pretty. The Rev. F. Tymon's officiated, assisted

by the Rev. Dr. Tisdale, incumbent. After the ceremony the invited guests adjourned to Baskin Hill, the residence of Mrs. Tymons, the bride's grandmother, and later on the newly-married pair took their departure for their wedding trip, *via* Kingstown and Holyhead.

On Thursday at St. Margaret's Church, Mountain Ash, S.W., Montague Muir-Mackenzie, fifth son of Lady Muir-Mackenzie, and of the late Sir John Muir Mackenzie, Bart., was married to the Hon. Sarah Napier Bruce, daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdare. The bride wore a dress of white watered satin and silk, handsomely trimmed with old Flemish lace, her veil being fastened with diamond broches. She had six bridesmaids, they were dressed in white coral silk with coral pink sashes and wore white hats trimmed with pink heather. The wedding party adjourned after the ceremony to Mountain Ash, where a numerous company were entertained, and the magnificent bridal presents displayed.

Mr. Elliot, son of Lady Elliot and the late Sir Walter Elliot, was married last week at the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Emily Grace Gethin, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. St. Lawrence Gethin. The bride wore a dress of ivory Duchesse satin, and court train, ornamented, pearls, necklace, brooch, and bracelets, the gifts of Lady Elliot and the Countess of Glasgow. The six bridesmaids wore white china silk dresses and pale green sashes. They carried bouquets of pink heather tied with green ribbon in compliment to the Scotch and Irish origin of bride and bridegroom. Each wore a pearl and gold bracelet with monogram, the gift of the bridegroom.

At Ballinakill Church, County Waterford, on the 25th of August, Frank Woodhouse Tonge, second son of Percival Tonge, of Birkdale, Southport, Lancashire, was married to Jane Tighe, widow of Robert Tighe, of Fitzwilliam square, Dublin, and second daughter of the late Michael Dobbyn Hassard, M. P., of Glenville, County Waterford.

The marriage of Dr. Thicknesse, Bishop Suffragan of Leicester, to Agnes Beatrice Jane, fourth daughter of the Rev. Marsham Argles, Canon of Petersborough, took place on Tuesday at Barnack. The Bishop of Salisbury performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. George Argles, Canon of York, brothers of the bride, and the Rev. B. Egerton, Vicar of Brackley.

The marriage of Mr. Sydney Herbert Nelson, second son of Sir Thomas and Lady Nelson, and Matilda Constance, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Smart, of the Elm's, took place last week at Walton-on-Thames. The bride's dress was white silk brocade, and her veil was fastened with a diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. The six bridesmaid's wore picturesque dresses of pale green silk. Their very small stringless bonnets were trimmed with tiny ivy leaves and puffings of tulla. Each wore a bar brooch with 1888 in pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. After the *dejeuner* the newly-wedded pair took their departure for Wales.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Edmond Cecil St. John Mildmay, son of Captain Edmond St. John Mildmay, equerry to the Duke of Cambridge, and Edith May Agnew, youngest daughter of Mr. Macauley, of Red Hall, County Antrim.

A marriage will take place in October, between Reginald Anstruther Farrar, M.R.C.S., eldest son of Archdeacon Farrar, and Mary, fourth daughter of the Rev. Canon Mapleton, of Rocklands, Herefordshire.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. George Frederick Fairholme, of the Foreign Office, and Ellen, eldest daughter of Mrs. Schneider, and the late Mr. Henry Schneider, M. P., of Belsfield, Windermere.

The marriage between the Rev. Wyndham Merewether, Vicar of North Bradley, Wilts, and Edith, daughter of the late Mr. Wilson Fox, M.D., is arranged to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Thursday, September 27.

The marriage of Dr. Maretts Tims, Lupus street, St. George's square, and Maud, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Findlay, of Millbank, Nairnshire, will take place in the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh on the 3rd of October.

A marriage will shortly take place between Mr. T. Lloyd Davies, eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Davies, Cardigan, and Catherine Clinton, youngest daughter of Mr. William Clinton-Baddely, of Helston and St. Keverne, Cornwall.

A marriage will shortly take place between the Mr. Edward C. St. J. Mildmay, son of Captain E. St. J. Mildmay, Equerry to the Duke of Cambridge, and Edith May Agnew, youngest daughter of Mr. Macauley, of Red Hall, Co. Antrim.

A marriage will take place early in October between William Gore, only son of Mr. Meelton Lambard, of Beechmonts, Seven Oaks, and Florence Lucy, only daughter of the late Mr. Howard Fetherstonhaugh, of Bracklyn, Westmeath.

A marriage will take place the first week in October between Mr. Arthur Coghill Somerville, third son of Lieutenant-Colonel Somerville, J.P., D.L., of Drishane, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, and Emmeline Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Sykes, of Oaklands, Almondsbury, Gloucestershire.

A marriage will take place early this month between Alice Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, J.P., and Surgeon-Major MacAury, at present on the Staff in Egypt, and of Fernoy, in this country.

The interest which his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant feels in the improvement of the breed of horses in Ireland was manifested in a particular way during the holding of the great equine

festival at Ball's Bridge. It is not usual for the Viceroy to visit the Show before the second day (Wednesday), but on this occasion his Excellency went out quietly on the opening day (Tuesday) and had an interesting hour's examination of the assembled horses, without the annoyance of a crush, only a very few being aware of the presence of the noble Marquis.

Her Excellency on Thursday evening left the grand stand enclosure before the leaping competitions concluded, and, accompanied by Lord Castlereagh, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Enniskillen, and Captain Fowler, A.D.C., proceeded to the galleries in the main building, the objective point being the stalls on which were exposed the goods being sold on account of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund. This was presided over by Mrs. Power-Lalor, who was ably assisted by a charming bevy of young ladies, all earnestly engaged in this great work of philanthropy.

On Thursday and Friday his Excellency and the Marchioness of Londonderry were present at the Show, and it goes without saying that they took the warmest interest in the proceedings of both days, but particularly in the jumping competitions, which somehow or other were not up to the high standard of previous years. Where the fault lay—whether with rider or horse—it would be difficult to determine; but certainly the high jumps were not so cleverly done as most people imagined they would be, and there was a good deal of disappointment in consequence.

The Committee of the Distressed Ladies' Fund held a meeting on Saturday, the 1st September, at 34 Rutland square, West—Major Edward Whyte in the chair. The business before the committee was purely of a routine character. Mrs. Power Lalor announced that the sales at the Horse Show of lace and work done by distressed ladies was very satisfactory. Her Excellency Lady Londonderry purchased some lace. Owing to the amount of business to be transacted and the numerous accounts necessary to be kept, a paid secretary has been appointed.

The ladies' dresses at the Horse Show were remarkable for their variety and beauty. Lady Londonderry looked lovely in a dark green velvet dress with bonnet to match, which toilet she procured from a Dublin *modiste*. Tailor made dresses still hold their own. I noticed some beautifully braided ones—a dark blue, braided in blue and gold fancy braid, with elaborate panels of the same, the whole set off by a perfect figure. A dark green Vienna cloth with a petticoat of green velvet to match, one mass of braiding in gold cord—a green and red plaid, made quite plain but fitting so perfectly that one wondered how the fair wearer contrived to get into it—a dark blue serge with revers and vest of rich red silk braided in very fine gold cord. White dresses were also much worn—a white poplin with bows of watered ruband reaching from the waist to the train of the skirt, and wide sash, attracted much attention. The wearer of this beautiful costume wore a large Leghorn hat trimmed with lovely roses. Two pretty sisters looked charming in dark green cloth dresses, hunting waistcoats and hats composed entirely of flowers and green leaves. Indeed we may well say that never was there a greater display of beauty and *recherche* toilettes than at the Horse Show of 1888.

Lady West Ridgeway gave a very smart dance on Thursday last at the Under Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park, at which all the fashionable world of Dublin were present. The Under Secretary's Lodge is not a roomy mansion, and as brick and mortar are not elastic, many marquees were erected in the grounds, where refreshment, supper, etc., were served. This helped to avoid a crush. Luckily the night was fine, and the coolness of the tents was very acceptable after the heat of the rooms. The floral decorations were extremely pretty, and there were some charming toilettes. One lady had a pretty gown of serge Sicillienne, with velvet stomacher, and rimming of the red tone called Cramoisie. There were many original frocks, a blue toned brocade formed a low square, from which fell a frilled drapery of fine lisse a l'incroyable, the full short white sleeves being bordered with flowers. Such dresses were in the majority, one of a pretty shade of pink had the skirts full and plain, and was made with a bodice of watered velvet. The prettily laid out gardens were illuminated with innumerable little lamps of different colours which had a very pleasing effect.

On next Saturday, the 8th inst., will be polo races over the already "famous" Leopardstown course—famous for its gross mismanagement and the general blundering of all its officials bar two. We opine the numbers attending this, the second meeting over the new course will be very small, Monday, the 27th of August, is too fresh in the memory of the public, and the bruises then received are not yet healed.

There was a pleasant garden party at Kildare on Tuesday, the 4th inst., when a large number of the fashionable world responded to the invitations of the Misses D'Arcy. The gardens and pleasure grounds were looking their best, whilst the scenery is unequalled in the County Wicklow. No wonder, therefore, that all enjoyed themselves.

Rear Admiral the Hon. W. C. Carpenter, Commanding the Irish Station, and Mrs Carpenter, entertained on Monday night at the Admiralty House, Queenstown, a distinguished company to dinner, including Colonel the Hon. Reginald Talbot, 1st Life Guards; Hon. Alfred and Hon. Mrs Talbot, Hon. Odeyne de Grey, Mr and Mrs Dillon Hare, Mr and Miss Pike, Captain Douglas, Commander Dyke, Flag Lieutenant White, &c. The splendid string band of the Flag Ship Revenge was in attendance.

There was a very pleasant dinner party on Saturday afternoon at St Grellan's, Monkstown, the residence of Mrs. Thomas Aliaga Kelly. The guests present included a number of little people, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves with the children of the house.

A grand ball took place at Ballysaggartmore on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Woodroffe's invitations were numerous and availed of.

The annual regimental sports of the 11th Hussars will take place at Island Bridge Barracks, on Friday, the 7th inst., commencing at 3 o'clock, when the officers of the Royal Cherry Pickers will be "at home."

On Friday afternoon Lady Grace, wife of the popular High Sheriff of the County Dublin, gave an at-home at their charming residence, Boley, Monkstown. This at-home was quite a new departure from ordinary ones—neither music nor dancing being the attraction offered, but the simple word "sports" on the cards of invitation showed what guests might expect. Captain Swiney, of the Black Watch, proved himself a most efficient master of ceremonies, judge, starter, clerk of the course—in fact, like the character in the Mikado, he had a number of offices combined in his own person. Amongst the "sports" which caused the most amusement, and which were certainly novel to Dublin society, was a driving competition, each team being composed of four gentlemen driven by ladies; but the task of driving such a skittish team was greater than some of the feminine jehus could perform. Miss M'Donald's four-in-hand got off with a good start, but the pace was too great for the coacher, who got spilled, and also spoilt her pretty white frock. Miss Blunt's "young uns" being better handled, enabled her to canter home an easy winner.

A lady's hurdle race created not a little excitement, which Miss Scovell, who leaped well, won by a short length from Miss Lindsay. Perhaps the most amusing race of the afternoon was "the blind donkey race," the donkeys being gentlemen with their heads enveloped in coloured bags, ladies choosing their own donkeys. Miss Langrishe and Mr Fitzgerald won by two lengths. Another race in which a lady and gentleman were fettered together around the wrists of left and right hand caused surprise, if nothing more.

At the close of the "sports" an event not on the "correct card" took place—namely, the selection of the two best dressed ladies present.

As there were some two hundred from whom to choose the task was not an easy one. However, the judge's verdict placed Miss Neville first (prize, a gold bangle), Miss Minnie Kelly second (prize, silver bangle). Not a few present felt inclined to disagree with the decision, for though for dress the prize was nominally given, it was for beauty really, and Miss Rachel Saunderson, though not even placed, should have, in the opinion of many, received at all events the silver bangle. We are not at all satisfied that "sports" such as were held at "Boley" on Friday last are likely to become popular in Dublin.

Mrs. E. Ball Wright sends a communication to the papers in terms of glowing approval of the Kingstown "Kindergarten," or "Children's Garden," conducted by Miss King. She says it is perfectly wonderful to witness the amount of information that the little ones obtain through merry little games. The system must be an interesting one which induces children to find pleasure in describing isosceles triangles and other mathematical forms with the aid of pretty toys, and there can be no doubt that as a means of instruction it is far ahead of anything hitherto in use in the nursery. We live to learn, and mothers should make a point of seeing for themselves the manner in which the "Kindergarten" teaches the young idea "how to shoot."

Under the management of the Dublin Swimming Club an aquatic *fete* including two polo matches, took place on Saturday afternoon at the Blackrock new Swimming Baths, which are admirably adapted for such purposes. In bath matches the Blackrock team was successful, beating Sandycove three goals to nil.

It is understood that a regatta and aquatic sports will be held shortly at Sandycove, but the date has not yet been definitely settled. Unless, however, those who have the project in hands hurry up the season will be too far advanced for a regatta to be a possible success.

In a recent account of a very successful concert at Kildare which appeared in our columns, Mr. Moroney's name was printed "Mr. Mooney." We are sorry for the mistake, and think it right to make the correction.

A novel and interesting competition took place at the late All Ireland Army Rifle Meeting at the Curragh. This was "The Ladies' Prize," and the event was open to all feminine comers. The conditions were seven shots at 100 yards, 6-inch bull, any position, rook rifles to be used.

The interest was keen, and several bets were laid that out of the dozen ladies who entered not a single one among them would fire her gun without shutting her eyes. Those who laid their money on the strength of the popular fallacy lost it, and to the interest excited by the novel contest was added astonishment and almost incredulity when it was ascertained that the shooting was really excellent.

At the close of the second afternoon over which the competition extended the Hon. Mrs Gough was awarded first prize with the score of 34—a highly creditable performance, Mrs Webb and Miss Balfour taking second and third prizes with the score that ran very close up to the winning figures.

Wa-wa-Keewis was one of Fennimore Cooper's Indian heroines and crack shots whose fame with the rifle resounded through the Delaware prairies in the long ago, but if our Irish ladies keep pace with these Curragh records we will soon have added another laurel to the glory of the Green Isle, and by-and-bye we shall have our ladies competing for the Elcho Shield and challenging the best marksmen in the world. At all events it is now established that Irishwomen *can* shoot with at least one eye open.

A cricket match was played at Youghall on Monday between eleven ladies and eleven gentlemen. The ladies succeeded in scoring 35, but the gentlemen, who had to bat, bowl, and field with their left hand, made 52, and so won the match.

Lady Harlech has opened an amateur art and industrial exhibition in St. James's Hall, Wrexham. The exhibition, which has been organised and will be managed entirely by ladies, will remain open for three weeks. The exhibits, numbering over 1,000, contain many works of exceptional merit.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford intend to reside at Curraghmore for the next two months. His Lordship, who appears much improved in health, is now able to walk fairly well with the aid of a stick.

The celebration of the coming of age of the young Earl of Dudley has been continued for some days, but unfortunately the weather on Tuesday was most unfavourable. Lord Dudley came into the town and was heartily received, a number of addresses being presented. Three thousand workmen were entertained at dinner in the Priory grounds, near Dudley Castle, and a tea for their wives followed.

The Lord Alfred Paget died on Friday on board his yacht off the Scotch coast. He was a younger son of the first Marquis of Annesley, and brother of Countess Sydney. He entered the army in 1832, and reached the rank of General, on the retired list, in 1881. He sat as Liberal member for Lichfield for nearly 30 years, and for many years occupied the post of Chief Equerry to the Queen. Lord Alfred was a well-known yachtsman.

Mr William F. Cullinan, Barrister-at-Law, died at Windermere on the 24th of August. Mr Cullinan was draftsman of Parliamentary bills for the Irish Government.

Miss Henrietta Alice Smyth, third daughter of Mr George Smyth, of Pembroke road, died suddenly at Lurgan, Co. Armagh, on the 25th August.

Sir John Rose, who fell dead last week while aiming at a stag in the Duke of Portland's forest, Caithness, was 68 years old. A special train left Waterloo station on Thursday conveying his remains to Guildford Cemetery, where they were interred by the side of his wife. The coffin, which was covered with beautiful wreaths, bore the following inscription—"The Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., Q.C.M.G., born 1820, died 1888." The Prince of Wales, who sent a wreath, was represented by Sir Dighton Probyn. The Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Grafton, Lady Fairburn, Sir Arthur Hayter, Captain and Lady Cecilia Rose, Lady Charteris, Lady Winifrid Byng, and Lady Sarah Lindsey also sent wreaths.

Mr Coghlan, of Camden street, is one of the two solitary practical billiard-table manufacturers in Ireland, and for perfection of make his work will stand favourable comparison with that of the best Continental or English maker. He has a beautiful table on exhibition at Olympia, and it is only right to add that its finish and style have elicited from billiard-players who have seen it there the warmest admiration. This is one of those Irish industries whose fame Mr Coghlan is worthily upholding.

Miss Letitia A. Walkington, Master of Arts, the Royal University, Ireland, has passed, after much private study, the examination of LL.B held in Dublin lately. She is the first lady who has graduated in this subject.

It is notified for information that the under-mentioned buildings, which have been converted into barracks, will be designated as follows:—Richmond Bridewell, Dublin, as Wellington Barracks, and Lock Hospital, Kildare, as Kildare Barracks.

The Channel Squadron is to be ready for sea by the 14th inst., on which date it is intended to sail for a cruise round the United Kingdom, not forgetting Ireland. What, with the large military force maintained in this country, and the fact that two large fleets have recently been spending money both North and South, the natives of the Emerald Isle have little cause to complain of neglect.

The army and navy, represented by a soldier and a sailor, in a third-class railway carriage of the D. W. and W. R., have had their conversation reported to headquarters. Soldier, looking out of the window at a cemetery—"Remarkably fine place, that." Naval Critic—"Yes; stylish, very." Soldier—"And so exceedingly healthy." Naval Critic—"And dry." Soldier—"And so am I."

By the end of the current month the garrison of Dublin will have been almost completely metamorphosed, the following changes occurring:—Coldstream Guards will be relieved by the Scots Guards, Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) by the Royal West Surrey Regiment, and in addition the Liverpool Regiment move to Aldershot, and the West Yorkshire Regiment to Fermoy.

Conversation overheard at the Blue Hungarian Band (a fact). He (a masher)—"Didn't see you at Leopardstown—awful crush. Were you there?" She (country cousin)—"Yes; awful crush. Didn't see you. Were you there?" He—"Are you going to Lady Ridgeway's hop?" She—"Is that the Under-Secretary's wife?" He—"Yes." She—"I don't know her." He—"Were you at the opera—first-rate company? Miss Moody is a great favourite of mine." She—"Oh, yes. I was at the Gaiety two nights." He—"What operas were on?" She—"Oh, the same on both nights—"Carl Rosa." Collapse of masher.

Another conversation overheard in same place between two well-known pianoforte sellers. 1st P. S.—"Why do you always call Gladstone the Grand Old Man?" 2nd P. S.—"Because he is neither square nor upright."

We are glad to learn that the eldest Miss Prendergast, sister of Surgeon-Major Prendergast, who so recently met with an untimely end in India, has been appointed by Government Inspector of Needlework to the National Schools in Ireland. We understand this appointment is worth £150 per annum with travelling expenses. This talented young lady well deserves the appointment, being skilled in every sort of needlework, and, indeed, in every feminine accomplishment.

We learn that the daughter of a well-known Government official holding high office in Dublin has just entered a convent. This charming

young lady was present at the Leopardstown Races, and the next day bid adieu to the world, its pomps and vanities, and will henceforth devote her young life to soothing the miseries of the sick and aged.

"A Sufferer" asks us to call the attention of the Harcourt street people to a grievance under which he and a number of others suffer during the holding of the Horse Show last week. The matter chiefly affects residents at Greystones, Kilcool, and Newcastle, and we are sure that when the matter is brought to the notice of the obliging traffic manager, Mr. Payne, all matters of reasonable complaint will in future be rectified.

The "Sufferer" took it as a matter of course that he and the other residents in the districts mentioned would have the advantage of the excursion train from Wexford to the Horse Show on Wednesday and Thursday last week, but on arriving at the station he discovered that tickets at single fare for the double journey would only be issued from Wicklow and stations south of that place. He adds—and in this we believe he is correct—that for years past excursion tickets to Dublin have always been issued from every station south of Bray; but, as we have always said, Mr. Payne will in all likelihood remedy this overlook on future occasions, now that his attention has been directed to the matter.

We understand that all the insurance companies having offices in Dublin have directed their agents to warn their policy-holders that they will not be responsible for the risk they run by attending Leopardstown Races!!

The new police barracks to be built at Belfast are to be commenced at once. The contract for building is £4,076.

A most successful bazaar was held at Rostrevor on Friday and Saturday last. It was under the patronage of the Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Roden, the Countess of Annesley, Lady Arthur Hill, and the Baroness Von Stieglitz. Under the immediate direction of the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey the arrangements were simply perfect, and did much to insure the successful issue arrived at.

Here is a good story from a military hospital not a hundred miles from Dublin. Chaplain, going his morning rounds:—Chaplain.—So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and sooth his last moments; why didn't you call me?" Hospital orderly—"I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkin's, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself." Chaplain—"Why, what did you say to him?" Orderly—"Opkins, sez I, your mortal bad." "I am sez he." "Opkin's, sez I, I don't think you'll get better." "No," sez he. "Opkin's, sez I, you're going fast." "Yes," sez he. "Opkins, sez I, I don't think you can hope to go to 'eaven." "I don't think I can," sez he. "Well then, 'Opkins," sez I, "you'll go to 'ell." "I suppose so," sez he. "Opkin's, sez I, you ought to be werry grateful as there's a place provided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go? And I think he heard, sir, and then he died."

An amusing scene was witnessed in Sackville street on one of the Horse Show days last week. A gentleman was sauntering leisurely down towards O'Connell Bridge carrying his walking-stick (with a shepherd's crook) horizontally and carelessly. Just opposite Clery's establishment the attention of the saunterer became fixed upon two young and fashionably-dressed ladies, who, by their rosy cheeks and majestic mein, were evidently fresh from the beautiful mountains of Connemara. So enamoured by the ladies did the gentleman become that it was not until he felt a violent tug at his stick that he came to himself. Having turned round to ascertain the cause of the obstruction he met the fierce gaze of one of the young ladies whom he had just a moment or two before been admiring. To an onlooker the scene brought to recollection the belligerent attitude of a much annoyed cat and a trembling puppy.

To stammer out an instant apology seemed to be the gentleman's desire, but ere he could utter three words, down upon his repentant shoulders came the swish and smack of an enormous *en tout cas*. Round and round the lady in her ire turned and round and round the gentleman followed, receiving every now and again the weight of the lady's shade stick alternately on his head and shoulders. Crowds had by this time surrounded the pair, and the scene was one of the most amusing we have witnessed for some time. At last the other lady came to the aid of her who seemed so much aggrieved, and together they administered a sound flogging to the city man, whose thoughtlessness brought him under the ire of the enraged Amazons.

At this point an onlooker, who thought the gentleman was getting the worst of it, suggested to him the advisability of dropping the stick and making his exit as quickly as he could. This the gentleman did, and upon our overtaking him we inquired the cause of all the trouble. The handle of his stick, he said, caught the lady's dress in close proximity to that portion of it devoted to what is commonly called the "bustle." Owing to the stick having a decided crook, the poor fellow found a difficulty in releasing it, and, as he attempted to explain to the lady, she immediately opened war upon his head and shoulders, and kept pelting away until, in sheer fright, he had to make his escape through the crowd.

The most laughable part of the whole proceedings was when the young lady marched off in triumph she persisted in taking with her the handsome walking-stick which cost her so much trouble and annoyance to secure as a trophy of what was something more tangible than a phantasm of the streets.

An American lady, writing of her lazy sisters, says, "The majority of American women do not work, but live a life of idleness. The wife of a plasterer or a carpenter desires to be a lady. She must not work, but prefers a life of idleness."

The term "lady" in above connection opens up a wide field of discussion. In Dublin it would be well if the present ludicrous style assumed by young girls in business of calling themselves ladies were discontinued. The distinction

between a lady proper and a young girl who has to earn her bread by her own exertions, is wide, and permits of no assimilation; but take up either of our daily papers whose advertisement columns are devoted to the wants of the public, and numberless advertisements will be found in which a "young lady" desires an engagement as an assistant in a "confectionery" shop, "shoe" shop, or "restaurant." Now, our opinion is, and we are sure we echo the sentiments of every sensible girl in Dublin, that these persons in their advertisements if they adopted the term "young woman" instead of "young lady," would secure a greater degree of public confidence, and would be, looked upon not as mere ornaments with brightly polished countenances but as really serviceable members of society. Ladies in the upper ranks of society, although in some cases undeservedly, are entitled to be looked upon and spoken of as ladies; but it does look somewhat ridiculous to put a mistress and her nurse-maid upon the same social footing in print, whilst in society there is as much difference between the grades as there is between the heavens and the earth.

The manufacture of automatic machinery has reached an acme of perfection little dreamt of several years ago. These machines, which at first served to collect pence and distribute cigarettes and sweets will now collect silver and let out opera-glasses. There are already several theatres at which the automatic apparatus for letting out opera-glasses is in use; and the system is said to work satisfactorily for all concerned. A want of confidence was for sometime felt in the honesty of the public. But either from high principle or from a well-grounded conviction that the borrowed opera-glass could not be offered for sale or as a pledge without being recognised, it is invariably given back to the box awaiting its return, and which until the return is made remains open. The opera-glasses belonging to the Automatic Company are stamped in so many places with the Company's name that all possibility of mistaking them for opera-glasses of any other maker is out of the question. The punctuality with which the opera-glasses are given back at the end of the performance is not discreditable to the borrowers, but it cannot be said to prove that they are actuated by feelings of honour alone.

The foregoing will, we hope, be read by Mr. Doyle, Mr. Gunn's manager. The advent of such a useful machine into the passages of the Gaiety would be an improvement and an accommodation to the many thousands who frequent that resort of the *beau monde*. We should very much like to see a little enterprise displayed by the managers of our Dublin theatres in providing the latest useful inventions for the convenience of their patrons.

We may call the present the "dead season" for the newspapers, but the letters written pro and con upon the marriage question are lively enough. What seems the most comforting thing about them is how very little appears to satisfy the benedicts. One gentleman has just returned from sea after years of absence, and finds a few days at home with his wife and family sufficient to establish an optimistic theory. A man must surely be a rake indeed if he can't stand a single week of domestic bliss, and even think it felicity. Another, and still queerer case, is that of the

seafaring person who was stationed off the coast of Africa for three years, during which a baby arrived at home. Even this pleases him and repays him for years of exile. Of these two witnesses (if they be genuine) it may indeed be said that they "want but little here below" (in the way of matrimony), nor want that little long. But we have a shrewd suspicion that these letters were written in the "office" by professional gentlemen with a strong turn for humour; at all events they are capital letters. Next to them for modesty of demand comes the "married curate," who could be very happy with his wife) if they had but £200 a year between them. We wonder what was the income he did marry upon?

The silly season is essentially an amusing one. First we had and still are having the instructive and fascinating discussion originated by Mrs. Mona Caird on "Is Marriage a Failure?" and now we are being treated to the *pros* and *cons* of "Wedding Rings for Men." In the desert of absurdities that usually make up the correspondence columns of the daily journals, it is refreshing to light upon something suggestive of masculine adornment. The originator of the cry "Wedding Rings for Men" has apparently made an intimate study of married men and their ways, and has come to the conclusion that matrimonial happiness will never be assured until the married man is compelled to wear a wedding-ring. Married men, we are told, often pass themselves off as single men, and would, perhaps, continue to do so even if the wearing of a wedding-ring were made obligatory; but a ferocious champion of her sex would have any married man seen without this mark of matrimony fined for the first offence, and afterwards imprisoned without the option of a fine.

This idea opens up a curious prospect, and, as a contemporary points out, there is likely to be a great activity in the glove market, for all benedicts of a flirtatious disposition will be compelled in self-defence to wear these articles, and so "glove" and "love" will become more intimately connected than they are (in the verses of local poets) even now. On the other hand, the wary bachelor who does not want to be caught in the matrimonial toils will merely have to provide himself with a wedding-ring, and will be safe under the protection of that charmed circle. The germs of thousands of *feuilletons* and farcical comedies lie hid in this idea, and for the sake of novelists and dramatists, at any rate, we hope to see it carried out.

The Red Cross Home, 87 Harcourt street, Dublin, is the only institution in the United Kingdom where ladies by birth, anxious to become hospital nurses, are trained. The Red Cross Sisters are a noble band of ladies whose lives are consecrated to the tender care of suffering humanity. We know of no other field where the tenderness and gentleness of true, feeling-hearted ladies can find an outlet compared with the opportunities offered by the Red Cross movement. In different parts of Ireland at the present moment various members of this institution are soothing the pillows of unfortunate sufferers and nursing back to life the flickering sparks of hope. They have done and are doing a good work, and we offer our sincere congratulations to Miss Mary Cochrane and Miss Alice H. Mitchell, who have with no small amount of

self-abnegation come forward as the latest recruits to this noble army of nursing sisters. We hope they may be rewarded with that inward satisfaction from which more real pleasure is derivable than all the personal and social enjoyment of life can supply.

We regret to hear that the funds of that most deserving institution the National Children's Hospital, are in a very low state. We cannot understand the public in the matter of charity. If there was much of a show in which the names of the donors would be ostentatiously displayed and hawked about we are perfectly sure the Children's Hospital would be in no sore straits for funds; but as the work done is of a most unostentatious character, the institution is allowed to languish for the necessary pecuniary means for its support. We appeal to our readers on behalf of the poor suffering children. The institution is entirely unsectarian. Sick children of the poor without distinction of class or creed are admitted, and contributors are invited to visit the hospital, when they will be shown through the wards and all information regarding the work performed will be supplied. Much credit is due to Sir Robert Jackson, C.B.; Sir George Owens, J.P.; Surgeon Moore, Mr Battersby, J.P.; and Surgeon Hepenstal Ormsby for their disinterested labours in connection with the institution. The Secretary will be glad to receive subscriptions at the office, 88 Harcourt street, Dublin.

The Irish girls in the exhibition buildings at Olympia are still playing havoc with the hearts of visitors of the male species. One of the latest stories is that one of the pretty stall-keepers has annexed the junior partner, who is also the chief proprietor, in one of the largest and best known of the West-End firms. He chanced upon a business conversation with the young girl in reference to the exhibits of which she had charge, and, what with her good looks and her manner, became fascinated on the spot. A few days later—that is just the other day—the stall had a new keeper, and the young woman a husband, with a town house and a country mansion. After all it seems there is some point in the suggestion that Irish beauty at Olympia will go some way in solving the great problem connected with this country which has troubled the minds of statesmen for so many years.

The selection of a trousseau is a serious matter for a young lady and a great expense to somebody. To obviate this expense American enterprise has invented a new system. An establishment is now prepared to let out on hire the linen necessary for a bridal outfit. The price is low. From two to ten dollars a month will cover all that is necessary for a bridal tour; nothing can be more reasonable.

We should, of course, have suspected the genuineness of this announcement had it not come to us from an authoritative source. The fact is printed in bold type in the *Drapers' Record*, and we cannot suspect a journal whose *raison d'être* is the prosperity of the underclothing trade, to be jesting with such a solemn business. Our contemporary evidently knows that times are hard, and does not wish, by stiffening up the prices of articles whose names we should blush

to mention, to drive men reluctantly back to single blessedness.

The *Record* mentions the affecting case of one young married pair who were so oppressed with the burden of the necessary matrimonial expenses, that they could not afford the price of a legitimate honeymoon. However, with noble self-sacrifice the bridegroom gallantly undertook to solve the difficulty by going on the honeymoon himself. The new reach-me-down trousseau store obviates this inconvenience, and with a cheap outfit, married couples may give themselves the luxury of quite a prolonged and expensive tour instead of the too brief sentimental journey to Paris or the Lakes. Marriage at this rate, will not be a "failure."

Messrs Cook and Son, the tourist agents, have issued an exceedingly neat little handbook, entitled, "Programme of Tours and Excursions in the Emerald Isle." Its contents are diversified, and take the visitor through some of the most beautiful scenery in Ireland. Should any of our readers desire a copy of this little book they should call at Messrs Cook's offices, Dame street, where it will be supplied gratis.

From statistics just issued it appears that women are more eager for divorce or separation than the men in France. The petitioners of the fair sex for divorce amounted during last year to 2,733, while the men numbered 1,848—2,564 women petitioned for separation against 453 men. The statistics set forth that the largest number of applications for divorce and separations emanated from persons who had been five years married, those who had been wedded from ten to twenty years coming next. Evidently in France marriage is, to a certain extent, a failure.

The Duchess of Montrose in securing her trousseau had eight lovely dresses made by one dressmaker alone, while she was especially anxious that several delicately-tinted silk matinees should be profusely trimmed with rare and costly lace, so as to be as becoming as possible.

Lord Cork and Lord Clifden were among the guests invited to Mr MacKenzie's (of Kintail) pic-nic at Homburg last week. The pic-nic was most splendidly and sumptuously organised, and the Prince of Wales was the life and soul of the party.

The Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam are to be presented with a portrait of Lady Fitzwilliam by the inhabitants of Malton on the occasion of their golden wedding, which will be celebrated on Monday next.

The Earl and Countess are both exceedingly popular, and have always taken a lively interest in the welfare of the tenants and others living in proximity to their immense estates. The Earl is at present spending the sum of £1,300 in erecting two wings to the church at Shillelagh—one wing for the choir, and the other to contain the family pews for their use whilst residing at their Irish seat, Coollattin Park. We sincerely hope that the celebration of this important epoch in

the lives of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam will have a happy and joyous termination for the large circle of their Graces' friends and dependents.

Ladies will be pleased to know that black lace has become fashionable this autumn. A few days ago we noticed a wrap on the shoulders of a lady made in the shape of a long circular cloak and composed of lace mounted on coloured silk, and warmly lined. Transparent lace cloaks we are told would have been the acme of fashion during the past summer if the weather had permitted; but fashion like everything else suffered from the inclemency of the weather.

Black lace and figured tulle give very suitable materials for evening dresses for ladies who have left youth behind them, when draped on a foundation of dark-coloured taffetas or faille—dark pansy is a favourite colour. Much license is allowed to the trimmings, which may consist of dark shot, moire and velvet ribbons, guipure and tinsel embroidery, and elegant braided ornamentations.

Hats made of numerous small flowers, with a large bouquet in the centre, still continue to find many admirers. A newer and even more original idea is to construct a hat of only one flower, such as a rose, &c., large pink velvet and small silk leaves form the crown, round which are wound buds and foliage. A similar hat is made of moss green velvet leaves, surmounted by a bunch of violets.

Feathers, however, are once more to be the rage on hats, and ostrich farmers who have been rather depressed for sometime past are looking forward to better times.

The large Leghorn hat, according to the *Season*, which is an authority on the subject, is quite as fashionable for little girls as for ladies. It is extremely graceful, with its broad, drooping brim, and its low crown, round which curls a long white Amazon feather.

Serge of a light make, nun's veiling, and flannel and flannelette are the most popular materials for the present season, as they are neither too cold, or too hot, but of course cambrics and prints are always popular. The skirts reach just below the ankles, and some of them have a muslin balayouse securely sewn in, so that in running it looks like a white petticoat, and moves with the skirt.

Tweed dresses are still made with some severity of style—jacket bodice neatly stitched and closely buttoned either in front or at the side; sometimes as many as two-and-a-half dozens of small buttons are used to fasten one bodice. The long drapery entirely covers the skirt, no part of the kilt or foundation skirt being perceivable. Smart little coats accompany most of the travelling dresses. These are made like covert coats, loose fronted and invisibly buttoned, or fastened on the left side at the neck only with three pearl buttons; anything in the shape of ornaments is quite dispensed with, and reserved for the more dressy garments.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

RYAN'S DREAM.

"But you," exclaimed Eva, suddenly looking at him. "I have never asked you if you caught cold, or suffered in any way. What must you think of me?"

"Think of you?" echoed Ryan, fixing his dark eyes on her, and letting them fall as a blush rose in her face. He said no more on that subject; but Eva felt that he could not have expressed more profound worship if he had spoken all day.

In his look and manner there was an expression of deep respect and admiration, with an awe as if she were a being of a far higher sphere and he some humble creature worshipping—an expression which filled her with a sense of sweet womanly satisfaction and tender thankfulness towards him. Here, apparently, was no rude, uncouth artisan or familiar aristocrat with in sinuating smile, but a man who treated her with something like the religious chivalry of the knights of old romance.

"I—I thought you seemed ill," said Eva, hesitatingly, "and I was afraid you might have caught cold or something."

He was thrilled by her consideration of him.

"I believe," he said, "I never look very robust. But I am in health, thank you. You are very kind to think of me at all."

"I would be a heartless girl not to," said Eva. "I often think of you."

She did not comprehend the artlessness of these words until she noticed the dark flush of delight on his face; then she was angry with her own impulsiveness.

But his next remark made her forget her self-reproach, and roused her interest instead.

"I am not worth thinking about," he said, slowly. "Nor," he added, sternly, as if meditating aloud, "must I think about myself. I am only an instrument. I have no life apart from the future of my country."

He was looking straight ahead, with widened eyes.

"I do not understand you," said Eva, timidly.

She began to feel afraid of him. He for his part forgot their relations. She was merely a listener—a feminine entity.

"Because," said he, in a low voice, "I live for the regeneration of my country. When

Ireland is a Republic I shall die, for my mission shall then be at an end. I was born to free my native land from the swarms of foreign despots who infest her. I must not consider myself. My life is nothing to me apart from this."

These were strange words, and to an ordinary listener would have sounded either as ludicrous folly or the ravings of a diseased mind. To the young girl, fresh from the meditative seclusion of convent life, and not without a good share of her own little romantic ideals, they simply deepened, as in a moment, her interest in her companion. She knew nothing of politics, and did not understand patriotism. But she had read of men and women who had accomplished deeds in history which thrilled her imagination, and she suddenly thought—"Is this solitary youth one of these beings?"

"And is this," she said, gently, "what you are always thinking about when you are sitting alone as I have seen you?"

"That, indeed," he replied, no less gently. "It is my existence. Sometimes I wish I were like so many others, that I could go about and think merely of amusing myself. It is the existence of a butterfly. But it is not for me. No, it is not for me."

He ended so sadly that tears rose to the susceptible Eva's beautiful eyes.

"And you wish to be a great man?" she said, softly.

"No," he answered. "Not I. I wish my country to be great. I am nothing."

"And do you never care to amuse yourself?" asked Eva. "Don't you go to parties or band promenades, or anything like that?"

"Yes, I go, but not to amuse myself. I sometimes look at the crowds—crowds of Irish people listening to bands of English regiments, and I wonder if God really meant them to be slaves. I sometimes think so, they are so dead to the cry of their country. But we shall rouse them!"

"We?" exclaimed Eva, startled by his abrupt vehemence.

"Well, those who think as I do," he explained. And then—"Are you an Irish girl?"

"Yes," replied Eva, blushing; "but I am afraid I am not patriotic. I never thought much on the subject."

"Oh, when you begin to think, I am sure your heart will burn within you."

"I am only a girl," said Eva, simply.

"That is no reason you should not be a patriot," said Ryan. "Women have saved their country before now. But you," he added, regretfully, "you are a lady of fashionable life. You will succumb to West-British influence. Some wealthy English aristocrat, no doubt, will fall in love with you. You are so beautiful, so very beautiful, they will crowd around you, these aristocrats."

"You are quite mistaken," said Eva, blushing. "I hate fashionable life, and, above all, I hate aristocrats."

"You are a republican!" exclaimed Ryan, breathlessly.

She looked at his dark, eager eyes, and laughed.

"I really don't know," she replied. "Perhaps I am."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I hope so."

"Hullo!" cried a strange voice. "Here you are, Eva. 'Pon my word!"

Before them, just entering the gates which they had approached in their slow walk, stood Raymond Osborne with all the astonishment of

which he was capable, concentrated through his eyeglass. Eva blushed, and, turning to Ryan, put out her hand, saying—

"I must say good-bye."

"He took her hand without a word, then raised his hat, and turned down the shadiest path in the park. Those who noticed him observed him muttering to himself. Once he stopped, to the astonishment of a soldier and nursery maid who were flirting across a perambulator, and exclaimed bitterly—

"It is a dream, a dream!"

And passed on, oblivious of their amusement.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE AZUCENA COSTUME.

RAYMOND OSBORNE was an extremely handsome young man. Eva Fitzgerald, when she had first met him, thought him the loveliest creature she had ever seen. He was a blonde beauty, with a moustache the colour, but not the texture, of new-mown hay; richly tinted full lips, and a soft dimpling face. His figure was so near plastic perfection that when he reached years of discretion he instinctively felt that he was born for the army. The examiners arrived at a different conclusion. Though gifted with attractive physical attributes, his mental capacity was unable to force him through the army examination. He essayed the attack three times, the assault failed, and he fell back on the militia.

He habitually asserted that there was a shameful system of favouritism in the army examinations, and Eva for one—probably the only one—implicitly believed him. She sympathised with him as a victim of a gigantic official conspiracy.

It was evident that the commander-in-chief from sheer jealousy had given orders that Raymond Osborne was not to pass. Eva was incapable of realising that so beautiful a youth could possibly be a liar.

In her diary—for, like most persons who have uneventful lives, she kept a diary—she wrote foolish verses to him, and sketched his portrait in water-colours.

"Who is that fellow, now?" asked Raymond, as they left the gates.

"He is the young man who saved Bernard's life. I have been long wishing to meet him to thank him. It was so good of him."

"Do you know, I am awfully jealous of him. Come now!"

Raymond turned his eyeglass on her with as much severity as he chose to assume.

"That is ridiculous" replied Eva. "He is only a poor boy. Jealous! I don't think you mean what you say."

"Don't mean what I say? Well, upon my word! of course I mean what I say. Hang it!" exclaimed Raymond, surveying a shop window as they passed, "if a man doesn't mean what he says, it's a curious state of things, to say the least."

"Don't be angry," said Eva, gently.

"Angry? Of course I'm angry," returned Raymond, carefully wiping his eyeglass in his handkerchief. "A fellow ought to be angry, I think, when he sees you with another fellow—and a fellow of the lower orders, too, by Jove! A man ought to be angry."

"But I assure you" said Eva, greatly distressed. "I was only thanking him for his kindness in saving Bernard's life. Surely I should do so?"

"I don't know about that," returned Raymond, smiling at a shop girl on the other side of the street. "If a man goes and sees you knocking round with a fellow, well then—what was I saying?"

Eva was relieved to find his mind so readily induced to wander from the subject. Had he insisted on a scene, she would have cried bitterly for several hours in bed that night, before falling asleep. She did not of her own initiative pursue the topic, and readily expressed interest in the various desultory subjects, from the Castle ball to the coming tennis tournament, which Raymond lightly discussed.

When they reached Eva's home, Raymond rang the bell, and turning, said;

"Your'e going to the fancy dress ball, of course?"

"I believe so" said Eva, "Mrs Fitzgerald wants me to. Indeed, I believe our dresses were to arrive to-day. Perhaps they have come. I don't care much to go. I feel bewildered."

"Oh, it'll be awfully nice, you know," said Raymond. "I'm going as the devil."

Before Eva could express the shock this assertion gave her, the door was opened and both entered.

Upstairs in the drawingroom they found half-a-dozen persons surrounding Mrs Fitzgerald, who was dressed as Azucena. Some of the chairs were littered with fancy costumes. When Raymond opened the door and entered with Eva, a burst of noisy conversation met them. Mrs Fitzgerald stood laughing, and turning about exhibiting herself to the expressed admiration of her friends. A gentleman with a heavy mustache and hooked nose, his hair very thin on top, was standing by, holding pencils and a box of face-paints. This was Major Reardon, a cavalry officer. The two ladies were Mrs Salaman, and Mrs Overend Reilly. Both were handsome, cheery, a little rouged, and separated from their husbands. The other two gentlemen were military men. One was young and world-worn; the other a bald-headed old colonel with a gay, genial nature, and a very red face.

Mrs Fitzgerald's costume, professedly that of a wandering gipsy, was of rich satin with a scarlet scarf, tied about the waist, a cap with yellow spangles on her hair. The body of the dress was low. Eva when she looked at her step-mother blushed and turned her face away. She felt that her step-mother was unaware of this lowness of the body, and resolved to mention it to her privately with the object of having it altered. It was chiefly on account of this sudden sensation of modesty that Eva, having expressed a few commonplaces of admiration, busied herself in a corner with an album.

"What are you saying, major?" asked Mrs Fitzgerald, turning towards him.

"Merely that I am tired holding these things," said the Major. "Come and be painted, like a good child."

"Well, then, go on. How are you, Raymond? Are you ready, major? Goodness, you've put the brush in my eye, you stupid man!"

"Beg pardon," said the Major. "Won't do it again. Awfully sorry. Such eyes, too," he murmured.

"You are quite too bewitching, Geraldine; you are indeed," said Mrs Salaman, the dark-

eyed Jewess. "I'm dreadfully jealous, you know."

"No occasion," whispered the old colonel in her ear. "You can hold your own."

"Nonsense, colonel. You know no one can shine in the same room as Mrs Fitzgerald."

"Matter o' taste," muttered the colonel, stroking his moustache.

"Am I a fright?" exclaimed Mrs Fitzgerald, leaving the artist and appealing to her friends.

"Raymond, what's your opinion?"

"Put too much red on," said Raymond, fixing his eyeglass.

"Ah, yes, the major's only an amateur," said Mrs Fitzgerald. "Get me a mirror or I shall faint. I know I look perfectly hideous."

Taking a hand-glass from someone, Mrs Fitzgerald looked at herself with a grimace at which all laughed.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed a new voice.

"Oh, how do, Fitzgerald? By the way——" And the colonel took out his watch.

Mr Fitzgerald advanced into the room, a smile on his thin face, his hands leisurely clasped behind him.

"No, don't go, colonel," he said. "I shan't disturb you. I just dropped in as I was in the neighbourhood. How are you, Mrs Salaman? And how are you Major Reardon? Hope you are quite well. Geraldine, I never saw you look better. That costume is most becoming."

"That's what we all say, Mr Fitzgerald," exclaimed Mrs Salaman, opening her black eyes boldly.

He bowed.

"The dress, I fancy," he observed, critically surveying his wife, "is a trifle too high. I mean in what is called the bodice. Geraldine, my dear, could you not get the bodice lowered a trifle? You see," he added, appealing pleasantly to the company, "I am proud of my wife's figure, and like to show her off. It's a weakness. I admit it."

At the first sound of her husband's voice, Mrs Fitzgerald had dropped the hand-glass on a table, and now sat down, striving to look pleased and unconcerned.

"This costume is, I presume," said Mr Fitzgerald, "for some private theatricals?"

"Oh, no," said the Major. "Masquerade ball—fancy dresses—that sort of thing."

"Indeed?" returned Mr Fitzgerald. "I never heard of it. But these things are not in my way. When a man becomes father of a family he does not care to strut about in public as a gipsy bandit or Mephistopheles. Eh, colonel?"

"Quite so," replied the colonel. "Quite so. I am of the same opinion myself."

And the colonel consulted his watch again, with an air of anxiety.

"Mere dry details of lawsuits are the sum of my existence," said Mr Fitzgerald to Mrs Salaman, "occasionally brightened by the excitement of a divorce case."

"Indeed?" said Mrs Salaman, coldly.

"Yes. I am at present engaged in one—preparing the evidence in fact. It will be a great surprise for the Dublin public."

"Hullo," exclaimed the youthful officer, "tell's all about it, old man."

"Secrets. Legal secrets," said Mr Fitzgerald, turning in his slow way to the young man, and smilingly shaking his head. "Circumstances and names must be rigidly suppressed until the case is announced. But I can say this much—the parties are well known in Dublin society. In

fact, the case is bound to create the most delightful sensation."

"Oh, do tell us!" said Mrs Overend Reilly, clasping her hands. "There's a dear man. Tell us a little."

"Observe the irrepressible curiosity of the female mind!" said Mr Fitzgerald, laughingly. "Well, perhaps I may venture on a little—What, you *here*, Eva?" he exclaimed, as his daughter advanced with child-like curiosity to listen. "Ah—go up, my dear, to my study, and find my spectacles. They are somewhere about."

"Yes, papa."

There was silence until the young girl passed out, Mr Fitzgerald gazing seriously at the floor. When she was gone he looked up with his former smile, and the others listened whilst he addressed Mrs Reilly.

"The lady, I am sorry to say," he observed, "is young and handsome, and you all, I am sure, know her. No, I dare not whisper her name, and you could never guess. Her husband is much older; a professional man. They have been living fairly contented for years, and have a family—let me see—yes, a family of three children. The husband has bribed some of his servants to——"

"Do you mean to tell us," interrupted Mrs Fitzgerald, looking steadily at her husband, "that the man sets spies to watch his wife?"

"Yes, my love," replied Mr Fitzgerald, folding his hands over his knee, and nodding towards her, "I have documentary proof to that effect. The fact is, the husband has been receiving anonymous epistles, some of which, however, he does not rely on, because," added Mr Fitzgerald, looking at Mrs Salaman, "he has traced them to personal friends whose testimony is valueless."

"Dear me, how odd," murmured Mrs Salaman, fanning herself hastily.

"Oh, by no means odd," returned Mr Fitzgerald, apparently amused. "The kindness of friends in such matters is proverbial."

"How amusing it will be, this case," said Mrs Fitzgerald, laughing, as she glanced at Mrs Salaman.

"Very," responded Mr Fitzgerald, standing up, "for everyone except the principals. But you have not heard the last of it, my love."

"Indeed?" said his wife, scornfully regarding him over her shoulder.

"No. I have not time at present. I must away to my work. You will excuse me, I hope? My dear, do not forget to get that costume altered. *Au revoir*."

He went away, waving his hand and smiling. Outside the door the expression of his face changed. His complexion turned of a leaden hue, he dropped his hands behind him, and he seemed as he looked gloomily down, to age instantaneously by ten years.

The rustle of a dress on the stairs aroused him. Eva was descending, with a discontented pursing of her lovely face.

He gazed at her an instant, then took the soft childlike face between his thin hands and kissed it.

"I can't find them, papa!"

"Never mind, my child," he said huskily. "I will—I will probably find them in my pocket. Where are you going?" he added sharply as she passed him.

She paused, her hand on the half-opened door, and raised her eyebrows.

"Going in here, papa."

"You must not!" he exclaimed sternly, and

raising his voice. "That room is no place for you, my daughter. Go anywhere—to your own room, upstairs—anywhere—but do not enter there."

He pointed with trembling finger at the door. He then ascended to his study, and Eva, depressed and wondering, went downstairs, alone.

CHAPTER XXV.

CRESCENDO !

ONE summer evening two men, the younger on a bicycle, the elder on a tricycle, wheeled towards Kingstown. Their destination was Dalkey, where in the villa on the hill they expected to spend an evening of music. But the tricyclist—Mr. Reginald Gordon—as he wheeled along in front was mentally resolving on some plan for securing Miss Denison as his wife. Not that he was in love with her, but he was poor, and he had been securing money of late, by means at which he himself, in his best moments, stood aghast. Of late he had been drifting with frightful rapidity into strange ways and mental disturbances. He suffered from insomnia, and in the sleepless watches of the night visions and phantasmal forms began to trouble him, and a voice kept reminding him how his father had ended a life of incomprehensible crimes by death in a criminal lunatic asylum—a fact known to few—and the same voice whispered that all endeavours on the part of the son to battle against the subtle power of heredity would be terribly in vain. And so now, as he sped over the dusty roads he wondered if marriage with a wealthy girl would save him before it was too late, from the terrors which seemed to darken so rapidly around him.

"Oh, I say, stop!" exclaimed the bicyclist, Oscar Munro. "Look, Gordon, here is Turner and Claude Lorraine all in one!"

As Oscar spoke, or rather shouted, he jumped off his bicycle, and stood in the centre of the road, leaning on the machine, and staring at the view. He had faced round. They were close to Kingstown. On the left, near at hand, lay the Harbour—or rather the West Pier, the East being hid by intervening buildings, and the yachts with their white sails and fishing smacks with brown, lying apparently motionless on the still greenish water. Beyond the harbour lay the sea, blue and quiet, and a distant sweep of shore with white villas, and the city with the masts in the river like dark straight lines. But the sight which had startled Oscar into admiration, and at which he now gazed, silently entranced, was a vast impenetrable army of clouds arranged along the sky, rising darkly from the horizon in deep brown depths behind the city, stretching a misty haze across the country. But over the township of Monkstown this great curtain of cloud was rent, and in the centre of a nest of glowing mist of light burned the sun, and three great beams of vivid light seemed to strike down on the little township, making the buildings gleam and stand out like a distinct and dazzling patch under the vast bank of dark and sullen cloud. Before this scene Oscar stood in silent contemplation.

"Now Gordon," he exclaimed, "you can see. Why?" he suddenly muttered, turning round, "he's gone! What can be the matter with him? Of late he has become a morose savage."

Oscar vaulted on his bicycle, and sped on. In

a short time he was at Mrs Denison's villa at Dalkey Hill, and found Gordon there. The room was full of musicians; and, the night being warm, the windows were open.

After her first song Miss Denison went out, and seated herself in a rocking chair facing the sea. Behind her was a small conservatory with soft ruby fairy lamps nestling amongst the flowers and cool green exotics. Far beneath, the sea glittered under the moon which floated in a clear dark-blue sky. She was thrilled with the beauty of her surroundings. Whilst the music trembled through her brain she opened her hands and expanded her chest as if to inhale not only the delicate air but the ineffable sweetness of the night. And yet in the background of her thoughts there was the steady yearning for the common boards and flaring lights of the theatre; the ever-throbbing desire to, at last, achieve some striking deed of art to satisfy the persistent dream of her life. But she knew that to realise her art-dreams with stage room and painted scenery, it was necessary to nestle close to nature in such scenes as this with the real moon shining on the quiet sea.

"Miss Denison, I take this opportunity, finding you alone, to ask your advice."

The voice was soft, rather caressive, and did not disturb the quietude of the night or the delicate music floating through the open windows. As Mr Reginald Gordon spoke he folded his arms and looked—not at Miss Denison, who sat beside him, but up at the stars.

"Well, Mr Gordon, if you consider my advice valuable I shall try to assist you."

She glanced at him, admiring the graceful pose of his dark figure in conjunction with the yellow light from the drawingroom windows, and the silvery light of the moon.

"I do not value your opinion, Miss Denison," said the soft voice of the man who knew how thoroughly she abhorred flattery, "on every subject; but on this, I do. I am about to write a libretto for an opera, such a libretto as has never been before written; bound, probably, to be an abject failure."

"I am most interested, Mr Gordon. No subject interests me more than any touching music. I am anxious to hear about it."

"You are aware, Miss Denison, that operatic librettos are the vilest of conventional trash?"

"Yes. I quite agree with you."

"They are artificial; full of gipsies, bandits, and so forth, all composed with the express purpose of putting picturesque costumes on the stage."

"I have often thought of it. But what can you do? It would take a wonderfully audacious composer to put simple modern life on the stage."

"That is exactly what I propose," said Gordon, gazing absently towards the sea.

"Pray tell me how. This is exceedingly interesting," said Adelaide, lying back in her chair, but with her eyes intent and widened. "Solve the problem if you can."

"Music," said Gordon, "is the expression of the emotions. If we are progressive, our emotions must be undergoing a refining process. But how are we to write modern music if we are always crowding the stage with gipsies and bandits? Well, we are agreed on that point. Now for my plot. The heroine is a modern woman, refined, self-possessed, cultured, and accustomed to what is known as good society. But she is more. She is anxious to be an artist, a singer, to interpret the highest form of modern music.

All this anxiety, of course, Miss Denison, will not of itself make this girl a great artist."

"No, Mr Gordon. She must know how to sing and act, as well, I presume."

"More than that. Her character must be devoid of faults, as far as possible. Her intellect must be perfected as far as possible. Here is my plot—she has genius, sings divinely, is an enthusiast in art, and yet she fails. Why?"

"Because the managers cannot afford her terms, I suppose," replied Adelaide, quietly.

"No. Her character is defective; but avarice is not one of her faults. She is, in fact, too self-absorbed. That is where she fails."

"But—excuse me, Mr Gordon—an artist must be self-absorbed, if you mean by that, bent on studying and cultivating herself."

"Yes; just to a certain extent. But you must be a woman at a certain point, else you are, as an artist, but a mechanical one. You must experience emotions as a woman; you must, in fact, receive and exchange love."

"This heroine of yours is interesting," said Adelaide, as he paused; "but the details of your plot you have said nothing about."

"There comes to her," said Gordon, now, for the first time, turning his pale face towards her, "a man who has spent a lonely life—a man neither sordid or sensuous, who desires an intellectual companion; who is anxious to spend his life assisting this girl towards perfectibility as an artist and as a woman; a man who is willing to devote his life to this one beautiful object—"

Sweetly and softly the strings and piano blended in a movement rising and falling like liquid wavelets; swelling in little crescendos of passion which melted into a melody of tender sadness. The tones of his voice vibrated with a similar thrill of passion and understrain of melancholy, and on his white face, irradiated by the moon, were traceable the lines of pathos mingled with despair. He was subdued, soft, caressive, all his nature nestling at her feet, and she felt drawn within the spell, and drifting towards him. He had paused, breaking off with a faintly expressed sigh.

"Well, Mr Gordon," she said, gently, "I cannot assist you without further details."

"There are not many more," he said, brokenly.

"The man who so truly loves her, dares not tell her so, because she is rich and he poor. But he cannot live without letting her know—though perhaps it is an unmanly thing to do—with out letting her know what is in his heart and brain. He wishes her, when she leaves his life, when she goes out into the world, to carry with her the thought that this one man—solitary amidst the emptiness of society—had one religion, and that was, his love for her."

The pathos of his words still mingled with the music, and Adelaide began to wonder if life would not be more perfect for her if she yielded to him and became his wife. Of his sincerity she had no doubt. Could she let him into her life to accompany her through her career side by side, sharing her art triumphs with him?

"Well, Mr Gordon, I do not yet understand your libretto."

He saw distinctly, even by the pale moonlight, the softening change of her face, and he felt a glow of triumph. He had not played the subdued and hopeless lover in vain! He advanced a step nearer, quietly, unobtrusively, and rested his hand lightly on the back of the chair. The music was rising in a long crescendo.

"You surely know enough now, Miss Denison, to give me your advice on this poor

libretto. Could this unhappy wretch succeed in securing the heroine?"

"In securing?" echoed Adelaide, knitting her brows, and wondering whether it was the rising crescendo of the music or an alteration in his tones which made her shrink from him.

"Well, that sounds odd," said Gordon, with a slight laugh—he was fast losing his grasp of the melancholy role—"I mean might he hope? Is this girl so self-absorbed as to be incapable of loving him?"

The music crescendoed to a fortissimo, delivered with a terrific sweep of all the violin bows and a resounding chord on the piano, and all the instruments dashed into a wild rondo.

Adelaide rose. She felt like one awakened from a dream. A momentary cloud obscured the moon. The man beside her stood dark and silent. Whether it was the change in the music or in his manner, she felt her old repugnance towards him suddenly pronounced.

"My advice, Mr Gordon, is not to write this libretto. I think it most likely to fail."

She walked in her quiet, dignified manner into the drawingroom, and Mr Reginald Gordon sank into the vacated seat, and sat grinning vacantly at the moon.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AT A HYDROPATHIC.

BY AN IRISH VISITOR.

WEST SHANDON HOUSE, N.B.

Those who wish to enjoy a pleasant and varied holiday combined with substantial comfort should come to Shandon—though it is doubtful if they could get in now, the Hydropathic being literally packed to its fullest dimensions. You have in it at once repose and excitement—repose that is not stagnation; and excitement derivable more from sensation than effort. The house is palatial—superb drawingrooms, ball-rooms, smoking and billiard-rooms, conservatories, and towers from which the eye is carried over a calm and glassy lake shining like an immense mirror, the sun's rays glinting on it in millions of radiations, its peaceful bosom only ruffled by a passing steamer or the little pleasure boats skimming its surface, in which we spy scores of happy girls in bright summer dresses. Travelled people here liken it with the Lake of Como—surely on its margin we have Claude Melnotte's veritable palace, the embodiment of the phantasy by which he deluded the credulous Pauline, enshrouded in an atmosphere of eternal summer, of which our recent experience has been by no means suggestive. For saunterings and sailings, for lazy lounges or long pedestrian stretches, for quiet dreaming, lotus-eating, and everything of that sort, perhaps nothing of the kind is so perfect within the Four Seas of Britain as Shandon.

Yesterday I strolled to church along a lovely road for about a mile, the sacred edifice niched in a grove of trees on the margin of the lake; shelving hills forming a most picturesque background, dotted with rose-festooned villas, and mansions with their green lawns smooth as velvet. There is no monotony—all diversity—the resources of the place for pleasure and pastime being manifold; and though the meals recur with an almost painful regularity, divested, too, of the usual accessories appertaining to

homes and hotels, in the shape of what are euphemistically known as "stimulants," sufficient incentive to forgetfulness is found in the gregariousness and intercourse produced by the social commingling of upwards of 200 people of all ages, the sexes being, as is generally the case, by a happy dispensation under such circumstances, pretty equally divided. Lawn tennis and other out-door recreations, and dances and concerts in the drawingrooms, develop an amazing eccentricity in dress, the most bizarre costumes being "sporting," especially by gentlemen—even elderly ones; but no age excludes from the desire to please and captivate the fair—for this place seems peculiarly consecrated to the Deity of Flirting, whoever he or she may be. It is here reduced to one of the exact sciences, and as a lady confided to us, one of the most difficult sciences to practice successfully. The air here seems laden with all that inspires to a *rapprochement* between the sexes, in many instances ending with tangible results. We are credibly informed that six or seven matches are arranged every season, and, what is still better, many of them come off. Every bait of female charm is thrown out—every inducement offered, every temptation put in force to ensnare the too susceptible youth (of middle age!) on the part of seductive woman! There are several beauties here of the most approved types, who exercise a quite bewildering charm—notably three lovely sisters, chaperoned and guarded by an almost equally attractive mother with a lynx eye. We observe with a certain indefinable pang of regret the eagerness with which every evening at the dance they are snapped up by contending competitors—one, a superb girl with glorious eyes but rather snubby nose, and gorgeous figure so sinuous and serpentine that she glides almost imperceptibly from the arms of one intoxicated youth to those of some other in the exigencies of an impromptu dance which permits of such snakelike motions; her mother looking on the while, armed with formidable pince-nez!

"I guess," said an American lady to me, hailing from Boston, "that gurl will not be much longer unspliced." We assented with a significant look as she and her innamorato retreated to the conservatory to obtain "a breath of cool air"—by the way, this conservatory and the tower are perfect boons here to modest youth and shrinking maiden. We occasionally outrage the privacy of the sanctum they afford to incipient lovers or those in later stages of the paroxysm, to indulge with others in a weed, and presume we are "blessed backwards," for the moments of our appearance may be critical in the life of some maiden, and we beat a precipitate retreat, mentally hoping we have not spoiled any of Cupid's plans.

Our Yankee friend and we occasionally take refuge or seek refuge or seek repose here—we to smoke, she to inhale the perfume from a thousand flowers with which the atmosphere is redolent. We listen greedily but externally with languid indifference to her pure Bostonian accent, the most crisp and agreeable to our ear of all the American varieties; but the rule exacting an extinguishment of lights here at 11 is inexorable, and we withdraw to our beds intoxicated—not with wine! early to rise and submerge ourselves in the swimming-pond and wash off all recollections of yesterday. Such is a poor glimpse of life at this famous Hydropathic, situated, as the prospectus tells you, "on the shores of the Gareloch." We are meditating

when the weather clears (it has been raining for the first time all morning) drives to Loch Lomond and Glenburn before we pursue our further travels. Owing to Jupiter Pluvius we are obliged to fall back on music and flirting to-day, varied with reading—there is an excellent library—and meals. Amiable little G., from Dublin (known to every one there) is getting up a concert for this evening, to which several clever lady amateurs contribute. The concert will be interspersed with recitations. One of our beauties is also a famous singer. To-morrow we shall have a dramatic performance, thanks to G., and so shall we run the round of pleasure. G. is a splendid caterer, and a very clever executant on the piano, of which he has afforded us some brilliant examples justifying his local fame. As we write in one of the splendid drawingrooms we hear him accompanying a young lady with a matchless voice. He seems to be adored by the sex.

We are aware that Shandon is much affected and enjoyed by some Dublin people; but it is desirable its attractions should be more widely known. The 200 odd visitors now sojourning are for the most part English and Scotch, with an odd American, and one very agreeable lady from the Isle of Man, our *vis-a-vis*. We notice here (Irish)—the Greens from Column Castle—and the MacDermotts are daily expected—the Townsends from Cork; the beautiful Miss Walsh from Carlow; Mr Raymond, Vaughan House; Mr and Mrs Lowndes, the Castle, Dublin; Mr and Mrs Cullamore, &c., &c.

FAREWELL.

Beloved, I must leave thee; do not grieve;
Perchance 'tis better so. As yet no cloud
Has for one moment darkened o'er the sky
Of our fair wedded life. Ah! no, not once
Has discord breathed her harsh untuneful voice
Into our counsels, nor the fiery brow
Of anger showed itself. Our love has been
Like two sweet joined notes of music linked
In one long harmony. But who can tell?
It might not always have been thus. Years bring
Their changes unto all—why not to thee?
In me no change can be; a woman loves
But once, and, like a reckless gambler, stakes
Her all upon one cast. Not so a man,
For, like the fabled purse of old, his heart
How much soe'er of love it yet hath spent
Has ever in reserve sufficient store
For one more trial of fate. Therefore, I say,
"Tis better so." Nay, frown not, love; I meant not
To give thee pain. I would but show thee
That I have quietly resigned myself
Into my Father's hand,—this knowing well
That what He does is best. What is this life
So short, so changeable, to the endless stream
Of that eternity to which I haste, and where
Thou too wilt after a short space of years
Once more be with me: there no change can come
Love will not alter, but with steadfast ray
Burn with a fire unquenchable. No tongue
Of envy or of jealousy; its words
Of cruel dark suspicion then shall speak,
No mist of coldness creeping up between
Two souls that love shall ever quench the flame,
The heavenly flame that, kindled upon earth,
First show'd those souls some faint, weak image of
The glorious One who light and love is, and
Who changes not.

My strength is failing fast,
Open the casement, love, and let me breathe
Once more the pure, sweet air of heaven. How calm,
How peaceful all around! The setting sun
Is slowly sinking in the west; like his
My day on earth is done; I feel the sleep
Of death come o'er me. Farewell, farewell;
Fold me again in thy dear arms and press
Thy lips once more to mine; one last long kiss—
The last on earth. Farewell, beloved, farewell.

BARTON BARRY.

SOMNAMBULISTIC KINGSTOWN.

Kingstown is the wealthiest township in Ireland, and in those resources which add a graceful zest to existence undoubtedly one of the poorest. Its shops can vie with any in Dublin or London; its terraces of dwellinghouses and villas denote the healthy condition of the bank books of the inhabitants; and the surroundings, look where you will, can proudly rank in beauty with the highest efforts of Nature in any part of the world. A stranger landing in Kingstown for the first time, and looking round at the splendid buildings and lovely natural position, would at once conclude that life in this wealthy and populous township must be brightened with all the enjoyments and pleasures which an ever-advancing civilisation affords to the possessors of money. Yet, what is the fact? If we value life for its pleasures, the dweller in Kingstown would find as cheerful an existence in the desert of Sahara. But we exaggerate. It has a military band twice a week, a garden *fete* when the weather permits, and there is at long intervals a concert in the Town Hall. These constitute almost the entire sum of enjoyments which surround life in the wealthiest township in Ireland. Is it not time that the inhabitants consulted together on this lamentable failure? There are towns in England not half so wealthy, not even as populous, and most assuredly possessing a smaller proportion of cultured persons, and these towns have their own theatre, and sometimes two. If the inhabitants of Kingstown are anxious to see a drama or listen to an opera they have to face all the trouble and discomfort of a railway journey to and from the city, and it would seem that the policy of the D. W. and W. is to place as many obstacles as possible in the path of the would-be passengers. We believe the Kingstownians are badly treated on all hands, and, furthermore, we believe that they have themselves to blame. They are not children—at least, not all—they are rational beings, and should be self-reliant and self-initiative. They look to their Town Council, and receive a political homily in return; they look to the railway company, and are repelled by the dense obtuseness of the most purblind collection of financiers who ever undertook to guide the fortunes of a line. The Kingstownians look to everybody, but have never yet looked to themselves. They have never coalesced; they have never formed a protective association like that existing in Paris and other cities, and consequently they are like a bewildered flock of sheep. There should be a theatre in Kingstown, a concert hall, and, generally speaking, infinitely more animation than exists there at present. Collective life creates. There are hundreds and thousands of things the Kingstown residents could devise and realise, if they would only consult together; and these things can never be done by individuals nor by cliques.

There is wealth in Kingstown, unsurpassable natural beauties, numerous facilities for a broader and livelier existence, and a sufficient supply of rational beings to lift the township out of its present deplorable trance of dulness.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

The Session over—the holidays in full swing—the season, after a struggling existence, and lingering dissolution, dead at length. Such is our condition at present in London. But to say that town is empty is merely to use a figurative expression for while silence and desolation fall upon the erst gay districts of Belgravia and South Kensington, no longer resounding to the horses' hoofs of aristocratic equestrians, accompanied by smart grooms splendidly mounted, returning from the Row, or coronetted equipages rolling brilliant occupants to the Ladies' mile—the sleepy suburbs have now awoke—and in succession to the ludicrous universality of lumbering cabs and omnibuses charged with luggage, and conveying paterfamilias and his rampant olive-branches to the railway station, which obtained for a few days, we now see a constant stream of pleasure-vans flowing daily north to the Alexander Palace, or Heights of Hampstead, south, towards the Crystal Palace, or the pretty district of Boxhill, eastwards to Epping Forest, and westwards, or rather south-west to Hampton Court and Richmond.

The momentary hiatus in this state of things, the one exceptional gleam of fine weather which proved the rule, found me at Cowes for the regatta, bent on spending a few days in the delightful Isle of Wight. But previous to fitting, I thought a visit to some of the best outfitting establishments might prove suggestive. Undoubtedly the period of the sales is one of the many opportunities to discriminating purchasers or ladies who do not object to a dress which has served as model to others during the season. A real French pattern dress can be acquired in this way for just half its original cost value, at any one of the first-class drapers or milliners, for it would not suit these establishments to keep any costume for a model after one season's copying. But *en revanche* the temptation to indulge in seductive and useless trifles, so lavishly spread out on the counters often empties the purse more effectually than an ordinary day of sober regulation shopping. Of hints for the coming autumn season I heard little, but I was amused to learn that the number of rainproof cloaks sold at the general exodus, was quite in excess of all previous experience, and that in consequence these sadly necessary coverings have assumed many pretty and novel developments. The uncompromising mackintosh is at a discount, and shot glistening silk fabrics, graceful striped zephyr materials, and light uni-woollen cloths, are all prepared so as to resist the ever-present enemy, the shapes graduating from the demi-ajuste dolman, with its comfortable cape forming sleeves, to *directoire* with large buttons and pocket flaps. I am too devoted a disciple of sanitary science to approve quite of such garments being made thus fascinating. I was especially struck with a handsome dress of pale heliotrope mero, the bodice turned back with pointed revers of velvet in the same colour, heavily embroidered in silver. The sleeves had a band of the velvet similarly embroidered laid down the front of the arm from the shoulder to the wrist, finished with a frill of silver lace, but no wristband. The skirt was looped over the hips at one side with a silver clasp over a simulated jupe. The embroidery

was especially rich, Moorish in design, and most uncommon. A charming bonnet completed the ensemble. It was in heliotrope tulle with silver lace and a small cluster of ostrich tips. Pongee silk was much worn.

On young girls white cambric dresses abounded, as also great varieties of boating costumes with which the almost invariable head covering was a peaked cloth cap in colour matching the dress. There is a certain *sans facon* about these caps, but their comfort is undeniable, and no more delightful head-gear for a long railway journey can be possibly conceived. Tailor-made gowns were visible in every direction—one of decidedly military aspect was looped with gold cord and had a jacket buttoned over a white waistcoat, shoulder knots of gold cord, and a truly masculine forage cap completed the costume. The straw hats were generally large, and frequently finished off with a gauze veil floating over the shoulders or wound round the neck—a superfluous precaution against the reluctant sun.

I was witness to a pretty characteristic scene one day before leaving Cowes. As I was walking with a companion on the Green, a carriage suddenly drew up to the pathway close beside us, and two ladies descended, uttering words of eager greeting to some friends who had stopped just in front of where we stood. An impulsive French embrace followed, the ladies kissing each other on both cheeks, quite oblivious of, or indifferent to the publicity of the demonstration. All the ladies were draped in black, and in the chiefest figure, tall and stately, with white hair and clear cut features, it was still possible to recognise the ex Empress of the French, the beautiful Eugenie de Montigo.

From Paris the first whisper of autumn novelties reaches us, but we are assured that the redingate coat is not to be dispossessed.

The time has, however, gone by for unquestioning subservience to be given to the time-honoured Juggernaut of *la mode*. Women have become more independent, and a tendency to consult one's own individual style is increasing. When formerly all dress or head-gear not modelled on an accepted pattern would have invited attention or derision, we now find an infinity of varieties worn, and comfort and convenience occupy an important part of the consideration hitherto given to fashion alone. This is an undeniable advance, and is mainly due to the more forward position women are taking in the work of the world, and the modifications in clothing required for such exercises as boating, cycling, and cricketing.

The *Woman's Record* for this year in all the nobler competitions is very proud reading, and now we find them winning their spurs in robust fields, for we read simultaneously of a plucky North-country lady entering for an open race of over 300 miles on her tricycle, the start to take place at "the very witching hour" itself—a sufficiently daunting prospect truly—and the successful issue of a similar contest at Christiania, won by a Danish lady and her husband on a tandem.

I find I have left myself no space to-day for a reference to the many home suggestions which a digest of various novelties produced during the season has evolved; but next week I hope to treat the matter at length.

AMINA.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

Hospital Saturday in Belfast cannot be looked upon as a very successful movement. It was started five years ago, and between the first year's collection and that taken up this year there is a difference of £364. When the movement was first instituted the late Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, took an active interest in the inauguration and first collection. Whether this accounted for the great number of ladies and gentlemen who offered their services as collectors or not we cannot say; but certainly then the collecting stations at the various thoroughfares presented a bright and animated appearance. Collectors appeared in all possible quarters from early morning till very late at night. This year collectors were fewer and less persistent, children in many instances supplying the places of young ladies and gentlemen who were so successful on former occasions; and there seemed altogether a lack of life and energy in the whole movement. It is strange that, with one or two honourable exceptions, the clergymen of Belfast do not take the slightest interest in "Hospital Saturday." This is greatly to be deplored, as their influence and example would do much to induce their people to assist in this good work. No blame can be attached to the Hospital Committee, who have done all in their power to ensure success. But the blame may be laid on those who, not desiring to work themselves, care not that others should be known to do so. And so we have the dog in the manger over again.

The strike in the iron shipbuilding trade still continues, the attitude of all parties being unchanged. It does not look well for a speedy termination of the dispute if it be true, as stated, that the timekeepers, clerks, and overseers have been receiving notice to leave.

Self-preservation being the first law of nature, the Belfast Grocers' Trade Protection Society have resolved to give no more credit while the strike lasts.

The present condition of the Belfast Philharmonic Society is not so satisfactory as might be desired, the report at the recent meeting showing a deficiency of £82 10s 1d. As was pointed out, they labour under considerable difficulty owing to the want of a resident orchestra, great expense being entailed upon the society through being obliged to bring musicians from the sister countries.

And so the Belfast public are informed that they must either be prepared to pay pretty high for good music or be content with "mere ballad or so-called popular concerts."

That ballad concerts can be made successful in Belfast has been amply proven during the last season; and why they should not be so under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society is hard to understand.

Belfast loyalty must be largely imbued with that power ascribed by Shakspeare to jealousy and be able "to make the meat it feeds upon," as any stimulus to loyalty in the way of Royal visits they seldom get.

The Prince Consort's statue on the Albert Memorial was unveiled, and the new Municipal

Buildings opened, yet no Royal personage thought Belfast worth a visit on either occasion. And now we are to have the Free Library opened and all that can be managed is to catch the Lord Lieutenant on his way from Dublin to London and induce him to perform the long looked-for ceremony.

There was a suggestion thrown out at the last meeting of the Harbour Board that his Excellency should be asked to open a new dock which it was thought might be ready for opening by that time; but it was stated that the time at his disposal would not allow of his Excellency doing so. So the Harbour Commissioners must be content to take chance of catching a representative of Royalty on the wing on some future occasion.

The Library Committee at the Council meeting on the 1st inst attempted to justify their action with regard to the book contracts, but do not seem to have been very happy in their efforts to do so.

The rules for the regulation of the library have appeared, and seem to be satisfactory if judiciously carried out. But this they will require to be, as considerable power is placed in the hands of the Chief Librarian in his dealings with the public.

The old, old story of the "Victoria Park" has been again before the Council, though what progress has been made during the 30 or 35 years it has been under discussion it would be difficult to discover.

A great deal of dissatisfaction and even disgust is felt at the apathy with which the proposal for the holding of a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition in Belfast has been received. If the thing is practicable it should be taken up with spirit, and taken up at once.

But even those who can look back with satisfaction to the fair amount of success which attended the exhibition held in the Ulster Hall in May, 1870, would do well to remember that an exhibition worthy of Belfast now, and one which would compare at all with Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow would be quite a different undertaking.

Sir Hervey and Lady Bruce took an active part in the distribution of the prizes at Coleraine Academical Institution on Thursday last.

In his speech after the distribution Sir Hervey let it be very clearly understood that he did not look upon what is termed the "higher education of women" as an unmixed blessing.

Saturday last was the opening of the football season in Belfast, and was also the opening of the Canadian Team's tour. The match was played at Shaftesbury on the grounds of the Y. M. C. A., and played from first to last in a perfect downpour of rain. The Canadians looked like their work, though it was surmised they would be no match for the team picked by the County Antrim Association. But rumour was wrong, as the Canadians had the best of the play from the outset. They had the advantage in speed, and their tackling, passing, and kicking showed care, skill, and unerring judgment. The County Antrim men, as is usual with all selected

teams of Belfast players, were utterly deficient in combination. True, there were many instances of good and even brilliant individual play, but that does not count for much against combined strength and skill. Will the Belfast men not take advice, and when drawn from different teams to play together, allow themselves a practice or two? Past experience should teach them they are not perfect, and would be the better for it. The result was for the Canadians, 6 goals; for Co. Antrim, 2.

The second match of the Canadian tour was played on Monday last against the Distillery team on their own grounds. The Canadian team was somewhat different from that which played on Saturday, five changes having been made in it, and the changes could not be said to be to its advantage. The ground was in bad condition, the whole centre being a series of waterpools. This destroyed any chance of a good passing game being played. The Distillery men were in good form, and played hard from start to finish. The Canadians did not exhibit as good combination as on Saturday, and their efforts at passing were spoiled by the state of the ground, still they played a plucky game, and came out victors with a score of 3 to 2, all goals being gained in the second half. There was a good gate, and the weather, though threatening, was dry.

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SOMETHING REALLY NEW AT LAST.—New remedies and new combinations of drugs are so continually being introduced to the notice of the public that one cannot help wondering where they all come from, and whether it is yet possible for anything really new to be discovered. Fortunately the constant researches of the scientists, both medical and chemical, are now and then rewarded by the discovery of some potent remedy, which almost revolutionises the practice of medicine. Witness the introduction of chloroform, ether, and chloral, and quite recently of the wonderful cocaine, which, although only generally used for about two years, has already made itself an absolute necessary in every surgery and dispensary. America has proved itself rich beyond conception in valuable drugs. From the Indians came our knowledge of the virtues of quinine, of the efficacy of podophylline, and many other medicines. From them also came our first knowledge of the wonderful cocaine, and now comes another remedy, and one, moreover, which has taken the highest rank as a cure for rheumatism and indigestion. It may safely be said that nothing previously known has in the slightest degree approached it in the promptness and permanency of its effects. The preparation, which is known and registered as "Prairie Flower," is a natural mineral water combined with Botanic Extract. The mineral spring which yields the chief ingredient has been resorted to by various tribes of North American Indians for centuries, by whom also the Botanic Extract was extensively used. It is prepared solely by the Sequah Indian Medicine Firm, and may be obtained everywhere from all chemists. If one chemist has not got it try another, and do not take any substitute. —[Advt.]

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15TH SEPTEMBER, 1888.

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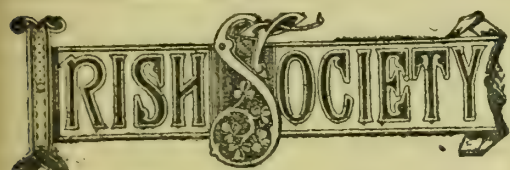
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WEEK ENDING 15th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

The Queen is enjoying still her sojourn at Balmoral. Her Majesty takes her daily walks and drives in the forenoon and afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse, or attended by Lady Churchill and the Hon. Harriet Phipps. The Grand Duke of Hesse has been on a visit at Balmoral and had good sport deer-stalking. Viscount Cranbrook, Sir Algeron and Lady Borthwick, Lord Skelmersdale, and his Excellency Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B., have had the honour of dining with the Queen.

There ought to be a merry autumn at Balmoral. The Queen will this year have more of her descendants around her than usual. She will have her eldest daughter and her eldest son, that eldest daughter's younger daughters, and the eldest son's eldest son, along with three others of the Queen's own daughters with their husbands. The Empress Frederick will, of course, be the chief guest, and happily there can be no controversy as to her future. That is all finally settled. Choosing her German home, the Empress will maintain her determination to be of use presently to German women. As the Princess Christian is to be one of the party, one would like to know how far theology will form the topic of conversation.

The new German Empress is a very different woman from her mother-in-law. She reads no books except those that are specially recommended to her by Pastor Stoecker.

The Prince of Wales after his visit to Vienna is going to Godollo, in Hungary. There is no country, perhaps, where he is more popular than in Hungary. He delights in the informal yet

courteous manners of the Magyar magnates, and they in turn find a great relief in his *bonhomie* and geniality.

The Prince of Wales left Homberg on Thursday for Omunden, the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, and went thence to Vienna, where on Tuesday, the 11th inst., he was entertained at a banquet by the Emperor Francis Joseph.

It is whispered in high places both in Berlin and at St. Petersburg that Princess Margarethe of Prussia will shortly be the affianced bride of the Czarewitch.

The marriage of L. Owens, Esq., B.L., son of Mr Justice Owens, of Southern Australia, and May, only daughter of F. T. Dames Longworth, J.P., D.L., Glynwood, was solemnised on Wednesday of last week at St. Mary's Church, Athlone. The church was profusely decorated with flowers, plants, and ensigns. At 11 o'clock the bride arrived in the church, leaning on her father's arm, and attended by her bridesmaids, the Misses Dame (2), and the Misses Despard (2), when appropriate music was played on the organ. The bridegroom had arrived some little time previously, accompanied by his best man, A. Rotherham, Esq. The marriage ceremony was read by the rector of the Church, the Rev. Mr Campbell, the bride being given away by her father.

At the conclusion of the service, and whilst the registry was being signed in the vestry, the organ and choir performed Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The church was crowded by the *élite* of the neighbourhood and the bride and bridegroom on passing from the vestry down the aisles received many tokens of goodwill. Two little boys presented the bride with splendid bouquets. On emerging from the church the party drove off to Glynwood, and were heartily cheered. In the evening they took their departure for Dublin, *en route* to Windermere, where they intend to spend the honeymoon. The bride has been the recipient of upwards of 150 bridal presents, many of them very valuable.

The marriage of Colonel Frank Shirley Russell, of Aden, and Miss Phillipa Baillie, younger daughter of the late Right Hon. H. James Baillie, of Redcastle, and lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Albany, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Saturday. The six bridesmaids were the Misses Eila and Ida Baillie, the Ladies Isabel and May Browne and Miss Mary Colville, and Miss Augusta Webb. H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, accompanied by the Duke of Albany and Princess Alice, arrived at two o'clock. Among the relatives and friends present were the Duchess of Buckingham, Mar-

quis and Marchioness of Sligo, Lady Emily Browne, &c. Colonel Hugh Baillie, uncle of the bride, gave her away. The officers of the Royal Dragoons presented the bridegroom with a massive silver bowl, and the presents to the bride included a gold bracelet set with diamond and rubies, and a photograph of herself from the Duchess of Albany.

The marriage of Mr Arthur Wigram, son of the late Mr W. and the Hon. Mrs Wigram, and Edith, second daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. P. and Lady Emma Talbot, was celebrated in Esher Church, Surrey, on Thursday afternoon. The bride was attended by six bridesmaids. The jewels worn by the bride included diamond stars, the gift of the Earl of Derby, a diamond flower from the Earl and Countess of Lathom, gold and pearl bracelets from the Countess of Derby and Countess of Crawford, a diamond brooch from the Hon Mrs Wilbraham, and a diamond ring from Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston. The Rev. E. Talbot officiated. The service was fully choral. Among the relatives and friends included in the wedding party were Lord and Lady Foley, Countess of Shrewsbury, Hon. Lady Grey, Mr. John Talbot, M.P., Hon. Mr and Miss Talbot, Sir Charles and Lady Butt, Sir George Baden-Powell, &c.

The marriage of Lord James Douglas, youngest brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, and Mrs Hennessy, of Kensington Court, London, was celebrated on Thursday morning in the Roman Catholic chapel at Hawick, by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Annard, brother of the bridegroom. Among the marriage party were the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry, Lady Florence Dixie, and Sir John Pope Hennessy.

A marriage has been arranged between the Hon. Arthur Southwell Fitzgerald and Ethel Julia, fifth daughter of Mr and Mrs Multon Iambarde, of Beechmont, Sevenoaks, Kent.

The marriage of Captain Reginald H. Cholmondeley, Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Miss Florence Mills, takes place at Tolmers on Wednesday.

An engagement has taken place between Captain Charles Russell, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and Georgina, widow of Dr Alfred Muntton, and daughter of Captain Sherwood, of Horsell, Surrey.

A marriage is arranged, and will take place in October, between William Middleton, second son of the late Mr George Middleton, D.L., and of Mrs Middleton, of Glendouran, N.B., and of Leamington, Warwickshire, and the Hon. Winifred F. Howard, youngest daughter of the late Lord Howard, of Glossop.

The marriage arranged between Captain Shiffner and Miss Evelyn Oakley will not take place.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn is staying on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne at Bowood, Wilts.

The Dowager Marchioness of Ely has been staying during the past three weeks at the Thanet Hotel, St. Lawrence-on-Sea.

General Viscount Wolseley, the Viscountess Wolseley, and the Hon. Frances Wolseley have left Dover street, London, for Rangers' Lodge, Greenwich Park.

Major the Hon. Robert Baillie died last week, aged 81, having outlived his brother, the Hon. and Rev. John Baillie, Canon of York, just 22 days. He was brother of the Dowager Countess of Aberdeen and of the Countess of Ashburham.

Lord and Lady Hastings took their departure on Friday last in the Austral steamer for Sydney, in order to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Carrington. They are not expected to return home before the end of April, 1889.

Viscount Milton, the Hon. Hugh Fitzwilliam, and the Ladies Alice and Charlotte Fitzwilliam arrived on Friday last at Wentworth House, Yorkshire, from Coollatin, Earl Fitzwilliam's seat in the County Wicklow, and on Saturday the Countess Fitzwilliam arrived.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lord William Beresford has been paying a visit of some length to the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford at Curraghmore, County Waterford. We are glad to hear the improvement in the health of the noble marquis continues.

Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, and Mr Henry Milner are at present staying at the Hotel National, Geneva. They made an excursion to Chamounix on Saturday.

Lord Dunsany, whose life was almost despaired of last Sunday week, is slowly recovering. All his family are with him in Sussex.

Lord and Lady Charles Beresford have joined Lord Hindlip's shooting party at Invermark in the Highlands.

Lord and Lady Pembroke intend to start shortly for a cruise round Ireland in their steam yacht Black Pearl.

The Marchioness of Lansdowne and family have left Ireland, and are at present sojourning at Bowood, Wilts.

Lady Wycherley has returned to Ireland from England.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and suite arrived at Amiens street station on Saturday evening from Crom Castle. His Excellency attended afternoon service at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday.

Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt have arrived at Powerscourt Castle, County Wicklow, for the autumn.

On Thursday, September 6th, a grand dance took place at the Elms, Portarlinton, the residence of Mr Odium, which was—well, fashionably attended. Messrs. Cramer's excellent pianist, J. J. Coates, performed.

A very successful dance was given in the splendid rooms of the Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown, last Tuesday by Mrs Scott. The arrangements were perfect, and reflected great credit on the management of the hotel. About 200 availed themselves of Dr. and Mrs Scott's hospitality.

It is intended to have a subscription dance at Kingstown either in the Town Hall, now being redecorated, or else in the Royal Marine Hotel, in the course of the next ten days. A few go-ahead people are trying their best to rouse Kingstown from its lethargic condition, but we fear that the trance into which it has fallen is beyond remedy.

Colonel Harrington and the officers of the 14th regiment gave a tennis party on Thursday, the 6th inst., in the Castle Garden, close to Ship street Barrack. A large and fashionable company were present, but the constant showers that fell interfered with the Tennis part of the programme; however, the band played delightfully and all enjoyed themselves.

There was a large ladies dinner party at the Absolute Club, Kingstown, on the 6th inst. The menu was perfect, and all present enjoyed muchly the hospitality of the "Absolute."

A splendid ball took place last Thursday at Lemon Field, Oughterard, County Galway, the ancestral home of the O'Flaherties. Dancing was kept up till the small hours with much spirit. The house party consisted of Mr and Mrs O'Flahertie, the Misses O'Flaherties, and the Messrs O'Flahertie; Miss Guthrie, Mr and Miss Goodison, Miss Halliwell. Amongst those present were:—Mrs and Miss Martyn (Ross), Mrs and the Misses Wilson Lynch, Mr and Mrs Hodgson, Mr and Mrs Shackerly, Mr and Mrs Mellicott-Vereker, the Misses Vereker, Mr and Messrs Jackson, Mr Power O'Hara, Mr and Mrs Brady, Mr D'Esterre, Mr and Mrs McCrealy, Mr and Mrs Gordon Cumming, Miss Cumming, Surgeon Major Kilkelly, the Messrs Kilkelly, Major and Mrs Martyn, Mr and Mrs Dudley Hodgson, Miss Oliver, Captain Walker and officers 23rd Welsh Fusiliers; Mrs Crosbie, Mr Throck Marton, Mr Hanbury, Mr and Mrs Lain, Mr and Mrs Malcolmson, Miss Malcolmson, Mr Holden, Mr Martyn, Dr. and Mrs MacKreay, &c. &c.

A series of concerts have just been held in the recreation room at the Royal Irish Constabulary Depot, Pooenix Park, under the patronage of the Inspector-General, Mrs Reid, the Commandant, and officers, in aid of the Queen's Jubilee Orphan Fund. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was excellent, and the attendance on each occasion was large. A considerable amount of money has been realised.

A most successful afternoon concert was given in the drawingroom of Dunkerrin Rectory on Tuesday of last week. The concert was promoted by the very popular incumbent Rev. Thomas Hill, who was ably assisted by Mrs Minchin, of Busherstown. The weather unfortunately was unpropitious; notwithstanding the drawingroom was filled to overflowing by 3 o'clock when the concert commenced. The audience included all the gentry of the surrounding neighbourhoods, Roscrea, Shinrone, &c. &c. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the performance:—Miss Blanche Trench, Mrs Trench, Miss Mildred Trench, the Misses Garvey, Mrs Edward Birch, Mrs Minchin, Miss Maud Jones, Miss Browne, Miss Griffith, Major Cradock, Rev. Keough Kempston, Mr T. O. Read, &c. Mr Frank S. Holmes undertook the musical arrangements, and presided at the piano-forte. At the conclusion of the concert the visitors were hospitably entertained at the Rectory.

We sincerely hope that the members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who have generously given their services for the benefit of the children of the late Signor Cellini, will meet with the appreciation of an overflowing audience on Friday evening in the Leinster Hall. The object of the concert is one which appeals to the generous instincts of every lover of music in Dublin, where the late Signor Cellini was well and honourably known. The members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company are never wanting in sympathy for the distressed, and we trust that their efforts on this occasion will be the means of securing a substantial sum for the children of their late brother artist. Mr Michael Gunn has most kindly given the Leinster Hall free of charge for the concert, which we have no doubt will be a musical treat of no mean order.

The last *fete* of the season will be held in the Lucan Demesne on Saturday. Special preparations are being made for the numerous attractions that the committee have secured for the delectation of visitors. We hope our readers will avail of the opportunity which will be afforded them on Saturday of visiting this most interesting and health-giving locality. The band of the 11th Hussars will supply the music.

The last *fete* of the season under the auspices of the Kingstown Amusements Committee took place on Monday evening last in the Royal Marine Gardens. The attendance was large and fashionable, and the *fete* was an unbounded success.

The golden wedding festivities of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam commenced on Saturday, when four thousand school children were entertained at an open air party at Wentworth Woodhouse. On Monday numerous presents were made to the noble Earl and Countess, including a silver statuette of his lordship in the uniform of Colonel of Yeomanry, and a grand painting of the Fitzwilliam Hunt.

The Protestant Cathedral of Armagh will be re-opened on Saturday next by the Lord Bishop of Derry, and an interesting service will be held on the occasion.

Mrs Cowper Trudder, Newtownmountkenny, gave a pleasant afternoon party at her residence on the 3rd inst., at which Mr Mervyn A. Browne's band played a nice selection of music. The dancing was much enjoyed by the party, while tennis was largely indulged in. The weather was delightful, and the charming scenery looked its very best. The amiable hostess set herself the task of making her guests feel happy and at home, and in this she succeeded admirably.

On the 14th inst. Mrs Darley gave an afternoon party and evening dance at The Ashe, Bray, Mr Mervyn A. Browne's band supplying the music. The enjoyment of "chasing the glowing hours with flying feet" was liberally indulged in and everyone seemed to derive the greatest pleasure from the *festa*, which was one of the prettiest of the present season. The floral decorations were greatly admired.

Mrs Woodroffe, Ballysaggartmore, Lismore, gave her ball on the 5th inst., this being an event in the neighbourhood which is always looked forward to with interest. The company was numerous, over two hundred of the *élite* of Irish society attending, with a number of visitors who were specially invited for the occasion. The rooms were charmingly decorated, and rendered perfectly lovely, as well as fragrant, with the choicest flowers.

In the ballroom the Royal Standard, draped against the side wall, was a beautiful specimen of flagwork, and was much admired. The dresses of the ladies were extremely handsome—many of them indeed brilliant—and the display of diamonds added largely to the magnificent appearance of the crowded ballroom. Mr Mervyn A. Browne's band played in fine form. Mrs Woodroffe is to be congratulated on her latest entertainment, which was in every sense a brilliant success.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company announce their last grand concert during their present stay in Dublin for Saturday, 15th inst., in the Leinster Hall, when Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be performed. Doubtless the interest felt by the musical public in this great composition will be sufficient to ensure a crowded house on the occasion, more especially when the *artistes* are all so capable as we know them to be. The second part will consist of a miscellaneous ballad concert.

The subject of an exhibition in Ireland in the year 1890 is not, unfortunately, making that headway among our mercantile and manufacturing classes that would be regarded as heralding success. Somehow the people who could really shape its fortunes are not exhibiting a desire to touch the project, which has now fallen as flat as can be, and public opinion is rapidly settling down to the belief that the enterprise will not be attempted—at least until those who would naturally become its promoters can see their way with greater clearness than they are at present able to do. It is a thousand pities that Dublin should thus be deprived of the opportunity of drawing a vast spending multitude within the area of the Circular road.

Last week his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by the Marchioness of Londonderry, arrived on a visit of two or three days at Crom Castle. The house party assembled to meet them included—The Earl and Countess of Enniskillen, Lord and Lady Cloncurry, Lady Florence Dunscombe, Lady Alice Cole, Colonel the Hon. C. Crichton, Mr Christopher Sykes, &c. On Wednesday night the Earl and Countess of Erne gave a ball in honour of their distinguished guests. The invitations included all the resident nobility and gentry of Fermanagh and the neighbouring counties. On Thursday a regatta took place, and the lakes were covered with boats displaying gay flags and Union Jacks. Their Excellencies expressed themselves much pleased with the cordiality of their reception, and left Crom on Friday for Florencecourt, the seat of the Earl of Enniskillen.

Rahan House, Edenderry, the seat of Chas. Colles Palmer, D.L., was the scene of great festivities on Friday evening to celebrate the coming of age of Mr W. F. Palmer, eldest son and heir to the Rahan estates; about four hundred persons were present, comprising the tenants and labourers of the estate. "The health of the heir" was duly honoured, and Mr W. F. Palmer returned thanks in a graceful and cordial speech. Afterwards dancing was kept up till a late hour, the ladies and gentleman staying in the house joining in it with great spirit. The Palmer family are very popular, the most friendly relations subsisting between them and their tenantry.

The Leopardstown polo races which took place last Saturday were a failure as regards the numbers who attended the meeting. The day was fine and the general arrangements most comfortable. The lunch was excellent and well served by a host of obliging waiters. Unfortunately on this occasion there were not enough visitors to consume the viands of which a good quantity had been provided. The pretty little lawn in front of the members' stand was almost deserted. Many of the ladies present wore the same costumes as on the last occasion, but, I noticed some new and pretty toilets.

One lady looked well in a deep red cloth dress beautifully braided in black, a tabie brown frock with soft folded waistcoat and sash of black surah, and a black serge with long sash of green watered silk were about the prettiest of the dresses.

There were also some nice cotton dresses worn, but they looked rather cold as the day was anything but warm. Noticeable amongst them was a print cambric trimmed with moss green velvet and a beautifully embroidered white muslin. One of the best looking women on the course was attired in a black moire trimmed with beautiful jet ornaments and she wore a gem of a white bonnet. A black costume braided in black on white looked effective.

Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed on Saturday last by those travelling to Leopardstown race course, at the arrangements made by the D. W. and W. R. Co. A special train was announced to start from Harcourt street at 12.45 p.m., for the convenience of members of the club only—a fare of 2s 6d being charged for the

return journey. The special half-crown train, was made up of two first class carriages the rest second—so that the D. W. and W. R. Co. charged the majority of the members double fare, the ordinary return fare 2nd class to Foxrock being 1s 3d—1st class 1s 8d. Why this excessive charge? The return journey to town was made in trains, the larger number of carriages being third class. Imitating, we presume, the Dublin Press, the directors of the D. W. and W. R. Co. seem determined to ruin Leopardstown by making travelling to it as disagreeable, and as expensive as possible; they evidently wish to kill the goose that laid the golden egg, (weight over 900 sovereigns) that the inaugural meeting held on the 27th August laid at their feet. The shareholders of the company ought really to call a meeting, and protest against the suicidal policy of their directors. With management, and a fair charge, a source of a greatly increased revenue was open to the D. W. and W. R. Co. had they chosen to avail themselves of it, by the Leopards-town racecourse; apparently, for the sake of a few eggs they have killed the bird that might, and would no doubt, have hatched many hundreds. Common sense and public opinion are alike against the niggardliness and incompetency of the management of what ought to be the best paying railway in Ireland, but is almost the worst.

Lord Dufferin is likely to make over the charge of his office to Lord Lansdowne on Monday, the 11th December, and leave Calcutta the same day direct for Bombay, whence he will sail for Europe.

Lord Dufferin has lately been obliged to have recourse to the assistance of an amanuensis, and some of his intimate friends in England sadly miss the charming letters he used to write so frequently. He has suffered of late years from a contraction of the tendons of the fingers of both hands. The first operation performed was not entirely successful. The malady showed itself again in the right hand, and it became necessary to make so deep an incision that it was deemed prudent to administer chloroform. Such, however, is Lord Dufferin's power of endurance that he went through a dinner and state ball afterwards with no outward sign of suffering except carrying his arm in a sling.

Viscount Hinton, who has a long standing dispute with his father, the Earl of Poulett, in order to obtain a living has carried the family discord into the streets of London by playing an organ. The noble lord is nearly forty years of age, and some people say he is rather "queer." He hires a piano-organ, on which the passers-by may read—"I am the Viscount Hinton, eldest son of Earl Poulett. I have adopted this as a means of obtaining an honest living, my father having refused to assist me through no fault of my own." The Viscount is getting on well in the hurdy-gurdy business. He expects shortly to be wealthy enough to purchase a donkey to draw the piano-organ about. He has mapped out fixed rounds for his appearance, and, as the masses are beginning to believe that he is a "real live nobleman," no mistake he ought to become rich before long.

A purely platonic game—Hurley.

Few regiments in the British service excite more interest wherever they are stationed than the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars. With their smart uniform and picturesque crimson overalls they present a sight hardly to be met with elsewhere outside of France. The 11th gave their sports on Friday last in the grounds at Island Bridge, and, favoured with excellent weather, were most successful in their endeavours to delight the numerous friends (chiefly ladies) whom they invited to their military "at-home."

The 11th Hussars is one of the smartest light cavalry regiments in the British service, and carry on their drums and standard glorious records. They have distinguished themselves in war by their gallant bearing. Deeds of valour have they performed in Egypt, Salamanca, the Peninsula, Waterloo, Bhurtpore, Alma, Sevastopol, and ever-to-be remembered Inkerman. At the close of the action on that memorable day a section of the 11th formed part of the "noble Six Hundred" who madly performed the half-a-league charge led by "Cardigan the Brave" down the Valley at Balaklava.

Abroad in war they have earned for themselves the name of a gallant regiment; at home they have by their general good conduct earned for themselves the name of a quiet and orderly corps.

Some time ago in these columns we explained how the 11th got the distinction of crimson overalls. Now we have been asked to explain how it is that in this crack regiment no man under the rank of sergeant is allowed to carry a riding whip? We must confess our inability to answer the query—indeed, the men themselves appear to be quite ignorant on the point.

But whatever may be the reason, whether it be a fad of a past commanding officer or a distinctive mark for the regiment, we share the opinion of the soldiers that the regulation compelling them to carry canes in lieu of the horseman-like riding whip should be annulled. The cane gives less of a finish to the cavalryman's appearance. It looks less "horsey," and causes amongst the men great dissatisfaction. We share the hope of the 11th that the custom will be altered soon, and that that the dashing "Cherry-Pickers" will be allowed to dress like the other cavalry corps in the British service.

The opening meeting of the Association of Elocutionists was held on Tuesday evening, 4th inst., under the presidency of Rev. Chancellor Tisdall, D.D. in the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth street, for the election of office-bearers for the current year, when the following were appointed—Vice-presidents, Professor Burke, T.C.D.; Messrs James Edgar, and M. D. Collins, hon secretary, Mr J. R. Scott; hon treasurer, Mr John Gore; hon assistant secretary, Mr R. R. Best; council, the above-named ex-officio and the following—Mrs Ellis Cameron, Misses Wayland, Bernard, and Dixon, and Messrs Patk. Ward, J. Holloway, and J. J. Meyrick. The council's annual report of the work performed during the past session was most encouraging, and the hon treasurer was enabled to announce that the financial position of the association is sound and healthy.

On Friday last, through the courtesy of Major Morris, the residents of the Pigeon House Fort spent a most enjoyable day at the Zoological Gardens. Early in the morning a number of drags conveyed the holiday-makers to the Park, where they were met by Captain Swiney (Black Watch), who looked after their welfare in every possible way, and in a manner that secured for him the heartiest gratitude and thanks. The children were specially delighted with their treatment, and their joyous countenances displayed their unbounded satisfaction. Major Morris and Captain Swiney are to be congratulated on the entire success of their generous scheme, and we are assured that the residents of the Pigeon House Fort will long remember the practical kindness bestowed on them by both these gentlemen.

H.M.S. Assistance, Captain Bickford, arrived at Kingstown on Monday morning, with the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards on board, under the command of Colonel Bannick. The Assistance being a day before her time, the troops remained on board till Tuesday morning, when they marched to Richmond Barracks, where they replaced the Coldstream Guards, who embarked in the troopier at noon for England.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, on the recommendation of Lord Monck, has been pleased to appoint Christopher O'Connell Fitzsimons, Esq., of Glencullen, to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Dublin.

Colonel de Coetlogen is connected with domestic ties to this country. As our readers know, he was the able soldier who held Khartoum until the arrival of General Gordon, when he brought his garrison back to Cairo by a masterly retreat. What was his reward? Until a short time ago the Government could find no post for him because they did not choose to do so. Now, however, through influence he has obtained the post of Consul at Samoa, with £900 per annum.

We can vouch for the following:—The Colonel, when given the appointment, received three months to prepare. A week after he was sent for by the Prime Minister. "Can you start in three weeks?" inquired the Marquis of Salisbury. "I shall take it as a personal favour if you will do so. The fact is Samoa is absolutely without a consul now, and if this were known a disagreeable question is sure to be asked in the House on the subject." The Colonel promised to meet the wishes of the Prime Minister, and is now on his way to Samoa. After the Khartoum episode he and his accomplished wife spent several months at the residence of her sister, Mrs Kempster, Ballinasloe.

We have been favoured by the author and composer with a piece of music entitled "Voices," which is dedicated to her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry. The writer's thoughts are feelingly expressed in the words, and the song is of easy compass, and capable of being rendered by voices of ordinary range with tenderness and fervour. It is specially suited for contralto voices, and ought to command a good sale at the hands of Messrs Pigott and Co., the publishers. Mrs Edward Caraher, the writer and composer, is to be congratulated on the musical success of "Voices."

The village of Letterfrack was recently the scene of great rejoicing. The occasion was the arrival of Francis J. Graham, Esq., D.L.; Mrs Graham, and their son and heir at his shooting lodge, Ballinakill. The tenantry assembled in large numbers to greet with a hearty welcome their deservedly esteemed landlord and present him and Mrs Graham with an address of congratulation on the birth of their son and heir. In the evening bonfires on the adjoining hills enlivened the scene. It is refreshing to be able to chronicle such an event as this, considering the spirit of antagonism that has lately sprung up between landlord and tenant in this country. The relations between Mr Graham and his Connemara tenantry have, we are glad to say, always been most cordial.

Mrs Langworthy, whose name came into much prominence about a year ago in relation to some divorce court proceedings, gives the following instances in the columns of a contemporary of life before and after marriage.

Too often matrimonial failure may be traced to the fact that courtesy was bid farewell to on the threshold of the bridal home. If men would carry a little, ever so little, of the chivalry of the lover, or women the smallest bit of the pretty fascinations of the *fiancee* into their married life, how much pleasanter home would be. Why should husband and wife be less courteous to each other than they are compelled to be to their very servants.

Says a devoted lover, tripping over his lady-love's feet one day previous to marriage, "Oh, my darling, have I hurt your tootsy-wootsies?" The same gentleman having after marriage committed the same awkwardness, turns savagely round with, "Good Heavens, woman, can't you keep your d—d hoofs out of the way?" That's it; "tootsy-wootsies" before marriage. "There's no one half so pretty as you, my darling," said a millionaire to the lady of his choice; "and you have such a pretty lisp." Six months later the husband jerks out, testily, "I can't catch a word you say with that *impediment*. There again. "Lisp" before marriage turns into an *impediment* after marriage.

We are glad to see that Mr F. H. O'Brien has at last got his commission in the Royal North Lancashire Regiment. He has been some years in the ranks of the Gloucester Regiment.

A correspondent asks for some information on the subject of "Arrah na Pogue," his curiosity being stimulated by the admirable performances of Mr Sullivan at the Queen's Theatre. The play was first produced at the Theatre Royal on the 7th November, 1864. One of the most notable features of the piece, was the Granya of Mr Emery, a part which has since been struck out. John Brougham was J. O'Grady. The piece ran to the 17th of December. Dion and Mrs Boucicault took the chief roles "Arrah" and "Shawn", and Mrs Buckingham White played "Fanny Power."

Madame Julia Gaylord, one of the most charming and sympathetic actors on the lyric stage, made her *reutree* at the Gaiety on Saturday night. She had a most flattering reception and fully sustained her high reputation by a very delightful rendering of the part of Zerlina in Don Giovanni.

Several correspondents of the fair sex have taken exception to our remarks published last week in relation to the distinction which we thought, and still think, ought to exist between ladies of independent means and gentle birth, and those who unfortunately have to earn their living by their own exertions. In advising young women in business to give over the foolish custom of describing themselves in their advertisements as "young ladies" we had not the slightest idea of conveying the impression that the generality of business girls were not as respectable, intelligent, and well-mannered as those who "sit at ease." What we do object to is the assumption by business girls of the peculiar appellation which exclusively belongs to ladies of rank and birth. A business girl may be as much a lady in manner, grace, and deportment as a titled dame; but there is a distinction between the classes that cannot be overlooked, and which all sensible people do not fail to recognise. Take the case of a man in business advertising for a workman. He would not say "a gentleman wanted to act as light porter, &c." No; there would be no hesitation in advertising for a "man" to fill the situation, otherwise the business man might look for a porter in vain, as those who could fill the place would be deterred from applying for it by the importation of the word "gentleman" into the advertisement, whilst gentlemen generally do not require the aid of a business man's portership to support them in life.

The cases are analogous, and in the one instance as ridiculous as the other—therefore our remarks, which we are sorry should have offended even one of our readers. However, when the matter is looked at impartially, we have no doubt that our opinion will prevail and yet bear fruit. We should be sorry to say anything to depreciate the worth and excellence of the great body of young women who do business in our city, but this should not deter us from uttering a protest against an unseemly custom which has done and is doing much to render the distinction between the classes a ridiculous absurdity.

We suppose these wealthy monopolists—the directors of the Dublin Tramways Company—are much more alive to their own interests than they are to that of comfort of the thousands whose pennies enrich and fatten their coffers. We are not alone in our supposition. Every day brings forth its crop of "grumblers," as these directors are pleased to designate those who ventilate their grievances through the medium of the public Press, and every minute of the working day produces its anathema against the inequalities and ruts of their permanent way. A gentleman remarked the other day in the heaving of half a dozen passengers who were seated on the outside of a Phoenix Park tram-car, that he would sooner brave the dangers of the Bay of Biscay upon the stormiest occasion than ride on one of these trams from that point opposite Adam Scott's establishment in Sackville street to Morrow's drapery establishment a little further up. That particular part of the line seems to have been entirely neglected, and if the directors think for a moment that we lend our columns to the inveterate grumbler their thoughts can easily be dispelled by a ride on one of these cars from Nelson's Pillar to the Rotunda. We strongly advise them to divert themselves of fear and undertake the perilous journey. Mr Anderson will perhaps oblige a number of

customers by bringing this matter before his directors at their next sitting and by seeing that the responsible person is thoroughly admonished for his want of attention to the interests of the travelling public, as well as those of his employers.

We have received an account of a party which took place at Santry last Tuesday evening. We however regret that, owing to the paragraph not being authenticated we cannot publish details.

Miss Carrie Townsend sends the following—"I always have a feeling of pity for girls who have florid or sallow complexions, or whose faces are bespattered with freckles, looking as if they had been about when a bran bin exploded. I feel sorry for them, not because of any harm that the freckles do, for really I think them nice, as they are evidence of a pure, light, and healthy complexion, but because the removal of them or the sallowness is so easy if they only knew how. I accidentally discovered a sovereign remedy a couple of years ago, which cost next to nothing. One day the plumber shut our water off and I could get none in which to wash my face. I was fearfully soiled and, looking out of the window just then, I saw a friend approaching to call on me. Glancing about me I noticed half of a watermelon from which the meat had been removed some time before. It was partly filled with juice, and I hastily washed my face in it. The result was so soothing that I repeatedly washed my face in that manner. Judge of my astonishment a few days later on seeing that there was not a freckle left on my face."

The campaign of the ladies of Paris in favour of the shop girls has proved a success, and it would be well if a similar consummation attended the efforts made by the friends of the Dublin shop assistants. In many of the Paris establishments the young women are now allowed to sit when customers are rare, and the public has certainly no reason to complain of any lack of civility or attention. Encouraged by this victory, the "dames of high degree" have just drawn up another petition, in which they ask that the goods which they have bought on the Saturday may not be delivered until the Monday. According to the present arrangement, articles purchased on the Saturday afternoon after the carts have started are sent round on the Sunday morning; but the Duchess de Doudeauville, the Princess de Beauvau, the Comtesse Albert de Mun, and other ladies of the Noble Faubourg plead for a whole holiday for the whole staff of the Bon Marche and other large shops, and say that, so far as they are concerned, they would prefer the articles waiting over until the Monday.

During the recent visit of her Majesty the Queen to the Glasgow International Exhibition, we understand she made a special visit to the Women's Industry Section, visiting in the first instance that portion of it devoted to the industries of Irishwomen, where she was received by her Grace the Duchess of Abercorn, the convener for Ireland, and who has taken such real interest in the undertaking from the beginning, and Miss Blanche Tottenham, hon. sec. The Queen showed much interest in all the exhibits, specially remarking on the beauty of the Irish lace and careful execution and finish of the plain work. Her Majesty seemed to observe with much in-

terest that plain work was principally done in the North, whereas lace was the product of the Southern counties. One woman from Limerick occupied in lace making had the honour of being addressed by her Majesty, who asked if it was not very difficult work.

The section had been very tastefully decorated with evergreens and roses by Mr Dickson, the celebrated rose grower of Belfast. A large stand of these roses had been placed in the window, and they specially attracted the notice of the Queen, who said she had never seen more beautiful ones. The Duchess of Abercorn presented a basket of tea roses to her Majesty on behalf of Mr Dickson, who expressed herself pleased. Before leaving the Irish section the Queen commanded that a selection of lace, children's frocks, and handkerchiefs should be sent to her at Blythswood, these articles representing the work of the four provinces of Ireland. Her Majesty expressed her admiration of all. We understand the general sales continue good in the section.

Parisian dressmakers, or *couturieres*, have always had the reputation for taste and skill. They were, however, generally trained in a rather irregular fashion, much being left to their intuitive, or their initiative faculties. Nowadays, however, the apprentice *couturieres* are educated professionally in a most methodical manner, and it is predicted confidently on this account that the dressmakers of the future will be the most wonderful products that the world of fashion has ever seen. In all the professional schools of the City of Paris girls are taught not only sewing, but Euclid and drawing. After having mastered the mysteries of the "Bridge of Donkeys" and all the other theorems and propositions evolved and elucidated by the famous Greek mathematician, the embryo dressmakers receive elaborate lessons in design. The teacher, the *maitresse couturiere*, is a skilful geometrician and designer as well as a perfect needlewoman and tailoress. She makes her pupils sketch on paper or on cloth with graphic and symmetrical precision the costumes which they have ultimately to construct in solid stuffs, and teaches them to transform various articles of feminine attire by rapid strokes of pencil or chalk from a *rotonde* to a *mantelet*, and from *corsage* or a *basque* into a *pelerine*; but the cultivators of the young dress-making idea do not stop at drawing geometry. They also aim at making apprentice *couturieres* water colourists—not, of course, for the purpose of enabling them to emulate Turner or Tsabey, but in order to help them to combine colour with form in the matter of building up dresses. St. Gustave Congney, who has devoted his time to writing a book on this highly interesting subject on the artistic dressmakers of the future, goes into raptures about the remarkable metamorphosis which fashion is likely to undergo at the hands of the æsthetic *couturieres* who are to come. What lovely sartorial symphonies, he seems to say; what dainty and delicious harmonies in fionces; what Arcadian poems in petticoats will be evolved from the brains of the highly-trained seamstresses who are on their way to rejoice making. A *couturiere* will in future be a veritable artist, ranking with the doctresses in medicine and physics, and distancing all the members of the minor callings and pursuits which are nowadays taken up by females.

C'anbrassil street is the scene of ghostly gambols. A house in that quarter has been let to six tenants within the past six months, not one of them remaining in possession for more than four weeks, though each one had taken it for a quarter.

Tenant number one had got his belongings nicely arranged, and had with his family retired to rest on the first night of his occupancy when a crash as of an earthquake occurred, and the furniture went flying in all directions, broken to splinters, as was revealed when the morning's light dawned in upon them. The damage was repaired, and for three weeks peace prevailed, but in the fourth week the same havoc was repeated, and the tenant left.

He was succeeded by another, whose experience was precisely similar, and he sought other quarters within a week, having been recouped by his landlord for the destruction of his furniture. A third had a short and sharp experience, and departed from the haunted residence, leaving to the fourth and last, for so far, the tug of war.

This gentleman had heard all about the experiences of his predecessors, and as he got the house rent free for twelve months on condition of restoring peace to the dwelling, he determined to try conclusions with the ghostly intruders. He furnished only two apartments—a sitting and bedroom, and on his first night's occupancy he determined to see the stranger when he came, and with a chosen companion and a liberal supply of John Jameson, cheered as well with fire and light, he coolly awaited events.

The description of the scene that followed is his own, and we cannot improve on it. About 1 a.m. there was a sound of heavy feet upon the stairs. In another moment the door of the sitting-room flew open, a violent draught of air swept him and his companion clean off their feet—(they had risen from their chairs when the sound of footfalls approached)—and dashed them violently against the wall. The light was extinguished, and there was not a solitary bit of furniture left in the room. He saw nothing, but he felt enough to hurry up his departure instant, and he has given up the advantages of a free house. The landlord is now awaiting number five.

In continuation of our remarks which appeared in last week's issue on "Somnambulist Kingstown," we fear that the general dulness of life in that great Irish township can in a great degree be traced to the fatal survival of the ancient fetish of snobbism. It is a peculiarly Irish failing. Mrs A—will not know Mrs B—, because Mrs A— is 21st cousin to a lord, and Mrs B—'s great-grandfather once kept a shop. This vile poison, engendered by the most contemptible feelings which degrade a human being, seems still to penetrate all classes of the Kingstown community.

And in deference to this loathe-some superstition, Kingstown is bereft of numerous enjoyments and healthy pleasures which all the citizens might delightedly share in common. It is in deference to the worship of this hideous juggernaut that the enjoyments of Kingstown are bounded on one side by a military band, and on the other by a display of cheap

fireworks. Of progressive intellectual life there is practically none, save that exercised by the individual. The tendency of modern communities is to make aggregate collection of persons one family, every person contributing his or her share of ability to the common enjoyment of all.

But Kingstown seems to be an exception, to stand apart from the general tendency of modern enlightenment. In Kingstown the inhabitants instead of collecting together to devise methods of beautifying and elevating the life of the community, seem more inclined to cultivate the air of icy reserve one to another, Mrs A. devising ingenious snubs for Mrs B. for the reason before mentioned. In this particular cultivation of the art of silence towards their fellow-citizens the snobs of Kingstown do not, as they fondly imagine, exhibit their superiority as progressive human beings, but, on the contrary, demonstrate their affinity to the lower animals who never speak on any occasion.

A collection of cows will live in the same field and never consult one with another. We hope that the human inhabitants who live together in the township of Kingstown will try and exhibit their superiority to the collection of cows. We are simple enough to believe that it is nobler to be a human being than a cow.

The Rev. Dr. Tait's congregation are organising a bazaar for the purpose of liquidating a debt on the Church, Lower Abbey street. It is with extreme pleasure we note that this deserving movement has secured the patronage of her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry. We hope the bazaar may be a thorough success, and that our Presbyterian readers will help on the movement to the best of their ability.

The news which arrived in Dublin from America last week with reference to the state of the Rev. J. Sinclair Hamilton's health must have come as a disagreeable surprise to the rev. gentleman's friends in Dublin. The congregation of Rutland square Presbyterian Church are very much attached to their pastor, and their regret at the unfortunate result of Mr Hamilton's visit to America will be acute. We may express the hope that even yet Mr Hamilton's health may be so far restored as to return to his sphere of labours in Dublin.

Father O'Reilly, of Mullingar, having noticed for some considerable time the great want of employment for the young girls of that town, put himself in communication with a gentleman who is a large landowner in Westmeath and the proprietor of several shirt and underclothing manufactories in Londonderry, with the result that Major Stevenson (the gentleman referred to), assisted by the rev. father, got a large house at a nominal rent, and started a similar factory to those that are so successful in the North in the town of Mullingar. A lady manager, competent to instruct the females (between forty and fifty) of all creeds, who are paid a weekly sum according to proficiency, has been obtained, and we are glad to say the work is now in full swing, thanks to the energy of Father O'Reilly and Major Stevenson. We hope to see a general adoption by the small towns of Ireland of like industries, as it is only by such means that we may hope for social and commercial prosperity.

We desire to interest our lady readers on behalf of the Girls' Training Home, 64 Lower Baggot street. The sweet reward which sympathy with the distressed brings and a fellow-feeling for the less fortunate of their sex ought to be the portion of all ladies who have it in their power to help on any movement having for its object the amelioration of the condition of young girls. At the last meeting the following contributions were thankfully acknowledged:—Mrs Grove Benson, £5, per Mrs Marcus Eustace, Gifts—Fruit, flowers, and vegetables—Mrs W. Fry, jun.; Mrs Deneroche, Miss Welland, Mrs Burton; half-worn clothes—Mrs Sibthorpe, Miss Donovan; a picnic excursion, Mrs Robinson, Carrickmines; half dozen chairs, Miss Gilbert. Miss Sibthorpe consented to be a visitor for month.

It with pleasure we announce that at the Welsh Eisteddfod, in the competition for original hymn tunes, the prize was awarded to W. H. Gater, Esq. Mus. Doc., organist of St. Stephen's, Dublin, for a tune to Bishop Heber's hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." This success of a Dublin gentleman is most encouraging, considering that there were 97 other competitors.

Old Maderia is going out of fashion. It was at one time a favourite tippie with the bibulous. The possession of a cask of Maderia which had gone round the world was the envy of his friends and "theman to dine with." But nowadays old Maderia is too strong for the dyspeptic stomachs of a nervous generation.

The export trade is steadily decreasing. Heavy wines are out of fashion. Heavy beers are losing their popularity, and the lighter and intoxicating drink now is the more likely to come into use. It is, indeed, rumoured that gin has suddenly sprung into notoriety in some of the higher circles, but this is in very fast sections of society, where gin replaces for a time the many star brandies.

We read that the marriage brokers of London do an extensive and genuine business. We will not enter upon the subject further than to express our regret that the good old time method of bringing susceptible youth within the bonds of love are dying out. Certainly, if marriages are to be arranged by brokers, the sooner all parties concerned come to the conclusion that marriage is an abject failure the better.

A young widow, of Silesia, whose time hung heavily upon her hands put on the other day her late husband's Sunday suit, and, finding that she made rather a good looking lad, went to a neighbouring saloon where dancing was going on. Some one, however, recognised her, and the young men immediately struck up a *bon camera-derie*, to escape which the widow tried in vain to get away. When at last she succeeded in reaching the street the whole village population followed her to her house, hooting and laughing at the miserable and crestfallen victim. We could not resist the temptation to reproduce the above picture so that it may prove as a warning to a certain young woman in Dublin who is somewhat given to joking *a la* the widow.

There should be a school of music for the Italian organ man. The average one will rattle off "Queen of my Heart To-night" at a hand gallop, and draw out one of the merry Mascotte airs as though it were Chopin's "Funeral March."



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"THEM PROTESTINT JOY-BELLS."

TIMOTHY RYAN lived with his widowed mother in a tenement house hard by a Protestant cathedral. They rented a room on the third floor, which room served as sitting-room for both, and bedroom for Mrs Ryan. Tim himself slept in a closet off this room, where there was barely space for his bed. The thoroughfare was narrow and squalid. From the windows ran out poles, whereon garments in every condition of decay were hung to dry in all seasons of the year. Ragged and dirty children played noisily in the gutters. The place was so steep and stony that a vehicle rarely ventured through, and never without the driver dismounting and walking at the horse's head. There were no doors to the houses. There were many broken windows stuffed with rags and newspapers. The name of this place was Golden Close. At one end, opposite the splendid cathedral, was a public house, at the other a pawnbroker's; and much of the wretched earnings which composed the nett result of the labour of Golden Close found its way to these establishments. The landlord of the Close was a wealthy alderman, who believed in the theory of Malthus concerning overpopulation, and was an eloquent advocate in the cause of human liberty.

As time went on the wealthy alderman grew richer and the tenants poorer, and the alderman's wife and daughters always spoke of the inhabitants of Golden Close as "the scum."

The most self-respecting persons in this nest of tenement houses were Mrs Ryan and her son. Mrs Ryan, though born and reared here, was of a happy temperament. Her general cheeriness was possibly due to the proximity of the joy-bells. They were her oldest and most familiar acquaintances, connected with the earliest recollections of her awakening infancy. They clanged down into her infantile mind and woke it up, wondering. They had rung all their changes every week through her life, in all great events, when she was married, and when her husband died. In her childhood she loved them, but in womanhood, she, being a good Catholic, was occasionally inclined to resent them; and when she spoke of them it was with a suggestion of contempt, as "them Protestint joy-bells."

Yet she often sat at her window, a quiet look of rapture on her face, when they began and went on—now far, now near, diminuendo and crescendo; now apparently palpitating faintly across the bosom of distant meadows; now making the floor of the room where she sat tremble and vibrate as they came thundering in with terrific banging and shrieking, until her heart began to jump.

Peculiar mental sensations accompanied the sounds. When they suddenly diminuendoed, little Mrs Ryan caught a dreamy glimpse of long

stretches of green meadows bespangled with daisies and buttercups, against a low horizon of dark blue; but only for a moment—the next they came back, these bells, clamouring all over the city, and she saw the crowded streets, the thousands of tenement houses, the thoroughfares, the numberless windows, the miles of chimney stacks.

The centre of her existence was her only child, Tim. She was proud of him, for, amidst a community of dissolute beings, he was a total abstainer and profoundly religious. He was extremely quiet, seldom speaking even to his mother, always reading in his spare moments, and never troubling himself about the girls. Mrs Ryan was very happy, finding Tim always so steady, although she would not have objected if he amused himself occasionally. He was growing up a thoughtful man, but very pale and thin. She knew nothing of the wild love which Eva Fitzgerald had unconsciously awakened in the young recluse, nor of his fierce introspective struggles to stamp it out of his life. She only noticed that latterly he spent more time in his room, and when she peeped in, she saw him either reading quietly by the light of the little window or kneeling on the floor, with buried face, his arms stretched on the bed, and the crucifix in his hands. Sometimes she felt alarmed at this awful religious loneliness; but surely no harm could come, she reflected, where the crucifix was so adored. Tim, for his part, confided his introspective miseries or spiritual rhapsodies to no human being.

He went to his office punctually every morning, and there worked in customary silence, seldom even bidding his companions good morning or good evening. Tim Ryan had some enemies, the most determined and indefatigable being Mr Mannix. But Mr Mannix was too sincere a Christian to desire harm for its own sake to approach a fellow-creature. He was profoundly anxious about Tim Ryan's spiritual welfare, and had come to the conclusion, after earnest consideration, that Ryan's proud spirit which had resisted theological literature could not be conquered without temporal reverses. With the object of securing such a result Mr Mannix examined Ryan's work with extra care, and noticed that latterly his writing was degenerating, and, further, that Tim Ryan had been twenty minutes late one morning last week.

The morning after his meeting with Miss Fitzgerald Ryan entered the office half an hour late. He looked haggard and paler than usual. Mr Mannix glanced at the clock, and gazed severely at Ryan, but the latter, taking no notice, seated himself at his desk, and began work in his silent, methodical fashion.

"Ryan" said Mr Mannix, clearing his throat and speaking across the office, "you are late again this morning."

Ryan made no reply.

"I'm sorry for this," said Mr Mannix, gently, "because, you know, it is my duty to report these matters. I must do my duty. Have you no excuse to offer?"

Ryan was silent, continuing his work.

"Very good," said Mr Mannix, sighing. "I must perform my duty, however unpleasant. It is very unfair of you to force me to these things. It is no pleasure to me, I'm sure."

When the time came for transacting his business with Mr Fitzgerald, Mr Mannix gathered his papers together, wiped his spectacles, replaced them over his eyes, stuck a pen behind his ear, glanced towards the imperturbable Ryan, and,

shaking his head with an air of deep regret, walked into the inner office.

Mr Fitzgerald was in a bad temper. Distracted with remorse at having allowed himself to talk at his wife before her friends, he was, at the same time, immersed in the great coming trial of the Ballycashel Moonlighters, who had been arrested on evidence requiring careful manipulation.

When Mr Mannix had concluded his morning's business, he said, very gently.

"I am sorry, sir, to have to say anything against any of the staff. It's no pleasure to me—indeed, quite the reverse. But Tim Ryan has been coming in very late latterly, and his work is not at all satisfactory—it is, in fact, very slovenly."

"Well, I must hear this some other time," said Mr Fitzgerald running his hand through his thin hair, and glancing at the mass of documents on his table. "Make a note of it, and tell me again."

"Very good, sir" observed Mannix, his book under his arm, making a pretence of going. "But I take a pride in the work of the office, sir, and it really pains me to see slovenly writing going out to the clients. Ryan is not at present a credit to the office. A word from you, sir, in season, might do him good."

"Well, send him into me," said Mr Fitzgerald, almost savagely.

Mannix, looking even more dejected, went out, and having placed his papers and books carefully and in order on his desk, looked across the office, and in his most solemn tones, said—

"Ryan, Mr Fitzgerald wants to speak to you."

Ryan without glancing at Mannix or anyone else, mechanically slid off his stool and walked calmly into the inner office.

"Shut the door," said Mr Fitzgerald. Ryan closed the door.

"Mr Mannix has been informing me that you are becoming slovenly in your work, and coming in late. Now, sir, let me tell you," said Mr Fitzgerald, glad of having someone to vent his annoyance upon, "that I won't have any clerk in my service, who is not attentive to his work and punctual in his time. If you don't choose these terms you had better go."

Under ordinary circumstances Tim Ryan would have taken his employer at his word, and departed there and then. He felt inclined to do so, being naturally very proud and sensitive, but he was bound to remain in this office by a law of which neither his employer or fellow clerks had any cognizance. He was therefore forced, in spite of the indignant swelling of his heart, to temporise.

"Mr Mannix is an enemy of mine" said he.

"Don't let me hear such nonsense" exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald, looking fiercely at him. "You do your business, sir, and Mr Mannix cannot harm you. Mr Mannix is a very old and very trusted servant of mine. He has been in my service before you were born, and has the interest of this office at heart. You are by nature dogged and sullen. A young man of your years should be open and candid."

"My nature was given to me," said Ryan, looking his employer straight in the face.

"Do not reply to me in that fashion, my young friend," returned Mr Fitzgerald. "I do not wish to be too hard—I am perhaps too indulgent. Go back to your work, and let me hear no more reports."

Ryan left the inner office without further remark, though he had a hard task to keep him-

self from uttering the most scathing contempt of his employer and the chief clerk. Tears of rage rose to his eyes, and he nervously clenched and unclenched his hands as he walked back to his desk. He had scarcely seated himself when Mr Mannix came softly across. Standing on the opposite side of Ryan's desk, Mannix leaned over, and said, gently—

"I'm sorry, Ryan, you forced me to speak to Mr Fitzgerald. It's no pleasure to me, as you know."

Tim Ryan spread a sheet of law paper before him, dipped his pen in the ink, and began to write, without exhibiting the faintest consciousness of being addressed.

"It's my duty, you know," said Mr Mannix, after a pause. "Mr Fitzgerald was very angry, but I said all I could for you. I hope he was not very much annoyed with you?"

Ryan's austere face was bent over his work, and his pen went writing on.

Mr Mannix heaved a sigh and shook his head.

"I fear, Ryan," said he, "you are yet in the clutches of worldliness. Your heart is full of pride. Well, I've done my best."

Drawing a tract from his pocket, Mr Mannix laid it on the desk and walked away. Before he had reached his own desk the tract had been quietly deposited in Tim Ryan's waste paper basket.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN GOLDEN CLOSE.

MR MANNIX still pondered over the spiritual problem of Tim Ryan. Hard wordly pride seemed to be, like a canker worm, eating its way through this young man's chance of regeneration.

To save Tim Ryan from himself was the difficult task which Mr Mannix voluntarily essayed. Nothing could destroy the wordly pride of Ryan save some sudden derangement of his wordly prospects, and for this Mr Mannix, with wonderful patience, watched day by day.

At length one morning Ryan was absent, and sent a note to say he was ill. The fact is Tim Ryan was undoubtedly ill—not actually confined to bed, but deficient in physical energy, and horribly troubled in mind. He had fought against these things; tried to banish the phantasm of Eva Fitzgerald from his thoughts, and struggled against meditations of even more serious nature, but at length temporarily succumbed. Mr Mannix was in a good humour that day. The clerks were astonished, irreverently wondering if he had been at a funeral before coming to the office, and Fred Gilhooly, undisturbed by reproof, gave his popular imitations of his aunt Cavanagh singing the Hundredth Psalm, and wondrous descriptions of her enormous wealth. Mr Mannix even encouraged the office buffoon, and the staff began to think that after all the chief clerk was not a bad fellow. Young and wordly as they were, they could not comprehend the peculiar nature of that spiritual satisfaction which enabled Mr Mannix to break through his official reserve and seem an ordinary man like themselves. But his world was not theirs. Though they went to their several places of worship every Sunday, it was as a matter of custom; their real thoughts and sensations clung round this life, and when they thought of another it was as a man seems to see earthly beauties trans-

formed to a lovelier but dimmer world in the evanescent dream of a summer afternoon. To the older clerk this after-world was the brightest dwelling-place. His linked meditations began in prophecy and stretched towards eternity. The Fall had spread ruin through the human race, and only a chosen remnant should struggle through the terrific war of blood and fire to the brighter life. Mr Mannix's first achievement was to save himself, and then to stretch out his hands to as many as chose to take them. In Tim Ryan's absence he saw a providential opportunity for rescuing this youth from the world's maelstrom of wickedness.

Next day Tim Ryan, though feeling somewhat better, was still unable to return to official work, and, having written to that effect and sent his mother with the letter, he thought he would like some fresh air, and strolled towards the Phoenix Park. He left Golden Close about ten o'clock, and his mother was not sorry. He had been on his knees most part of the night, and she was growing seriously alarmed at this intense religious enthusiasm. Besides, it was her day for scouring the floor, and this was an occupation favoured by solitude. Hence, for various reasons, she urged her son to take a walk, and shortly after his departure she put the furniture on the landing, tucked up her dress and sleeves, and with a tub of warm water and a basin of freestone went on her knees and began to scour. She liked the work. It animated her. It was a clear day, and there were "them Protestant bells" banging up in the air all about Tim.

He was out now walking in the People's Gardens, looking at all the beautiful flowers and breathing the sweet fresh air that came all the way from the Dublin mountains and the sea for the special purpose of purifying Tim's lungs. It was with such mystical news that the bells gladdened her miniature mind on this fresh morning.

The floor was scoured, and shone white again. The furniture, mainly consisting of a deal table, two incurable chairs, a stool, and a clothes-horse, was re-installed. Mrs Ryan opened the window to sit in the sun and to let the air in to dry the floor; and, with her knitting in her hand, sat looking down, from time to time, into Golden Close. She wore a pair of old-fashioned spectacles patched with cord. So far from assisting her sight, they obstructed it, and when she wanted to see anything distinctly she looked over them. But she favoured the pleasing delusion that they were a triumph of optical science. They had been bought by Tim out of his first week's earnings some years ago, and, of course, they must be of the highest utility.

The dirty and ragged urchins who composed the rising generation of Golden Close were noisily playing down below. They had joined hands in a ring, and were dancing round a little girl who stood smiling in the centre. As they danced and whirled they sang in chorus—

Look to the east, love,
Look to the west, love,
Look to the very one
That you love best!

This was a lyrical invitation to the little girl in the centre to select a partner from amongst the dancers. Mrs Ryan had been basking in the sunshine and listening dreamily to their chorus when towards 1 o'clock, its monotony was disturbed by a quarrel. She looked down and saw the ring broken and two small boys battering each other's heads in emulation of their fathers on

Saturday nights. The ring of ragged urchins who had previously chorused their coquettish lyric, now danced round the combatants, urging them to fiercer efforts with demoniac yells. Chancing to look over her infallible spectacles, the little woman observed a man who had just entered Golden Close and stood, leaning on his umbrella, gravely contemplating the furious fist-cuffs. His tall hat, black clothes, spectacles, and umbrella gave him, in Mrs Ryan's eyes, an air of distinguished gentility rarely seen in the foul regions of the Close. He had a slight beard, sickly complexion, and eyes close together; but these characteristics could not detract from the superiority of his appearance in Mrs Ryan's judgment. Having surveyed the scene of combat, silently resting on the handle of his umbrella, this genteel person smiled with philanthropic benignity, and, putting one hand into the pocket concealed in his coat tails, lifted the hand with the umbrella and, holding it thus elevated, said—

"Children! Come to me, little children."

Mrs Ryan now leaned anxiously out—taking off her spectacles in order to note more clearly—under the impression that she was about to see a liberal supply of coin lavished on the hungry crew. The fight ceased. They crowded round him, with open mouths and staring eyes. Visions of plumcake and luscious sweets floated in the wildest profusion before their savage imaginations.

"Children," said the gentleman, still searching in his pocket, and still with his arm raised, "do you know that it is sinful to fight?"

"Yes, sir," chorused the expectant crew, the loudest voices being those of the urchins who had been attempting murder a moment ago.

"Do you know where you will go to, children," said the gentleman, "if you are wicked and fight?"

"Yes, sir. To hell, sir," yelled the chorus.

"Ah," said the gentleman, looking up towards the small patch of sky which represented the heavens in Golden Close, "you must not go to that place. Here, children, take them, read them, and be good. Be good!"

He had produced a bundle of tracts and dealt them round like a pack of cards—to every child a tract. Profound disappointment lengthened each of the dirty little faces.

"Little boy," said the gentleman, touching a child with his umbrella, "show me where Tim Ryan lives."

"Tim Ryan? There!" said the little boy, sulkily, pointing to the doorless entrance of the tenement house.

"I say," yelled the urchin, as the gentleman proceeded to enter, "you needn't go. Tim Ryan's out. Have you got a hay'penny, mister? Shy us a hay'penny!"

The children, most of them flinging the tracts into the gutter, unanimously crowded after him, shouting—

"Ay, sir, throw's a hay'penny! Mister! grush a penny—will you, mister?"

"Go away!" exclaimed the gentleman, angrily, turning so suddenly on them as he entered the house that they fell over one another. "How dare you beg? Be off, now!"

He went sternly up the dirty stairs, and the children crowded into the doorway, and yelled after him—

"Mister! where did you stale the hat? Ay, who let you out? G'long you souper!" and many expressions of like ribald nature.

Without pausing to reply to his change of front on the part of the new generation of Golden

Close, the gentleman proceeded up the greasy, uneven staircase, and having knocked at several wrong doors, he at length discovered the domestic residence of Mrs Ryan and her son.

Little Mrs Ryan, having heard the inquiry in the thoroughfare below, had hurriedly let down her dress, and attired herself for receiving the genteel visitor by putting on her best nightcap and tying the strings in a large bow under her left ear. Colouring with trepidation and the half-choked sensation caused by the tightened strings of the nightcap, Mrs Ryan opened the door, and curtsied.

"You wish to see my Tim, sir?"

"You are Mrs Ryan?"

"Yes, sir," with another curtsy. "Won't you come in, sir? The place is not the best to receive a gentleman, but beggars can't be choosers, as they say. Don't mind the floor, sir. It's just scrubbed; but you won't injure it. A little freestone and soft soap'll set it right agen. Will you sit down, sir? The chair's none o' the best, but poor people, sir, must put up with what the Lord sends."

Whilst talking, Mrs Ryan had been backing with much humility into the room, and presented one of the incurable chairs, having first dusted it briskly with her apron.

The gentleman sat down very carefully, put his umbrella between his knees, placed his hat on the top of it, and producing a handkerchief from the pocket which contained the tracts, proceeded to wipe first his perspiring forehead, and then his spectacles.

"Your sentiments, Mrs Ryan, do you a great deal of credit," he said. "To be thankful for even the smallest mercy shows a true and earnest spirit."

"Indeed, sir," she said, "we should never forget there is One above."

She had taken the other chair, and had seated herself in an apologetic manner, as if she had no right to be in the room.

She smiled persistently in a weak, foolish way, to express the friendliness of her feelings towards her visitor, and kept rubbing the back of one hand with the palm of the other alternately on her knee. This behaviour, with an occasional deferential cough, and an over-readiness to acquiesce in every assertion of her visitor, completed Mrs Ryan's conception of an hostess.

"I am glad," said the visitor, placing his hat on the floor, and leaning over his stick, "that you are of a religious frame of mind. We should never forget that at any moment we may be launched into eternity."

"Oh, indeed, quite so, sir. What you say is perfectly true, indeed. H'm!"

"At any moment," repeated the visitor, stretching forth his hand and allowing his voice to tremble, "into eternity."

Mrs Ryan sighed deeply, and looked for a moment unusually solemn.

"How is your son, Mrs Ryan? My name is Mannix. I just dropped in to inquire after his health."

"Oh, you are Mr Mannix, sir? Well, indeed! How kind of you now to call after my Tim. It's very good of you, indeed, sir. Tim often speaks of you. He does, indeed. It was only the other day—h'm!—he was saying how kind a gentleman you were."

This, of course, was untrue. Tim Ryan seldom spoke on any subject with his mother, and never of Mr Mannix.

"I am glad to find," said Mr Mannix, looking round at the cheap coloured prints of the

saints on the walls, "that he is better—able to be out, in fact."

"Well, sir," said Mrs Ryan, confidentially, "I persuaded the poor boy to take just a little of the fresh air. He's been lookin' far from well. I thought maybe the fresh air in the Park would revive him a bit. But if you could wait, sir, I'm sure he'll be back shortly. I'm expectin' him in now every minute. He said he wouldn't go far—and you can see for yourself how bad he looks."

"I am sorry," said Mr Mannix, looking at his watch, "that I cannot remain. I shall leave you this little book," he added, rising. "You can tell him to read it, and you yourself, Mrs Ryan, may find in it some consolation. Though we worship at different shrines I trust we may meet hereafter."

"Amen, sir," said Mrs Ryan, as she stood up and received the tract with an air of profound gratitude.

"Good-bye, Mrs Ryan," said Mr Mannix, holding out his hand, at the door. "I am glad your son is well enough to be out. He will find much spiritual comfort in that little work."

"Good-bye and thank you, sir. I am sure Tim will be proud to hear you called, sir."

She returned to the window, still flushed with the excitement of the visit, and leaned out at the open window to watch him pass out of Golden Close.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME OF THE SCUM.

WHEN Mr Mannix reached the doorway there was a noisy stampede of children who had been collected there awaiting his appearance. Their numbers had been augmented as the news of his arrival spread amongst the idle youngsters of the locality. In the long hours of a hot summer's day the presence of a gentleman with a tall hat and umbrella was an event of importance. Besides, the disappointment caused by his distribution of tracts instead of pennies had been amply discussed during his brief absence, and when he arrived he was greeted with angry and derisive cries.

"Here he is! Ay, mister, are you going to grush a penny? You, sir, with the tall hat; where's that penny you owe me? Shell out a make, sir!"

Mr Mannix observing the combative attitude of the children, locked himself up in his own personality, and walked down the Close in dignified silence. A little ragged boy ran beside him, pulled at his coat tails, and looking up into his face, whined;

"Mister, give's a copper. I haven't had a bit to ate, an' me mother's dyin' with the whoopin' cough. Will you?"

"Go away, boy!" exclaimed Mr. Mannix, enraged at last, clutching his coat tails from the boys hands. "If you do not go away I shall give you to a policeman."

"What d'you say?" said the boy, falling back, and yelling out the words after him, "Give me to a policeman? Give me, is it? Here, boys," turning round and addressing the rest, "he says he'll charge us. Let's pelt him out o' the Close! Hooray!"

Collecting every available missile from the refuse in the channels, the children flung them after him, crying—

"Ay, mister, there's a cabbage stalk for your

dinner!—g'lang now—Be the hokey, boys, here's the horney."

At these words, indicating the presence of a policeman, the children scattered rapidly into the open doorways, and Mr. Mannix left the Close without further molestation.

In the open street opposite the cathedral, amidst the throng of foot passengers, and the noise of daily traffic, he felt more at ease.

At the corner of the street stood a tall, brawny man of the artisan class, balancing himself on the kerbstone, and talking to a companion. This man wore an old cloth cap, a canvas jacket, and a red neck-cloth. His hair was tangled about his forehead, his complexion dark, and he had a furtive, but at the same time, resolute expression. His companion was the thin, sombre-faced Tim Ryan, who, contrary to his ordinary demeanour, was talking and gesticulating eagerly.

Presently turning round to look about in a hunted manner, characteristic of both men, Tim Ryan stood like one petrified. He saw Mr Mannix approaching; but the latter, without showing signs of recognition, passed on down the street.

"Wait a bit, Joe," said Tim Ryan to his companion, who nodded, and, producing a large clasp knife, proceeded to pick his teeth leisurely with the blade.

Mr Mannix, having gone on, felt himself suddenly seized by the arm opposite a bootmaker's window, and, turning, beheld the eager, twitching face of Ryan.

"Look here," said Tim, holding him fast, "you've been up to see me mother, an' you see I'm out."

"Yes, Ryan; I'm glad you're able to be out."

"I know it," said Ryan, eagerly. "Wait a moment. Do you think because I'm out I'm not ill? Look at me. Do I look strong?"

"Well, said Mr Mannix, stroking his beard and studying the other, "you look about the same as usual. Still it's odd you can be out and can't be at your work."

"Aye, just so," said Tim Ryan, letting him go. "That's where it is. I'm *not* able for office work. Are you goin' to best me? Are you goin' to tell Fitzgerald I'm shamming?"

"No," replied Mr Mannix, gravely. "I shall simply state the facts of the case. That is my duty, you know. Good morning."

(To be continued.)

MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support
Now she leans on thine;
See upon that loving face
Those deep lines of care,
Think—it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace
From her eyes the light,
Cherish well the faithful heart
Which, through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon,
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save
Earth will hold no dearer place
Than thy mother's grave.

DUBLIN SHOP ASSISTANTS.

THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY
MOVEMENT.INTERVIEW WITH MR W. J.
VAUGHAN.

For the past few weeks observant persons must have noticed "sandwich men," some dressed in theatrical costumes, parading the streets with notices calling on the public to shop before two o'clock on Saturdays in order to give the employes a half-holiday like that enjoyed by those in banks and Government offices. It is a modest request, presented in an inoffensive manner, and appeals to the humanity of the female portion of the community. The manifestations referred to are not evidence of a mushroom sentiment bound to an evanescent existence, but mark the climax of an intermittent agitation smouldering for thirty years, and now, at last, rising to the level of a great public movement. The army of shop employes in this city, who are, with scarcely an exception, models of diligence and courtesy, are steadily closing up their ranks on this burning question, which they are now agitating, not with the aid of declamatory demagogism, nor yet with threats of offensively using the great power which they as a combined body undoubtedly possess, but in a manner almost inobtrusively quiet, and liable on this account to secure the speedier success. To those of us who are sometimes exercised in the difficult problem of "killing time," the request for three or four hours' freedom in the week seems incomprehensibly trivial; but if we were working on foot every day from morning until night indoors, we would view the request as one of pressing and necessitous importance.

One of the most active members of the Committee of the Saturday Half-Holiday Movement, Mr W. J. Vaughan, was found at home in 10 Sandy mount Green in a well-furnished drawingroom, where piano, music, pictures, and bric-a-brac denote the refined tastes of the owner.

Mr Vaughan is a man of middle age; tall, with well-formed features, and an expression of intense earnestness amounting to enthusiasm. But his enthusiasm is tempered not only with the knowledge of experience, but a firmness of resolution, which bodes well for the success of this movement; and these characteristics, combined with a profoundly sympathetic humanity, make him an admirable leader in a movement modest in demand and pacific in design.

"You will kindly note," said Mr Vaughan, "that we do not formulate a new and peculiar demand. We simply ask for a half-holiday on Saturday, such as that conceded to the shop-employes of all the principal cities and towns in England, Scotland, and Wales. The early-closing movement of shops begun some years ago in London, and wastaken in charge by a committee of ladies who worked with splendid enthusiasm, and ultimately gained the victory. You will see in that pamphlet all the names of the committee, and you observe they are all in the highest rank of society."

Amongst a long list of names belonging to the most exalted social persons, were that of the Marchioness of Londonderry, Marchioness of Kildare, Marchioness of Drogheda, Marchioness of Abercorn, Countess of Dunraven, Countess of Lucan, Hon. Mrs Sydney Herbert, Hon. Mrs Westby, Countess of Dunmore, &c.

"These generous ladies," continued Mr Vaughan, "took the cause of the shop employes on the other side of the Channel into their own hands, and, as I have said, succeeded. We hope in this city to consign our cause in the same manner to the hands of ladies. We believe that Irish ladies are even more unselfish than their sisters across the water; and already we have received promise of sympathy and assistance from ladies of the highest social rank in Dublin. If they take up our cause we may safely regard it as already won."

"Have you canvassed the employers?"

"Yes; and the managers of some of the great establishments—ten in number—are with us."

"If that is the case, then the question is settled?"

"By no means," replied Mr Vaughan, smiling. "The difficulty seems to be that no one establishment is inclined to begin. Individually they are in favour of early closing on Saturdays; but they have not settled the matter collectively. If, however, they are convinced that we are supported with the public sympathy, I have no doubt they will speedily agree upon the matter."

"Are the hours in these large establishments objectionably long?"

"No. In an experience of over thirty years I have never known the employers to object to their hours or their treatment. The ten establishments I refer to are Arnott's, Switzers, M'Birney's, Henry street Warehouse Company, Manning's, Clery's, Pim Brothers, Brown Thomas, Todd Burns and Co, and Forrest's. Nevertheless, as the Saturday half-holiday, we are assured, would not interfere with business, and as it has been conceded everywhere else save in this country, it is natural and legitimate for the employes to desire it. All that it necessitates is that the ladies should shop early on Saturdays—surely not a demand involving extraordinary self-sacrifice!"

"Is this movement supposed to embrace the smaller shops?"

"That is a point" said Mr Vaughan, "which I would wish placed clearly before the public. We are undoubtedly anxious to secure the half-holiday for the employes of the smaller shops, who are far harder worked and live under worse conditions than those in the larger ones. But this movement is divided into two. We expect to gain our point in the large establishments, by a direct appeal to our especial public. Of course, customers of the large establishments are of a higher social standing and more educated than those of the smaller shops. It is necessary, then, to gain over the more educated public to consent to the closing of the large establishments; but on the other hand, we do not appeal to customers of the small shops, but rather to the owners of the small shops themselves."

"I think this a sensible distinction. I quite understand the enormous difficulty of directly canvassing the public who frequent the smaller shops. Have you, then, already appealed to the owners of these shops?"

"Yes, and I wish you to inform the public of this astounding fact—that out of the two hundred

small establishments in this city there are *only four* who refuse to give their employes the humane benefit of earlier hours."

"Only four! And these four little shops block the way?"

"Yes. It is a lamentable fact. Now, as I have told you, the employes of the large establishments are, on the whole, well treated. But look at the lives of the employes of these small shops! Consider the number of young girls standing behind the counters from half-past seven in the morning, winter and summer, until eleven or twelve on Saturday night."

"Yes, and I know for an indisputable fact that many of them do not cease work until after 11 o'clock on Sunday mornings. I also know for a certainty that many of these poor girls have to walk home, in some cases across the city, alone and unprotected at one or two o'clock in the morning."

"I call that white slavery, Mr Vaughan. I am sure only a small percentage of the customers of these shops know the extent of the misery entailed on these poor girls by late purchases."

"I agree with you. If the customers—and particularly the women—knew the lives they unknowingly create for these girls, they would insist on reform. Of this be assured," concluded Mr Vaughan, as he shook hands, "the granting of a Saturday half-holiday would not diminish the receipts of the shops, whether large or small, and would be nothing short of an inestimable blessing to the employes of this city."

A GLARING EVIL CRYING FOR
PROMPT REMEDY.

If we remember right, some months since the *Irish Times* repeatedly called the attention of the authorities, military and civil, to a glaring evil in "the finest thoroughfare in Europe," which threatened to render it a moral plague-spot and to bring the deepest disgrace on the Irish Capital. Our contemporary at the time forcibly pointed out the dangers which in a social sense were imminent from the occupation of the footways of Sackville street every evening of the week up to 10 o'clock at night, and often later, by swarms of soldiers belonging to every branch of the service, and women of questionable character, whose language was frequently of a reprehensible character, and among whom it was at all times a matter of risk for a respectable girl on her way home from business to pass without the almost certainty of having her moral sense offended by the actions of the disorderly parties blocking the footpaths. But bad as this state of things undoubtedly was on the evenings of week days, it culminated into a positive outrage on decency on the evenings of each succeeding Sunday, when at several points between the Rotunda and the Bank of Ireland—a considerable stretch of way—it was quite a common experience to find respectable citizens, male and female, actually obliged to leave the sidewalks and use the open street in order to avoid the disreputable company on the footpaths who barred their way. After the closing of publichouses in the neighbourhood on Sundays at 7 o'clock the

same punishment; but then his wife is his own property, while the trees from which this woman stole the branches are the property of the Belfast Town Council.

One of our leading booksellers recently wrote to the Belfast Harbour Board suggesting the advisability of establishing a bookstall at the ferry steps on Donegal quay, and offering to erect a stand and pay a reasonable rent for ground; but the Board in its wisdom declined its offer. It is to be hoped they will reconsider this determination, as a bookstall at the place mentioned would be a great convenience to passengers to and from the Co. Down side of the river.

The Belfast Town Council have been giving good advice to pedestrians in the Belfast streets through notices placed on the lamp-posts. The notices invite passers by to "keep to the right." It might be suggested to the Council that "example teaches better than precept."

It is now about some 25 years since omnibuses first began regular journeys from the centre of the town to the outskirts. This was by many looked upon as a sort of judgment on the cardrivers for their sins of extortion and bad language. What a change now upon the 'busses of those days rattling over uneven pavements as if desirous of dislocating every joint in your body! Now we glide smoothly along the iron track seated in a well-appointed street car.

Among the football fixtures of Saturday last Witton v Distillery was the one on which greatest interest centred. The match was played on the Distillery grounds in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. Witton kicked off, facing a strong sun, and though great things were looked from the Lancashire team it was soon evidenced they had met their match. The play, which at first was pretty equal, at half time found the score two goals each. In the second half the Distillery men had the disadvantage of playing with the sun in their eyes, but played pluckily and defended their goal so well against the determined attacks of their opponents, (whose defence was equally good) that at the close the scoring was unchanged two goals each. The Distillery men are in good form, and will stand well to win some of the cups provided they keep up their play to its present standard.

At the Newtownards Flower Show, which is the most important and by far the largest held in the North of Ireland. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was the principal prizewinner. In fruits in the section for amateurs who keep a gardener, his Excellency carried off six first prizes and some second prizes. His keenest competitors were Lord O'Neill, of Shemas Castle, and R. E. Windly, D.L., of Bangor Castle. The flowers were grown in the gardens adjoining Mountstewart, the seat of the Londonderry family, situate on the shore of Strangford Lough.

The closing match for the Challenge Cup of the County Derry Cricket Union, which was played last week on the grounds of the St. Columb's Court Cricket Club, at Lonemoor, between the Donemana Cricket Club and the Limavady, resulted in an easy victory for the latter club.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

For those who have returned to town somewhat earlier than that contingent of the *beau-monde* whose duty or pleasure recalls them to the capital, and thereby procures for us what has recently been known as a winter season, it is an opportunity not to be neglected to take a look round at a few of the less obtrusive shows which the press of spring engagements had crowded out. For this reason I was very pleased to accompany some friends who were passing through London *en route* for a northern home, to see once more the marvellous panorama of Niagara, painted by M. Phillippoteau, which is on view at Queen Ann's Gate.

My first visit had been a hurried one, for I had sandwiched it (in company with the wife of a well-known M.P. who inhabits the mansions adjoining), between luncheon and the irremovable hour of four, when the house opens, and after which visitors to the Ladies' Gallery lose all chance of a front seat if they happen to be late. Now, a front seat, as many of my readers may know, is not in itself above criticism, for it means gluing your face against the grating, sometimes obstructed by a pillar, taxing your sight and straining your hearing to catch—or miss as the case may be—the debates of our legislators, which, unfortunately, are not always of the liveliest, unless some personal question happens to be on the tapis, when sparks are occasionally emitted.

But a seat in the back row is unequivocal outer darkness, nothing to see but a blur of the opposite wall, and, by craning, a glimpse of the door where members enter—nothing to hear but a drowsy indistinct hum, presumably the voice of the favoured one who holds the floor for the time being.

A clever musical authority once told me that observation has traced the tone of nature to be in the key of F. I have sometimes thought that patient listeners in the Ladies' Gallery may consider the note B of that scale to be the tone, *par excellence*, of the House of Commons. So it was in the enjoyment of a freer mind, and in the hope of freer space that I drove up to the Hall which had been so crowded in the chilly days of June. I can conceive no employment of time more restful than half an hour spent in solitary contemplation of this wonderful canvas. It measures 360 feet in circumference, and hangs perpendicularly from a height of 50 feet. The first impression is one of unmistakable disappointment in the Falls, they look small and insignificant when estimated by our expectation, grandeur, and sublimity. This is greatly due to the fact that the picture is painted from a height—the top of the Museum Building—without which the extended vista and effect of perspective could not be produced. But it is also a tribute to the fidelity of the painter, all those who have crossed the Herring Pond agreeing to assure us that it is the immense volume of water and not the height of the fall which makes the greatness of Niagara.

The loss which so many people feel for the sound of the water as they gaze upon this picture did not obtrude itself upon me, and I should thoroughly deprecate as vulgar and claptrap any attempt to introduce theatrical accessories in the way of shot, or dried peas in a drum as I have heard proposed. In truth the charm of "Niagara"

as here presented has a wider scope than the mere delineation of the world-renowned falls.

We find ourselves on a mellow afternoon in autumn gazing on a vast expanse that marks in the midst of the turbulent waters the boundary line between America and Canada. Far away on the American side we see the silhouette of the Suspension Bridge under which run the fatal rapids, and beyond the stupendous Horseshoe Fall we find ourselves near pleasant paths and grassy slopes, where flocks of sunshine and shadow alternate with amazing reality. A soft atmospheric haze nestles among the trees and in the near foreground, and many tangible objects are disposed upon the painting in a manner which renders the real and the simulated almost indistinguishable.

The memory is insensibly carried back to the juxtaposition of the two cannons in this painter's famous panorama of the Siege of Paris, many realistic features of which are recalled in this later production, but the pain and pathos of that inimitable creation are absent.

The hope I had indulged of enjoying the Gallery in comparative solitude proved to be quite delusive. A stream of sightseers kept ever coming and going. The country cousin element was strongest, but I noticed also one or two well-dressed women in the demi-toilette of passing or returning travellers, all wearing Ch eviots more or less tailor-made, and still clinging to the tournure which Europe hesitates to discard at the dictum of the Presidentess of the great West.

All the pleasant houses, which rivalled each other during the season in providing five o'clock tea and music for a lagging afternoon, being now shut up, I decided to betake myself to an inspection of the gorgeous Pompeian Hall, which Messrs Pears, of soap fame, have erected as entrance to their chief offices.

So journeying I became aware that a walk down Oxford street eastwards involves something of a revelation. Changes have come upon us almost like a thief in the night; new streets are opened; quite unpretending shops have blossomed into what the auctioneers call "palatial structures" Mr Heath's well-known hat establishment has invested itself with a facade of elaborate terra cotta, the china shop of Messrs Phillips—always a refined feature—is now a very striking and artistic building worthy of the many treasures it contains; other houses have become decorated with pillars, in distant imitation of a newspaper office in Fleet street, or Messrs Colinson and Lock's handsome premises in another part of Oxford street, and finally the temple sacred to soap is reached.

Here all the external decoration must yield to the beautiful interior hall, which is well worth a visit, and in many particulars reproduces strict Pomperan art. The floor is mosaic laid out with quaint monsters and ingeniously wrought designs. The walls, which recall the house of Sallust, are all hand-painted. The ceiling is white in *cartoon-pierre* and delicately painted. At intervals bronze lamps hang suspended—perfect reproductions of the antique boat-shaped Roman lamps. We could fancy Mr Alma Tadema smiling approval on these classic cressets, which at a touch cunningly applied to an invisible spring suddenly bursts into electric radiance, illuminating the marble columns; the statuary, the superb bronze doors, with bevelled plate-glass panels, and an appropriate marble bath, over which a statue of Venus at present presides. In an upper room are to be seen the originals of the many pictures

which have made the annals of advertisement famous, among these Sir J. Millais' "Bubbles," much redeemed in the original from the affected and self-conscious air that the face acquires in print, and the more simple and natural, but less poetic pictures on the same subject, "Les bulles de Savon," of Mr Edward Frere.

With more power of resolution than the faithful Boswell when notified by Dr. Johnson to join him at Bath, I have eluded a kind offer to make one of the British Association now holding high carnival in the pleasant old city. This necessity has been a matter of much regret to me, for in however much or little a degree science may be advanced by these meetings—and I am far from being prepared to admit that it is little—the opportunity for the assembling together of intelligent people to discuss abstract or social questions under the auspices of a hospitable municipality is a most agreeable mode of reunion, and one with a very special cachet of its own.

Sir F. Bramwell's address is couched in a somewhat lighter vein than we have generally been accustomed to from the Presidential chair, but, *en revanche*, some very prodigious papers were read in various sections. Biology, meteorology, anthropology, and every other ology run in harness with economics and statistics, and such technical titles as "The proof of logarithmic laws in atomic weight," or "The oscillations of a rotating liquid spheroid" sound a little terrifying.

Pleasant excursions do well to diversify such substantial intellectual fare, and these have been provided with care and forethought. It must have proved difficult to decide between the allurements of a drive up the lovely Avon Valley or a visit to historic Berkeley Castle, with other entertainments equally tempting and most generously planned.

While on the subject of the meeting of the British Association it is impossible to avoid an allusion to the paper written conjointly by Mr C. S. Roy, Professor of Pathology at Cambridge, and Mr J. G. Adams on "The physiological bearing of waist belts and stays." As may be supposed, this burning question brought together a large audience, and the authors achieved immediate immortality by their unexpected championship of the hitherto condemned corsets. From a pathological point of view this is surely unprecedented, and great were the protests of the doctors present. Many ladies took part in the discussion, and Miss Lydia Becker, of Woman's Suffrage celebrity, declared boldly for a moderate amount of tight-lacing. Doubtless there can be use as well as abuse in this as in all things; but most of us are familiar with the diagrams in Sir Erasmus Wilson's book, representing on the one hand compression of the ribs from wearing stays, and on the other hand their natural expansion.

It will be interesting to note the outcry that will follow on this unforeseen contribution to "the advancement of science," and we have yet to hear what such authoritative bodies as the Ladies' Sanitary Association, the National Health Society, and the Dress Reform Association will have to say in the matter.

Of fashions, which are gathering thick on the horizon, I purpose discoursing next week.

There is also some talk of a new variety in fairy lamps for table decoration, but I am rather sceptical as to our winter receptions suffering much from those of the past season.

Something very novel must challenge acceptance in order to dispossess from the dinner table the well-imagined diffusion of small flower vases and graceful amphoræ, with perhaps one rose or a delicate orchid drooping their lips, which replaced this year the centrepieces and gigantic jardinières so destructive of sociability and the better observation of mutual guests.

AMINA.

LA REVEILLE.

The concert given at the Leinster Hall by members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company was well attended, and presented a cheering contrast to the first concert held a fortnight previously. Mr Leslie Crotty and Miss Fanny Moody were heard at their best, and the other artists amply justified the high opinion formed of them by the Press and the public. Mr E. Goossens ably conducted.

The play of "The Diver's Luck," with which Mr Fred Cooke's company opened a six nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, on Monday evening last, though described as a "new realistic drama," possesses all the elements of an old transpontine melodrama of 30 years ago. The scenes are highly sensational. In that of the divers at work at the bottom of the sea the effect was somewhat marred on Monday night by defective lighting, no doubt consequent on the hurry of the first night. The change to the surface is cleverly worked, and the moonlight on the sea is shown with good effect. The closing scene, "Ratcliffe Highway by Night," is one of the best in the piece. The plot is fairly worked out, and, though somewhat involved, is full of interest. "Barney Baron," a genial Irishman, is played by Mr Fred Cooke with great spirit and humour, though if shorn of some of the rather profane expressions with which it abounds the part, if less realistic, would be more pleasing. Tom Hall, the villain, and one of the most effective characters in the piece, receives ample justice at the hands of Mr Eric Hudson, and Mr Magill Martyn makes the most of the part of Martin Faber, the diver. Miss Jeanie Burgoyne plays Helen Wingate with care and intelligence, displaying considerable dramatic power and feeling in the closing scene. The other parts are fairly filled.

An interesting play not previously produced in Dublin is running during the present week at the Queen's Royal Theatre, under the direction of Mr Edward Russell. The title is "For a Life," the incidents of which are sufficiently sensational to satisfy the most exacting admirers of melodrama. The plot is somewhat complicated, and requires close attention to unravel, but when thoroughly grasped its interest is undoubted. The play discloses startling incidents in connexion with the convict settlement of Norfolk Island, and displays scenes of brutality on the part of the governor and warders towards the unhappy prisoners in their charge such as could not by any possibility occur at the present day in any penal depot of the British Empire. "For a Life" is realistically mounted, the ample resources of Mr Jones's cosy theatre ensuring all that could be desired in this respect, and, as the company is a capable one, the enjoyment is perfect. Since the opening night the attendance has been

numerous and the applause hearty, and among the company will be found a couple of old Dublin favourites, Mr James Elmore and Mr Frank Breen.

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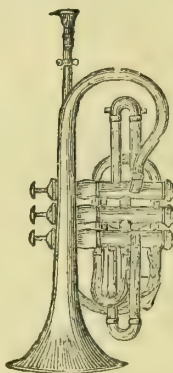
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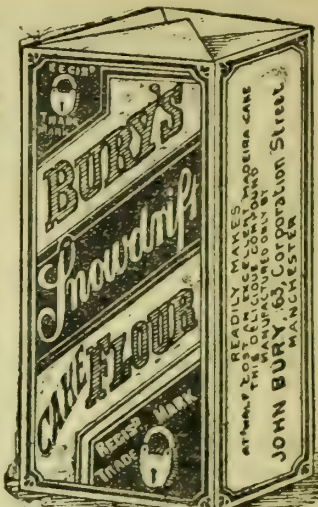
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IRISH SOCIETY.

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22ND SEPTEMBER, 1888.

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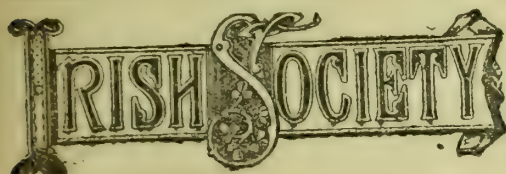
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WEEK ENDING 22nd SEPTEMBER, 1888.

Queen Victoria owns the largest book ever bound. It measures eighteen inches across the back, and weighs thirty pounds. It contains the Jubilee addresses of congratulation from members of the Primrose League.

One of her Majesty's nearest neighbours at Balmoral is Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, who rents the Invercauld estate for the nice little sum of £6,000 a year. The beautiful grounds were always a favourite drive of the Queen's, and she occasionally honours lady Borthwick with a visit at Invercauld House, and partakes of tea. Sir Algernon is a popular and practical journalist, who has won his way step by step to his present high position.

It must be a heavy thought to the Prince of Wales to carry so many suits of clothes about with him. Every country he visits must be honoured with special uniforms, so that the tailors who provide for his Royal Highness have a cosmopolitan knowledge of their art. We are told that the Prince has scarcely been out of uniform since going to Vienna. He wore the other day at the races the most brilliant costume known to the Austrian army—that of the 12th Hussars. It consists of a gold-frogged tunic, red breeches, a white shako, and Hessian boots.

The most important event in Royal circles last week was the marriage of the Princess Maria Letitia Bonaparte to the Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain. The Duke is uncle to the Princess, and it is seldom nowadays we hear of such a

union. The Princess often declared that she would never make a political marriage, but that she should marry for love. She now proposes to love her uncle, although he is forty-three years of age and she but twenty-two. The Duke was married before to the Princess del Pozzo della Cisterna, who died insane. The palace of the dead wife, Palazzo della Cisterna, will become the home of the young bride, although it is stated that King Hubert is preparing apartments in the Royal palace which he intends to offer as a wedding present to his niece, together with the Castle of Racconigi, with its farms, parks, &c.

The union of the Greek Heir-Apparent with a Russian Princess will produce rather a medley of relationships; but the case of the Duke of Aosta's marriage with Princess Letitia is altogether remarkable. The Princess, as the wife of her uncle, becomes the mother-in-law of her cousin, and the aunt of the Prince of Naples. She is by birth a niece of the King of Italy, and becomes by marriage sister-in-law both to him and the Queen of Italy. The complication of relationship on the Duke's side is no less curious. He becomes the son-in-law of his sister and of his brother-in-law, and the brother-in-law of his nephew, and the nephew of his own brother and sister.

The Princess of Wales has a large number of fine diamonds for putting in the centres of flowers after the latter have been fashioned to her dress. The effect is very brilliant.

An exquisite portrait of H.R.H. Princess Victoria of Wales was issued as the supplement to our excellent contemporary, *Life*, last week. The Princess Victoria is the second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. She was born July 6th, 1868, and is, therefore, twenty years of age. The Princess was presented this year for the first time, in accordance with some rule which seems to delay the presentation of the Princesses of Wales to a later date than the usual age for *debutantes*. She is a lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

Among the cleverest royal women in Europe is Princess Blanche de Nemours. She is described as pretty and delicate, and not given to society. She is an enthusiast on the subject of art, and paints beautifully.

There is a whisper abroad that the new German Emperor will in November include London in the round of visits he is paying to Continental capitals. It is said that Lord Salisbury has received a formal note from Prince Bismarck, asking the Queen to receive the Emperor William. The Emperor has expressed a desire to be present when Parliament is sitting. As, however, the Queen has arranged to stay in the North till the third week in November, the German Emperor will probably not reach London till the first week

in December. The form of communication adopted indicates that the visit will be a matter of state.

Their Serene Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen and their son Prince Frederick, Duke of Saxony, have arrived in Ireland on a visit to the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. On their arrival from Germany in London they proceeded to the Grand Hotel, but left the same evening by the Irish mail for Dublin.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, accompanied by their nephew, Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, have arrived at the Royal Hospital, from the head-quarter block, Curragh Camp. It is understood that their Serene Highnesses will entertain a distinguished circle during the present week, including his Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

His Serene Highness Prince John Adolphus of Schwarzenberg, the head of that ancient and illustrious house, died on Saturday morning at the Frauenberg Castle, Bohemia.

A marriage has been arranged between Edward only son of Mr Arthur Shaw, Bank House, Congleton, Cheshire, and May, fourth daughter of Mr William Jameson, Montrose, Dublin.

The marriage of Mr J. Herbert Farmer, son of Mr James Farmer, of Porchester-Gate and St. Andrew's, Fife, and Edith Gertrude, daughter of Sir George Harris, of Inverness terrace, will take place on Thursday, October 4, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, in the afternoon.

A marriage will take place the first week in October between Mr Alymer Coghill Somerville, third son of Lieutenant-Colonel Somerville, D.L., of Drishane, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, and Emmeline Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Mr Daniel Sykes, of Oaklands, Almondsbury, Gloucestershire.

The marriage which was announced as arranged between Miss Audrey C. Campbell and Mr Delabere Blaine will not take place.

Mrs Cagger has requested the *Morning Post* to contradict the report that the engagement between her daughter and Dr. Charles Webber still exists. It was broken off in May last.

On Wednesday, October 3rd, a marriage will take place between Walter, son of the late Mr Thomas Munday, of Upper Tooting, Surrey, and Amelia Montaguc, eldest daughter of the late Sir James Duke, Bart., of Langton, Sussex, and Lady Duke, Cadogan square.

The marriage between Effingham MacDowel, M.D., Sligo, and Mary, second daughter of Colonel Buchanan, of Edenfel, County Tyrone, will take place in the parish Church of Omagh on the 27th September.

The marriage arranged between Captain G. L. B. Killick, C. and T. Staff, and Marian Stewart O'Hara, daughter of the late Mr George White-West, of Ardenode, Co. Kildare, will take place early in October.

A marriage has been arranged and will take place early in October between Mr Joseph Cook, of Knockgrafen, County Tipperary, son of the Rev. John Cooke, and grandson of Mr Joseph Cooke, D.L., of Cordangan, and Emmeline A. Serrell, widow of Mr Campbell Serrell, of Barnes, Dorset, and granddaughter of the late Sir Joseph Huddart, G.C.B., of Brynkie, Carnarvonshire.

A marriage will shortly take place between the Rev. Herbert O. Cruickshank, Vicar of West Tisted, Hants, and Mary, only daughter of G. E. Graham Foster-Pigott, late Captain, Scots Greys, of Cheriton House, Cheriton, Hants.

The marriage arranged between Captain Spicer and Lady Margaret Fane will take place at St. Andrew's, Wells street, October 2nd.

The marriage of the Rev. J. G. Wallaston Trendell, of Cherry Burton, Yorks, eldest son of the late Vicar of Worlabye, Lincolnshire, and Alexandra Maud Taylor, second daughter of Mr J. O. Taylor, of Cravenhurst, Reading, will take place on Thursday.

The marriage of Mr William White, of Cloone Grange, County Leitrim, to Marian Charlotte, daughter of Mr William H. Hayes, of the Manor House, Malahide, County Dublin, took place on the 11th inst. at St. Paul's Church, South Hampstead, London. The Rev. Richard King officiated.

William Pringle Morgan, M.B., T.C.D., eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Morgan, of Rostrevor, was married on the 12th inst. at St. Leonards, Seaford, Sussex, to Ethel Mary, second daughter of William Eastwood, Esq., the Crouch, Seaford. The Rev. W. H. Meade officiated, assisted by the Rev. A. J. Richardson.

A marriage is arranged and will take place next month between Captain F. Fetherstonhaugh, the Cameronians, A.D.C. to Major-General Davis, C.B., commanding the Dublin District, and Miss Beatrice Ellerie Glyn, youngest daughter of the late Hon. St. Leger Glyn.

The marriage arranged between Mr J. Russell Walsh, of the 2nd Berks Regiment, 2nd Miss Maude Stratford Tuke will not take place.

The marriage was solemnised on Thursday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. Canon A. Gore, M.A., Archdeacon of Macclesfield, and the Rev. H. W. M'Creery, Vicar of Doy, cousins of the bridegroom, of Surgeon-Major N. M'Creery, Army Medical

Staff, fourth son of the late Mr J. M'Creery, Fermoy, County Cork, and of New Park, County Kilkenny, to Alice Mary, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Joseph Rosenthal, 55 Gloucester place, Hyde Park, London, formerly J.P. and member of the Legislative Assembly, Cape of Good Hope.

The latest fashionable arrivals at Kingstown include the Earl de Montalt and the ladies Maude, the Countess of Longford, Lady Lily Greene, Lady Hesketh.

The Earl and Countess of Miltown have arrived at Russborough House, their seat in the County Wicklow.

Lord George Hamilton, who has been spending the recess on the Continent, is expected at the Admiralty this week from Switzerland.

The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., and Mrs Smith are at Aix-les-Bains, as are also Lord Aberdare and his daughters. Sir George and Lady Bowen and their daughters were at Aix-les-Bains until very lately. Lord Hartington remained only a few days.

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn have arrived in Ireland from England.

The Earl and Countess of Rosse and Sir Herbert Miller have left the Central Hotel, Tralee, for Fenit House.

Lord Viscount Midleton, Lady Midleton, and the Hon. Misses Broderick, and the Hon. A. Granville Broderick have arrived at Midleton from England. Lord Midleton is at present staying with Mr J. Penrose Fitzgerald; but it is rumoured that in a short time his lordship will erect a residence on his property in the neighbourhood of Midleton.

Lord Londonderry spent a most enjoyable day last Saturday. He honoured Mr H. E. Linde, of Eyrefield Lodge, Curragh, with his presence at luncheon, after which his Excellency witnessed the work done by the thoroughbreds located at the far-famed training establishment.

Brownstown Lodge is now one of the largest training establishments at the Curragh. Mr T. Gisborne Gordon has now 34 horses in training, and will run seven at the approaching Liverpool meeting—a favourite battle-ground with Irish owners and trainers.

Mr A. Tiernan, one of the largest racing men in Ireland, has stated he will not again run a horse at the meeting.

We observe that the Cork Park Races will take place on October 2nd and 3rd. The Great Southern and Western Railway Company will, as usual, run an excursion to the city by the Lee, and those desirous of seeing excellent racing and lovely women should avail themselves of the opportunity. Mr T. Brindley has the management of the reunion, and Mr Daly Murray, one of the most popular of southern

Nimrods, is on the programme as hon. secretary. He may be relied on to render valuable assistance on the occasion.

One of the most enjoyable private balls of the season was that given recently by Mrs Hall at her charming residence, The Needles, Sutton, to which a large and fashionable company, principally from Dublin, was invited. The guests enjoyed the festivities thoroughly, and dancing was kept up with great spirit till an advanced hour. The music was supplied by Mr J. J. Coates.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. C. and Mrs Carpenter were specially favoured by the weather for their second garden party which took place on Thursday in the beautiful grounds of the Admiralty House, Queenstown. The attendance was very large. At least 500 were present, including the *élite* of Cork and the neighbourhood. Many of the guests came by steamer, and enjoyed their sail down "the pleasant waters of the River Lee," and the picturesque scenery on each side. The Admiralty House and grounds were gaily decorated, and the band of the Flagship Revenge was in attendance.

The Duke of Portland has entertained a distinguished party at Welbeck Abbey for the Doncaster Race Meeting.

The Right Hon. J. T. Ball, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, has left Humewood, where he has been staying with Mr Hume-Dick. The house party includes Mrs Long, Hon. Fred Lawless, Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, Mrs Langrishe, Mrs de Wint, Mrs and Miss Bacon, Mr and Miss Mercer Adam, Mr Long, Mr Ernest Little, and Mr Gilbat Smith.

On the 15th inst. a fashionable dance was given by Mrs Pim's, at her residence, Clondeglass, Mountrath, which was well attended by the gentry in the vicinity. Mr Coates, pianist, supplied the dance music.

The silver wedding of the Earl and Countess of Lonsborough was celebrated on their different estates on Monday. At their Scarborough residence, where they are at present staying, a salute of 21 guns was fired in honour of the event.

The Depot Royal Dublin Fusiliers held their annual sports at Naas on the 15th inst. The weather was perfect, and the attendance both large and fashionable. The band of the regiment came over from the Curragh, and played during the afternoon.

There was a ladies' aquatic polo match at the Sandycove bathing place, on Thursday, the 13th inst. The play, however, was very indifferent; but the costumes of the fair wearers were extremely pretty, and the water nymphs looked very graceful floating on the briny.

H.M.S. Bellesle, Captain the Hon. Richard Hare, left Kingstown Harbour on Friday morning for Carrickfergus Bay, and will be absent about 14 days. On Thursday evening the Bellesle made a trial of her electric search-lights,

which was most completely satisfactory. A very large number of persons were on the East Pier, attracted by the military band and this novel electric exhibition. Every place that the light was flashed on became as bright as day, and not a few funny scenes theretofore enacted in the dark were made light. One of the bluejackets of the Bellesle was discovered sitting on a rock with a sweetheart on each side of him, and this disclosure caused great amusement amongst the crew. The light was then flashed on the West Pier, when many amorous couples were discovered little thinking that their every movement was clearly seen from the deck of the Bellesle. Not a few curious stories might be told of what the electric search-light showed on both piers on Thursday night, but we will not play the role of a detective.

Many pleasant luncheon parties have lately been given on board the Kingstown Guardship by her popular Captain, and those who have enjoyed his hospitality are loud in their praise of the *recherche menu*. With wines of the best vintages, excellent cooking, admirable attendance, and a pleasant host, invitations to these luncheons are much sought after.

The fashionable residents of County Wexford assembled in large numbers a few evenings ago in response to an invitation from the youthful Lady Carew, who gave a charming garden party at Castleborough, the family seat in County Wexford. The attractions were many, and the artistic taste displayed in the whole of the arrangements drew warm encomiums from the high-class company present. The band of the Wexford Regiment played a choice selection of music.

Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, who was shot dead by his Manzema carriers, was the second son of Sir Walter Barttelot, M.P., and was a Major in the 1st Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. He served in the Afghan Campaign, for which he received the medal and clasp, and in the Egyptian Campaign won a similar decoration. He was born in March, 1859.

The Hon. and Rev. Albert Lyttelton, who for some time past has been working as a missionary at the Kimberley Diggings, will have the pleasure of receiving a visit from his sister, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and his brother, the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, who are both on their way to the Cape to see him.

A Spanish general has just left a handsome sum of money to found a refuge for girls. The qualifications of the lady refugees are—first, that they shall be beautiful in face and figure, and, secondly, that they shall be the daughters of military officers. The reason given for the "beautiful" qualification is that in this wicked world beauty is exposed to many more perils than a homely face mounted upon an unsymmetrical figure. We live in hope that some Irish general will do even better than this by founding a refuge for, and leaving marriage portions to, young ladies of respectability, beautiful or plain, who have been deprived by death of their natural protectors.

Irish girls are coming to the front when the highest educational standard is applied. Only

recently we announced that Miss Pakenham Walsh, The Palace, Kilkenny, distinguished herself highly at the late Cambridge Examinations, and it gives us sincere pleasure to learn that this erudite young lady has been appointed to a Scholarship in Newenham College, where she will go into residence next month.

We learn that a gentleman, who was for some time a prominent politician, and who spent some nine months in a Northern prison, is engaged in writing a work on his prison experiences, which may be said, to a certain extent, to controvert some of the assertions lately made against Irish prison treatment. The work will be produced by an eminent London publisher. A large portion of it will deal with "Characters I have met," and some startling revelations will be made relating to the cause of the author's punishment. The work will contain numerous lithographic specimens of handwriting and signatures of persons engaged in prosecuting the author. The work will be of a sensational nature, and may be looked forward to with interest.

The Town Hall, Kingstown, is being re-decorated and made beautiful, and certainly the painter's brush was badly wanted all through the building. It is to be hoped, however, that when balls are given there in the future, more respect may be paid to the walls and cornices than driving nails here, there, and everywhere, for the purpose of hanging decorations. It should be stipulated in all future lettings of the Town Hall for balls, bazaars, etc., that not a nail is to be driven.

Beloved and regretted by a large circle of warmly attached friends, Mrs. Armstrong died at her residence, Elgin Road, on Thursday, the 13th inst., aged 90 years. This venerable lady was the widow of Major William Armstrong, of Farney Castle, County Tipperary, whom she survived fifteen years. Major Armstrong in his youth was a gallant officer of the 19th Light Dragoons. He served during the Peninsular War under the Duke of Wellington, and was present at the battle of Waterloo as aide-de-camp to his distinguished uncle, General Sir John Ormsby Vandeleur, K.C.B.

By the death of Sir Charles Robert Rowley, Bart., which occurred at Tendring Hall on Saturday, at the advanced age of 88 years, the baronetcy now devolves upon his eldest son, Joshua Thelusson, who married the Hon. Louise Helene Brownlow, late Maid of Honour to the Queen, and daughter of the second Lord Lurgan.

Major Darrel Blake, who has been staying with Dr. Ramsay at Torquay, while walking at Babbicombe on Thursday, fell over a cliff 250 feet high into a quarry, and was killed on the spot.

Captain W. F. Bell, 3rd Dragoon Guards, has come home invalided from India, the result of a very serious accident while playing in a polo match.

There is an interesting article entitled "Co-Operative Stores for Ireland," in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is written by the Hon. Horace Curzon, son of Lord Dun-sany.

It is said that the anonymous donor of the munificent sum of £10,000 to the Bristol Cathedral Fund is Lady Frederick Cavendish; this benevolent lady devotes nearly all her time to works of charity, and has especially interested herself in ameliorating the condition of the poor in the East End of London.

The ways of Dublin tramway cars are wonderful. On some of the lines—as, for instance, that running from Bachelor's Walk to Parkgate street—only the initiated can tell how far one may ride for a penny, and the instances are not few in which travellers are mulcted in twopenny fares when a penny one would have sufficed if they had only known where to alight. Their rate of progress, too, is something dreadful, half an hour being usually occupied in doing a couple of miles.

An enterprising pawnbroker in Dublin has hit upon a novel expedient for increasing the list of his customers which marks him as a clever man of business. After each big event in the sporting world he sends out flysheets in envelopes which are delivered by hand in houses in various parts of the city and suburbs, inviting "calls" by those who may require the assistance of "mine uncle," in a temporary way, of course, the utmost privacy observed. We have heard of one instance in which the receipt of a missive of this kind at a residence in Phibsborough, and which was opened by the father of the young man to whom it was addressed, brought about explanations which resulted in an open rupture between parent and son, and in the retirement of the latter from the parental roof.

Pawnbrokers should know better than this. If they wish to advertise the fact that they are prepared to accommodate the impecunious with loans in consideration of value received, the public newspapers are open to them, and this means of publicity should be amply sufficient, as those who unfortunately require their aid can quickly find them; but the taste is questionable which directs the distribution of announcements of this kind at respectable private residences in which lively young gentlemen of sporting proclivities form part of the family—particularly after a St. Leger.

A very curious craze in fashion has just arisen in a fancy on the part of some for underclothing as well as sheets and pillow cases, made of soft black silk. It is so funereal and grim-looking that at present it is a very "exclusive" fad. Historically speaking, it is not at all a new idea, for at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries the ladies of Florence were seized with a mania for the suits and trappings of woe, and wore black to their very skins, and ornaments of black enamelled silver, consisting of skulls and cross-bones.

Catherine de Medici, when she became a widow, ordered a mourning bed, and Monsieur de Bonaffe, who has collected a wealth of curious information regarding this Queen, describes it thus:—"The bed was of black velvet, embroidered with pearls, powdered with crescents and suns; a footboard, headboard, nine valences, and coverlet of state, similarly bedecked with crescents and suns; three damask curtains, with leafy wreaths and garlands, figured upon gold

and silver ground, and fringed along the edges with broderies of pearls." This somewhat dismal couch stood in a room whose walls were hung with cloth of silver adorned with the Queen's monograms and devices in cut black velvet, while the dressingroom to correspond was hung with black satin and white gimp ornaments.

In latter years the Empress Eugenie indulged in a similar eccentricity by way of contrast, it was supposed, to her dazzling skin. It is not many months since quite a fierce discussion raged in the Parisian papers over black corsets *versus* white or coloured.

We are asked by J. Dallas Pratt, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., Assistant Hon. Secretary to the City of Dublin Nursing Institution, in connection with the City of Dublin Hospital, to correct a statement which appeared in our issue of the 8th inst. to the effect that "The Red Cross Home, 87 Harcourt street, is the only institution in the United Kingdom where ladies by birth anxious to become hospital nurses are trained."

Surgeon Pratt assures us—and we readily make the correction at his request—that the City of Dublin Nursing Institution has for several years received "lady probationers," and has been largely engaged in the work of training ladies, who, during their probation, are employed in nursing the poor in the City of Dublin Hospital. Miss Fitzgerald, the lady manager of the institution, received a year's training there, and many others of its nurses are, we are assured on the same excellent authority, engaged in Ireland, England, and in foreign countries in like good work.

Mrs N. R. Kirkpatrick, of Donacomper, Celbridge, gave a fashionable ball at her residence recently, which was a marked success. Among the company present were—Colonel and Mrs Dease, Miss Dease, and Mr W. Dease; Sir W. Throgmorton, Captain and Mrs Maunsell, Mr and Mrs Brooke and party, Mr and Mrs J. Tuthill and the Misses Tuthill, Captain and Mrs Sherrard, &c.

A few evenings since Lady de Vesci, who is greatly esteemed by the poor of her neighbourhood, gave the children of Abbeylax Workhouse their annual treat in the beautiful pleasure grounds of the family demesne. This is an event looked for with longing eyes, and, as the day was exceptionally fine, the children thoroughly enjoyed the good things lavishly provided. Athletic sports and games of various kinds were kept up with spirit until the approach of darkness put an end to the joyous scene. As might be expected, the heartiest of cheers were given for Lord and Lady de Vesci, the Hon. Mrs and Miss Vesey, and the other ladies and gentlemen who assisted her ladyship in carrying out the interesting proceedings.

Lovers of lawn tennis have just enjoyed a carnival at Killeen Demesne, the Queen's County residence of Captain Kemmis, the tournament extending over a couple of days. Spectators were numerous, and great interest was felt in the varying fortunes of the players. The weather was everything that could be desired, and the company were much gratified by the splendid exhibitions of skill displayed.

The whole arrangements were carried out splendidly by a committee consisting of the Mayor of Sligo, Mr Wynne, D.L.; Mr W. R. Lenton, Sir Henry Gore Booth, D.L.; Captain Moyser, R.M.; Mr R. T. Vernon, Mr J. W. Sedley, Mr James B. Pettigrew, Mr R. B. McNully, Mr Robert Pettigrew, Mr P. MacArthur and Mr Gilroy. Surgeon Palmer, 8th Brigade North Irish Artillery, acted as Judge and discharged his difficult duties to the entire satisfaction of the contestants and the company.

Several matches were arranged and played out after the challenge for the second prize had been finished, the result of which was that Mr Bland and Miss Cosby, plus 15, beat Mr Fitzgerald and Miss Armstrong, plus 15, 6-2, 6-2. The match was splendidly fought out, but the excitement which was visible in all the other events appeared to be absent, as the general opinion ran strongly in favour of Mr Bland and Miss Cosby, who succeeded in proving their right to the prize. With scarcely an exception, all the other events of the day were admirably contested. The game is very popular in the district.

Mrs Murphy, of 58 Northumberland road, gave a most enjoyable ball at her residence a short time since, when the company attending was numerous and fashionable. Mr J. J. Coates was the pianist, and gave much satisfaction.

Sir Wilfred Lawson and his son are at present sojourning in County Clare. We presume the facetious baronet is on a political tour.

The death of Mrs Massy, of Caherdown, Listowel, an estimable and highly-respected lady, has occasioned the greatest regret amongst the inhabitants of Listowel and its vicinity. During a twelve years' residence in Listowel the deceased lady endeared herself to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and secured for herself in a remarkable degree the esteem and regard of all those with whom she was brought in contact. The poor of the neighbourhood were the especial objects of her care and solicitude, and many an humble home was brightened and many a sick patient relieved and comforted by her kind presence and charitable gifts.

Recently the Town Hall of Limavady was the scene of successful theatricals performed by amateurs under the patronage of Hon. Mrs Macausland, Dreenagh. The pieces selected for representation were "Popping the Question" and "Our Boys." In the former charming comedy the characters were sustained by Miss Olphert, Miss A. Olphert (Urney), Miss Humphreys (Stabane), Mr M'Carthy, D.L., R.I.C.; and Mr Alfred Olphert. The sparkling little play was performed in a manner which would have done credit to any stage in the Kingdom. "Our Boys," identified as it is with some of the best known names in the theatrical world, was an ambitious attempt for amateurs, but the performance left but little to be desired. The male characters were represented by Mr Olphert, Mr M'Carthy, Mr George Smith, and Mr H. Haydon, whilst the ladies' parts were filled by Miss Macausland, Miss F. C. Armstrong, Miss Ella Greer, and Miss Lucia Macausland.

The columns of a daily contemporary have been judiciously opened for the ventilation of a serious grievance respecting the widespread destruction of game throughout the country by the holders of ten-shilling licenses. We believe the complaint to be well-founded, and are not at all surprised to learn that holders of game licences are becoming alive to the necessity of protecting their own interests in this respect.

Mr Magill Martyn, who is at present taking the leading part in the realistic drama, "The Diver's Luck," just now on the boards of the Queen's Theatre in Brunswick street, is a native of Dublin. Mr Martyn's success on the stage has been very conspicuous.

On Monday afternoon the Earl and Countess of Meath, with their usual foresight and generosity, entertained the children attending the Sunday schools of the parish of Rathdrum. The beautiful gardens and grounds of the Rectory were placed at the disposal of her ladyship, who, assisted by Rev. Wyndham and Miss Guinness, entertained the little ones with tea and cake. A number of races and other amusements were then instituted, and the children thoroughly enjoyed themselves. On Saturday the Earl and Countess gave a party at Copse House to the children attending No. 2 National School, Rathdrum. The Rev. Mr and Miss Guinness, the Misses Potter, Mr Barnes, Mr Spears, Miss Lord, and others were present.

Davy Stephens met a great many old racing friends at Baldoyle, whither he drove on Tuesday. As usual, Davy "spotted" a few winners, and returned to the Metropolis heavy in pocket, and, if possible, lighter of heart.

The shores of Great Britain and Ireland have been invaded, not by a foreign enemy, but by a friendly neighbour from the other side of the Atlantic. This time it is an insurance company—the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, which seeks our money and our lives, and claiming to have assets of over £25,000,000 sterling for the benefit of its policy holders. As a doubt existed in our minds whether this vast sum was sterling or American dollars, we called upon the agent of the company in Dublin, Mr J. C. De Voy, for information relating thereto, who satisfied us beyond peradventure that the accumulative funds of his company was over £25,000,000 (pounds sterling), and he referred us to the Bank of England as a verification of this fact, which at once removed our doubts as well as any existing in the minds of the most sceptical.

A Dutch paper announces the death of the wonderful boy pianist, Joseph Hofmann, who made such a sensation in this country but a few months ago. If the announcement be true it will be a great feather in the cap of the people in England, but especially of those in the United States, who predicted that the poor lad was done to death. Anyhow the world will have lost a probable great master, although little was known as to his creative abilities, and his parents will probably regret having killed "the goose that laid the golden eggs."

"Three Ladies from Bray" will receive attention next week.

Mrs Edward Smith on her return to Bellamont Forest, Cootehill, after an absence of many years, gave her first ball on Wednesday last which was in every way a great success. Over a hundred guests were present, many coming from long distances. Dancing to the music of the Gasparro Brothers was kept up with great spirit long after the pale sunshine of early morning came stealing in to dim the dazzling lights of the magnificent drawingroom. Often in days gone by, this grand old mansion—once the historic seat of the Cootes, Earls of Bellamont—was the scene of many a brilliant festive gathering. The decorations for the occasion were chiefly in pale grey and white, richly and tastefully blended, harmonising with many of the ladies' handsome costumes. The place is still to be seen where hung Sir Joshua Reynold's celebrated painting of the last Earl—Charlie Coote—that good-natured, handsome, mad-cap scamp, who broke fair hearts by the score, and by his side, his lovely wife, who by some accounts, took lenient views of his gallantries, loving him all the while. Mrs Smith has much reason to be satisfied with the success of her dance, now-a-days rather a risky venture in remote country places, and it is pleasant to hear she intends living permanently in Bellamont on her return from abroad in spring.

Apart from the coursing in Lord Kilmorey's demesne, the many natural beauties of the district about Rostrevor would amply repay a visit to Mourne Park, where the first coursing meeting of the season was wound up most successfully on Friday. Despite the attractions at Doncaster, a large number of sportsmen from the other side of the Channel put in an appearance, and with a decided increase in the amount of public support awarded the *reunion*, it would seem that the latter has now reached the turning point in its fortunes.

Let us hope that such will prove the case, and of one thing we may rest assured, that nothing that the noble lord of the soil can do will be wanting to contribute to this end. Amongst the entries were some of the fastest greyhounds in the United Kingdom; but, as is frequently the case at this resort, upsets of hot favourites were not of infrequent occurrence, a notable case in point being when Colonel North's Jock Scott, with odds of 5 and 6 to 1 laid on him, was beaten by the smooth-running Phyllis II.

We have heard that arrangements are in progress for securing the presence of Professor Baldwin in Dublin, where he will astonish the natives by a few of his terrific leaps from the clouds. It is said that the *entrepreneur* who will bring him here is Mr James Dillon. This gentleman's liberality and great public spirit in matters of this kind are well recognised here, the citizens generally remembering that to his agency they have been indebted from time to time for a sight of many of the greatest novelties of the day.

But if Mr Dillon succeeds in capturing him for the Irish metropolis, where would the daring feats be attempted? We are just in the position of having too many places suitable for an exhibition of this kind, though the site which

would contain the greatest number of people would be selected, as in this case the "gate-money" would be the great consideration. Ball's Bridge seems to be the spot. Fifty thousand or more people could easily be accommodated within the enclosure, and in nearly all directions the daring aeronaut would find soft places in which to land with his parachute. We hope Mr Dillon may succeed in bringing the Professor here.

Howth is not improving one way or the other, and we are sorry for the pretty but neglected little nook by the sea. Visitors have not patronised it to anything like the extent anticipated in the summer season, and those having houses or apartments to let there have had but a sorry time of it since June last. The stepmotherly affection of the railway people deterred many from taking up their abode in Howth at a time when residences on the Southern shores of the bay were filled; and now, owing to the lethargy of the Government and their able coadjutors at the Irish Board of Works, the winter fishing season of the port is foredoomed to sure and certain failure. A spasmodic attempt is being made to deepen the entrance to the harbour between the East and West Piers, so as to enable the fishing luggers to pass in and out; but the effort is only making confusion worse confounded.

A two days' regatta has just come to a conclusion on the picturesque waters of Lough Gill, County Sligo. This highly-favoured spot in a natural sense, appropriately called the "Killarney of the West," looked superb on the occasion, the weather being clear and warm—in fact, everything that the most ardent lover of aquatics could desire. The beautiful grounds of Hazlewood, the residence of Mr Owen Wynne, D.L., are just now clothed in their autumnal colours, and on all sides the views were enchanting, and such as it would be difficult to rival.

Josef Aldbrecher is a native of Munich, the pretty capital of Bavaria; but he is at the same time a naturalised British subject, and has resided for the last ten years in Dublin, where his form is familiar to many residents on the North Strand Road, this being the quarter of the city in which he has made his home. There is nothing very remarkable in this, any more than in the circumstances that Josef is generally regarded by those who know him as a "fine strapping fellow" and a gentlemanly one to boot, and in his own "set" he has been a prime favourite for ever so many years.

Now the true story which follows will interest many in Dublin, who may not as yet have heard that an interesting law suit is in preparation, in which Josef will form one of two leading actors, the other being a lady, who is the plaintiff, and whose identity will readily occur to many when the name of Herr Aldbrecher is mentioned in connexion. Michaelmas Sittings commence in the Law Courts on the 2nd November, and unless a settlement be arrived at, the *Legal Diary* about that time will contain a line informing all whom it may concern that an action for breach of promise is listed by the lady's father, Mr ———, against Herr Josef Aldbrecher, painter and musician—damages £1,000.

Although the case may be regarded as *sub*

judice in a general way, the writ being prepared but not yet actually served, we feel that we can safely give a brief outline of the circumstances which will be detailed by the lady in court when the time arrives. The residence of the plaintiff lies between Amiens street station and Annesley Bridge, and the young lady, who is the eldest of several sisters, has only recently completed her twenty-first birthday. She has received a superior education, and is an accomplished pianist and vocalist. Herr Josef met her at the house of a mutual friend, and the introduction which followed rapidly ripened into esteem, and esteem into love.

This was three years ago, and with the full consent of the young lady's family an engagement of marriage was entered into between the pair, the date of the ceremony being fixed for the birthday referred to. In May last there was a picnic party organised to Powerscourt, and at that *fete* Herr Josef would appear to have become enamoured of another young lady, and to have utterly neglected his *fiance*, who naturally felt wounded and hurt. From that day forward he was never seen at the house on the North Strand, and he capped the climax of his perfidy by marrying the second young *demoiselle*. His letters to his first love form a pile of the most gushing love literature, and they will prove most interesting reading in court.

We are, it appears to have another visit in Dublin from "Sir Roger," whose last appearance here two years ago gathered some of the largest audiences on record. He is now "starring" it in Liverpool in connection with Colonel Grover's panorama of America, and is drawing immensely in the Mersey city. Of course he is endeavouring to convince the public that he is really and truly what he professes to be, and that he has been the victim of a most cruel and foul conspiracy. "Sir Roger" has many warm adherents in Liverpool, and even here he is not without believers. The exhibition will, we understand, be held in the Leinster Hall in the course of three weeks.

Everyone will be glad to know that the Irish Home Industries Association, whose headquarters are in Dawson street, and for which so much has been done by Miss Augusta Jane Gould, has at last succeeded in obtaining a stall in the principal part of the Old Marketplace at Olympia.

Mr Joseph Foley has just completed the arrangements, and he will have a highly capable superintendent in Miss Crosbie, who is well known in connexion with women's industries in Ireland. The goods which pass through the hands of the Association in Dublin, collected from all parts of the country, will be disposed of at the Old Marketplace on the most advantageous terms, a small percentage being deducted to meet the expenses incidental to the stall. There is now almost a certainty that the Exhibition will remain open for the greater part of the winter, and advices from that quarter mention that stand owners are doing a brisk business with their multifarious wares.

There has just passed away a man whose name was known and honoured the wide world over—Richard Anthony Proctor, the greatest of Eng-

lish astronomers. Among the numerous scientific works which he has left behind him is one which will long keep his memory fresh and green among the educated classes, this being the famous "Other Worlds than Ours," which will for ages continue to charm all to whom a study of the heavens is a pleasure. Mr Proctor died in New York on his way to England, and in this city there are hundreds who remember with delight the thrilling series of afternoon scientific lectures delivered by the lamented astronomer in Kildare street, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society.

Charley Sugden, well known to Dublin theatre goers, has unhappily "dropped on an evil hour" at the other side of the Channel, and for the next three weeks will have practical and personal experience of that prison life which he has been for a considerable time exemplifying on the stage. Mr Justice Denman has just consigned master Charley to "Limbo" for the period specified, his offence having been the breaking of an injunction of the court restraining him from playing in "The Ticket-of-leave Man" at the Olympic Theatre, London. He will probably be in a position to add some original touches to this interesting character when he emerges from his prison cell to the air of freedom.

What can Michael Lawlor, of Christchurch place, have wanted with four dental forceps which he was charged before Mr Woodlock with stealing from the Meath Hospital? Michael is a tailor by trade, and being in the healing institution for repairs to his broken ribs, he "sighted" the forceps and appropriated them—at least it is so alleged, and he has been remanded on the charge. There is a possibility that Mr Lawlor had been attending the recent *seances* of the Indian doctor in Great Brunswick street, and it is not unlikely that, fired by the success in a financial sense which followed that gentleman's operations in the extraction of molars, he may have had visions of fortune from practice with the forceps; but Justice has unkindly interfered, with the result that Michael's dental experiments are indefinitely postponed.

For the second year in succession Captain Matchell has won the St. Leger for a patron of his stable. Last season the gallant sportsman secured the "Selling" with the Irish-bred Kilwarlin, and this time Seabreeze defeated the Derby and Guineas winner, who was the general fancy of the "talent." At the same time the great majority of the betting fraternity were winners by the victory of Seabreeze, and a good deal of money has been netted in Dublin over the event.

When rumours of something being amiss with Ayrshire were thick in the air, the Oaks heroine became the medium of heavy investments. In winning the St Leger in the shortest time on record, Seabreeze has achieved a remarkable performance, as the ground was hard. Orbit, the Eclipse Stakes winner, ran wretchedly, and a good deal of money was lost by backers of this horse.

A new Irish industry is mooted in London, this being the cultivation of beet, for which the soil of the county is admirably adapted; but while there is nothing particularly new in this

idea, there certainly is something catching in the proposal to follow up the growth of beet by the manufacture of sugar. By all means let us make trial of this industry, which only requires the erection of mills and refineries to ensure success in a financial way. The prospects of sugar manufacture in Ireland would now be much improved, inasmuch as by the arrangements entered into at the Congress a couple of weeks ago, European States will be precluded from paying a bounty on the export of this article.

The Beauty Show at Spa was an interesting exhibition. According to the accounts telegraphed to the daily papers numbers of English ladies went over and stood well in point of beauty with some of the Continental competitors. It is melancholy, however, to think that many once happy homes will be desolate as the result of the Spa beauty show. Already the unfortunate husband of a lovely wife who entered the arena has commenced proceedings in a divorce suit. A well-to-do merchant at Rotterdam was implored by his wife to allow her to take part in the competition, but the husband was obdurate, and locked up the fair lady in her chamber, with the result that, aided by her maid, she escaped through the window, and at once made her way to Spa. The husband now wants a divorce for incompatibility of temper, and so on. We can see no practical good in such competitions; but we suppose ladies who really think much of their facial charms will not agree with us.

However, it is a pity that in reverting to an ancient social type the managers have not followed the logical system of the Babylonian marriage-market and awarded the money prizes in inverse ratio to the beauty of the competitors. The winner of the prize would, we are sure, be content with a handsomely-illuminated testimonial to the effect that she was the most beautiful woman in Europe in 1888, which she might frame and hang up in her drawingroom. On the other hand, the money would materially improve the matrimonial chance of the less favoured maidens. Perhaps some such arrangement may suggest itself to the managers of future exhibitions.

A correspondent has favoured us with the particulars of a most romantic and interesting story. A number of years ago there resided in Dublin a young tutor who had two pupils to whom he was much attached—one living on the south side, the other on the north. The tutor was specially fond of the boy, and kept his portrait in a locket which he subsequently showed to the little girl. Frequently she would ask him about his young friend, and the tutor in the course of her childish prattle playfully betrothed them one to the other. He finally gave her a locket to wear, and in a pretty way interested each child in the other. The young lad used to talk of the girl as his little "wife," and the little girl used to talk of him as her little "husband." But they were not brought together, and the tutor's only legacy when he was found drowned was the locket which the girl wore.

Now comes the strange part of it. A few months ago a man and his wife were travelling abroad. One day in their chamber in Paris the latter, in looking over a jewellery box, carelessly

displayed the keepsake locket to the husband. He immediately exclaimed, "Why, where did you get this? This is a picture of myself. I gave it to my tutor when I was a boy." The surprising explanations which followed can be readily imagined.

We notice that the old established firm of Lemon and Co, of Sackville street, have opened a branch of their business at 4 South Great George's street. Passers by the confit manufactory in Sackville street must often have noticed the large label in the window intimating that that establishment had no connection with any other in the city. This placard has now become a thing of the past, and we hope a measure of success will attend this new departure. Of one thing we are certain—viz., that the quality of their well-known and highly appreciated confectionery will know no depreciation. We wish the firm prosperity in their branch quarters.

Miss Helen Gladstone told a charming anecdote of the "Sweet girl graduates" of Newnham at Wrexham last week. She said she recollected when she was a student at Newnham a motion being brought before the debating society, and carried by a large majority, that life without gossip was not worth having. Myriads of ladies will, we are sure, be found ready to support the motion of the girl graduates.

We wonder how many of our readers with defective memories have tried Professor Loissette's System, an advertisement of which has been appearing in our columns for some time past. This Memory System has recently been the theme of a suit in the New York Supreme Court, where on the application of Nelson Smith and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Chief Justice Van Brunt granted an injunction in favour of Professor Loissette, restraining George D. Fellows from publishing his Memory System perpetual. Dr. William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of a work on Psychology, and several other Professors, testified that Professor Loissette's System was *original*, being a new departure in the education of the memory. The Court ordered Fellows to deliver to Professor Loissette the stereotype plates and all the books in his control. Over nine thousand copies of the pirated edition have since been delivered up.

Lord Dufferin has completed and taken possession of the new Viceregal Lodge built by him on the top of a Himalayan peak at Simla. It was very much needed, the Viceroys having been hitherto compelled to occupy at Simla a cottage so small and ill-placed as to be quite unwholesome. The site of the new edifice was chosen some years ago by Lord Lytton, who showed much engineering skill in the selecting and preparing of it, as the top of a conical hill, commanding a magnificent view, had to be levelled. The long deferred project has been carried out by Lord Dufferin with much taste and judgment. The building is a single plain Elizabethan house, like the residence of an English country squire. It contains besides the necessary accommodation for the Viceroy, his family and suite, a good diningroom, a large and a small drawingroom, and a ballroom of fair proportions, fitting for the entertainments which the Viceroys are expected to give from time to time during their residence in the hills.

SERIAL STORY

PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

SOME OF THE SCUM.

"Stop a moment," said Ryan, clutching him again as he turned away, and speaking in a choking voice. "Look here, sir, I never did you any harm. That old woman up there—throwing his hand back to indicate the Close—"she's my mother, and I'm the only help she has. You wouldn't go and deprive a poor chap of his work, would you? Look here, sir, I don't beg to any man; but you wouldn't like to see your mother go into the poorhouse, would you?"

"But I haven't got a mother," replied Mannix.

"Well, anyhow don't go and deprive my mother of my help," said Ryan, almost piteously. "I know you don't like me. But I do my work, and I'll be back to-morrow if I die for it. Say nothing to Mr Fitzgerald; that's all I ask. Don't make a story of my being walking about. Let a man live."

"Ryan," replied Mr Mannix, "you accuse me of personal animosity. You are wrong. My duty tells me to state simply what I know. I can do no more, I can do no less. Now, excuse me. You are attracting attention. Good day."

Standing irresolutely on the footway, nervously shutting and opening his hands, Tim Ryan watched the tall hat and umbrella disappear down the street. Then, with a bent, dejected face, he slowly walked back. The shaggy-haired man named Joe was still balancing himself on the kerbstone. When he saw his comrade, Joe stopped picking his teeth with the clasp knife and affectionately fingered the edge of the blade.

"Well, what's up?" he said as Tim approached. "Anyone been hittin' you? You looked as if you got kicked."

"I'm all right, Joe," said Ryan, shaking himself. "Well, it's time for me to be going home. What are you going to do?"

Joe shut up his clasp knife, slid it into his pocket, and drew his sleeve across his mouth.

"I'm going to do a double-shuffle here till Jim comes. That's all."

"I'll say good-bye, then," remarked Tim. "If anything turns up let me know."

"Oh, begor," said Joe, as the other turned to go, "you're bound to hear; there's not a doubt o' that."

When Tim Ryan slowly entered his home his mother, who was busy frying a rasher for his tea, turned her face round as she stooped over the cackling pan.

"Welcome back, Tim achusla. Who was here do you think?"

"Well, mother?"

Tim sat down on one of the incurable chairs and stared vacantly towards the fire.

"Mr Mannix, from the office," said Mrs Ryan, taking the pan from the fire, and turning the rasher with a fork.

"Oh, he's a real nice gentleman. Think of his comin' out of his way, now, to see how you were, Tim. I never knew anyone thinks so highly of you."

"Ay, ay, mother," remarked Tim, gloomily.

"He thinks there's no one like you," said Mrs Ryan, spreading a cloth on the tea-table. "He's a real good

man, though, be the same token, he's a Protestant. But shure, there's no harm in goin' to heaven his own way. I'm thinkin, Tim, from the way he spoke of you, he's minded to get a rise in your wages. I wouldn't put it past him, he's that disposed towards you."

"Mother," said Tim, rising wearily, "don't mind any tea for me to-night. I'm not hungry."

"Not hungry?" exclaimed Mrs Ryan, staring aghast across the table.

"No," replied Tim, in a choked voice. "Take some yourself, mother. I think I'd like to sleep a bit."

"Oh, Tim, alanna," wailed his mother, sitting down beside the table, and rocking herself, "do try and take a bite for your old mother's sake. Do, child, if it's only a weeny pick. You want something, Tim."

Standing at the entrance to his little room, Tim turned round to say—

"I couldn't ate bite or sup, mother, if you gave me a hundred pound. Let me be. I'll be hungry enough in the morning, I daresay."

He went in, and closed the door. Mrs Ryan sat rocking herself in the chair, and wringing her hands, moaning—

"Oh, what's come over me boy? What's the matter with him? To think he hasn't tasted bite or sup these three days, and him so ill. Oh, God be good to him, and keep him with his poor old mother! Shure I couldn't live to folly me own child to the grave. Oh, Tim, avic, what's come over you, at all?"

The rasher lay untasted on the pan beside the fire, the tea unmade, and Mrs Ryan still sat wringing her hands as the night darkened down on Golden Close, and, little by little, the feeble lights of the tenement houses appeared, faintly illuminating the dirt-covered windows. When she rose, the fire was a heap of glowing ashes. She closed the window, and walking softly towards Tim's room, gently opened the door, and looked in.

There, in the faint light, she saw him kneeling beside his little bed, and his arms stretched out across the clothes. His face was buried on his arms, but she could hear him feverishly muttering his prayers.

"Tim," she said, softly, "Tim, me darlin' boy!"

She stood in the doorway, afraid to advance lest she might startle him. Wrapt in his devotions, he was unaware of her presence. She advanced, and, laying her hand tenderly on his shoulder, said, in trembling tones—

"Tim, darlint, won't you take a cup o' tea?"

He started so suddenly to his feet, that she fell back against the wall. With his arm raised above his head, he cried—

"Not for me, but the cause. Oh, God, let the time come quickly!"

Never had she seen his eyes so wild and bright, his hair so tossed, his face so white. This much she noted in the dim light from the little window, as she crouched, momentarily terrified, against the wall.

"Oh, Tim, it's only me, your poor old mother. Tim, avic," shaking him, as he stood staring into space.

"Tim, spake to me. Oh, my God, what's come to my poor child? Tim, Tim! It's me, your mother!"

The consciousness returned to his dilated eyes, the hands dropped nerveless to his side, he looked stupidly at her for several moments, and muttered—

"No, mother. Let me be. I want nothing. I'll go to bed. I'm all right."

"Oh, Tim, avic, you set the heart across me. Were you dhramin', my boy?"

"Yes, dreamin', mother. Never mind me. It's all over, now."

Shaking her head slowly from side to side, whilst the tears ran down her cheeks, Mrs Ryan returned to her own room. She sat down beside the window, looking out at the stars which appeared at the limited supply of sky which roofed the Close.

She heard him shut his door and get to bed. Then, after some time, she knew by his breathing that he was asleep. Once again she stole into his room, and very gently bent over the bed, and kissed him. The moon shone in through the little window directly on his face, and his features, softened in slumber, resembled those of his childhood when she nursed him on her knee.

"He looks so quiet," she whispered to herself, as she stood proudly watching him. "If ever there was a saint on earth it's my Tim lyin' there. Oh, darlin' may God spare you long, for you are the blood of your poor old mother's heart."

When she returned to her seat beside the window without, it was with a more peaceful feeling.

The thunder of traffic had ceased. The city, with its twinkling lamps and window lights, seemed to slumber

after a day of work, and Golden Close was undisturbed by a solitary sound, as Mrs Ryan, in the hours of early dawn, crept noiselessly into bed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MENTAL ABYSS.

"DON'T speak to me!" exclaimed Oscar Munro, coming suddenly into Gordon's room one morning and opening the piano. "An idea!"

He began to play. Gordon, who had finished breakfast, was standing, looking out of the window and lazily picking his teeth.

On the breakfast table lay several letters with blue envelopes, some of them torn roughly across, and a morning newspaper. It was a week since they had wheeled to Dalkey. Whilst Oscar developed his musical inspiration on the keyboard, Gordon, having put up his toothpick, drummed impatiently on the window pane. He had furrowed brow, lowered eyelids and was not attired with his customary taste, in fact, was dressed slovenly and had several days' growth of beard on his chin and throat. Helen, the servant maid, who was retiring with the tray of breakfast things, started with a look of terror she turned round suddenly and looked at her. She retired backward with her eyes fearfully fixed on his, until she closed the door.

"Well, what do you think of it?" exclaimed Oscar, wheeling round on the stool, his face alight with inspiration. "Confess I have succeeded at last?"

"I was not listening to it," returned Gordon. "I am sick of music."

"Sick of music? Oh, come!"

"Of music and musicians," said Gordon, drumming still on the window pane. "I wish they were all to the devil."

"Indigestion" muttered Oscar, anxiously contemplating his friend.

"I think" observed Gordon turning, and seating himself on the window sill, his hands in his pockets, "the craze for culture is one of the most idiotic. We are all animals, there is no mistake about it. I don't care if a man or woman is cultured as high as the seventh heaven, her feet are deep in the clay; and she is an animal to the end of her days."

"Who's the she?" inquired Oscar dubiously regarding the stern face opposite.

"Any she. I tell you they are all animals, the handsomest and the most cultured, as much animals as that dog out there on the road."

"Oh, unhappy woman!" exclaimed Oscar, looking up at the ceiling. "Why were you ever born?"

"To curse the earth" returned Gordon. "You are one of those men who are always dangling after women. You have fine notions about the beauty of their minds, and all that. Why, the foundation of your sublime apotheosis is the craving that you share with that same dog out there."

"Oh, come," said Oscar turning to the piano, and running his fingers lightly down the keys. "You have had a stale egg for breakfast, Gordon. I assure you, the effects will pass away in an hour. Don't talk, and I'll play you into a good temper."

Delicately as the thrill of semitones sounded under the agile fingers, and cheerful though the spirit of the sprightly rondo, it did not elevate Gordon's tone, or smooth the furrows out of his forehead.

Oscar when he had finished looked round with his ingenuous smile, and said:

"How is your pulse now?"

The sun had been shining between Gordon's shoulders and he had pulled down the blind, involving the room in an artificial twilight.

"Is your love with Adelaide Denison progressing?" he asked abruptly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Oscar fiercely, yet playing.

"My dear fellow," said Gordon "you are only a child. You cannot conceal your sentiments from me. She, too, looks on you as a child. You are not man enough for her. I am surprised that you waste your time with such a woman."

"Such a woman?" retorted Oscar.

"She's related to Mrs Jerry Fitzgerald, isn't she?" said Gordon. "You can't touch pitch without being defiled. You are indignant at a suggestion of shadiness in your pure Adelaide. My dear boy you are really not fit for this world. You should have a little enchanted island of your own, with a copy of Beethoven's sonatas. You don't understand society."

"I don't understand your society just at present," said Oscar. "I am not straitlaced, but I must ask you not to discuss Miss Denison in that manner."

"Why, she's public property, isn't she? What is it to the stones you'll hear about her when she goes on the

stage? Do you think she is going on the stage for the love of art? Love of rubbish! The woman hungers after a life that won't be bounded by the conventional moralities of society."

"That will do, Gordon. You are not yourself," said Oscar, rising angrily. "You are dreaming."

Gordon laughed loudly. "Poor boy," he said, "it is you who are dreaming. Have you never noticed the peculiarly close friendship between that old sinner, Henrikson, and your immaculate Adelaide? These music masters have a great field. They can take little liberties you or I dare not venture on. Imagine old Henrikson's crooked fingers arranging Adelaide's face in the proper position for singing. Ha! ha!"

"Gordon, I have heard enough. Don't," exclaimed Oscar, with tears of passion in his eyes, "don't utter another word. You don't know what you are saying. You are in a vile mood. Keep it quiet, man; let it die out. Don't expose yourself."

With his eyes dreamily half closed Gordon smiled, and quietly stroked his moustache.

"Poor young man," said he, "how nice to have such high notions about women. Adelaide Denison is an angel, isn't she?"

"No. She is a lady."

"Yes. A lady is an elastic term. Some persons call Jerry Fitzgerald a lady; and Adelaide, being a cousin of Jerry's, must be a lady also—"

The face of Oscar Munro was red with passion, his eyes blinded with scalding tears. As he hurried to leave the room, he stumbled over Gordon's legs, which were stretched out as if to trip him.

"Hullo," cried Gordon, standing up, "what did you strike me for?"

"I didn't strike you," exclaimed Oscar with dilated eyes, backing against the door.

"You lie!" cried Gordon, seizing him by the throat.

"You want to force a quarrel, do you?"

"Let me go, Gordon," shrieked Oscar, "you are strangling me. Help!"

There was something terrible in the deadly quietude with which Gordon pressed his hands on the other's throat and forced his victim down. Oscar's face was purple with semi-strangulation; but the face of the other man was strained and white, the colourless lips drawn back, exposing both rows of clenched teeth, the eyes glittering with wolfish hunger. A moment's terrific struggle, and Oscar was up, wildly striking at the white face, and shrieking—

"Coward! Help! Murder!"

With one blow Gordon struck him, and Oscar staggered down, striking his face against the edge of the table. As Gordon, grinning horribly, advanced on him, the door was flung open, and Helen screamed—

"Oh, come in, sir, quick! Your friend will be murdered. I knew he'd do it some day. Oh, hurry, sir!"

"What's this?" shouted old Mr Henrikson. "Good God, what's all this?"

"That ruffian," cried Oscar incoherently, springing to his feet and dashing at Gordon. "Defame Miss Denison. Help! Kill him! Crush him out of the world. No, sir—do not hold me. Let me go. Ah!" yelled Oscar, snatching at the air as old Mr Henrikson held him back from Gordon who now stood white and smiling, leaning on the back of a chair. "Ah, dog; I know you now. Come on. Let me go Mr Henrikson. He attacked me first. I shall kill him!"

"Silence, sir!" exclaimed Mr Henrikson. "How dare you struggle with me? Are you two artisans to battle like dogs? Come away with me, Oscar Munro, or by heaven, I shall strike you myself!"

Oscar suddenly collapsed, limp and helpless, in the old man's arms.

"Take me away," he moaned. "Oh, God, what have I seen? That man—that educated, polished man turned into a wild beast. Take me away Mr Henrikson. Let me never see him again."

"Sir," said Mr Henrikson, turning as he went away, his arm round Oscar's shoulders, and facing the smiling white face. "I shall require an explanation of this from you."

Gordon nodded, and grinned, without changing his position. When the hall door was closed he suddenly went to the doorway, and called out:

"Helen! Helen, I say!"

She did not appear until he had called her several times menacingly. Then she came shivering up the passage and entered the room, he closing the door behind her.

"Now then," he exclaimed, "why did you let that old ruffian in?"

The girl shrank from him with a hysteric jerking of her hands. He stood straight before her, his face advanced, his hands behind his back.

"Don't you hear me? Why did you let him in?"

"Because—because—oh, God! Do not look at me like that. You would have murdered Mr Munro."

"Do you think so?" asked Gordon, eagerly. "I heard you say I'd do it some day. Do what? What do you mean? Do I frighten you? By heaven, I might strangle you too."

"No, no," cried Helen, falling on her knees before him, and stretching up her hands; "you will not. Do not let it conquer you. It is coming over you again, that black—that black—that—"

"What black, you confounded idiot?" said Gordon, looking down into her terrified face.

She brushed her hand before her eyes, and looked up at him again.

"That black thing—which will destroy you. Oh, do not encourage it!"

"If you hadn't interfered," said Gordon, smiling down at her, "I might have done it. To feel the wind-pipe giving way—the pressure, and the mouth opening. Quick, make your escape. Now!"

She jumped to her feet in wild terror. He seized her by the shoulders, swayed her once or twice from side to side, then thrust her away, and laughed.

"Helen," he said, dropping into a chair, "get me my boots."

He spoke in his ordinary tones, and looked wearily out of the window.

"Yes, sir," said Helen.

She paused at the door, and looked yearningly back at him.

"I won't have it," he said, turning abruptly towards her and waving his hand. "It is over. There shall be no more of this. Helen, my boots."

She went out, brought him his boots, and returned to her own room behind the kitchen, where, on her bed, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STAIN OF HEREDITY.

IN the cold grey shadowy twilight, old Mr Henrikson limped up the avenue, which was deserted save by his own shrunken figure, to where the three high houses stood with the fringe of elms on the grass plot before them. Before he mounted the steps of the central house, he stood and looked around. Here, indeed, no sound but the distant muffled murmur of the city, and a glimpse of the twinkling lamps just lit, far away down the street he had left. A solitary corner, associated with the twilight, darkening slowly.

"Is Mr Gordon in?"

"No, sir," replied Helen, her lip trembling, but her fine face otherwise resolutely composed before the keen glance from beneath the old man's heavy grey brows.

"Not in? When will he be in?"

"I do not know, sir. He went out and did not say when he'd return."

"Well, I shall speak with you, then," said Mr Henrikson, moving in as she opened the door wider. "Come inside here, like a good girl. I have a few words to say to you."

She followed him into Gordon's sittingroom. He sat down, wearily sighing as he sank into the chair. The nerves of Helen's face throbbed, and she watched the old man eagerly.

"Now, my dear child," he said, mildly, "you need not be nervous with an old man like me. I want to hear what you have to say of this nasty affair the other day. Who began it?"

"I do not know, sir," replied Helen. "The mistress had gone out, and master, too, was out. I was in the kitchen when I heard the quarrelling, and then you knocked."

"Has Mr Gordon been long a lodger here?"

"A year, sir, and two months," answered Helen, blushing slightly.

"Ah," said Mr Henrikson, looking at her; "and he has never quarrelled before, with anyone, I suppose?"

"No, sir, but—"

"But what?"

"You must not blame him, sir," said the girl, tremulously. "It is not his fault. It is the black—the black thing."

"Ay—what black thing?"

"Something," said Helen, agitatedly, "in his mind. Oh, no one knows but me how he tries to keep it away. I know it, for I've seen him often, when he thought I wasn't looking, and he trying to keep out the black—the black thing."

The old man drew an idle diagram with the point of his stick on the carpet before he spoke.

"Do you know anything of Mr Gordon's parents?" he asked.

"I, sir?" said she, with a start. "No."

"Don't know anything hereditary," muttered Mr Hen-

rikson. "Well I shall sit here awhile," he said, aloud, "to rest. Thank you."

She went out, and he looked after her tall, graceful figure, and shook his head with a sad motion.

"This is a strange thing," he thought, looking through the window at the elms, gradually shrouding, evening closing in, "in this queer lonesome spot, these two creatures developing abnormal nervous affections. He will kill that girl, or throw her on the streets without remorse before this year is gone. He is cruel enough for anything, but whether he is responsible for this awful cruelty is what I cannot determine. He shall not," said the old man, resting his hand on his stick, and his chin on his hand, "he shall not enter the life of my little artist for ten thousand glittering worlds."

He heard the latchkey in the door without, and looked up. Gordon entered and stood in the doorway looking at Mr Henrikson with attention, but with perfectly unmoved face. For a few moments both men looked at each other, neither speaking; then Gordon, moving in, sat down near the table, and said—

"I don't think you need reproach me, Mr Henrikson, for I've had quite enough self-reproach and struggles. I have had an attack like that once before, when I threatened to stab my sister years ago when I was a child. She is now dead, and I am unfortunately still alive. It is due, as far as I can see, to a sudden rush of blood to the head. You need not apply ordinary rules to me. I am not responsible for the making of my physical machinery."

"Excuse me," said Mr Henrikson, "I understand you deliberately made assertions against the character of Miss Adelaide—"

"I daresay," said Gordon, shrugging his shoulders, "no doubt. If she were a shining archangel it would have been all the same to me. I tell you I will not be cathectised. If I have said anything against this lady, no one repents it more than I."

"You have given Oscar Munro a terrible shock. He has had insomnia for the past week."

"I shall go and see him, and make it up."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mr Henrikson, "nothing of the kind. You have completely unhinged the poor lad's brain, or nerves rather. If you were to go to him the very sight of you would put him in convulsions."

Gordon's lips grew white, and curled as if smilingly away from his teeth. He put up his hand to cover his mouth, but could not hide the palpitation of his nostrils from Mr Henrikson, who was puzzled at his expression.

"Poor child," said Gordon.

"Ay, it has affected him terribly," said the old man gloomily. "He had such faith in you, always singing your praises."

Gordon's brows and forehead were heavy and corrugated.

"And now?" he said interrupting.

"Well of course, now he is inclined to change his opinion," said Mr Henrikson.

"Let him keep away from me," said Gordon suddenly; "away, as far as he can go. It will be better we should not meet. I did not wish to press his throat. He should not wear low collars, and expose a full round throat so."

"Great God!" thought Mr Henrikson fearfully, "I had better leave this man."

"Ay, ay," said the old man, rising and talking in a friendly way, "it was only a sudden fit. Well, let us say no more about it. I must be off."

Gordon stood up and smiled on the old man as they shook hands, he holding Mr Henrikson's hand rather long.

"A slight fit," said Gordon, "and it might have been a dangerous one. A blow, one blow" he said, squeezing Mr Henrikson's hand and stick, detaining it as he smiled at him, "one short quick blow and I stretch him at my feet. It is curious, sir, what a momentary fit of passion may lead a man to."

"Ay, ay," said Mr Henrikson uneasily, as he opened the door, against which Gordon laid his hand as if soothingly, "it is curious and terrible."

There was a pause. Gordon stood with his hand against the door keeping it closed, and smiling at Mr Henrikson who, with his fingers on the handle, looked uneasily at the other man.

"How is Miss Denison?" asked Gordon.

"Very well, thank you, at least since I saw her last."

"You see her every day?"

"No, twice a week, but I sometimes call between times. Allow me to open the door, Mr Gordon. Allow me, sir. How dare you keep the door closed. What do you mean? Ah, would you strike an old man. Open the door, sir, or I'll break every pane of glass out of the window. Open, I say!"

The old man excitedly sprang back and raised his stick, ready to shiver the window to fragments.

"Really Mr Henrikson," said Gordon, opening the door as wide as it would go, "This is very strange behaviour. Everybody's nerves seem all wrong these times. I do not comprehend you."

"Nor I you, sir," exclaimed the old man turning in the hall and indignantly facing him. "I do not understand you, sir, but you will be good enough to understand that our acquaintance is at an end. Begood enough to remember that."

"I shall not forget it," said Gordon, bowing, as he opened the hall door, and the old man thumped his way indignantly down the steps.

The twilight was deepening into night, and Gordon returned to his room, and sat down, his forehead resting on his hand.

"I might have told him," he muttered, "how my father died in a lunatic asylum, but I am not such a coward."

The slender branches of the elms murmured closely together, and Gordon sat alone listening, but not to the voices of the leaves. He sat listening to the whisper which mocked him with his own helplessness against the relentless cruelty of nature—a whisper which rose in the silence until it beat like a hammer in his brain.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TRIUMPH OF WORLDLINESS.

ALTHOUGH Mrs Ryan went to bed in the early morning she was up after daylight, and soon had the fire alight and breakfast ready. Like many of the inhabitants of Golden Close, she frequently slept in the garments worn during the day, this practice having the advantage of saving the trouble of dressing in the morning, and she, like her neighbours, was not an enthusiast concerning the blessings of sanitation.

When Tim appeared, washed and more carefully dressed than usual, but still weak and sickly, he found breakfast laid and his mother cheerfully busy. He assured her that he had slept well, and attacked the meal with an appearance of hunger partially assumed in deference to her anxious eyes.

The appearance of a postman in Golden Close was an event of almost historic importance, and when one came briskly up the thoroughfare, the children ceased to bawl and play, and put their fingers in their mouths to assist their astonishment. Having looked quickly about, like a man without a moment to spare, the postman entered the hall of Mrs Ryan's abode, and going to the foot of the stairs, gave the double rat-tat with the heel of his boot on the floor, and shouted—

"Anyone named Ryan up there."

Mrs Ryan hurried out, and Tim, turning ghastly pale, laid down his knife and fork with an untasted mouthful of rasher, and stared towards the door.

"A letter for you, Tim!" exclaimed his mother, reappearing. "A rise in your wages, I'll be bound. Mr Mannix said as much to me."

Tim took the letter, and having read the contents, said, heavily:

"Mother, I'm dismissed."

She would not believe it. She took up the letter he had flung on the floor, and looked at it though she could not read it. He was walking up and down the room.

"Dismissed, child?"

"Ay, dismissed. Mannix has got me dismissed at last. I knew he'd do it, sooner or later."

Mrs Ryan turned the letter upside down, as if the change of position could enlighten the bewilderment of her thoughts. When she looked up, Tim had left the room. He had gone out to think over matters in the Phoenix Park. Here, on a seat in the People's Gardens, he revolved his prospects, until heartsick.

He returned home, and for several days hung aimlessly about, listening to his mother's advice, but saying little himself.

It was certain that if he did not work they must starve; a fact which grew more and more luminous as the days went on.

One evening, about the hour when he knew the office would soon close, he sought an interview with Mr Fitzgerald. The only one of the staff who recognised him was Fred Gilhooly, who, with a shout of astonishment, rushed forward and shook him heartily by the hand. Mr Mannix kept his head bent closely over his desk.

Ryan knocked at Mr Fitzgerald's door, and passed in.

The solicitor was in a fretted humour. Apart from his domestic troubles, he had charge of the forthcoming trial of the Ballycashel Moonlighters, and was anxious to bring them to the scaffold. The papers concerning this case were spread over his desk, and he sat with his elbow in the midst of them, laboriously studying one document after another. There was a double indentation between his eyebrows, and he had a general appearance of a man crushed with cares.

"I beg you pardon, sir," said Ryan, standing outside the counter, hat in hand.

Mr Fitzgerald looked wearily up, and for a moment—the cloud of care filming his eyes—did not recognise his visitor.

"Oh, it's you," he said at length. "What do you want?"

"I came, sir, to ask you to take me back."

"You lose your time. I shall do nothing of the sort."

"But—excuse me a moment, sir—I don't think you have dealt fairly with me in this matter. I think you have allowed your mind to be prejudiced."

"Ryan," said Mr Fitzgerald, turning his face towards him, "I have no time for explanations. Mr Mannix is my chief clerk. It is his duty to look after the staff. When he reports that you have been shamming illness and drawing your salary at the same time, I take his word for it. I must manage my business systematically."

"Exactly," replied Ryan. But the point is—did Mannix tell the truth? He did not. He lied."

"Now, I will have no demonstrations of bad temper here, Ryan," said the solicitor, sternly, as Ryan brought his fist down on the counter. "You had better not annoy me. I have too much to think about. I tell you the reports I have had for the past several months have been anything but favourable. Now, go quietly. If I had acted sensibly, you should have left my service six months ago."

"But, won't you listen—"

"Not a word," interrupted Mr Fitzgerald, holding up his hand. "You leave my service, and there's an end."

"Surely you will hear me explain how—"

"I shall hear no explanations. Leave my office, sir! Do you suppose I have nothing to do? Go sir!"

"I am sorry to annoy you," said Ryan, trembling with his emotions. "But when I tell you, sir, that that poor old mother of mine up there in the Close has no one to depend on but me, and that I'm willing to work twice as hard as ever, and do anything Mr Mannix wishes, I think, sir, you will give me another chance—"

"You should have thought of all this before. I have given you too many chances. Enough now. I shall listen to you no longer."

There was so much determination expressed by the resolute manner in which the solicitor turned once more to his documents, that Ryan, drawing the back of his hand roughly, even fiercely, across his eyes, and putting on his cap, left the office.

There were some of his belongings still in his desk, and he proceeded to gather them together. Whilst so occupied, and furtively watched by the rest of the clerks, a young lady entered the office and said in a soft voice to Fred Gilhooly—

"Is Mr Fitzgerald within?"

"Step this way, miss," said Fred, emerging from his desk, and proudly walking before her. "He is very busy just at present, but I have no doubt," with an insinuating smile, "he'll see you, Miss."

But the young lady paid no attention to Mr Gilhooly's subtle compliment. On the contrary, she stood gazing in astonishment at Tim Ryan, who was too busy collecting his small property and thinking over his misery to observe her presence.

"A young lady for you, sir," said Fred, opening the door of the solicitor's office.

"Thank you," said the young lady, sweetly, to Fred, who bowed low and shut her in.

"Well, Eva, what is the matter?" said Mr Fitzgerald, as she entered.

"Papa," exclaimed Eva, taking a chair near him, "do you know who that young fellow is at the end of the office?"

"Which? The youth with the pale face?"

"Yes," replied Eva, still astonished. "What is his name?"

"Ryan," replied her father. "I have just dismissed him as incorrigible."

"Dismissed him!" exclaimed Eva, starting up. "Do you know what you have done? That is the brave boy who saved Bernard's life."

"What do you say?" asked Mr Fitzgerald, pushing back his chair.

"Dismissed that brave boy?" cried Eva. "Papa, how could you be so cruel? Why, he risked his life to save Bernard. Don't you remember?"

"Are you sure it is the same, Eva? Be careful. Are you sure?"

"Call him in," said Eva, reseating herself.

Mr Fitzgerald rose, and, opening the little window which communicated with the outer office, called out—

"Is Ryan there?"

"Yes, sir," chorused the servile staff.

"Send him to me."

Ryan, with sullen, angry face, made his appearance, and Eva, jumping up, exclaimed—

"Yes, it is the same. How are you?" she said, holding out her hand and smiling. "Don't you recollect me?"

Recollect her? Recollect the face that haunted his

mind night and day—that face which he had prayed God to erase from his memory?

He shook hands with her mechanically, all the fervour being on her side.

"Yes, papa," she said, turning triumphantly towards her father; "I was right!"

"Ryan," said Mr Fitzgerald, "are you the man who saved my son from drowning?"

Looking gloomily down, Ryan turned his face aside. The music of Eva Fitzgerald's voice made him almost oblivious of everything else. He heard Mr Fitzgerald's question like the faint tones of someone speaking at a far distance. But though he did not reply, Mr Fitzgerald seemed convinced by his manner.

"How is it," said the solicitor, advancing to the counter where Eva stood proudly surveying Ryan's downcast face, "how is it you never told me of this, Ryan?"

"Why should I?" said Ryan, glancing up, only to glance down again as he became conscious of Eva's ardent eyes. "I don't see anything to boast of in it."

"Now, papa," cried Eva, with a convincing toss of her head, "that is true bravery. A really brave man never boasts of what he has done. I am afraid," she added, her voice becoming gently modulated, as she turned wistfully to Ryan, "you must consider my papa very remiss in not thanking you, but he really did not know it was you, and I did not know your name until this moment."

"Shake hands, Ryan," said Mr Fitzgerald. "No, don't be sheepish, my boy. You stay in my service on increased salary. Shake hands!"

"And with me too," cried Eva. "I think we can never repay you enough!"

He shook hands with them, his face aside, and then abruptly left them.

To be continued.

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE DEEDS.

A tiny bird with flutt'ring heart
Lay still in its captor's hand;
Dumb with fright and the cruel smart
Of the painful fet'tring hand.

Poor wee sprite of the summer air,
Will some kindly hand not sever
The cruel cords that bind thee there?
Must thy sweet song cease for ever?

A girl's soft hand the cord unties;
She has set the captive free!
Up in the blue of the summer skies
He lifts his loud song of glee.

And down to a dungeon dark and bare
Those glorious notes made way;
And from a suicide's blank despair
Saved a human soul that day.

A haggard face with staring eyes
Was raised to the grated pane,
Where golden gleams from far off skies
Wafted the heaven-sent strain.

The poor crazed brain in deep amaze
Saw light in its mindless dark,
And back again in boyhood's days
Sang with the carolling lark!

While a mother's soft hand once more
With touch of voiceless prayer,
On burning brow as in days of yore
Seems to cool his hot despair.

A mother's sweet face from the dim
Shadow and mist of the years;
Shines with the old true love on him
Till the daz'd soul melts to tears;

And in that pure flood Heaven-sent
The murderous frenzy dies;
The evil cloud dispell'd and rent
Suffers reason's light to rise.

A girl's small hand with tender grace
Had freed the bright bird of air;
The bird's wild song in that darksome place
Dissolved a soul's despair;

And neither knew it was a link
In the chain of God's wondrous love;
That drew a soul from hell's dark brink
To the home of light above!

And none can know till they reach that place
What their smallest deeds may mean;
There, clear in the light of God's own face
Life's lowliest acts are seen!

HARAS.

AN ESPLANADE FOR KINGSTOWN.

We have received many communications from inhabitants in Kingstown relative to our recent article on the premier township. Herein is an instance of that want of cohesiveness to which we referred. There is apparently in Kingstown a vast latent amount of discontent with the present deplorable condition of affairs, and it did not necessitate communications through the post to make us aware that for numerous persons life is not worth living in that locality.

The want of cohesiveness in the Kingtownians is painfully evidenced by the alacrity with which they coincide with any suggestions from outsiders, and the manner in which they appeal to the Press for assistance.

This is one of the baneful results of centralisation. The inhabitants of Kingstown are perfectly willing to listen to the suggestion of Dublin publicists; but never seem to realise that they themselves are competent to inaugurate and complete improvements.

Surely the inhabitants of Kingstown know more about their own affairs and are better able to govern themselves than outsiders! It is true that, as public journalists, we have made ourselves acquainted with the wants and demerits of this township; but, as representing the broad modern views which enlighten these latter days, we do not arrogate to ourselves the right to dictate to any body of citizens, but, on the contrary, urge individuals and communities to form their own judgments, and rely in the main upon themselves. Now, Kingstown is, even for outsiders, a peculiarly interesting social problem. It is as large, and in some instances larger, than many places which are represented in the House of Commons, and there can be no doubt that it is to a great degree an assemblage of rich and well-to-do persons, who, if they do not invest their money at home, have enviable hoards of foreign securities. When we consider these things and then study the social resources of the township, we are struck with amazement at the paucity of wealthy enjoyment which a residence there affords.

What it is in winter we shudder to surmise. In summer there is a military band twice a week on the East Pier, which is a promenade anathematised by every person who wears the light shoes adopted for summer wear. There is an occasional garden *fete*, consisting of a band, a music-hall entertainment, and some second-rate fireworks procured from London. A concert in the Town Hall, hysterically arranged, finished—with the annual regatta—the entire programme with which Kingstown attracts visitors and regales its residents. We could understand the reason of this wretched state of things in Merion or Sandymount, but we are still

seeking for an explanation in wealthy Kingstown.

We have spoken of the East Pier as a promenade. We voice the general opinion of Dublin visitors when we assert that the East Pier, from the condition of its pavement and its position, is one of the most objectionable along the coast. Our Dublin readers, as well as those of Kingstown, will be glad to hear that there is at present under consideration of the Town Commissioners a scheme for the creation of a new Marine Promenade and Main Outfall Sewer. The pressing necessity for an outfall sewer which will not poison the atmosphere for miles and endanger the lives of the citizens, is one acknowledged on all sides. That which now invites every bather on the West Pier to commit a cheap and ready form of suicide has been recently condemned by those in authority. The Board of Works, with their customary ability, are responsible for this state of things. Fortunately, more enlightened experts have taken the subject in hand, and we have now before us an admirable suggestion by W. G. Strype, M. Inst. C.E., which, though perhaps subjected to slight modification, is calculated to solve the problem of Kingstown sewage once and for ever.

Mr Strype has made an exhaustive study of this question, and we would earnestly recommend every Kingstown householder and taxpayer to obtain and study the pamphlet which he has published upon this important question. With the plan of the Esplanade and new Sea Park we are not so well pleased. He proposes a sea park between the near end of the East Pier and the Sandycove Baths, flanked by a sea wall and esplanade. The objection we find to it is its limited extent—only 20 acres—which we think inadequate for the large population of the township and the still larger amount of persons who would naturally congregate when occasion offered to an esplanade possessing such a splendid sea prospect.

We repeat that 20 acres of a sea park is too limited in extent, and would result in overcrowding and a consequent sense of inconvenience and general dissatisfaction.

We favour the proposal of a park of more extended dimensions between a point further on the East Pier and the extremest point available touching at Sandycove Harbour. This will necessitate filling in almost the entire of Scotch Bay, but we see no reason to anticipate failure in this respect, considering the silted dredgings of the harbour are now going a-begging. The Commissioners have already filled up the old quarry, which will make an admirable park for a few nurserymaids and two perambulators, and are now spreading their soil on a farm inland. If this sea park is to be made, let us have one expansive and diversified in the delightful effects of landscape gardening—one, in fact, in consonance with the great township which it will help to beautify. Do not create a trivial promenade of 20 acres which will set us jostling against each other, and make visitors use reprehensible language against the Town Commissioners. Here is a point where a public journal, representing the views of outsiders, may be of some assistance. It is our business to study the likes and dislikes of the general public, and we can assure the Kingstown Commissioners that there are few things

the general public dislike more than promenading a front garden dignified with the name of a sea park.

Commissioners as a rule have to consider ways and means, but it is well, whilst sympathising with their difficulties, to remind them that they are likely to tempt nothing but ridicule by the creation of a cramped and trivial promenade. Let them take warning from the three-foot track, politely known as the Bray Esplanade, where pedestrians hurl their friends, on the one hand, into the sea, on the other, into the road, and where a dog of respectable dimensions cannot wag his tail with comfort.

There is no doubt of the failure of the East Pier as a promenade. Apart from the hard gravel and harder granite which form the footway, its position precludes the sea view, and presents the view of the harbour only on one side, a prospect liable to grow monotonous to the most enthusiastic lover of the picturesque. Promenaders by the sea love, above all things, to face the sea—and this they cannot do on the East Pier without an undignified scramble over a wall of granite, and the necessity of sitting on a stone if desirous of remaining face to face with the waves. All this is obviated either by Mr Strype's sea park of 20 acres, or the more extended park which we suggest, and which is really a prolongation of Mr Strype's plan. As a matter of fact, between Kingstown, Sandycove, and Dalkey, we, the dwellers by the sea, who have the right to walk beside it, can barely get a glimpse of it throughout all this distance, much less approach it. This is a monstrous injustice; but it is one which can be removed by the proposed sea park, which, stretching from the East Pier and Sandycove Harbour, will afford, on one hand, a boundless view of the sea, on the other, that of a coast line unequalled all the world over for its delightful combinations of form and colour.

We are well aware of the apathy with which many of the inhabitants, and chiefly the shopkeepers of George's street, regard any improvement in Kingstown. We know the reason of it. They know better than any one else that the more attractive they make the township the more money will flow into it. Make Kingstown attractive, and visitors not only from Dublin, but Wales and England, will constantly frequent it. The reason of the apathy to which we refer is the fact that in about seven years the leases at Kingstown fall in all of a heap, and the brace of landlords who own the township can then, according to law as it stands at present, make their own terms. Of course it is scarcely fair to ask Kingstownians to pay their money for improvements when two men only are liable to reap the most of the benefits. It is, however, a question for the inhabitants whether they might not, with a small outlay now, reap a fair reward before the leases expire. When we consider the possibility of this, and the likelihood of the two landlords being contented with the enormous gains they have already reached from their possession, we think it a safe venture for the Kingstownians to improve their township. Public opinion will be far more developed on the subject of leases and the injustice of forcing a tenant to forfeit his own improvements before the leases of Kingstown expire; and we have no doubt whatever that public opinion will, as a matter of plain and simple justice, range itself on the side of the tenants, who, by their presence and exertions, have created Kingstown.

"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

We have received several communications on the subject, "Is marriage a failure?" Some of them deal with the matter in a practical spirit, while one or two think our columns ought to be open for the purpose of ventilating bitter and uncharitable feelings. With the latter we have not, nor could we have, any sympathy, as we look upon the marriage tie as something more real and tangible than these ribald jokists would have us believe it to be. We are disposed to think, however, that in a great number of cases marriage is a decided failure, although these unhappy instances are not sufficient to enable us to condemn the entire system. The subject is one worthy of the deepest contemplation, as around and about it are centred the foundations of our social structure—a structure which will not admit of tinkering or twisting so as to suit the desires and habits of one whose lot in life ought not to be united to that of another's. The boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century—if we are to judge from the opinions now held upon religion, marriage, and other kindred subjects by some of the leading philosophers and politicians of our time—has not done much towards the cementation of those principles and beliefs that have made us what we are, and which have kept us as a nation in the forefront of civilised humanity.

Judging from the letter of "Quintus Slide" which now lies before us, we presume that, owing to the narrow-minded and cramped area of ideasto which he gives expression, his emphatic statement that "marriage is a failure" is in his case at least decidedly true. An old Scotch poet once wrote several telling, truthful lines that aptly apply to the dovelike estimation Quintus has after many years of experience formed of his own dear "self"—

"Oh, wad the power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Quintus complains bitterly of the "sour, unbearable nature" of his wife's character. "She is irascible, defiant, and uncongenial." Poor Quintus! He must suffer terribly; his path in life is certainly, from his own point of view, thickly strewn with thorns and briers. But listen to what he has to say. "We keep one servant. My wife has to rise each morning, winter and summer, to awaken the girl in order that she may proceed with the necessary morning work; my wife occasionally—that is, when the servant is lazy or in a temper—lights the fire and makes the breakfast so that 'my dear husband may not be late at his office.' She lays the table, cleans and dusts the diningroom, brushes my coat and hat, and sees that my newspaper is ready for me. Yet, notwithstanding, she tries me in many ways. Should I wish to smoke in the drawingroom, she objects; if I feel inclined to take more grog than the doctor allows, she also objects; if I bring home a roystering companion she scowls. In short, if I do anything to show that I am master in my own house she sets herself against me, and my life is thereby rendered at times almost unbearable. *Marriage is a failure.*" Again we say *poor* Quintus! He seems to us to be of the opinion that the world and all that it contains was made for his special benefit! Poor Mrs Slide; we pity her. She must lead an unhappy life with such a martinet. It is the old story of selfishness and egotism, and these two unsufferable qualities are not, we think,

to be found in Mrs Slide, but in that acme of human perfection, Mr Quintus Slide!

Another picture. We turn with relief to the opinions of "Happy, though Married," and find therein much of the nobility and beauty of the human character when it is tempered by an equable disposition and a feeling heart. "Happy, Though Married" says—"Kindly permit me to express my humble opinion upon this engrossing subject. I have been married ten years, during which period I have enjoyed seasons of the supremest happiness and joy. I knew my wife for three years before we were married, and when I look back upon my happy courting days and forward upon my subsequent married years I gladly and unreservedly own that these years of my life have been among the happiest that any human being ever spent upon this earth. My wife is not strong. Naturally she is of a delicate constitution; but our children (we have four) are strong, healthy, and intelligent. My wife's delicacy led me to think and feel for her, and from love and sympathy has sprung forth an enduring, unselfish attachment on my part towards her. I, at the altar, took 'for better or for worse.' She is affection personified. She interests herself in all my pursuits; she cheers and comforts me when business troubles assail; her soft, cool hand is never withheld from my throbbing temples; my coming home in the evenings is looked for with joy and gladness; my going out with affection and concern. My every want is anticipated—in fact I could not be happier than I am and have been during my married life, and my humble opinion is that marriage is *not* a failure, but one of a beneficent Creator's choicest blessings."

These two pictures display phases of married life which we may say correctly represents the inner workings of more homes than the two concerned, and these pictures will be repainted until the end of time. But is it because the Quintus Slides of life cannot debase the self-respect of their wives that marriage is to be declared a failure? Certainly not; because for the one failure there are ten successes. Married life ought to be a life of compromises. If it is not it becomes "bitter as wormwood" for both parties. The husband must be careful and thoughtful, and not given to reproaches. The wife must be anxious, pleasant, and agreeable; for if they wish to pull together they can only do so by "loving one another in spite of differences, in spite of faults, in spite of the excesses of one or the defects of another."

ECHOES FROM TORQUAY.

The Torquay Tennis Tournament, so usually attractive in bringing together the best players and a crowd of the best people, was, I regret to say, this year considerably interfered with by the variable weather that has so impartially dispensed its favours all round and everywhere. Notwithstanding the ample preparations made by the efficient and indefatigable hon. secretary, Mr W. Arthur Dixon, of Sea Hurst, for its success, the almost continual downpour of rain obliged the programme to be altered in some respects and a few of the best matches to be postponed till the following week. Mr Dixon, working with a hearty will, left nothing undone for the comfort and pleasure of the numerous visitors; but, although deservedly a popular and a good fellow, he was unable to get at the right side of the the "clerk of the weather," who

this year refused to be propitiated with his blandishments. As usual, numerous crowds flocked to the charmingly-situated club grounds, which overlook the sea, having a beautiful background of overhanging hills, numerously studded with those beautiful bijou residences so peculiar to Torquay, and with the best of good humour, despite the biting cold and rain, enjoyed the splendid treat prepared for them. The celebrities, including Messrs Renshaw and Lewis, mustered in full force, and though fairly successful, some of the locals were fortunate in securing prizes, Mrs Last Smith, of Mayfield, carrying off no less than five, including one of the cups and a pearl pendant, with brooch, value £8 8s. Her magnificent play was greatly applauded. The ladies, in crowds—a moving mass of dazzling beauty—were remarkable not alone for that charm, but the rich and handsome costumes worn by them, some of the very latest styles, could be seen, which were shown to the greatest advantage and much admired. Pity for them and their finery, but, no doubt, good news for the dressmakers. Pleasure has, like all things here below, two sides, here in spoiled garments, rheumatism, bad colds, and doctors' bills, *Nil desperandum*. Next year, it is to be hoped, will make amends. A cloudless sky and a shining sun are all Mr Dixon and the committee require; they provide the remainder. It must not be forgotten to mention Madame Cassavetti distributed the prizes in her usual graceful manner, having a kind and suitable word for each winner; and that a special vote of thanks was passed to Mr W. Arthur Dixon for his zeal and affability.

The club dance, one of the chief features of the carnival, was also not up to the usual standard for lack of a sufficient number of ladies. This quite accounts for the large number of gallants who are to be seen at all times in Torquay, the fame of its pretty maidenhood being the great attraction, and powerful enough to inspire in them hopes of winning a sweet face, black eye, and rosy lips, but why should I thus go on? There was once a time the same soft black eye had charms for me. I have got sweetly soft ones now to light up my path in life, and can with confidence advise my sex to come here, and promising them all that their hearts will desire, no matter how fastidious may be their tastes.

The regatta, the next most important of our annual events, closely followed the tournament, and was a little more successful as regards the weather. The tempting prizes offered brought a lot of competitors, and some splendid yachting seamanship was the result. The pier on the opening day was literally packed with an animated crowd of spectators, who took the deepest interest in witnessing the arrival of competing and other yachts. It was remarked there were scarcely so large a number of yachts as in former years, various causes being assigned for the falling off.

Some of our latest arrivals include—The Hon. Florence and Mary Palk, Lady Miller and Miss Constance Miller, Admiral and Mrs Somerset, Sir Henry Acland, K.C.B., Lady Cunynghame, Colonel Dawson, the Rev. Preb. R. R. Mrs and Misses Wolfe, and Colonel Mrs and the Misses Martyn.

Mrs Roche Smith, at present on a visit with her daughter, Mrs Arthur Dixon, at Lea Hurst, is, I am glad to say, recovered from her recent indisposition and able to take carriage exercise.

CAPT. T.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

At present there is quite a rage for Golf at Portrush. The club seems in a most prosperous condition. The Earl of Antrim is patron, and Mr Alexander, of Portglenone, president. With a large number of playing members, and as fine links as anywhere in Scotland, a most successful autumn season may be looked forward to. The ladies emulate the St. Andrew ladies in enthusiasm. Many who laughed at it at first are its most devoted followers now.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran accompanied his Grace the Lord Primate to Magherafelt for the opening of the Catholic Bazaar in that town.

At the late University Examinations held at St. Andrew's, Miss Freida Paxton Martin, daughter of the Rev. James Martin, of Belfast, obtained the title of L.L.A. with honours.

It is gratifying to learn that the public, who have been appealed to for the loan of pictures and art treasures, to be exhibited at the opening of the library by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant on the 13th October, are responding in a most handsome manner. Numerous offers have been made, and it is expected that by the date mentioned the collection will be worthy the occasion.

Mrs R. W. Murry, of Fortwilliam Park, Belfast, gave a most enjoyable dance on Friday night, the 7th. The floral decorations were very choice and artistically carried out and some of the toilettes were charming. All seemed to enjoy themselves, as dancing was kept up until a late hour.

The flags of all the cross-Channel steamers and on the offices of the Belfast Steamship Company remained at half-mast on Saturday in consequence of the death of Mrs Valentine, wife of William Valentine, Esq., of Glenavna, Whitehouse.

On Wednesday, the 12th inst., Councillor M'Cammond, J.P., performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the Belfast Main Drainage Works. It must certainly be a matter for great thankfulness to those concerned that the works are at last in active progress, as this main drainage scheme has been before the Corporation in one shape or other for the past twenty years.

Mr M'Cammond subsequently entertained a large company to luncheon, and the opportunity thus afforded was made the most of by the representatives of the three public bodies—viz., the Corporation, the Harbour Board, and the Water Commissioners, who referred in glowing terms to the great and abiding advantages Belfast had derived from the work and wisdom of the bodies they represented. They toasted each other, and they toasted the absent Mayor, and said to themselves and to each other, "We are the people."

I wonder can it be true? If so it is a matter for regret that the contract for the ironwork connected with the building of the new Albert Bridge has been given to an English firm,

By keeping the contract in Belfast a considerable amount would have been saved in the matter of carriage, and as to durability and workmanship, I always understood several Belfast firms could successfully compete with the majority of English ones.

The news of the death of Mr Richard Proctor has been received with regret by Belfast people. Mr Proctor was one of the very few men who could gather large audiences in Belfast and interest them on scientific subjects.

The Belfast Bachelors' Club gave the opening entertainment of the season in the Exhibition Hall on Thursday evening last to a large and fashionable audience. The programme consisted of an amateur theatrical and musical entertainment, and the orchestra was supplied from the band of the Queen's Regiment. Mr J. S. Firth sang "The Distant Shore" and "Let me like a Soldier fall," giving the latter song with true martial spirit, and imparting considerable feeling to the last verse. "At a Soiree" was most amusing, a gentleman showing sketches of persons he had met at a soiree, and giving capital imitations of those represented. The farce, "Turn Him Out," and a one-act comedy, "A Handsome husband," were presented in a manner which would have reflected credit on professionals. The staging was good, but the height of the building not allowing any great height of stage, and the invitations being "morning dress," it was somewhat difficult to obtain a good view through the towers of millinery which at present constitute the fashion in ladies' headaddresses.

On Friday evening last a grand illuminated *fete* took place in the Botanic Gardens. The weather was everything that could be wished for, and the attendance was the most numerous and fashionable I remember seeing in the gardens. The conservatories and grounds were illuminated in a most brilliant and attractive manner. Messrs C. T. Brock and Co., so well known in connection with Crystal displays, supplied the fireworks, which were from first to last an entire success. Belfast as a city was introduced to the people by a clever device, "The Arms of the City of Belfast." "Blondin on the tight-rope" caused much amusement, and the several "set prices" were loudly applauded. Music was supplied by the band of the Queen's and the band and pipers of the Gordon Highlanders.

A new steamship company has been added to the list of Belfast companies during the past week. The name of the company is the Steam Navigation Company of Ireland (Limited).

On Friday last Major-General Wiseman-Clarke reviewed the troops at present quartered in Belfast in the Ormeau Park. There were about 1,000 soldiers, comprising a detachment of the Royal Scots Greys, under Captain Hippisley; 1st Battalion Queen's Own, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lawson; and the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, under Lieutenant-Colonel Essex. The weather being fine, there was a large attendance of spectators.

On Saturday morning H.M.S. Belleisle arrived in Belfast Lough from Kingstown, anchoring in Carrickfergus Roads.

A good deal of interest was centred in the match between Distillery and Linfield Ath-

letics, played on the ground of the latter club. These teams are two of the strongest in Belfast, and considerable speculation was indulged in as to the result of the match, and the result was somewhat of a surprise, Linfield winning by 5 goals to 2.

The Hyde Football Club (Manchester) opened the new grounds of the Belfast Athletics in a match with the home team on Saturday last. The ground is well situated, and there was a fair turn out of spectators. The match resulted in the Hyde winning by three goals to one.

The only other match of importance was Ulster v. Clarence. Neither team was anything like fully represented, so it would be unfair to take the result as a criterion of the strength or play on either side. Clarence won by three goals.

The final tie for the Lacrosse Championship of Ireland was played at Cliftonville on Saturday between the North of Ireland and Windsor teams, Windsor, to the astonishment of most people, winning by 4 goals to 2.

The St. Columb's Choral Union, Derry, held their annual meeting on Wednesday last—the Mayor occupying the chair. The Union seems to be in a prosperous condition. They have a well organised orchestra, also a good chorus, and a balance in hand of £6 18s 8d.

The transfer of District Inspector Bailie from Armagh to Enniskillen has called forth expressions of regret from all classes in Armagh, where Mr Bailie has been stationed for the past ten years.

The Downpatrick Nursing Society gave an entertainment on Thursday evening last. The entertainment took the form of what is known as a *cafe chantant*. The Countess of Roden, Lady Violet Beauchamp, the Dowager Countess of Wilton, the Countess Annesley, the Hon. Miss Annesley, Lady Arthur Hill, Colonel Forde, and Mrs Forde were amongst the large and fashionable audience present. The Countess Annesley and Lady Arthur Hill occupied places in the chorus party; and Lady Arthur Hill also sang a manuscript song, her own composition, "We met again." The song and her ladyship's rendering of it fully sustained her reputation as a singer and composer. The other parts on the programme were well selected, and met with warm approval.

Passing through Smithfield Market last week I found those who carry on business in the sheds attired in their "Sunday best." On inquiring I found they had been before a committee of the Town Council, who are landlord of the Market property, armed with a request that the Council should take into consideration the advisability of covering the centre of the Market by means of a glass roof. The Committee adopted the Irish mode of answering their question by asking another, "Would they (the deputation) on the part of the tenants agree to an increase of rent in event of the Council covering the Market. This did not meet the views of the deputation exactly, as for some time past there has been a desire to go in for a reduction. The deputation, however, said if the Council agreed to their request the idea of asking a reduction would be abandoned. No agreement was come to; but the deputation were to renew their application.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

The weather in London seems trying to make amends for the unexampled cruelty of our summer. The sun, with a compunction too long delayed, looks kindly upon us; the air is crisp, but not cold, the sky so clear that every object stands outlined upon it with the precision of a photograph, and the aeronaut Baldwin can disport himself in ether without disappearing in a fog before he has gone fifty feet above the level of the ground.

This novelty in balloon ascents has been the sensation of the *saison morte*, and extra days, with reserve prices, have been established at the otherwise unfashionable Alexandra Palace to enable visitors anxious to avoid a crowd, to see this venturesome individual separate from his balloon in mid-air, and with great apparent deliberation allow his parachute gradually to open, and waft him leisurely to earth.

The height of 1,000 feet, which the bills announce, is certainly not often attained. I should feel inclined to estimate it at about half that distance, but that would be quite far enough up for a man to be dashed to pieces if falling under ordinary circumstances, and this objectionable element of personable danger must ever be present in the performance. It is not, however, in any way obtruded, and, but for the principle involved, the display has no alarming features. The moment at which the aeronaut quits the balloon and executes the, as it were, miraculous feat of remaining stationary in space, while his parachute slowly inflates, is probably an exact calculation of the number of seconds the upward impetus of the balloon would give to the human body before, by the laws of gravitation, it must be dashed to the ground.

This parachute has some features which have attracted scientific minds, and is a perfected product of all apparatus of the kind hitherto known. It is even reported that Government contemplates adopting the invention for military experiments. This seems rather absurd. It was in a balloon, we know, that Gambetta succeeded in getting outside the Prussian lines, in the terrible days of the investment of Paris, but it is difficult to imagine in what way a parachute would have helped him. Even on Professor Baldwin's improved principle, to guide such a machine must be next to impossible, since both hands are occupied in holding on for dear life, yet, as the approach is made to *terra firma*, the risks must be manifold. This was proved only a few days ago, when the parachute descended just within an inch of a line of railway on which an express train was passing at full speed.

Just before parting company with the balloon, the performer contrives to turn off the gas; the balloon continues to rise for a short time, shrinking in bulk all the while, and finally floats down the air, a lost and insignificant object.

From absent sportsmen good accounts reach us, and the number of ladies following in the wake of the Comtesse de Paris and signalling themselves as practised markswomen—for I must coin a word—is daily on the increase. But to the "happy autumn fields" the tardy sun has come too late, and there is no rehearsal of the gloomy prospects announced for our harvest. Only the rosy-faced children, returning in cargoes from the seaside to school or college, are proudly oblivious that two-thirds of the holidays

were passed in rain, and the other third in cold and East wind. Perhaps the rough weather gave a charm of its own to castle-building on the sands and exploring raids on the cliffs. Then, with the wonderful recuperative powers of childhood, each day's experience was new, unhampered by the recollections of yesterday, and days, wholly impracticable for outdoor delights, proved often the most acceptable. Indoor games were then inaugurated, and those especially of a calibre in which the elders could join were most sought after, for intelligent children are always eager to match their ingenuity against that of the "grown-ups," and such stimulus to their young intelligence is most beneficial. About these games I shall have something more to say, as the evenings close in and shorten.

I have never coincided in the opinions of those who held that the higher education of girls conduces to the neglect of home interests, or a contempt for household duties. Such reasoning appears to me to be based on entirely false premises. The highly-educated girl will have all her faculties in working order, her sense of perception sharpened, her power of concentration exercised. True, if she attends classes or gives lectures she will have less leisure for housewifely occupations; but her habit of thought will enable her to verify at a glance where help is wanted or a hint needed, and her practise of concentrating herself upon the work in hand will brace her to rapid achievement, which her less mentally-trained sister could only compass after lengthy and confused effort.

Were it otherwise I should hesitate to hold such settled opinions on the higher education of girls.

There is no sphere that a woman can adorn with more grace than her home, and if she has not a home of her own, she can often be most valuable and suggestive in the homes of others. A quick eye, a gift of resource, has on more than one occasion turned a commonplace room into an inviting resting-place.

I was much struck with this fact on calling to see a newly-made bride of my acquaintance whose *mariage d'inclination* with a struggling young doctor had transplanted her to a spick-and-span suburban villa, neat, mathematical, and ugly. Many pathetic letters had reached me during my sojourn at the Isle of Wight, chiefly concerning the drawingroom, which, in spite of pretty, well-selected furniture, refused to be pleasant, chiefly on account of a hard double light, reflected from windows facing each way, the front one a bay having a cheerful, country view, the back one betraying the near vicinity of other houses, separated only by the interposition of mutually small gardens.

I started for my visit full of sympathy, and laden with suggestions. But my kind intentions had been forestalled. A young artist friend fresh from High School easel was staying with the bridal pair, and the objectionable window had been turned into the background of a most cosy corner. The change was effected in this wise.

The curtains draping the window had been removed and from above these hung soft festoons of liberty silk in pale terra-cotta. The ends of this drapery did not fall below the middle sash of the window, meeting there a window shelf running the whole length of the sash, which was covered and bordered with furniture velvet of a darker shade. Concealed under the shelf was a light iron rod from which depended small Queen Anne curtains, also in velvet, just long enough to cover the lower half of the window. These were barely

held back by bands of the terra-cotta silk material. Upon the shelf little vases of Thun ware and other pretty ornamental souvenirs of the wedding tour were disposed. A plain lounge, cushioned, and covered in Pompeian red tapestry, ran obliquely from under the window, a square of Indian matting lay in front, and a couple of easy chairs with pillows having loose covers of the terra-cotta material, frilled, completed—with the addition of a couple of occasional tables—a gracious artistic recess, where before had been barrenness and desolation.

I am sorry to see that the plastron or Russian collarwore last year, which was so ungraceful even when composed of the richest furs, is now imitated in all variety of substances, plush, feathers, velvet, lace, and very cleverly is the lace arraged to give the kind of hedgehog appearance which this particular collarette demands. But I always think that with these plastrons the arms have a most forlorn look about them, and seem challenging notice to the meagreness of the covering which leaves them exposed.

On the other hand, as a *garniture de robe* for the house, the new plastrons in gold and silver braid on cord, intermixed with silks matching the gown, makes a really charming trimming. But then these shapes are wholly different from those intended for the street. I should like to describe for my readers this ingenious device, which will enhance the newest robe, or adapt itself to renovating one that has lost its first freshness.

Fashion is more arbitrary on the question of colour. Green, brought in by La Tosca, ran a losing race with black during the season; and now green is to be deposed by blue, in consequence of its prevalence in the trousseau of the Princess Letitia.

It was a very pretty and poetical action of the ex-Empress of the French to send her own wedding dress to be worn by the young bride. But this union of an uncle and neice is so utterly distasteful to our British notions that very little interest is felt in its details.

Referring to new dishes, there is nothing so healthy and delicious as the now plentiful tomato. This vegetable has only quite recently become appreciated in England. But during the many years I spent in France I learned to know its excellence, and have often in younger days gathered a tomato from the plant and eaten it with as much relish as an apple. Is there not a tradition that a tomato was the original "forbidden fruit?" Be that as it may, there are few dishes that excel a well-made tomato salad. For this purpose tomato must be just ripe enough to skin before slicing. This done, sprinkle them with salt to drain the juices, and to two tablespoonfuls of vinegar add one of the best Lucca oil and a dash of pepper. Tomato sandwiches are most delicate and wholesome, and are made by merely spreading a thin layer of potted meat on bread and butter and inserting between the slices some finely-cut slices of tomato. Foreign tomatoes are very inferior to home-grown, and not suitable for salad or sandwiches. But they will bear cooking, and when stuffed and baked are pleasant eating. For this dish the tomato must not be skinned, but with a sharp knife cut a round piece out of the top, extract the pips and some of the flesh, which mix with some finely-grated bread crumbs, fresh-chopped herbs, pepper and salt, and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Fill up the hole in the tomato with this stuffing place a piece of butter on the top, and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

AMINA.

AROUND LONDON—(Continued).

"Yo ho ! and O ho, for Twickenham Ferry !" —
Ballad.

New Yorkers boast of their Hudson and their Catskill Mountains ; but the Thames can give the Hudson points and easily beat it—not, of course, for wild natural beauty, but for its prettiness, its lovely residences, its green sloping lawns, and its gaiety. Where are the fleets of pretty skiffs, with their stern seats occupied by graceful women in becoming costumes, to be found on the Hudson ? Or, better still, the Thames can boast of thousands of lovely girl-athletes, who can handle a skiff, a canoe, or a punt with a dexterity unequalled by one of Fennimore Cooper's Indians.

Summer on the upper reaches of the Thames is one long carnival. One pleasure party succeeds another, and the round of enjoyment never ceases. I know of no more delightful way of spending a day than in a skiff with three or four companionable people and a good hamper of provisions. To be clothed in flannel is in itself a joy ; and what exercise is more invigorating and pleasant than sculling at a leisurely pace ?

To-day is Saturday, and our headquarters are at Hampton Wick, so we will take advantage of this lovely morning to visit Kingston and see the market. Five minutes will take us there, for Kingston Bridge connects that town with Hampton Wick. We are now in Surrey, and if you happen to be accompanied by a dog this change of venue means something, for whereas in Middlesex muzzling is not compulsory, in Surrey it is strictly enforced. Kingston is the chief market town in Surrey, and it has a fine market-place, reminding one of the "diamonds" in North of Ireland towns.

The scene is uncommonly gay and pretty. There are perhaps 100 vendors of flowers and fruits, not to speak of vegetables, fowl (alive and dead), old books, &c.

Every stall is besieged by beves of girls or stately ladies who have driven some distance, and whose equipages line one side of the street. Every person is armed with a huge bunch of flowers or baskets of strawberries. For here all the campers-out come to replenish their stores. Pic-nic baskets are filled, and all the details of rough-and-ready housewifery are accomplished.

So striking is the scene during the boating season that the *Graphic* newspaper deemed it worth while to devote a whole-page illustration to it last year.

Tramping about a crowded market-place is fatiguing, so it is usual to go for some light refreshment into one of the best confectioner's in England—Nuttall's—the "Mitchell's" of Kingston-of-Thames.

An afternoon pull up to Molesey and an evening stroll in Bushey Park, with a peep at the young deer and the swarming rabbits, will fitly close a pleasant day.

G. M. G.

LA REVEILLE.

AFTERNOON BALLAD CONCERT—CELLINI BENEFIT.—The members of the Carl Rosa Company generously gave their services, and Mr Gunn the Leinster Hall, free. The object was to raise a sum to defray the educational expenses of the clever and charming children of the late Signor Cellini. Everyone recollects the genial and cultivated manner of this musician who became a naturalised citizen of Dublin, and spent the

best portion of his life in the arduous and insecure profession of music. Considering the object, the hall might have been better filled, but perhaps it was an astonishingly large audience for an afternoon concert during the summer season. Madame Burns was absent. The Carl Rosa Company were passable. We shall have something to say later on concerning the unmistakable deterioration of taste amongst Dublin amateurs evidenced by the ridiculous enthusiasm with which this company has been greeted, on the supposition, possibly, that we ought to be thankful for small mercies. Mr Leslie Crotty is a splendid artist, but was not at his best on Friday afternoon. The tone of Miss Fanny Moody's voice is rather hard. Miss Fanny Emslie has a pleasant contralto, and will be an operatic success. We hail the reappearance of Mr Gaffney with pleasure. Our musical readers will recollect that last season we predicted a successful career for this young amateur. We have no reason to alter that opinion. Mr Gaffney is clever and conscientious, and has his feet on the right road.

* * * * *
CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—This concert, which took place on Saturday afternoon, was much better attended than the previous one, few seats being vacant. The first part, devoted to Rossini's "Stabat Mater," was excellently performed, the band and chorus, as well as the soloist, performing admirably. The second part opened with the prelude to the 3rd Act of Wagner's "Lohengrin," followed by the "Song of the Grail" by Mr Barton M'Guckin. The beautiful prelude was carefully and successfully executed, the band proving themselves equal to Wagner's intricate orchestration. Of Mr Barton M'Guckin's rendering of the "Song of the Grail" we cannot speak too highly. During the present season he has been husbanding his voice, but in this effort he proved what he can do when he cares to exert himself, his magnificent *forte* singing throwing the rest of the concert into the shade. A grand operatic recital of Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter" followed, but was a very commonplace affair after "Lohengrin." Mr Max Eugene sang well, and Miss Moody commendably. Miss Kate Drew in her duet with Mr Aynsley Cook was extremely amusing, delivering her light comedy with considerable spirit.

* * * * *
A very successful private Lawn Tennis Tournament was brought to a conclusion on Saturday last at Glenvar, Clontarf, the residence of Mrs W. A. Hunter. The weather was very favourable, and the various sets closely contested. Mr Ernest Stubbs and Miss F. Hunter won the mixed doubles, defeating Mr J. Lumsden and his pretty little partner. Miss Bella Hunter, in the final round, while Mr J. Lumsden just managed to beat Mr W. Hunter for the title of "Gentleman Champion" in the Singles.

* * * * *
THEATRE ROYAL, BELFAST.—The short season of English opera to which the Belfast people have for some time past been looking forward as the great event of the dramatic season, opened on Monday night. Nearly all the principal members of the company are already well known in Belfast. Mr Barton M'Guckin, who is looked upon as almost a native, Mr Leslie Crotty, Mr Annesley Cooke, Madame Georgina Burns, and Miss Gaylord, having earned golden opinions for their singing in English operas here from time to time. At the opening performance here on

Monday night the theatre was literally packed from the stalls to the gallery. The stalls, dress circle, and upper circle were crowded by a brilliant and fashionable audience. The opera was Gounod's "Faust"—a work ever welcome and popular. Miss F. Moody took the part of "Marguerita." In the part of "Faust" Mr Barton M'Guckin is perfectly at home, and though we have heard him in better voice, yet his singing and acting was that of a finished artist. As "Mephistopheles" Mr Charles Manners had the advantage of having a part that suited him perfectly ; and whether courtly and insinuating as at the opening, or vengeful, sneering, and mocking, as the opera proceeded he was equally effective. Possessing a voice, good in range and quality, he sang the difficult songs in a natural and telling manner. The "Siebel" of Miss Annie Emslie was a most pleasing performance, her singing being warmly applauded, and one item bringing a recall. As "Valentine" Mr Max Eugene sang and acted in a careful manner, and the parts of "Wagner" and "Martha" were creditably filled by Mr J. Campbell and Miss Annie Cooke. The choruses were carefully sung. The "Soldier's Chorus" being given with true martial spirit.

FRENCH CORSETS.

M. WORTH ET CIE. have opened a French Corset Depot at 50 DAWSON STREET, Dublin (only address in Ireland), where WORTH'S CORSETS can be had from Stock or made to Order. A warm and well-ventilated Try-on Room attached to the Warerooms. No extra charge for measuring and fitting.

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FASHION, YOUTH, AND BEAUTY.—The "AMERICAN BELLE" embodies all the attributes of a perfect and recherche Toilet Powder, in three charming tints—Blanche, Naturelle, and Rachel. It is of a most innocent nature, deliciously fragrant, and imparts the Glamour and Natural Softness of Youth to the SKIN. Boxes, 1s each ; post free 1s 2d, from George Lucas, Court Hair Dresser and Perfumer, 6 Suffolk Street, Dublin. MADAME GEORGINA BURNS CROTTY writes, September 7th—"Your American Belle Face Powder is most excellent, and it greatly improves the complexion, and renders the skin beautifully soft and clean. I shall continue to use it."—[ADVT.]

SOMETHING REALLY NEW AT LAST.—New remedies and new combinations of drugs are so continually being introduced to the notice of the public that one cannot help wondering where they all come from, and whether it is yet possible for anything really new to be discovered. Fortunately the constant researches of the scientists, both medical and chemical, are now and then rewarded by the discovery of some potent remedy, which almost revolutionises the practice of medicine. Witness the introduction of chloroform, ether, and chloral, and quite recently of the wonderful cocaine, which, although only generally used for about two years, has already made itself an absolute necessary in every surgery and dispensary. America has proved itself rich beyond conception in valuable drugs. From the Indians came our knowledge of the virtues of quinine, of the efficacy of podophylline, and many other medicines. From them also came our first knowledge of the wonderful cocaine, and now comes another remedy, and one, moreover, which has taken the highest rank as a cure for rheumatism and indigestion. It may safely be said that nothing previously known has in the slightest degree approached it in the promptness and permanency of its effects. The preparation, which is known and registered as "Prairie Flower," is a natural mineral water combined with Botanic Extract. The mineral spring which yields the chief ingredient has been resorted to by various tribes of North American Indians for centuries, by whom also the Botanic Extract was extensively used. It is prepared solely by the Sequah Indian Medicine Firm, and may be obtained everywhere from all chemists. If one chemist has not got it by another, and do not take any substitute.—[ADVT.]

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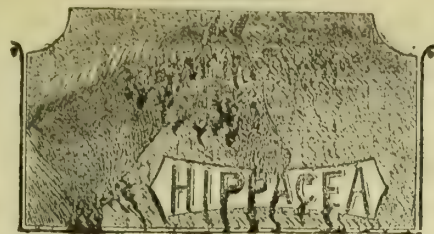
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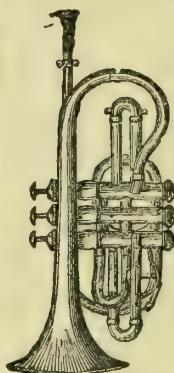
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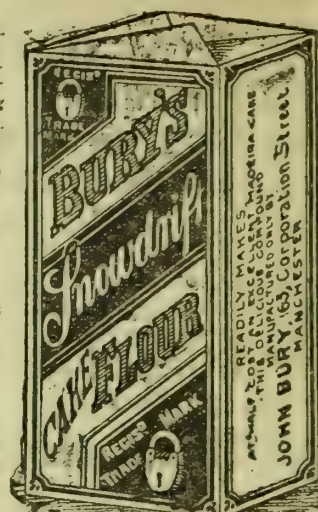
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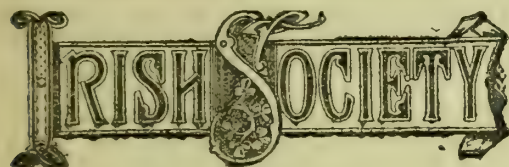
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WEEK ENDING 29th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

There was not the slightest foundation for the alarming report which appeared in a Sunday morning paper to the effect that the Princess of Wales had a narrow escape from being cut to pieces upon an Austrian railway. The Princess and her daughters arrived safely in London on Tuesday.

There is no foundation whatever for the rumoured engagement of Princess Louise of Wales and the Czarewitsch. There are many reasons that would render such an engagement an impossibility.

The marriage of the young Crown Prince of Greece, Duke of Sparta, and the Princess Sophia of Prussia, will take place in the course of the next three months, and there will be great ceremonies at Berlin and Athens in consequence.

The Bonaparte ladies in Paris have prepared a superb present for the Duchess of Aosta—a golden clock surrounded with diamonds and a silver toilet service.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, is staying at Brookland Castle, near Swansea, the seat of Mr Graham Vivian, and has visited the Bishopstone Valley and other interesting places in the neighbourhood. On Saturday her Royal Highness paid a visit of some length to the Earl and Countess of Dunraven at their residence near Bridgend.

When is the Empress Frederick coming here? Three times the arrangement for her visit have been made and each time have fallen through.

She contemplated a visit to Balmoral at the beginning of next month, and was to have gone straight to Aberdeen from Germany. This was given up and a visit both to Balmoral and to Buckingham Palace was discussed. Then her Imperial Majesty thought of visiting Windsor. It is now said that she has not finally made up her mind to come to England at all or to Scotland either. She prefers the fair skies of Italy to the climate of the north, where the Queen benefits so greatly; and may not be able to dovetail in even a brief visit to her native land. It may be that some political reasons induce her to avoid, just after the publication of Dr. Morell Mackenzie's book, that demonstration of love for her native land which would certainly be utilised by the wildly patriotic Press of Germany.

According to a letter from Austria there is apparently a hopeless estrangement between the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Austria. The Archduchess Stephanie is now yachting by herself, and she spent six weeks of this summer with her sister, the Princess Philip of Coburg. The Princess of Wales wished to pay her a visit at Laxenburg; but this would have involved her staying under the same roof as her husband, and she refused. For the same reason she would not go to see the Princess of Wales at Gmunden. The Emperor is very much annoyed at this, because he is afraid the matter may go further. Last winter the Crown Princess went off to Abbazia and remained there for weeks rather than figure with her husband at Court ceremonies.

The eldest son of King John of Abyssinia was lately married to a daughter of the King of Shoa. On the wedding day the bride wore what is said to be the Queen of Sheba's crown, which, according to native record, has been in the possession of the Ethiopian Kings for the last 23 centuries.

H.R.H. the Princess Maud, third daughter of the Prince of Wales, carefully collects in the yards of Sandringham House, and in those of Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne all the peacocks' feathers, and begs them also from her young friends of the nobility. With this plumage, received without cost, she makes pretty hand-screens, and sells them at bazaars for the profit of poor little children.

A very stylish little wedding took place in Kingstown on the 19th inst., at the Scotch Church, York road. Sir Robert Herron, J.P., was united to Mrs William Danford, of Larkfield. The ceremony was performed by Mr Hanson, pastor, assisted by his nephew, pastor of Christ Church, Rathgar, and the Rev. J. B. McGonnicke, from Philadelphia. The bride was becomingly dressed in pearl-coloured watered silk, *en train* satin, lined and trimmed with silver fox; a charming blonde *perle* capote and cloud-like tulle veil gave a soft grace to the

toilette. Her magnificent bouquet, presented by her employes at the mills, added a touch of sympathy and poetry from them to their mistress and friend. Her diamonds, a gift from the bridegroom, were simply superb. The chief attendant among a bevy of pretty girls was Miss Pring, of San Francisco, in a simple toilette of ivory white *viole*, with Di Vernon hat of ivory plush ribbon lace, and trimmed with heather in compliment to Sir Robert's nationality. At the conclusion of an elegant *dejeuner* at Morville, the happy pair, amid showers of rice, slippers, and hearty congratulations, left for Scotland *via* the North. Lady Herron's travelling dress was composed of myrtle embroidered cashmere, with toque to match, with a costly wrap of the new cloth, trimmed with beaver. The wedding presents were well-chosen and costly offerings.

George Latham Blacker Bennett, Lieutenant Royal Navy, second son of Mr George Latham Bennett, of Glenefy, County Limerick, was married on the 18th inst. at St. John the Baptist's, Crowthorne, to Louisa Frances Christina, only child of the Rev. Thomas Ashe, R.N., Chaplain of Broadmere Asylum.

On the 18th inst. Mr Lowry Cliffe Loftus Tottenham, second son of Mr Henry Loftus Tottenham, barrister-at-law, was married to Isabella Ogle Creek, only child of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Kilmore. The ceremony took place at Kildallen Church, County Cavan. The Lord Bishop of Kilmore, assisted by the Rev. J. C. Martin, officiated.

The marriage of Mr FitzPatrick Praed and Miss Mary Leslie Hallward was solemnised on Wednesday at St. Gabriel's, Warwick square, by the Rev. Canon Cooke, assisted by the Rev. J. Holden, brother-in-law of the bridegroom. Only the near relatives of both families were present.

On Tuesday last week a young and richly-dowered lady, Miss Mary Nisbet-Hamilton, of Archerfield and Dirleton, only child of the late Right Hon. Robert and Lady Mary Nisbet-Hamilton, bestowed her hand on Mr Henry Ogilvy, second son of Sir John Ogilvy, Bart. This lady was much admired in London society, and had declined several brilliant alliances, so that her engagement to Mr H. Ogilvy attracted considerable attention. The marriage took place at Biel House in the chapel of St. Margaret of Scotland. The bride's dress was very handsome, and her diamond ornaments of unusual magnificence, and the wedding differed from the ordinary routine in two striking features. There were no bridesmaids, and it was the guests who departed after the breakfast, leaving the bride and bridegroom in possession of Biel House.

A fashionable marriage, which was witnessed by a numerous company, was solemnised on the 20th inst. in St. Stephen's Church, Dublin, by

the Rev. W. E. B. Gunn, M.A., Vicar of Egremore, Cheshire, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Walsh, D.D., Incumbent and Canon of Limerick Cathedral. The young lady who was led to the altar on the occasion was Miss Caroline Margaret, second daughter of General Hamilton, R.E., Dunchideock House, Exeter, and granddaughter of James Alex. Hamilton, Esq., of 46 Fitzwilliam square, and the bridegroom was Captain Fitzgerald Murison Banister, of the Royal Horse Artillery.

Mr Alfred Manning, of Grafton street, supplied the bridal trousseaux in his accustomed elegant style. Miss Hamilton's wedding gown was of white moire, satin front, trimmed with Carrickmacross lace. She wore also an orange blossom wreath and a tulle veil. The bridesmaids were four in number, and it is scarcely necessary to say that they as well as the bride looked positively bewitching. They were Miss Edith and Miss Laura Hamilton, sisters of the bride; Miss Emily Hamilton, cousin of the bride; and Miss Hume. They wore crevette surah directoire dresses, the fronts draped with Madras muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

The marriage of Sir William Gurdon, K.C.B., and Lady Camilla Wallop, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, was solemnised on Thursday at Wembworthy, North Devon. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a dress of ivory velvet trimmed with point lace, and a veil of honiton lace. Her ornaments were a pearl tiara, pearl bracelets and brooch. The four bridesmaids' dresses were of cream coloured muslin, with light blue sashes. A large number of the friends and relatives of both families were invited to the breakfast, amongst whom were Lord and Lady Lymington, Sir Redvers and Lady Buller, &c. In the afternoon the newly-married pair left for the Old House, Kingwood, in the New Forest, to spend the honeymoon.

A marriage will take place at the end of October between Mr Leonard Micklem, of Yardleys, Essex, and Nannette Frances, eldest daughter of the late Mr Charles Fenwick.

A marriage has been arranged and will take place in January between Captain Cavendish Walter Gartside-Tipping, youngest son of Mr G. Gartside-Tipping, of Rossferry House, Belturbet, and Miss Louisa Dorina Spaight, eldest daughter of Colonel George Campbell Spaight, of Beaufort House, Killarney.

A marriage will take place on Tuesday, October 30, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London, between Mr A. M. B. Gage, of the Buffs, third son of General the Hon. E. T. Gage, C.B., and Miss Ethel Lysaght, second daughter of Mr John Lysaght, of Springfort, Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire, and Teignmouth, Devonshire.

The marriage of Mr William Allen Coates to Miss Agnes Muir will take place on the 9th of October at Deanstown, Doune, Perthshire.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr Montague Williams, eldest son of Mr Montague Williams, of Woolland House, Dorset, and Audrey Mary, fourth daughter of Mr Edward Leigh Kinnersley, of Clyffe, Dorset.

A marriage will very shortly take place between Herbert Cavan Irving, barrister-at-law, Inner Temple, Captain 3rd Battalion K.O.S.B., only surviving son of John Irving, of Burnfoot, Dumfriesshire, and Mary Helen, widow of the late Alfred Pyne and second daughter of the late John Johnstone, of Halleattis, Lockerbie, and Castlenan House, Mortlake.

A marriage is arranged to shortly take place between Dr. Effingham C. McDowell, Sligo, and Miss Mary Jane Eleanor Buchanan, Edenfel, Omagh, daughter of Lewis Mansergh Buchanan, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for the County Tyrone, and Colonel commanding the 4th Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The marriage arranged between Captain F. Fetherstonhaugh, A.D.C., the Cameronians, and Miss Beatrice Etterie Glyn will take place on Thursday, October 11th., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Captain Fawcett, 5th Royal Irish Lancers, will shortly be married to Miss Caroline Agar Ellis.

Our readers will scarcely credit the assertion that the owner of Nelson's Pillar is a private citizen. Such, however, is the fact. The view from this monument on a fine day is unsurpassable for extent and beauty, and we can assure intending visitors that they will obtain infinite value for the small sum of threepence. During the first year the proceeds were small; but latterly they have increased to a sum which is a welcome addition to the income of the widow lady who possesses it.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry were present on Tuesday afternoon at the opening of the Barber Wing and Bury Wards at the Meath Hospital. Viscount Powerscourt presided, and an address was presented to the Viceroy, after which his Excellency declared the Barber Wing and the Bury Wards open.

On Friday, the 21st inst., the Duchess of Leinster gave birth to her second son at Carton House, Maynooth. Her Grace's mother, the Countess of Feversham, arrived on the previous Monday from the family seat in Yorkshire.

The Earl of Northbrook is paying a series of visits to friends in Ireland.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans have left her Grace's seat, Newtown-Anner, Clonmel, County Tipperary, for Bestwood Park, Notts.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, who have returned to Bowood from Ireland, go very soon to Scotland to visit the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh and the Dowager Lady Lansdowne. They will be the guests of the Queen before leaving the North, that Lord Lansdowne may "kiss hands" on his appointment as Viceroy of India.

Curraghmore, after being closed for some years, is again open, and Lord and Lady Waterford have been entertaining a succession of

visitors, amongst others, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who paid a farewell visit previous to their departure from Ireland.

Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot, C.B., has started from London on a tour through Russia, Central Asia, and Persia, to India.

Earl Cadogan, who spent Doncaster week at the Duke of Portland's, Welbeck Abbey, left for Balmoral to relieve Viscount Cranbrook, minister in attendance on the Queen.

The Earl and Countess of Enniskillen, the Earl of Clonmel, Lord Lurgan, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill have also concluded their visit to Welbeck Abbey.

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn have arrived at Baronscourt, and will spend the autumn there.

Lord St. Oswald's party last week at Nostell Priory, included Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Alexandrina Vane-Tempest, Sir Edward and Lady Guinness, Earl and Countess of Gosford and Lady Alice Montague, Lady Cloncurry and the Hon. Miss Winn, the Earl Dudley, Viscount Clifden, Colonel Oliphant, and Mr Christopher Sykes, M.P.

The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury have left town for Heron Court, Christchurch. Lord Malmesbury was sufficiently well to travel, but he has only partly recovered from his long and severe illness.

The Earl of Portarlington and Lord Clifden are at present sojourning at Brighton.

The Marchioness of Headfort joined her daughters at Kinraig House, Kingussie, last week.

The Earl and Countess of Belmore have arrived in England from the Continent.

Mr and Mrs Kellett have returned from the London markets, where they have been making extensive purchases for the coming season.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Drogheda have returned to Moore Abbey, Kildare, from Yorkshire, where they had been staying for the Doncaster race week.

Captain and Mrs Stradford Tuke and family have changed their residence from 6 St. Mary's Road to 14 Upper Leeson street.

Lord Ardilaun, who has been suffering for some weeks past from an acute attack of bronchitis, accompanied by intermittent fever, is, we are glad to say, now progressing favourably.

The family party at Wentworth House on the occasion of the celebration of the golden wedding of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, comprised the Earl and Countess of Morton, Viscount Milton, Lord and Lady Lyveden, Lady Gertrude Rolle and Miss Rolle, Admiral Hon. G. H. and Mrs Douglas, the Right Hon. James Lowther,

M.P., the Ladies Alice and Albreda Fitzwilliam, Mr and Lady Frances Doyne, Lady Alice Ewing, Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P., and Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, Hon. J. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P., Hon. Hugh and Lady Mary Boscawen, Hon. Laura and Hon. Mabel Fitzwilliam, Hon. Reginald Fitzwilliam, Hon. Theresa Fitzwilliam, Miss Mary and Miss Maude Fitzwilliam, Hon. John Boscawen, Captain Hon. T. W. and Mrs Fitzwilliam, Sir Owen and Lady Agnes Burne, Sir Henry Stephenson, Hon. Thomas and Mrs Fitzwilliam, Mr and Mrs Orlando Bridgeman Simpson, Miss Egerton, Mr Thomas Dundas, Mr G. W. Fitzwilliam, Mr Francis Simpson, R.N., and Mr Hans Hamilton.

We understand that the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry and Lady Olive Vane-Tempest have left Blair Castle, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Athole, to visit the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle, N.B. It was believed at Newtownards that the Dowager Marchioness was about taking up her residence for a time at Mountstewart House, and this may take place later on in the season.

A very pleasant dance was given at the Assembly Rooms, Tramore, Co. Waterford, on Wednesday evening, September 5th, by Mr P. J. Kenny, Mr R. Power, M.P., Mr Walsh, Mr G. R. Power, and Mr J. C. Cox, the latter acting as hon. sec. The room was very tastefully decorated by the coastguards with flags and evergreens, and the dance proved one of the most successful entertainments ever held in Tramore. Amongst those who received invitations were—Major and Mrs Maunsell, General and Mrs Baldock, Mr and Mrs J. C. Cox, and Miss Hayes, Miss Armstrong, Mr and Mrs Kent, Mrs Blake, Miss J. Walsh, Miss O'Donnell, Miss Sharp, Miss J. Power, Surgeon-Major Smyth, Mr E. H. Power, Mr Stackpool, Mr J. Power, Mr Lynch, Mr J. Mulcahy, &c.

Mrs Hopkins, of Gravelstown, Wilkinstown, gave last week a magnificent ball at her charming residence, at which a fashionable company attended. Among the guests were Mrs Fowler, the Misses Taaffe, the Misses Kelly, Monkstown; Mr and Mrs Nugent, Mr and the Misses Roberts, Mr Radcliffe, Mr Freak, &c. The music was supplied by Mr J. J. Coates, pianist.

No. 2 Dunleary Foresters gave a magnificent reunion to their friends at the Town Hall, Kingstown, on Monday evening. Over 400 guests were present, and were charmed with the admirable manner in which they were entertained by their genial hosts. Davy Stephens introduced his new "Carolina" dance with supreme success. The Kingstown Foresters deserve the warmest approbation for their ceaseless and successful endeavours in the interests of the healthy social pleasures of the premier township.

The annual harvest home given by Mr and Mrs Villiers Stuart, of Dromana, took place last Thursday. The weather was all that could be desired. A regatta on the Blackwater was part of the entertainment, and a large number of visitors from Lismore, Youghal, and Cappoquin were present, as well as all the labourers of the estate. Prizes were given for salmon boats, cots, and outriggers, as well as sailing boats, and a capital race took place between the crews of the Cappoquin Rowing Club, as well as a canoe

race. After dusk there was a display of fireworks from Mr Villiers Stuart's yacht, *Gazelle*, anchored in the river; then the labourers and workmen were entertained at supper, and dancing commenced, which was kept up till an early hour the following morning.

The Gregg Memorial Gymnastic Club, who are the present holders of the *Irish Times* Challenge Cup, will, we are informed, hold their opening general meeting on Thursday, 27th inst., in their hall, 8 Dawson street, when it is hoped that members and their friends who may wish to join will attend in large numbers.

We understand that the annual dance of the Dublin Bay Sailing Club will take place at the Town Hall, Kingstown, on the 17th prox. from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. On the occasion a special train will leave Kingstown for Westland row at 2 a.m.

The Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club dance, which proved such a success last season, will be given early in November.

Harry Monkhouse and his clever company are delighting large audiences at the Queen's Theatre with "Larks," and Harry's clever agent in advance, or someone else representing him, is having any amount of "larks" at the expense of unsuspecting people who exhibit a pardonable inclination to become the possessors of derelict half-crowns. The whole thing is one of the most catching advertisements that has yet been brought under our notice, and it will probably be imitated largely if the proprietor of "Larks" has not patented the invention.

The ingenious contrivance is on one side, to all intents and purposes, a veritable half-crown—the "metal" a little dull, but still apparently all right. It is laid on the footway; your eye catches the tempting bait, and straightway it is appropriated. It feels rather limp, and when you turn it over you discover on the obverse side, nicely worked in red ink on a white ground, an invitation to "Go and see Harry Monkhouse."

One of these interesting curiosities was laid down on the footway in Westmoreland street on Tuesday evening about the hour of four o'clock, just in front of a well-known restaurant, and a few cunning ones who were in the secret lounged alongside and awaited events. More than 500 people passed the "token" without observing it; but at last an old gentleman leisurely came along with gold-headed walking-stick in hand, and spectacles on nose. He saw it and went for it, and as he discovered the sell he was greeted with a hearty roar of laughter from those who had laid the trap. However, he enjoyed the joke right heartily, and doubtless will visit "Larks" at the Queen's.

An interesting rifle match, ladies *versus* gentlemen, was shot on Saturday between six ladies and six gentlemen of the Boveridge Rifle Association, which ended in an easy victory for the ladies by a majority of 21. Rook rifles were used; distances, 25, 50, 75, and 100 yards, ten rounds at each distance. Strict Wimbledon rules were enforced. The ladies were the Misses Douglas-Hamilton, Isabel Douglas-Hamilton, F. Douglas-Hamilton, Monro, Brouncker, and

Coventry; total 919. The gentlemen were Colonel Bentinck, Mr Robert Bentinck, Mr T. Monro, Mr F. Coventry, Mr T. Spencer, and Major M. Kerrell; total 898. Another match is soon to come off between six ladies of the B.R.A. and Captain Rawlin's team from the Wimborne Rifle Corps.

A second edition of Dr. Mahaffy's essay on the art of conversation, revised and enlarged, has been issued by MacMillan and Co. The learned professor lays down as the fundamental principle of conversation recreation, not instruction. No stiffness or pedantic formality should be tolerated; but ease, elegance, sprightliness, no monopoly each ready to give and receive their share of social enjoyment. The author gratefully acknowledges in his preface to the second edition his obligations to her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry and Lady Audrey Buller, whose charming powers of conversation have suggested the chief materials for his theory.

Dr. Wendell Holmes, writing in the October number of the *Young Man*, selects the following as the three best books:—The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary, "say Worcester or Webster." Regarding the theatre, he thinks a young man of good taste and good principles may safely go to see a good actor in a good play. In answering the question "Shall we smoke?" he says, "Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed."

Some choice examination blunders are mentioned by *Examiner*. One examination paper gave the following answer to a description of Esau. "That Esau wrote fables, and sold the copyright for a mass of potash." Another one says, "That Zaccheus was a little short man, who climbed up a synagogue tree." One boy on being asked the difference between a barrister and a solicitor said, "A barrister was an unmarried solicitor."

We understand that Government have awarded a pension of £70 per annum to the Misses Prendergast in recognition of their deceased brother's distinguished service. In the event of one sister dying the pension is to be continued to the survivor.

The mode of advertising adopted by the railway companies, apparently the result of mutual agreement, by omitting from their advertisements much information about their excursion trains is inexplicable. The reason for this it is not easy to guess. The railway companies seem to forget that a large number of would-be travellers live at a distance from Dublin, and many at considerable distances from railway stations. The newspapers reach them, but not the placards. It is difficult enough for a resident in Dublin to find a bill posted on the walls giving information of which he is in search, but residents in Kingstown, Bray, &c., have no chance of even making a guess, and yet many of them would likely be attracted by specially cheap fares. It is to be hoped for the convenience of the public the railways will revert to their former and seemingly wiser plan of publishing in the newspapers fares and all other required information relating to excursions.

What a blessing it would be if our middle-class families would turn their attention to the Wanzer portable cookers, which are such a decided acquisition for all culinary purposes. They combine cheapness with an efficiency such as has not yet been attained in the art of cooking, and by their means meats are just done to the turn desired. We know several families in Dublin who use them, and who would not supersede them in their kitchens for any consideration. After all, the stomach is a great humanizer.

* *

Irish girls and women engaged in industrial pursuits will be interested in learning that a sum of £10,000 has been for some time lying idle, this being a legacy intended for their benefit, and the question now is how the money can be got hold of. It is at present in the custody of the English Court of Chancery, and unless prompt measures are taken to extricate it, this large sum may follow the fortunes of the legacy in the case of "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce," as told by Dickens.

* *

The £10,000 represent the value of various shares, coupons, and moneys bequeathed by a French lady who had a lively interest in Irish industries, the testatrix being Eleonore Riego de la Branchardiere, an unmarried French lady residing in London, and the bequest was "for the benefit of poor Irish female workers." There was a condition that the bequests should be applied "as best agreed by Mr Justin M'Carthy, M.P.," and another person named. The Countess of Aberdeen has been much concerned about this legacy, and she has been assisted in her inquiries concerning it by our fellow-citizen, Mr Joseph Foley, of the Irish Home Industries Association.

* *

The latter body made application to Mr M'Carthy, who expressed his renunciation of the trusteeship in a letter in which he states that he has neither the time nor knowledge to qualify him for fulfilling the task, and he is the more willing to adopt this course, as he has been informed on the best legal authority that the intentions of the will are sure to be carried out equitably by the court. He had informed the Countess of Aberdeen as to how the matter stood, and in his opinion her ladyship would be able to advise and assist the association.

* *

Meantime we trust that this important matter will not be lost sight of. Miss Branchardiere, who died last year, took great interest in Irish industrial work, and particularly in lace-making, of which she was a valued patroness.

* *

Mrs Belva A. Lockwood, the "equal rights" candidate for the presidency of the United States, is 5ft. 8in. in height, 150lb. in weight, and belongs to the type known as "grey blondes." If not exactly beautiful, she possesses an "indefinable expression of motherliness, honest good humour, and gentle goodwill." Her manners bear the imprint of a certain "old school grace" which is "winning rather than remarkable." In dress she seems to hit the *juste milieu* between a slavish compliance with the dictates of fashion and the complete disregard of them, or the "aggressive masculinity" of attire which so many people of her own school affect. She sides, however, with the "dress reformers" in one im-

portant particular—she never wears a corset; and she attributes the uniformly good health which she enjoys to her renunciation of this article of the feminine toilette.

* *

The list of victims of the Congo expedition grows a long one. Stanley has disappeared into the gloom of the Dark Continent. Bartellot, in seeking to gain news of him, has been slain, and now Bartellot's next in command is cut off by fever. Mr Jameson was a mighty Nimrod, worthy by some of his achievements to follow in the footsteps of Gordon Cumming, though less of body, and not possessing the latter's superhuman strength. Jameson, who belonged to the well-known Dublin family of that name, had wealth enough to settle down quietly to the humdrum life of our modern civilization. He despised it, and went forth seeking adventure. He gathered in his adventure, as a naturalist, enough specimens to make a museum. Being at home when the Stanley expedition was fitted out, he demanded with emphasis to be placed upon it, and actually bought his right to a place by contributions towards the fund. He was a splendid fellow to work on such an expedition. Stanley praised him before he disappeared on the Aruwimi. Bartellot praised him in his last report, and his loss leaves any expedition for resuming the search after Stanley without a natural head. A new set of captains will have to be discovered, and will probably be found in the British army. At present, however, the responsible people at Brussels seem to be awaiting further news before making a move.

* *

Nothing more lamentable or pitiable has taken place in Dublin for a long time than the melancholy suicide of Mrs Mary Jane Taylor, of Niagara, America, in the Phoenix Park at the close of last week. In charity it will be assumed that the unfortunate lady, who evidently belonged to a good class of society, was suffering from temporary insanity at the same time she committed the rash act that terminated her life.

* *

The inquest revealed little beyond the fact that the unhappy lady had been the victim of that worst form of madness, religious mania, culminating in the suicide's plunge of despair. Fortunately such cases but rarely occur in Ireland. There is something inexpressibly touching in this sad death of a stranger far away from her native land; and the pathos of the story is reached when the circumstance is narrated that she had grieved deeply for the loss of her parents, who died recently, and whom she nursed, it is said, with unremitting affection.

* *

On Monday Mr and Mrs Stuart entertained about 120 of the pupils attending the school at Mountstuart at a garden party, the entertainment consisting of a plentiful supply of tea, sweetcake, &c. The pupils also received prizes on the occasion, these being distributed by the Misses Stuart. Cordial wishes were expressed for their host and hostess by the children, as well as for Mr Villiers Stuart, jun., who has just attained his majority, and whose birthday they celebrated on the occasion.

* *

In the *Ladies' Pictorial*, "Amazon" thus describes a beautiful tea-gown which Mr Alfred Manning, of Grafton street, has just completed

for the young Duchess of Leinster:—"It is of exquisite pearl grey brocade, wrought with flowers and foliage in every variety of pale brown and yellow tints, a kind of orange being the predominating colour. The sashes are of shaded *moire* ribbon, manufactured expressly to correspond. The sleeves are edged with falls of rare old lace, while *coquilles* of crepe and satin complete the finish of the skirt. The back of the dress is Watteau-shaped, and shows an elegantly-made collar of orange satin and crepe. The gown is one of Mr Manning's masterpieces, and cannot be done justice to by any description of its attractions."

* *

Public sentiment in this country does not, happily, encourage smoking by women. The man who is himself most given to indulgence in tobacco could not see without repulsion his wife, his sister, his mother, or his sweetheart following his example. In Paris, however, so many women smoke that one of their number has thought it while to draw up a set of rules to regulate the practice among ladies having any pretensions to politeness. Ladies must never smoke in a restaurant nor out of doors, nor yet after five o'clock tea. They must smoke only after their meals at home, and then only in a special room on their boudoir. Other rules are given as to the holding of the cigarette and the emission of the smoke. Some of the rules seem to indicate what is perhaps usually the truth—that smoking women are not specially gifted with ladylike instincts.

* *

The gentle Annie of song and story is proved to be a snare and delusion. Of a gang of girl thieves, four in number, arrested in Philadelphia the other day, three were named Annie. But what's in a name? Though the poet sang of gentle Annie, it was not any Annie he had in mind, but some particular Annie.

* *

On the 21st inst. Colonel Todd and officers of the Wiltshire Regiment, stationed at Athlone, gave a most successful regatta on the beautiful waters of the River Shannon, between the bridges at Athlone. The weather was everything that could be desired, and the attendance large, including the aristocracy not only from the immediate vicinity, but from many miles around. The band of the regiment performed a varied selection of music on a large boat anchored in the centre of the river.

* *

In Fermoy a few evenings ago a concert of a high class was given in the Assembly Rooms in aid of the organ fund of Castlelyons Church. The attendance was large. Miss Stuart Champion gave a couple of selections on the violin in a finished manner, for which she was loudly applauded. Mr Hay Gordon also contributed two violin solos in masterly style. The vocal solos were taken by Mrs Woodroffe, Mrs Hay Gordon, Miss Braddell, and Miss Percy, all of whom were extremely well received, and each in turn had to respond to an *encore*. A feature of the programme was the introduction of a number of *tableaux vivants* representing classical studies, these being carried out by the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the concert. The performances, which were a great success, terminated with the singing of the "National Anthem."

The story of the suicide of young Seeborn, the adapter of the stage version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will possess a certain interest for many in Dublin, in consequence of his engagement to a young lady whose father and family were well known in the city some years ago. Most of us remember John Lawless, the well-known solicitor, whose handsome detached house near the upper end of Rathmines road was often the scene of festive parties composed of the best society in Dublin and its neighbourhood; but the young lady who has met so great a loss by the melancholy ending of her lover's life at Hoffman House, New York, is too youthful to know anything of city society, having left Ireland for the purpose of completing her education when almost a child.

She has, however, been interviewed at her home near Paris by an irrepressible "pen-and-ink sketcher" attached to the staff of the *New York Herald*, and this is what that gentleman says of her:—"She is a perfect type of the Irish beauty. She is about five feet three inches in height, and has the brilliant colour of all true daughters of Erin, with brown hair, cut short, and beautiful blue-grey eyes. Her upper lip is just short enough to show two rows of pearly teeth, and through them she allows a sufficient amount of brogue to escape to make the English language musical."

Miss Lawless, who is barely out of her teens, told the story of her engagement to Mr Seeborn with considerable emotion. She met the unhappy youth, whose talents made him the delight of the cultivated circles in which he moved, about a year ago at Homburg, where they became engaged, but the engagement was not made public, awaiting the consent of his father, who lives in a handsome mansion at South Kensington, and allowed his son £500 a year. What brought him to America has puzzled all his friends, who could see no reason for his strange disappearance a short time ago. In London genuine sorrow is felt for his melancholy fate.

Our well-known Dublin "whip," Jemmy Tallon, with his son, are astonishing the Londoners with a couple of splendidly-equipped Irish jaunting cars, which appear to the average Cockney the most singular of vehicles. They like the "rowl," but are doubtful of their ability to maintain their seat upon it. Jemmy, however, is educating them in this respect, while at the same time drawing in the coin in a way that would make an ordinary Larry Doolin awaiting a job in Sackville street shed bitter tears at the hard fate which compelled him to miss such a golden opportunity.

He is daily engaged in the building, where in the early afternoon he takes the impromptu "hazard" at the band-stand, and, mounting passengers at threepence per head, drives them over a course prescribed for the purpose by Lord Arthur Hill. A hundred "outsiders" would find more than enough of customers, and altogether the scene would remind those of our citizens who have reached middle age of Baggot street in Donnybrook Fair times, when a seat to the classic quarter of mirth, riot, and revelry was obtainable for twopence.

A couple of days ago Mr Tallon drove his car from Kensington to Ludgate Circus, the Irish

turn-out being regarded with great astonishment by crowds in the Strand and Fleet street. One gentleman was so enamoured of the "yoke" that he followed Mr Tallon to the Exhibition, and succeeded in purchasing from him his gallant grey for the smart figure of £110. It is reassuring to know that we can supply plenty of such equines at the same price.

There is no more popular gentleman in racing circles than Judge Brindley, by which title he is best known to his many friends. Mr T. Brindley is not learned in legal affairs, but in all matters connected with racing and the management of meetings he is "a judge, and a good judge, too." Under his supervision the past Baldoyle meeting was a brilliant success, and, as the course has been leased under more favourable terms than heretofore, we may count upon many more pleasant reunions over the far-famed track.

One of the first arrivals each afternoon was his Excellency Lord Londonderry, who was attended by a brilliant company from the Viceregal Lodge. The Viceroy spent little of his time in the portion of the reserved stand sacred to his use, and seemed to find more enjoyment wandering amid the gay and light-hearted throng in the saddling paddock. His Excellency's mare, Scarte, won two races at the meeting, and, judging by the cheers which greeted the dual success, the victories were very popular.

Two years had elapsed since Lord Londonderry previously ran a horse in Ireland. In October, 1886, Cambusmore, ridden by poor Fred Archer, earned a winning bracket at the Curragh, and on that occasion the stake was handed over to the owner of the second. A month after the race Archer, in the frenzy of fever, shot himself with a revolver.

Mr H. Eyre, the renowned trainer, after a long run of downright bad luck, swept the boards at Baldoyle. We had ten races, and six of these were won by horses trained at Eyrefield Lodge.

We perceive that capital entries have been received for the Cork Park Races, which take place on the 2nd and 3rd October. The Great Southern and Western Railway Company will run a cheap excursion to the Southern meeting on the day before. Everything goes to show that the reunion will be highly successful, and that the accommodation of that favourite and comfortable resort of racegoers, the Victoria Hotel, will be in strong request.

We hear that an enterprising firm of photographers are endeavouring to get a sitting from that one gentleman—a cheeky son of Mars—who enjoyed Leopardstown and persists in saying the arrangements were perfect. We should like to have a copy. By-the-bye, we hear the prospects of the next meeting at Leopardstown are not over rosy. It will take place on the two last days of October, and we learn that over a score of the best of our horses will not run, but will be reserved for Liverpool the week after.

Miss Emily Faithfull, who has just completed the 30th year of her work in promoting the educational and industrial interests of women, has been presented by the Queen with an engraving of herself, bearing a gracious inscription signed by her Majesty.

The Paris dressmaker who has this year gained the "Batifol prize" of £400 is a Made-moiselle Terminaux, whose worthy deeds certainly merit reward. The prize in question was founded by a philanthropic lady—Madame Batifol—who was anxious to encourage hard-working young women, and to give them a chance of setting up in business. Now, Made-moiselle Terminaux was extremely good and laborious. She began life as a humble apprentice to a "boss milliner." She picked up pins and needles and bits of stuff from the floor of her mistress's establishment; she ran errands, and occasionally assisted in cooking and cleaning up until about 15 she was proclaimed a *petite ouvriere*, and drew the magnificent salary of one shilling a day, with the leavings from the "boss milliner's" table thrown in. At 18 she became a full-fledged *ouvriere*, and owing to her industry she is now in a fair way to be able to relinquish the needle and to be raised to the "Marshalship of Millinery" by becoming a "cutter out" or *premiere ouvriere*. She will then gain as much as a Government clerk of the second class, but during the terrible Paris season she will often have to work until midnight. The young *ouvriere* is not only industrious and pretty, but she has for years practically kept her father, mother, and half a dozen brothers and sisters.

Another brave doctor has laid down his own life to purchase relief for a diphtheritic patient. This time it is Dr Prut, of the dispensary at Batignolles, Paris, who died after only a few hours' illness, caught in his devoted care of a little child suffering from the terrible complaint, from whose throat he sucked the obstructive matter.

An automatic fireman has been invented. He is like a ladder to look at; he climbs up the side of a burning house, breaks the window panes, pours in a stream of water, and carries up a platform to rescue the human inmates. On "off-days" he is expected to go round to collect subscriptions for the Fire Brigade and to drink your honour's health.

We copy the following paragraph from our excellent contemporary, *Life*:—"Lately there has been a great increase in the articles, such as lace, embroidery, underclothing, painting, knitting, wood carving, &c., sent over to the Old Irish Market Place by poor peasants in Ireland. In most cases this work is the senders' sole means of support, and it is most desirable that it should not be returned to them unsold. Visitors to the Irish Exhibition would be giving material help and encouragement to these poor peasants by going to the Old Irish Market Place, and making some purchases, however small. The inmates of many a humble cottage in Ireland will have cause to be thankful during the coming winter, if the work they have sent to the Exhibition is sold."

Mrs Buckner is the wife of the Governor of Kentucky. She wears as ornaments a conch-shell lace pin and sleeve buttons which, in addition to their beauty, have the charm of a romantic history, having been purchased by her relative, General George Washington, from a shipwrecked and destitute sailor, and by him worn on the coat in which he was inaugurated.

"Three Young Ladies from Bray" have been annoyed about our remarks on "Young ladies v. young Women." They object to being called *young women*. The term seems to insult, or, as they put it, degrade them. Now, we cannot understand why a young girl in business should object to being called a young woman. To our mind the term is much more respectful when applied in that connection than that of "young lady." But we shall let one of the "Three young Ladies from Bray" speak for herself. She boldly "challenges our views, and asserts without fear of contradiction that they (our comments) are not only ungallant, but most unwise. As to their *unwisdom* (continues our fair correspondent) it is clear that their tendency is to place a check upon that feeling of self-respect and proper pride which it ought to be the desire of everyone to promote and foster." Now, we cannot recognise the tendency or admit the check. We reasoned in this wise—A young woman who has a thorough respect for herself would not under any circumstance utilise a title which exclusively belongs to women in the higher ranks of society for the purpose of promoting her own interests in the eyes of others.

"Surely we business girls have a right to some ambition, to some desire for an extension of that courtesy on the part of the sterner sex which is the right of every female; and if we strive by our prudent and gentle conduct to deserve this, why are we to be deprived of the title 'Lady'?" Certainly; we quite agree with our correspondent upon the first point, and we admit that when the term "lady" is applied by the "sterner" sex it is quite allowable; but for a young girl to apply the term to herself shows that in her opinion she has already attained the consummation of that "ambition" which a "Lady from Bray" thinks ought to actuate every girl with "self respect" and "proper pride." We do not seek to deprive anyone of any title to which they may be justly entitled.

"What is the meaning of the title? On turning to my dictionary I find this definition—'a term of *complaisance* applied to almost any *well-dressed* woman, but appropriately to one of refined manners and education.' We have searched in vain for this definition of a lady. Webster lays it down that a lady is (1), a woman of high rank; (2), the title of *lady* properly belongs to the wives of knights, of all degrees above them, and to the daughters of earls, and all of higher ranks; (3), an illustrious or eminent woman; (4), mistress, importing power and dominion, and (5), it is "a word of *complaisance* used of women." Evidently Webster had a good idea of what the word meant, and we apologise to our correspondent if she has a right under either of the first four instances to the designation. She may be a "well-dressed" woman, probably she is; but that does not make her a lady. She may be of "fine manners and education," and these entitle her to the *complaisance*. *Complaisance* means *adulation*—it is right and proper for men to adulate women; but we do not think it right for women to adulate themselves!

Our fair correspondent's indignation increases as she proceeds with her argument—"Forsooth, according to your views only those who sit at ease—that is 'those who toil not, neither do they spin,' are to be entitled to this term of cour-

tesy. Those who are a burden to no one, who earn their own living very often by the sweat of their brow, are only entitled to be called 'women,' or, perhaps, persons." Now upon this point our correspondent does us an injustice. We sincerely admire, and we feel sure everyone does, those young women who, by their skill and attention to business, are enabled to live independently. To all such we readily extend the courtesy of lady; but that does not permit of these young women applying the term to themselves. No. "Lady" is a title, and ought only to be used as such, and by those only who are entitled to it. We shall give a few instances from the columns of a morning contemporary to show that amongst the young women in business in our city there seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the right term. (1)—A *young lady* desires a situation in a greengrocer's or florist's shop. (2)—*Young lady* wanted for the delft, provision, and hardware business. (3)—A *young person* of long experience wants a situation in a confectionery establishment. (4)—A *young lady* wishes a situation in a confectionery establishment. (5)—A *young girl* wants situation in a confectionery establishment. (6)—A saleswoman (drapery) of ability wants situation. (7)—A *young lady* wants a situation as a saleswoman in a drapery establishment.

Now, we should like to know which of these advertisers is a lady proper, and what is the difference between the terms "young woman," "young person," "young lady," and "young girl?" Evidently there must be some, else why should not each advertiser call herself "young lady?"

"You would be much better employed if, instead of discouraging girls who have to earn their living from cultivating refined manners so as to improve their own manners, and that of their sex generally, you would urge them, even the humblest of them, to persist in their efforts to cultivate all the gentleness and grace and goodness of which our sex is said to be capable." There is nothing like relieving one's mind, especially when a person gets imbued with the idea that some injury has been done them. We, however, repudiate the motive attributed to us by our correspondent. We had no intention of discouraging young women from aspiring to an exalted or independent position. On the contrary, we very much admire the grace and culture which the majority of young women in business in Dublin seem to have acquired, and which they do not hesitate to display as occasion requires. Notwithstanding, we cannot withdraw one sentence of our former remarks, and we here reiterate our candid opinion that it is unseemly for young women to assume a title which does not belong to them otherwise than when addressed to them by another person. We do not wish to prolong this controversy, and will rest content with the expression of opinion already given upon the subject.

In reference to what has appeared in these columns about young shopwomen and shopmen calling themselves ladies and gentlemen (writes a correspondent) there is an amusing anecdote told of a late beautiful and witty duchess. There was some mistake about a small article she had purchased at a fashionable shop in London. She went herself

the next day and pointed out the mistake to a rather pretty young lady who went for one of the assistants, and, coming back with him, asked, "Is this the gentleman who saw you?" "No," said her Grace, fixing her eye on a portly, aristocratic-looking individual a little lower down; "I rather think it was that bald-headed nobleman yonder!"

The South London Press tells a funny story of a local jurymen who outwitted a judge, and that without lying. He came breathlessly into court, saying, "Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do! I don't know which will die first, my wife or my daughter!" "Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly you are excused." The next day the jurymen was met by a friend who, in a sympathetic voice, asked, "How's your wife?" "She's all right, thank you." "And your daughter?" "She's all right too. Why do you ask?" "Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first!" "Nor do I. That's the problem which time alone can solve."

An amusing story is told of Miss Ellen Terry, testifying abundantly to the good nature of the well-known actress. It seems that recently a performance was given of a little comedieta from the German, called "Wool-gathering," by a dramatic club of which Miss Terry was the president, and her daughter, Miss Ailsa Craig, a very energetic member. Now, in this comedieta there was the part of Mary Jane—a very insignificant part, for Mary Jane had merely to appear for the purpose of introducing a young gentleman, and came on once again at the end with a dog in her arms. The part, in fact, was so contemptible that no one of the club would consent to play it, and a dilemma grim and great ensued. At last up and spake Miss Ailsa Craig, who said that she was sure her mother would play the part of Mary Jane; and she was right. The result was that the programme contained the startling announcement that the part of Mary Jane would be played by Miss Ellen Terry (by kind permission of Mr H. Irving), and that sure enough the celebrated actress came on in a cotton print gown and the dainty cap and apron of a pretty parlourmaid, and introduced her young gentleman with the sweetest smile in the world. This must certainly have been the smallest part in which Miss Ellen Terry has ever appeared.

On Saturday the representative of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr Sapsford, at the request of the trustees, brought back from the Irish Exhibition the boys who have been assisting in the net mending at the fishery stall of the Baltimore Fishing School. Many persons were under the impression the Baroness paid the expenses of keeping the boys in London. That is not the case. The trustees were in hopes that seeing how usefully the boys were being trained many persons of means would assist in the work, but, having been disappointed in that expectation, have been compelled to withdraw the boys, the expense was too great a strain on their funds. Rev. Father Davis and Mr J. A. L. Carbery, two of the trustees, were for some weeks in London looking after the boys. On Monday a meeting of the trustees, consisting of the Bishop of Ross, Father Davis, Mr J. A. L. Carbery, J.P., and Mr Burdett-Coutts, was held when affairs of importance were discussed, and business matters arranged in connection with the fishery departments.

SERIAL STORY

PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"NUMBER ONE."

It was six o'clock, so declared by the city bells, when Tim Ryan arrived home in Golden Close, and reported the favourable turn of affairs to his mother. He sat longer than usual over his tea, reading an evening paper which his mother had procured. She had returned not only with the paper, but startling intelligence as to the condition of the city, which was in a state of grave excitement owing to the release that afternoon of certain political prisoners of eminence from Kilmainham.

As they sat in their little room by the open window—Tim leaning out to catch the fading daylight on the paper—they heard, now in this direction, now in that, the throbbing music of the trades' bands. Through all the "Protestant bells" boomed forth the hour, and there was a continuous humming murmur and eager trampling of feet up and down past Golden Close. The Close itself was deserted. The lamplighter had arrived and lit the one solitary lamp at the entrance. Tim had tossed the paper on the floor, as it was too dark to read, but Mrs Ryan had not yet lit the evening candle. They sat together in the dusk, mother and son, above the multitudinous trampling of feet, the mysterious murmuring of passing voices, and the distant throbbing of the trade bands. Yet here in Golden Close there seemed a small circle of serene quietude.

"There's a deal o' noise in the city, mother," said Tim.

"There is, indeed."

"Mother," said Tim, resting his elbow on the window sill, and turning his eyes, with a distant look, towards the sky, "it reminds me of—"

"Of what, child?" asked his mother, as he paused.

She was disturbed by the strange wistfulness of his face and his expression of face. She crouched nearer him, and took his hand.

"Nothing," he replied, with a short laugh.

There was a pause, and the muffled hum of the noisy city rose again around them.

"Do you believe in dreams, mother?"

"Sometimes, dear. Why?"

"I had a dream lately," said Tim, in an awed whisper, "and three times I dreamed it. I thought a train—express—was comin' towards me. I heard its shriek, I saw its wheels goin', mother, on the track, and it comes towards me, but—"

"But what, darlint?"

"It never seems to pass me," said Tim, wearily drawing his hand across his brows. "It comes up to me, and then all is dark. It never gets beyond me. I don't know the meanin' of it. I sometimes see it in the day. But it will wear off, mother. It's only a fancy."

"Nothin' more, child. Don't vex yourself with them are tricks o' the mind!"

Listening to the vague hum of the restless city, they were impressed with the silence around them, and the profound silence which seemed to brood up amongst the stars.

Presently Tim, still gazing vaguely towards the sky, and more cheerfully—

"They were released at four o'clock to-day, mother."

Mrs Ryan, sitting on the floor at her son's feet, with two elbows on the window sill, replied—

"Shure can't they have them politics alone when all it is them to be sent to prison."

"Mother, don't talk foolishly," said Tim, gravely.

"I don't care for the methods of these Parliamentarians, but I say—Irishmen, they have never shirked the prison. I'll say that for them, little as I care for their plans. But they'll never make Ireland a nation in London."

"It's glad I am, my boy," said little Mrs Ryan, placing one hand on his knee and looking up at him, "that you don't trouble your head with politics, Tim. What would I do all if you were sent to prison. Mother o' heaven, what's that?"

The piercing notes of a bugle call rang out above the murmuring of voices and noise of feet, and the clatter of a troop of cavalry at a trot went by Golden Close.

"The Vargin preserve us!" exclaimed Mrs Ryan, crossing herself, "there's murther goin' on in the city. Tim, avic, where are you goin'? You're not goin' out into the streets? Oh, child, stay in here with your poor old mother. There's danger to everyone out to-night."

"Don't be a fool, mother," cried Tim, who had started to his feet at the sound of the bugle-call. "Do you think I can sit here, and maybe I wanted out there?"

He pointed passionately towards the streets.

"Ah, now, be biddable, Tim," pleaded his mother, rising and placing both hands on his shoulders, "don't go, alanna. I know you're sensible, but, with the sojers and dragoons, there's no tellin' what accidents might happen. Stay at home, Tim. What would I do at all if you were carried back to me?"

"Let me go, mother," said Tim, excitedly. "There, now. There's no fear. I'll be back right enough. Where's me cap? Don't you fret. I'm able to take care o' meself."

Hurriedly snatching his cap from the table, Tim ran down the rickety stairs, and was out in the streets before his mother could realise his precipitate departure. She could only sit, listening in terror to the clatter of the cavalry horses, the calls of the military bugle, the throbbing of the city bands, and the restless footsteps of the multitude—sit helpless, a lonely old woman, in the darkness of the night, and pray that God might send back her impulsive son in safety.

Out in the streets Tim found crowds of people hurrying in every direction, gesticulating, talking, and shouting. He heard the music of a band at approachable distance, and made his way towards it, quietly pressing his way through the excited crowds.

Hearing the cavalry bugle near at hand, he changed his course, and dived up a narrow street, where, as he passed, he noted several policemen lurking in the darkness of the doorways. He reached Dame street. As he emerged into this thoroughfare a troop of hussars, with drawn sabres, trotted down the centre of the street. He turned again, and followed them into College Green, which was swarming with people; thence into Westmoreland street, where he dropped into a slacker pace, the hussars going at a trot across the bridge.

Proceeding down the quays, he met a trade band, with drums beating, and an escort of cheering citizens.

By-and-bye Tim Ryan was standing on the footpath, close to Middle Abbey street, contemplating a detachment of foot soldiers, who stood at ease, resting on their rifles, and faced by a yelling and derisive crowd. At the head of the soldiers stood an officer with his drawn sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. Round the hand grasping the sword was wrapped a white handkerchief. Tim, standing apart both from soldiers and citizens, noted this small matter, and also the fact that the crowd seemed very restless and the soldiers very restful.

As he stood leaning against a lamp-post, his hands in his pockets, someone jostled him with an elbow, and Tim started aside.

"Don't be afeard," said the man called Joe, with a laugh, "I'm not a sojer."

"Good-night, Joe," said Tim.

"Look here," remarked Joe, throwing out his hand with a contemptuous gesture towards the derisive crowd, "what are them fools doin'? Call this rebellion? They be hanged! Begor, did you ever see such a pack o' childer? A mouse ud frighten them. See, now!"

"Charge!" suddenly cried the officer, and the crowd scattered right and left, as the soldiers, with levelled bayonets and clubbed rifles, dashed, without a second's warning, amongst them.

Down the street and over the bridge fled the scattered people, followed no less rapidly by the scattered soldiers. Tim eagerly watched the dispersal, and saw here and there down the broad thoroughfare a soldier, with upraised rifle, astride of some unfortunate wretch holding uplifted hands in terrified supplication; or a woman, staggering and falling on the kerbstone, from the rapid thrust of a bayonet.

The two men, Tim Ryan and his companion, stood disdaining to move. They were out of the line of combat, and had been passed unnoticed; but, as the soldiers, in

scattered form, returned at the sound of bugle, one of them, coming along the footpath, paused before Joe. Bringing his bayonet to the charge, this soldier shouted—

"You're another of the—rebels!"

"Am I?" said Joe, suddenly seizing the bayonet with one hand, and dealing the soldier a terrific blow below the ear with his clenched fist. "Go to sleep there, you red nigger!"

The man, drooping his weapon, fell senseless and outstretched on the pavement.

"Now then, Tim," said Joe, coolly turning to his companion, "let's see what's goin' on up higher."

As they turned to leave the spot Joe deliberately walked on the prostrate form of the soldier as if it were a kind of carpet, and went on beside Ryan. They passed the now-compact body of infantry, with undisturbed demeanour. The two men actually walked between the soldiers and their officer, Joe brushing the latter roughly out of his path. The officer turned angrily, raising his sword, and looked after his assailant as if he would cut him down, but thought better of it.

"There's a bonfire in Moore street," said Joe to his companion. "Let's go and look at the fools, Tim."

To get at this street they had to pass through a bye thoroughfare which was apparently deserted. But when about half way through a policeman, suddenly rushing from the seclusion of a doorway, seized Joe by the collar, and shouted—

"What are yiz doin' prowlin' about here? Come an, now. You won't do much prowlin' down in Store street."

"Let me go, sargint," said Joe, mildly, standing as quietly as he could.

Hearing Joe's tones, Tim, with his hands in his pockets, and his back against a railing, looked calmly on.

"Let you go, is it?" shouted the policeman, shaking him, and jerking round his belt to get at his baton. "I'll let you go when I have you safe for the night. Nothin' ill do yiz but creatin' disturbance!"

"You might as well let me go, sargint," said Joe, with grim geniality.

"Arrah, come an now," cried the policeman, losing his temper and drawing his baton, at the same time.

"D'you think—Help! Murder!"

Joe, with a sudden wrench, had released himself from the grip, and seizing the policeman by the belt, hoisted him above his head, and with a furious effort dashed him against the window-sill of a house. The man fell with a sickening thud into the area, and Joe looked down grimly over the railings and listened. There was no sound, and the street lamp near feebly showed the dark mass lying motionless below on the flags. Joe buckled up his garments, and wiped his perspiring face with his cap.

"Are you ready?" asked Tim, who had not moved from the railings.

"Ay, Sonny. Come along," answered Joe, opening his coat to catch the night breeze, for, strong as he was, the terrific exertion had almost exhausted him. "There's a power o' flesh about that sargint. He'll have a quiet sleep to-night, anyhow."

Tim walked on moodily beside his companion who, from time to time, jerked up his trousers about his waist and wiped his face with his sleeve, but was otherwise devoid of agitation.

Tim Ryan was wondering, as they walked along, what Eva Fitzgerald would think of him, if she saw him now beside this man? Her beautiful soft face with its ineffable expression of sweetness; her mild refined ways; her innocent voice with its own undefinable, magical music; all recurred to his gloomy mind, stinging him to self-hatred. How different her world to his! Could he ever enter it? The question was a mockery. What affinity had he with that lovely girl and her surroundings? She seemed as far above him as those stars, beaming there in the infinite depths of space.

"Begor, Tim, there's the bonfire!"

These coarsely-spoken words from his companion, roused him, like a rude blow, from his strange meditation. He looked up.

The red glare from a heap of blazing barrels lit up the street like a kind of fantastic daylight, making the sky above all the blacker by contrast. The wood cackled and blazed, shooting up eager spouts of flame from time to time, when stirred or when fresh fuel was added. Around this street fire danced a howling crowd of men, women and children, roaring themselves hoarse; some dashing through the margin of fire and carrying with them clouds of thick smoke as they issued screaming from their momentary immersion in the flames.

At the further end of the street stood a band, playing the "Wearing of the Green" the big drum beating with hollow monotony through the din. Near the fire and on the pathway there was an untouched barrel; and on this

stood an excited orator haranguing a surrounding crowd. The gesticulations of this man and the cheers of his listeners, attracted Tim and his companion who moved towards him and joined the audience.

"Be the blud iv our fathers" yelled the orator, thumping at the air with his fist. "Be the blud of our fathers shed on Vinigar Hill; be the blud iv Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the blud iv that Protestant payriot, Robert Emmet, I call on yiz to assert yur rights, asmen; as citizens, as Irishmin!"

"Hooray!" shouted the crowd. "Bravo!—More power, there, Flanagan! Go on, your sowl!"

"Where are the forces iv England, to-day?" cried the orator, adopting a new manner and staring scornfully around. "I tell yiz they're trampled in the mud. I tell yiz, the red flag of bluddie England is undher our feet, an the green flag over our heads. Who sez the Irish party are not a band of payriots? Who sez the Irish party won't free our native country? Who sez—"

"I say it!" shouted a stern voice. The crowd turned and surveyed the resolute face of the man, Joe, who fixed his eyes on the orator and elbowed his way towards the barrel.

"You say it?" exclaimed the orator, looking rather startled at the stern face of Joe appeared beside him. "An' who are you that dares tell these citizens here, in their own streets, that their parliamentary representatives are not true payriots?"

"Never mind who or what I am," cried Joe sternly. "I say you are a liar."

The crowd, excited now by the prospect of a combat, pressed eagerly round.

"I'm a liar am I?" shouted the orator. "Ha! ha! Citizens iv Dublin, fellow citizens, you hear this disguised informer from the Castle Yard. You hear this—"

"Come down ow o' that," cried Joe, suddenly seizing the orator by the legs and pitching him off the barrel. "Me an informer?"

So menacing was Joe's manner as he advanced towards the orator, who picked himself up, that several men in the crowd threw themselves in front of Joe and held him back.

"All right, mates," said Joe, with a laugh, shaking himself free. "I don't want to argue with the fists. But I'll just get up here, and give you my idea about freedom."

Mounting the barrel, Joe proceeded to unbosom himself. He was not a parliamentarian. He advocated dynamite and the dagger. These, he explained, were the weapons of men, whereas sending a lot of fellows to be outvoted in parliament was the game of children.

When Joe had dragged the orator off the barrel, and the crowd had surged round both men, Tim Ryan, feeling hot and weary of all this excitement, disengaged himself from the throng and walked away.

He paused before the bonfire to stare at the circling crowd of beings who had a fiendish aspect as they danced and howled and threw their arms about in the blood-red glare of the flames.

He was about to proceed on, to seek rest at home, when he was touched on the shoulder, and, looking up, found beside him a gentleman dressed in black clothes and wearing a shining silk hat which reflected the firelight from its burnished surface. He had the pale composed face of a man of good breeding, and in the midst of this scene of excitement his manner was quiet and self-possessed. He wore kid gloves, and carried an umbrella neatly furled.

"It is a good night," he remarked, fixing his eyes on Tim.

Tim Ryan started as if he had been struck in the face, instead of addressed in equable and mellifluous tones. "It is a very good night," replied Tim.

"It will be finer to-morrow," observed the gentleman, still with eyes steadily observant; and the light of the bonfire seemed to give these dark eyes a hideous underglow.

"It may or it may not," replied Tim, making an effort to recover his composure.

"You know me?" said the gentleman, moving closer and speaking lower.

"Yes," replied Tim, in a choking voice. "You are—Number One."

The gentleman smiled and nodded.

"And you?" he said, "Number Nine, if I mistake not."

"Yes," replied Tim.

"I have a message for you," said Number One, drawing a pocketbook from his breast, and extracting a letter. "Here it is."

As Tim Ryan took the letter his hand shook, but he conquered himself with a powerful effort, and read the message by the light of the roaring fire. Standing aside, the gentleman named "Number One" watched him; and, as he watched him, covered his moustache with his hand

whilst his nostrils seemed to palpitate as if with suppressed merriment.

The message to Tim Ryan, which was indited with a type-writer, was—

Number 9, ordered:

1. To secure all papers of the Solicitor Fitzgerald with reference to trial of the Ballycassel patriots.
2. To "remove" the Solicitor Fitzgerald, on or before the day of trial of the Ballycassel patriots.

By Order,
Executive Council of Irish Invincibles.
GOD SAVE IRELAND!

When Tim Ryan had mastered the contents, he slowly crumpled the message in his hand which he thrust into his bosom, and stood staring blankly at the fire.

Before him circled the yelling crowd. Yet a terrible silence seemed to have fallen upon him; and, though he stood close to the blazing barrels, his blood seemed turned to ice.

He was touched again on the shoulder, and glanced mechanically up. "Good night, Number Nine," said Number One.

Tim Ryan's lips motioned the words "good night," but his tongue and throat seemed withered; he uttered no sound. Number One passed on, humming "Gounod's Serenade," and swinging his umbrella to and fro as if to beat time.

By-and-bye Tim Ryan crept away, his chin sunken low, his hand still plunged in his bosom, grasping the fateful message.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN IMPORTANT ARREST.

ON the morning preceding the riots Fred Gilhooly had been sworn-in, at an office in the Lower Castle Yard, as a special constable. After the ceremony he felt anxious to win the Victoria Cross before the disturbances were over. Next day, however, he received a letter from Miss Cavanagh, who desired him to accompany her the same night to hear that distinguished evangelist, Mr John Smith, of America, preach on "Total Immersion."

This was a dilemma. Fred Gilhooly, who habitually told his most private affairs to his acquaintances, as if there were no such quality as secretiveness, informed the staff that evening of his trouble.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "here's a nice state o' things. Aunt Cavanagh wants me to go to a prayer meeting to-night. Now, if there's anything I like it is a prayer meeting, as Mr Mannix over there knows. Hurrah there, Mr Mannix! Boys, what's a fella to do?"

"Oh, you can't go," said an apprentice. "Remember, Gilhooly, you're a special constable."

"Of course I remember it," said Fred, taking his badge from his pocket, and admiring it, "but I don't like to disappoint her all the same. I have humbugged her for the past month, and I don't want to be left out of her will. She could buy half Dublin."

"Oh, you only want an excuse not to go on duty to-night," said one of the clerks across the desk. "You're afraid."

"Say that agen!" cried Fred, standing on his stool, stretching across the desk, and making an ineffectual attempt to seize his fellow-clerk by the hair. "D'you mean to insinuate that I'd desert me bleedin' country in her hour of need? Lives there a man with soul so dead," he cried, elevating his arm, "who never to himself has said—hurrah there!"

"What's the matter," observed Mr Mannix, slowly pacing towards Fred's quarter.

"Aunt Cavanagh wants me," explained Fred, dismounting from his stool, "to go to a meeting to-night to hear someone preach about 'Total Inversion'."

"Immersion," corrected Mr Mannix, gravely.

"Immersion, is it? Her writing's so bad. Well, you see, sir, I'm on duty to-night as a special constable, and if I desert me colours I'll be shot be court-martial."

"Well, then," said Mr Mannix, "write her a note, and tell her how matters stand. I shall be in Rathgar this evening, and I can leave the letter at her house."

Fred brought his fist down on the desk, and exclaimed—

"The very thing! I'll do it this moment."

That evening Mr Mannix attired himself with more care than usual. He carefully brushed his black Sunday clothes, oiled his hair, and pulled on a new pair of black gloves. With his umbrella in his hand, a bible, prayer-book and hymn-book under his arm, and Fred Gilhooly's letter in his pocket, he set forth for Rathgar.

Arrived at Miss Cavanagh's cottage, he knocked gently, and Rose, the good-humoured servant girl,

opened the door. When she saw the visitor she became solemn.

"Is Miss Cavanagh in?"

"Yis, sir," replied Rose, wondering if any of the mistress's relations had suddenly died.

"Can I see her?"

As he spoke he walked in very quietly, and stood in the hall.

"Step inside, sir," said Rose, faintly.

"I hope she is not engaged," observed Mr Mannix, softly—he stood with the umbrella under his arm, the church books clasped with both hands against his breast—"I should not wish to disturb her. Is she old and infirm?"

"Well, she's not over-young, sir," replied Rose, having closed the front door, "but she's healthy enough."

"Indeed? I fancied someone told me she suffered greatly from rheumatism."

"Oh, she does, sir, then, off an' on. Who shall I say, sir?"

"Mr Mannix. But pray do not disturb her."

When Rose went downstairs to the little room, where Miss Cavanagh was tying on a large poke bonnet, she said—

"Please, ma'am, there's someone upstairs wants you."

"Dear me, Rose," exclaimed Miss Cavanagh, alarmed at the girl's frightened face, "is there anything wrong?"

"I don't know, ma'am, I'm sars," replied Rose, looking inclined to cry, "but I think there must be—"

"Must be what?" interrupted Miss Cavanagh, holding the strings untied, and gasping for breath.

"Someone dead," said Rose.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what can be wrong? Rose, don't be a fool. I knew something had happened to my nephew, Frederick, as he has been away so long. Twice this week I dreamt of a wedding. Yes, Rose, yes; tell the person I am coming. Wait! I am going now."

Rose stepped aside, and Miss Cavanagh, with the strings of her bonnet still untied, hurried upstairs, and confronted Mr Mannix, who bowed deeply.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," he said, and he was still holding his books against his breast. "I have a message from your nephew."

"Oh, dear, give me time," panted Miss Cavanagh, sitting down on a chair, and putting her hands on her knees. "Don't tell me till I collect myself. Oh, dear, what has happened?"

"I fear I have alarmed you," said Mr Mannix, "Nothing is wrong with your nephew—at least, in a carnal sense."

The familiar adjective somewhat reassured Miss Cavanagh, who now for the first time began to recognise a congenial mind in the black attire and grave face of her visitor.

He laid his books one by one on the table, placed his umbrella beside them, and, finding the letter, handed it to her. When she had read it she gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad he's well in health, thank God," she said.

"Would it were so with his soul," said Mr Mannix, regretfully. "Miss Cavanagh, I have known your nephew for years, and I have striven to lead him into a right understanding. But, alas, he is of a worldly and carnal mind. He hankers after the fleshpots of Egypt."

"I know he is not yet saved," said Miss Cavanagh, "but I did not think he was so worldly as you say."

"Well, it is not a pleasing subject," returned Mr Mannix. Then, looking at his watch, he started to pick up his umbrella and books, saying, "You will excuse me, Miss Cavanagh: I am about to attend a meeting—an extremely interesting meeting—to be addressed by a truly Christian man, Mr Smith, of America, who will speak on the important—the deeply important question of 'Total Immersion.' I do not know whether you have considered the subject, but—"

"Why, I'm going there," said Miss Cavanagh, starting up. "Dear me, how odd. To think we both should be going to the same meeting?"

"It is, indeed, a strange coincidence," observed Mr Mannix. "Perhaps—who knows?—there may be something special in it—something designed for our blessedness—something set apart for the inward grace of us. May I accompany you?"

"I shall be very glad indeed, Mr Mannix. We seem of one mind concerning sacred things. If you will pardon me one moment—I have to fetch my bible from downstairs."

"Kindly convey this," observed Mr Mannix, taking from his prayer-book a small tract, "to your servant. We should never omit, Miss Cavanagh, an opportunity for saving a soul; and, perchance, that young girl may

meet some word, some passage in this little book, which will be a great light to her."

"Thank you, Mr Mannix. I am sure Rose will be glad of this sweet little book."

While Miss Cavanagh was downstairs Mr Mannix walked slowly about the room, his hands behind, and gravely studied every article of furniture, including the carpet, the hearthrug, and brass-headed iron. The survey pleased him, and when Miss Cavanagh returned he was most attentive to her. On the way into town he alternately discoursed of total immersion, and the depravity of her nephew.

The city was comparatively quiet at this hour. During the meeting those present, though occasionally hearing the distant sound of band music, were too much accustomed to it, as citizens, to feel any alarm. There were hymns sung to an harmonium out of tune, with some impromptu prayers, and then Mr Smith, of America, delivered his lecture.

It was half-past ten when the meeting broke up, and Miss Cavanagh, leaning on Mr Mannix's arm, was again in the streets. Though both eagerly discussed the arguments for and against total immersion, it was not long before they realised the excited condition of the city. From time to time they had to step aside or take refuge in a doorway to allow a noisy crowd to pass. When, at last, a trade band came by, accompanied with an uproarious straggling throng, Mr Mannix thought it wise to drop theology and seek the shortest passage home. He began to wish himself relieved from his companion, who clung, with growing terror, to his arm.

By-and-bye a howling mob came rushing down the street, swarming over the footpath. Miss Cavanagh uttered a scream, and gave herself up for lost. She was in the midst of the wild mob, and Mr Mannix, in his desire to save himself, had shaken himself free, and was speeding down the street, intent on his own safety.

Jostled to and fro as the mob swept past her, Miss Cavanagh clung desperately to an area railings, almost dazed with fright. The people were flying from a mixed body of infantry, police, and special constables. Around Miss Cavanagh the collision took place, and some shocking hand-to-hand conflicts occurred before her terrified eyes.

Amongst the special constables, but keeping clear of the conflict, was Fred Gilhooly. He was anxious to accomplish some deed of bravery, but seemed inclined to defer it until a more favourable opportunity. As the mingled mob of soldiers, police, and citizens swept on, he discovered an old woman left behind. She was shrieking, with her eyes tightly shut. Catching her by the back of the neck, Constable Gilhooly rushed her along the path. They were close to College street Station, and he ran her in, hurling her from him. She fell against a wall, and Fred turned his round eyes on the inspector who stood behind an open window in his office, entering charges.

"Now then, this another?" said the Inspector, placing his book in the window ledge and dipping his pen in the ink.

"Ay," said Fred. "Enter the charge, inspector."

"What is it?"

"Drunk and disorderly," replied Fred.

"What's the name?" asked the inspector, calmly.

"What's your name, prisoner?" roared Fred, turning towards the old woman. "What's your—be the hokey, let me out!"

"Hullo, where are you off to?" cried the inspector, leaning out and looking after him. But Special Constable Gilhooly was in the dim distance. One look at the awful face of his aunt Cavanagh was enough. She lay where he had flung her against the wall. Her bonnet was hanging on the back of her neck, and her hair scattered across her face.

An hour later, Special Constable Gilhooly was walking through the streets with Tessie Doyle holding his arm. She had been hurrying home from business when she met him wandering about without any definite aim. When they had travelled several streets he put his back against the shutters of a shop, and attempted to kiss her.

"Oh, musha, what are you doin'?" said she. "Can't you keep yourself quiet? I'll have to leave you, that's all."

The street was deserted save by a ferocious-looking corner boy who, in the darkness, drew near to listen.

"Sweet one," said Fred, stroking Tessie's cheek. "The green lanes of Clontarf."

"Why, you're a perfect ijit, Fred Gilhooly," cried Tessie, angrily. "'Green lanes of Clontarf!' Come home, now. Ah, do, or you'll get into trouble. Be a good boy for your Tess."

"Who's a better man?" shouted Fred, attempting to tear off his coat. "Who'll face the Terror of the Ap-ponines? Let me see him. Who's on for a fight?"

The ferocious corner boy, who had been drawing nearer and nearer, accepted the challenge as a personal insult, and suddenly gave Fred Gilhooly a blow on the mouth. Fred

fell voicelessly, and perfectly flat on the pavement, where he lay without the faintest sign of animation.

Tessie shrieked, "P'leece! P'leece! Murder!" and the ferocious corner boy doubled rapidly round the nearest street.

At that moment a body of about twenty soldiers came along, one of them carrying a stretcher on his shoulders.

"Help!" cried Tessie, appealing to them. "There's a man killed. Oh, what am I to do?"

"Halt!" cried the officer,

Fred's motionless figure was examined by the light of a lantern held over him by a soldier, and it was apparently a case for the hospital. The stretcher was unfolded, and four men, lifting the rigid figure, buckled it on.

In a few minutes Tessie Doyle was walking beside the stretcher, crying and wringing her hands in the midst of the soldiers, who had wheeled about and were marching towards Mercer's Hospital. The red coats shone, and the bayonets flashed beneath the city lamps, as the soldiers, in perfect silence and like one man, marched on, with the pale outstretched figure, its face upturned to the sky.

"Oh, he's killed, he's killed. Oh, Fred, what will your aunt say?" moaned Tessie. "It was all my fault."

Ah, what will I do at all?"

"Cheer up, little woman," said a sergeant beside her. "If he's gone there's more men living. Take me for your sweetheart?"

"How can you talk like that?" said Tessie, looking indignantly at the speaker. "You must have no heart, so you haven't."

The sergeant was young, straight, smart, and handsome. He was smoking a short clay pipe, and carried a sword bayonet. He took the pipe from his mouth and laughed.

"Well, I've as much heart as a civilian, anyhow. Never thought I'd one till to-night, though."

"Ah, go on," said Tessie, softening towards him. "Good heavens!" she suddenly exclaimed, seizing the sergeant by the arm and looking in terror towards the stretcher. "What's that?"

At the same moment the figure on the stretcher, without showing any further sign of animation, sang in a faint voice—

"The heart bowed down be weight iv woe—"

and relapsed into silence. The men near the stretcher, stared at its burden in astonishment, and Tessie Doyle still clutched the sergeant's arm. At intervals, until they reached the hospital, the figure gave further broken passages from the familiar song.

Outside Mercer's Hospital the officer halted the men. Four of them carried the stretcher up the steps, followed by Tessie, now confidently leaning on the young sergeant's arm.

Inside in the room were a crowd of cases waiting to be attended by the resident students, who, with the nurses, were working without cessation.

The stretcher was laid down, and when the men unloosed the straps Fred sat up and, looking vaguely round, said—

"The same agen!"

"Why, this beggar" said the sergeant to Tessie, "ain't got a blooming thing wrong with 'im. The beggar wants to be kicked out, I think."

"Yes, indeed," said Tessie. Then indignantly to Fred, who stood up and stretched himself as if he had been asleep, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Fred Gilhooly. But it's the last time you'll make a fool of me, let me tell you. Mind now, I warn you; don't speak to me again."

"Hurrah there, Tess, is that yourself?" shouted Fred, realising her presence.

"Ha, indeed!" said Tessie, turning her head as she moved out with the sergeant. "Mind who you're talking to. Miss Doyle's my name, I'd have you know."

She went out with her companion, and Fred, who had sat down, with an amused smile, to stare at the cases, was peremptorily ordered out of the hospital.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PRIDE O' KILDARE.

WHEN Miss Cavanagh recognised the "special" who had arrested her she was in the act of rising to a sitting posture on the flagged floor of College street Station. The shock of recognition was so powerful that after the first stare she closed her eyes, and collapsed on the flags. The inspector had closed his window.

"Come, get up ow a this," roared a burly policeman, approaching her. "A nice state for a respectable-dressed woman to be in. Get up ow a this, now, I tell you, or it'll be worse for you."

Alarmed by the man's menaces, Miss Cavanagh, who had been thinking of fainting, rose with some difficulty, and proceeded to settle her bonnet.

"Come, now," said the policeman, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the door, "be off as fast as

you can. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—a woman of your age, with decent clothes."

And he looked at her from head to foot.

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Cavanagh, with as much dignity as the shaken condition of her nerves allowed.

"You have quite made a mistake, I assure you."

"Made a mistake?" roared the policeman, so furiously that Miss Cavanagh put up both hands and shrank back.

"Begor, if it wasn't that them cells in there are as full as they'll hold, I'd make the mistake iv lockin' you up. Get out o' this before I lose my temper wud you!"

"Allow me," said a new voice.

The policeman, touched on the shoulder, turned suddenly round, and confronted a gentleman who wore spectacles, and was dressed in black clothes and black gloves, but with a tall hat crushed into a fantastic shape.

"Allow me," repeated this gentleman, sweetly.

"And who are you?" cried the policeman, in his huge voice. "What do you want? What brings you here?"

"I came to testify to that lady's character, and to express my horror at the treatment to which she has been subjected. She is a lady of the most unblemished character and of the purest religious sentiments."

"Oh, Mr Mannix—dear Mr Mannix!" cried Miss Cavanagh, coming towards him and taking his arm, "do take me out of this. I shall never recover."

"What brings yiz prowlin' about the streets at this hour?" asked the policeman, looking at them, suspiciously.

"We were attending a religious meeting. If you allow me," said Mr Mannix, producing a tract from his pocket—a rather difficult task with Miss Cavanagh clinging to him—"You seem a man of hasty manner. Perchance this little book may fall on rocky places and fruit spring up. Perchance! Who knows? Who can tell?"

he added, looking round at the whitewashed walls as if expecting them to reply.

"How long have you known this faymale?" asked the policeman, as he took the tract.

"I have known this lady"—replied Mr Mannix. "Let me see—since five o'clock."

The policeman had been looking at the tract by the light from the window of the inspector's office; but hearing Mr Mannix's reply, turned suddenly on him, and, taking him by the shoulder, shot both him and Miss Cavanagh into the street.

"What a rude man!" exclaimed Miss Cavanagh.

"What an exceedingly rude man!"

"Untouched" said Mr Mannix, "by the saving grace. Let us hope that little book may bring him—"

At this moment the policeman appeared at the door, and, having torn the tract, flung the pieces towards Mr Mannix, who was so shocked at this behaviour that he forgot to finish his remark.

To be continued.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill—
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!"—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the sound repeat.
"Not as I will!"—the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as I will."

H. H. T.

SOLDIERS' RATIONS.

A few remarks on soldiers' rations may not at the present moment be inopportune, the Government in a recent general order having announced their intention to have officers trained, or instructed rather, in the art of knowing good from bad meat. In the first place, I should like to ask how officers are to be instructed? Are they to be sent to a meat market to learn experience? There is no other place open for instruction, as our commissariat does not keep bad meat, and our Government gives bad meat prices. Therefore no good can accrue from teaching officers. In my idea nothing reads more ridiculous and absurd. I could almost picture to myself an officer detailed for this most important duty walking into the butcher's shop with well-fitting gloves which he has no intention of soiling, as the quartermaster will have all the talking. I've heard men myself report their meat not good. Instantly the quartermaster, with the assistance of the quartermaster-sergeant, will say, "Silence, sir; you don't know what good meat is." Then if Tommy Atkins looks any way sour over the affair, the quartermaster will perhaps say, "Put that man in the guard-room." His crime follows—disrespect to his superior officer, and any amount of evidence to prove the same if wanted. Very few officers in a regiment care one button how the men get their rations so long as they appear well on parade. It is usual on one day in the week for the commanding officer and regimental staff to walk round the cooking houses. That day cooks and non-commissioned officers are all on the alert to make things look well. When the colonel goes through the barrack rooms the word, "Attention!" is given (in awful silence). The colonel asks the men, "Any complaints?" A non-commissioned officer or old soldier at head of table usually answers, "None, sir," (I pity them if they did not, as punishment too often follows complaints in the army, no matter how well founded). Lord Wolseley and the Duke of Cambridge spoke truly when they said soldiers had not enough to eat, and the sooner a change takes place it will be better for all ranks. Officers commanding regiments ought to place non-commissioned officers on duty on all cookhouses to prevent illegitimate trading, as it is well known that married families (not on the strength) are fed on soldiers' rations, cooks netting the proceeds. Then perhaps Tommy Atkins would have more reason to be satisfied. I am satisfied that scarcity of food among young soldiers has a great deal to do with discontent and desertion.

Officers commanding companies should look more after the food of the men instead of leaving it to cook sergeants, who know but little themselves, and only hide the faults of cooks. If this was done good results would follow. I write from many years' experience of regimental life. An efficient system of supervision of both quantity and quality of the meat delivered to the troops must be devised, and the duty devolved upon officers of experience.

Instructions must be given at the military colleges on the subject of the quality of meat, how to distinguish the good for the bad, and officers be thus trained for an important duty, and stringent regulations must be enforced as to the rejection of any meat or other article of food that does not come up to the standard. A change is required in the mode of cooking, and in the nature of the instructions given to the soldiers entrusted with that duty. This, if well devised and adequately carried out, would tend to diminish the complaint as to insufficient quantity, for I believe that in this manner much that now goes to waste would be utilised. A change is needed in the hours at which the meals are provided, the interval between dinner and breakfast, even when partially broken by tea, being much too long, and giving rise to a craving which is too often made an excuse for indulgence in stimulants. Another very important point for consideration is whether it would be possible, as I feel sure it would be advantageous, to diet the recruits separately from the soldiers during the first few months of their service. The subject is one of great interest to all who care for the welfare of the soldier.

TOMMY ATKINS.

GEORGE GROSSMITH'S MEMOIR.*

Grossmith the actor and Grossmith the entertainer we delight in, but Grossmith the autobiographer our soul abhorreth.

Why he ever put his pen to paper in face of the warning he received, and which he recounts on page 2, we cannot think. He was at a dinner party, and after the ladies had withdrawn a gentleman opened conversation with him as follows—"Did you see that Mr—— is writing his reminiscences?" "Yes."

"Don't you think it rather a pity that he should do so?" "Why a pity?" I asked in reply to his question.

"Well, I always think the moment a man begins to write his reminiscences he is bound, more or less, to make an ass of himself." "In what way?" I asked.

In the first place he is hampered by having to be so egotistical. He must talk about himself, which is never a nice thing to do. He cannot very well tell stories in his own favour; and if he tells them against himself, he affects humility. If he talks about his distinguished acquaintances he becomes a snob—in short, I can only repeat my former observation, that he is bound to make an ass of himself."

Well, that is precisely what Mr George Grossmith has done in our estimation. We shall never care to see Grossmith as we formerly did. The auto-biographed ghost will always stand between him and ourselves. And yet the work is all right, and will succeed. Mr Arrowsmith (who, it will be remembered, exploited Hugh Conway's "Called Back"), has scored; but our thoughts and sympathies are not with the publishers, but with the author, our old Savoy favourite. He should have reserved his memoir until he had given up appearing in public, at any rate, and remembered

*"A Society Clown." By George Grossmith. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.

the advice of Apolles, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*."

Grossmith's father combined the profession of public lecturer and police-court reporter. In the latter only George Grossmith early succeeded his father, and as he himself says, he was "well known to the police" for a period of twenty years.

He gives a graphic sketch of old Bow street police court, and of past and gone worthies who used to preside there.

It may surprise many to learn that Grossmith was even "professionally" connected with our old Dublin friend, Professor Pepper. He afterwards toured with his father, and tells of an engagement at a country place where they had been secured by a committee of clergymen. "After the recitals the committee would follow us into the ante-room, four would engage my attention, while the fifth—generally a young curate—would surreptitiously slip the fee into my father's hand. I remember him once upsetting the solemnity of this "setting-up" proceeding by exclaiming loudly, "I am not ashamed to be paid. You need not hand me the fee as if it were an election bribe." Grossmith, it will be remembered, once played at our Antient Concert Rooms, and he complains of half-filled rooms, but speaks of the kindness of the people.

In November, 1877, he received the following letter, which, as will be seen, had an important bearing in his future,

"Beef Steak Club,
King William Street, W.C.

"Dear Mr Grossmith,—Are you inclined to go on the stage for a time? There is a part in the new piece I am doing with Gilbert which I think you would play admirably. I can't find a good man for it.

"Yours sincerely,
"ARTHUR SULLIVAN."

Grossmith's career ever since is known to everybody.

He gives the following incident as a sample of his experience as drawingroom entertainer:—

"At a reception at a ducal mansion I overheard a rather rude inquiry respecting myself. I arrived after my performance at the theatre, and was leaving the drawingroom with her grace in order to arrange for a slight alteration in the position of the piano, which had been placed so that only the back of my head could be seen, and I am willing to confess that I have not much expression there. The Duke, who is tolerably well known for his brusque and aristocratic manner, said, 'Has that fellow arrived yet?' The Duchess looked terribly confused, and glanced at the Duke and myself alternately, but I did not answer. As the Duke repeated the question with the amount of severity that a husband is always privileged to use towards his wife, I replied, politely, 'Yes, your grace, that fellow has arrived.' With that I walked away, and directed the servants to move the piano, and out of revenge I determined to exert my utmost to make my entertainment go off well. Although his grace was rude to his wife, of course he did not intend to be rude to me, for immediately the first sketch was over he came and told me how pleased he was with it."

Of such chit-chat the book is full, and a capital companion it will be found for a short journey by rail. We repeat the book is pretty good, but, notwithstanding, we cannot help thinking Grossmith has written himself an ass in giving it to the public.

ECHOES FROM TORQUAY— (Continued.)

The opinion that Torquay is a health resort is very generally held by pleasure-seekers and holiday tourists, who naturally seek elsewhere for amusements they think do not exist here. The mistake—for it is one—is a serious loss both to Torquay and those on pleasure bent, and every means should be taken to have the unjust judgment reversed. The “Madeira” of England, the name it has long been called, is one of the principal reasons, I believe, why travellers give it the “go by,” and wend their way to other watering-places. When we go abroad for pleasure, after the long and trying days spent by us in our various avocations, on the close of our year, we reasonably, of course, select for change, rest, and enjoyment, where we will get the best value for the amount set carefully aside for the holiday season; and a word of disparagement is quite sufficient to make us form an unfavourable opinion. Other places owe their fame and notoriety to some important annual festival, got up at a suitable time, attractive enough to collect crowds, who, when over, rush off home, bursting to tell their friends of the very jolly time they had. Torquay is different in this respect. No special attempt is made for a grand reunion of gaieties, they are continuous and constant, modestly and quietly carried on, and only appreciated by those who make it worth their trouble to find them out. The antiquarian can see many places full of the deepest interest in the neighbourhood—Beny Pomeroy Castle, once the residence of the celebrated Ralph de Pomerai, a follower of the Conqueror, who, in return for his faithful services, gave him the substantial grant of 58 lordships of land. Compton Castle, deeply interesting to the architect, for its peculiar style and curious gables, and to all as the home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the navigator. The historian will find Brixham worth a visit, with all its wonderful historic associations. It would be endless to mention all the objects of interest the geologist can revel in—either in Kent’s Cavern, Homid Tor, Valley of the Rocks, Hayter Rock, &c.—while to those who wish to see beautiful scenery and enjoy a charming pic-nic, Anstis Cove and the Lyncome Drives, alone should give them a rich treat. There are numbers of other places, no less interesting, too numerous to mention—all deserving of a visit. Torquay is certainly a health resort—nearer and perhaps better than that island supposed to possess such invigorating qualities, and at no time of the year more attractive than at the present. Of it, it can be said one may sit there and dream sweet thoughts of pleasure, unmixed with the world’s coarser follies.

One visitor may occasionally wonder why better accommodation is not provided on the Strand for our two excellent bands, whose music is really worth while listening to, and never fails

to collect a crowd. If the Local Board would only give the matter a little more of their attention, no doubt the excellent example set by little Brighton, which has lately voted £750 for a pavilion and band stand, would soon be copied, and a most necessary work done.

Of the £1,500 for the Young Women’s Home for Governesses and Business Women, a most deserving and needed institution, already upwards of £900 has been subscribed or promised. The committee hope soon to receive the balance, when the Home will be in working order, doing a good and noble work. Miss Jessie Combs, the hon. treasurer, deserves much praise for her exertions in connection with the matter, and will be amply repaid in seeing her labours soon covered with success.

The end of our tournament has been disappointing. Owing to the very inclement weather, as already referred to, some matches had to be postponed. Mr. J. Hare, the winner last year of the club championship, had to play with Mr. Parson, the winner of the “final” in this year’s competition. They met on Wednesday, and after two sets, neither gaining any advantage, night coming on, another postponement took place to Monday, when some good play was expected, but at the last moment, to the great disappointment of everyone, it was announced Parsons was scratched.

General Sir Francis Colborne, K.C.B., has left Glenfinnan; the Hon. Mrs Gambier Parry and Hon. Mrs Smith, the Manor House; and the Bishop and Mrs Cheetham, from Clareen. Dr. and Mrs Last Smith, have arrived in Mayfield from the Moors.

NIMROD.

[The name attached to article on this subject last week is not the writer’s. We regret the mistake having occurred.]

MARRIAGE.

MY OPINION OF MARRIAGE.
OUGHT IT TO BE VIEWED AS A
CONTRACT? IS THE LAW JUSTI-
FIED IN ANNULING IT?

First, my opinion of marriage—An opinion is “a persuasion of the mind without proof or certain knowledge,” and as such is of little or no value; but as for this very reason it can do but little harm, if no good, I may safely venture a persuasion or two. To begin with, there appears to me no reason why marriage should not be a tolerably happy state after the first chill of disappointment is overcome. That there is a sure and certain disappointment awaiting all who enter it, few will have the hardihood to contradict. This disappointment, I think, is mainly (though, of course, not entirely) owing to two causes—viz., the false notions people are educated in with regard to matrimony, and the outrageous enthusiasm the generality of “engaged pairs” find it necessary to work themselves into over each other. Now, as regards the first—namely, the false sentiments which are instilled into children’s susceptible minds from their very cradles—aye, and as carefully nurtured there with every providence till the spring of coming man and maidenhood they are able to build over them from the endless fund of their wealthy

imaginings great golden castles exceeding high and wondrous, and teeming with the very conceivable delight. What are we thinking about, thus wantonly to sow the poisonous seed of deep-rooted expectation, an impossible state of rapturous bliss which cannot but surely result in a rich harvest of bitter discontent. When in the after years of life “our heads are bowed with woe” and our chief happiness lies in the secret remembrance of the cup of bliss filled to overflowing that was raised to our heedless lips in the fairyland of our childhood, if we in a rash moment give voice to the thought before “the infants clustering round our knee” we are rewarded with a supercilious smile of withering contempt framed in the precocity we ourselves have bred them up in, the whole idea of childhood being to grow up and marry at full speed, marriage being looked forward to as a perfect paradise of the very keenest enjoyment. The second and still greater evil which exists in the “outrageous enthusiasm” entertained so extravagantly before the marriage is much more difficult to treat of. In woman’s great unfathomable nature there is a current of love so strong, so deep, so pure, that even after familiar intimacy with one altogether unworthy of her, when daily intercourse has torn into shreds the silver cobwebs of delusion, and the bubbles of hope and false conceptions are burst and vanished, when the god she had arrayed in pearls and many coloured vestments now stands before her ungilt and unvarnished in the drear coldness and bareness of reality, when her hearth is strewn with the desolate ashes of the bright hopes of her maidenhood, though she be even repelled and sickened with harshness, coarseness, and brutality; yet will that great well of love spring up everlastingly in her faithful heart, winning to her thereby a never-fading crown in the kingdom that is to come. As for man, the more hopelessly he appears to have lost his head before marriage, the sooner after the event does his grand passion evaporate into thin air. “It is even as a sleep, and fadeth away suddenly like the grass.” And what then remains? What then, indeed? If he be a good man he will still retain a calm friendship for her who trusted herself her whole life and happiness in his arms, and this is all his nature will be capable of; but to many a soft impulsive woman this is as a stone when she stretches her hands out for bread.

Secondly, ought it (*i. e.* marriage) to be viewed as a contract?—Certainly it is an “agreement,” and, as a general rule, it is a most excellent bargain for the man, as by it he gets devotion personified, a home with every domestic comfort, his every want anticipated, and every care relieved, in return for which he merely gives his name (illustrious or otherwise), board, and a lodging which is often made too hot for the poor suffering helpmate, who is verily and indeed treated to a contracted brow.

Thirdly, is the law justified in annulling it?—A thousand times no! That there will have to be separations as long as this unhappy world shall continue to exist there is no doubt whatsoever; but those who have once been joined the holy estate of matrimony should never be permitted under any provocation to break through the oaths whereby they are already bound, and to marry with any other person as long as they both shall remain alive; but to him or her who through misconduct shall have brought the black cloud of misery on their home severe punishment should be awarded. The ancient school of Hillel held that “any dislike which he held

towards her would justify a man in putting away his wife." Unutterably horrible as this should appear to every person of sufficient intellect to comprehend the words, there are yet to be found in England at this present day lunatics outrageous enough to call for a like code of impossible laws in that very country. But should it ever become sufficiently abominable to admit of the same, what would be the consequence? No man would remain with his wife longer than five years, and the land would be filled with the cries of the desolate children, and the sky darkened with woman's misery. When marriage has been so glorified as to have been made the great type of Christ and his Church, how shall we dare to degrade it and defile its beauty with the rank mud of foul behaviour? L.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

There is at present a strong feeling among those who desire to see Belfast advancing intellectually as well as commercially in favour of the establishment of a Royal Academy of Music in our town. Yet it is feared by many that considerable difficulty may be experienced in accomplishing this most desirable scheme. The recollection of the tardiness on the part of our local governing powers to grant greater reading facilities by means of the free library is not yet forgotten; yet, on the other hand, as has been pointed out, a Belfast merchant gave us our Mulholland organ, and it may be others will be found willing to use their money and influence to help the further development of musical culture in the town in which their fortunes have been made. We listen to speeches loud and long about the progress of Belfast, and, viewed from a purely commercial standpoint, it has prospered, but it is to be feared that in the onward march culture and refinement have suffered. In musical matters the standing of Belfast was at one time good; can we say as much now? Our principal (indeed it might be said our only) musical society is not prosperous, and its want of success is mainly attributed to the absence of a resident orchestra. Fifty years ago the old "Belfast Anacreontic Society" had an orchestra of over fifty performers, with an average weekly attendance at practices of over fifty. Surely this does not look like progress. We are told that the membership then was not confined to any particular grade of society—men of all ranks were in it—and that musical ability, not social position, was the criterion. Are we different now? Let us hope not, and trust that those who have the power will use it to help in the establishment of a musical college in Belfast.

On Thursday last the 1st Battalion of the Queen's Own Royal West Surrey Regiment left Belfast by the Great Northern Railway on their way to Dublin to replace the Black Watch, ordered to Belfast. The regiment was accompanied to the railway station by the band of the Gordon Highlanders. Large crowds congregated at various points along the route, and cheered enthusiastically. The conduct of the West Surrey men during their stay in Belfast has been such as to gain for them the respect of all classes.

The first portion of the 2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders arrived shortly after 11 o'clock, and the remainder, with the band and colours, arrived about half-past 5 in the evening. The

Royal Highlanders were favourably known here during their short stay in the riotous times of 1886, and were warmly welcomed back by an enthusiastic crowd, which met them at the railway station and accompanied them to the Victoria Barracks, cheering lustily all the way.

The inquest on James Jeffers, who died at the Belfast Royal Hospital on the 6th inst. from the effects of crude carbolic acid given in mistake for black draught, was resumed on Friday last. After hearing the evidence of Drs. Quilter and O'Neill, Mr Hamilton, assistant in the dispensary department, and two nurses, the court adjourned to Tuesday evening for the purpose of allowing the professional gentlemen engaged to address the jury.

The Corporation have agreed to cover by means of glass roofing the centre of Smithfield Market.

The strike in the shipbuilding works of Messrs Harland and Wolff has at last terminated, and on Friday morning the gates were thrown open. A large number of the men resumed work, all departments being represented except the engineers. It is understood they declined to resume work unless they would get an advance of 2s per week. A compromise having been effected, the place is now in full working order.

A new non-political club, the Lyceum, has been opened in the premises lately occupied by the Belfast Liberal Club in Royal Avenue.

The indifference manifested here regarding the Exhibition question renders it most unlikely that we will have one in Belfast next year.

Mr C. E. B. Mayne, R.M., has at his own request been transferred from Armagh to Galway.

On Wednesday evening the last band promenade of the season was held at Warrenpoint. The large and select gathering was considerably augmented by visitors from Rostrevor. The programme was well selected, and performed in a manner affording entire satisfaction.

The promoters of those band promenades have every reason to be satisfied with the success which attended their efforts to thus add to the enjoyment of visitors during the past season.

Could nothing be done to render Bangor a little more attractive to visitors? Its one recommendation at present is its close proximity to Belfast. Of course the pleasant sail down the river is in its favour; also the ease with which business men can reach it by rail as well as by sea.

The place has many natural advantages, being well open to the sea, and possessing good coast scenery on either side, and indeed whatever attractions the place can boast of are due entirely to Nature. Its pier may be useful, but it is not in any degree ornamental. It was stated at the opening of this season that £300 had been expended on improving the pier, but no one has yet, so far as I am aware, been able to discover the improvement. The roads and walks on all sides of the town are bad, and there is nothing

which by any stretch of language could be described as a promenade. In former years a military or other band was engaged to perform at the "Pickie" or "Sandy row" once or twice during each week, but even this form of attraction has been discontinued. Its annual regatta has lost much of its former importance, and the number of yachts now entering has fallen off by two-thirds. By many this is attributed to the fact that the total amount of money now offered in prizes does not exceed that formerly given as the first prize.

Surely it would pay the "lord of the soil" to endeavour to improve the place himself, and to inducements to residents Ballyholme and Bangor to assist in the good work.

A grand bazaar and fancy fair was held at Glengormley (close to Belfast), under Masonic auspices on Friday and Saturday last. The bazaar was held in an extensive marquee and the attendance each day was such as to ensure success.

The annual regatta and races at Dundrum, County Down, took place on Friday last. Amongst those present were—The Marquis of Downshire, Lady Downshire, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, the Earl of Roden, the Earl of Dorchester, Lady Violet Beauchamp, Dr. Kingsley, Colonel and Mrs Forde, Rev. George Lodge, &c. During the day the excellent band of the 5th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles discoursed a well-selected musical programme.

On Wednesday evening last a concert was given by some of the leading members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in the Opera House, Londonderry. The illness of some of the vocalists necessitating a number of changes in the programme, considerable dissatisfaction was felt and exhibited by the audience, but the undoubted ability of the artists replacing those absent soon gained for them hearty applause, and the concert altogether was a decided success.

The final races for the season of the Bann Rowing Club was held on Tuesday, the 18th inst. The weather being fine there was a good turn-out of spectators. The chief event was a run between senior and junior crews, the juniors being allowed an advantage in length and build of boat. The result was a dead heat.

The Portstewart regatta took place on the same date. The various races were well contested, but the absence of wind considerably lessened the interest in the sailing races. Sir Hervey and Lady Bruce were amongst the spectators who watched with interest the progress of the races.

The Blackburn Olympic football team met the Distillery in the ground of the latter at Broadway, Belfast, on Saturday. The "Olympic" being one of the foremost teams in England. There was great interest manifested in the match. The Olympics were assisted by two of the Blackburn Rovers' forwards, Dixon and Hayes. The Distillery played through in good form, and an exciting contest resulted in a victory of three goals to one.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

An inroad of friends from the meeting of the British Association sheds a flood of diversified light on proceedings, which have only hitherto been chronicled in the daily papers. One stern scientist assures me he has many sympathisers in his condemnation of the popularised form that science has adopted on the present occasion the keynote of which, he declares, was sounded in the President's address. But I incline to think I shall have the majority with me in saying that the dignity of science should surely not suffer from its mysteries being made a trifle more intelligible to the uninitiated than heretofore, and why need such treatment be superficial?

There were, without doubt, some very much lighter papers read this year than are generally found numbered in the proceedings of this august assembly; and the flutter which was raised by the magic mention of stays and waistbelts was fairly kept afloat by Chinese marriage customs, and the personal turn and rather comic incidents that accompanied a discussion on the doctrine of Malthus.

Of the hospitalities received, my friends spoke most warmly. An invitation to luncheon that includes two hundred guests is on a very liberal scale; yet more than once such munificence was offered. The proprietors of the Bathstone Quarries were among these generous entertainers, and on another day luncheon was served in the dining-hall of the beautifully-situated Cirencester College. Then, while one contingent was travelling in the historic associations of Stonehenge, the Marquis of Bath was dispensing tea to a party of visitors at Longleat.

But I think the excursion which would have most tempted me was one which comprised the small but exquisitely surrounded city of Wells, with its noble cathedral and the ruins at Glastonbury, rich in the recollection of mediævalisms and still earlier legendary lore.

The best preserved portion of the Abbey ruins is the Abbot's kitchen, which retains traces of four large fireplaces, giving an impression of great Gargantuan possibilities. Enough still remains of the Abbey itself to convey an idea of its extent and magnificence. Many of the arches are intact, rich, and ornate, indicating by their designs a period about the end of the 12th century.

But Glastonbury has older memories than these, for it is recorded that here Joseph of Arimathea sojourned, and built the first Christian Church; that he was the bearer of the Holy Grail, which he buried beneath a mound in the neighbourhood, and, that having planted his staff in the ground, it grew into the celebrated Glastonbury Thorn!

This enjoyable excursion was very appropriately crowned by the generous hospitality of the Bishop or Bath and Wells, who invited the party to luncheon at the Palace after an interesting inspection of the cathedral and the cloisters, which are the largest in the United Kingdom. With tea kindly provided by the Mayor of Glastonbury, and served in the Abbot's kitchen, this unrivalled trip agreeably concluded.

From Paris news reaches us of returning wanderers, and pleasant oases of festivity *en route*, notably at our own embassy, where Lord Lytton

receives in princely style, although he does not for all that (and his huge diplomatic functions) forge his devotion to the muses, at least, so this story goes. Lord Lytton is interested in all questions appertaining to literature, and the last time I saw him was at a conference of the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which he is an important member. This was only a short time before he went to Paris, and his earnestness in discussing the difficulties often experienced with publishers was very encouraging to his fellow-authors. It was at that conference Mr Walter Besant read a paper, embodying one of the prettiest concerts he has ever written, where, after practically detailing the wrongs to be amended, he wound up with a prophetic vision of the author in the glorified days when his interests and those of the publisher should be one and the same.

The late meeting of the Association of Journalists at Bristol, to which the admission of ladies was feebly opposed by one gentleman, apprehensive of the consequences—to himself probably—of feminine competition, but overwhelmingly carried against him (and one backer) by an unanimous majority, recalls to me how admirably a lady journalist, Mrs Frederick Muller, spoke at a subsequent conference in reply to an unexpected point raised in the debate.

There are undoubtedly many orators among us, but I have generally found that in the gift of impromptu speech, apt and terse, women are the readiest.

Although I have had to decline with much regret the opportunity of working with the Society of Authors as Local Hon. Secretary in consequence of the claims of other engagements, it is a great pleasure to me to mention its aim and objects, especially to readers in Ireland, where so much literary talent abounds, for the Society of Authors is the only institution in existence for the protection of literature.

Established some years ago, with Lord Tennyson as President, this Society was greatly instrumental in carrying the International Copyright Act of 1886, and is now largely concerned in the regulation of agreement between authors and publishers, for the adjustment of which the Society possesses all the necessary knowledge, through its committee of management and skilled legal advisers.

In addition to the fellows and members, who must be authors (and authoresses) or journalists, the Articles of Association include the enrolment of associate-members, who, not being actual authors or journalists, may sympathize with the objects of the Society, and it is stipulated that the committee shall be competent at any time to transfer the name of an associate to the list of members or Fellows. The subscription is one guinea annually, or ten guineas for life membership, and the list of members includes most of our greatest names in Art, Literature, Science and the Drama. For ladies especially, to whom the commercial part of a literary enterprise is often a thing of terror, the Society of Authors offers a precious bulwark.

Capricious fashion, which has made the banjo an aristocratic instrument, and whistling a desirable attribute of ladies, has probably said the last word for professional beauty in the inauguration of a Beauty Show at Spa. It is not so very long ago since dames of high degree permitted their names to come under this category, and photographs presenting them in every conceivable attitude and variety of toilette, garnished the shop windows, duly labelled with their titles and pretensions. Now all is changed. Artists and artistes

of all kinds, public men, dignitaries, and royalties are to be found everywhere, but society ladies are rarely seen, and the complete disappearance of certain familiar names marks a very distinct *fiat* on the part of relatives and *entourage*.

It may be that the fame of Mrs Alice Shaw is destined to be equally shortlived, although her success in London was so phenomenal that she was under command to whistle before the Queen when the news of the Emperor Frederick's death interposed. But America, whence Mrs Shaw emerged, has just produced another lady anxious to pit her talent against Mrs Shaw's for the sum of £200; and schools for instruction in whistling are advertised in several districts. I am inclined to think that before many neophytes are fully qualified, the demand for whistling artists will have gone the way of all other *succes de curiosite*.

With the autumn session, that is yet more than a month ahead of us, we may look forward to many friendly gatherings; but there can be no renewal, at least on the same extended scale, of the profusion of flower decoration which marked the early part of the season.

I have seen the walls of a room completely hidden in flowers to within a couple of feet of the ceiling, thus forming a beautiful floral dado, exhaling perfume and making a background of dangerous rivalry for the ladies dresses.

Several aspiring entertainers imitated the example set at the Royal Academy banquet, and introduced on their dinner tables miniature pools of clear water, with lilies growing on the surface. The *jet d'eau* wound up by clockwork, and diffusing lavender water or *eau-de-Cologne*, is an old device; but these pretty lakelets were essential novelties, and would have made more sensation if the temperature of the months of June and July had risen up to expectation; but, as in most cases dinner parties took place during abundant rainfalls, these tiny ponds rather suggested convenient table reservoirs in the event of the torrents rattling against the windows finding their way inside.

Yet in spite of the surly elements, it was a wonderful season for flowers, and this may partly account for their lavish use. I say partly, because there are some purses that no scarcity can deter. But the millionaire of the future will find some difficulty in outvying the prodigality of this year's display, and even before the end of the season a slight reaction was noticeable. I am told that in a certain great house, an *etage* of wild flowers and grasses proved more effective than the rarest orchids. This was assuredly in the first instance a *succes d'imprevu*, but also a success because nothing can really be more graceful than wild flowers and grasses artistically combined—only it is difficult to fancy wild flowers, which wither almost as soon as plucked, surviving through the trying ordeal of a dinner party, even though the light cast upon them should be the pure harmless radiance of electric globes. In several cases tables decorated with leaves only proved most pretty and original, and one of these I so much admired that I must describe it for the benefit of those who might care to imitate so very simple, yet tasteful, a design.

The leaves were laid flat upon the table-cloth, forming a pattern round the centre, from which the length of coloured plush had been withdrawn; every variety of leaf interwove, from maidenhair fern to the majestic begonia, and immersed clouded globed fairy lamps, placed at equal distances, but having an appearance as though they had dropped accidentally into their

places. In the middle of the table, and at each end, high silver candlesticks threw down a subdued light from many candles, on each of which had been fixed a tiny shade, matching in colour those of the fairy lamps. No tall vases, no raised object of any kind obstructed this leafy *parterre*, only the three severe candelabra stood out in bold relief. The whole *ensemble* was most original and harmonious.

At a time when grouse is so plentiful, I really must give the receipt of a capital *rechauffe*, lest the *apropos* moment slip by. Of course, there is no way of cooking the young bird that can rival a plain roast, delicately served on toast, frothed, and well basted a few minutes before being dished. But when this *plat* leaves the table there are often many pieces—legs, wing bones, bits of breast, and savoury morsels too unimportant to figure cold on the breakfast sideboard, but still sufficient to make a tasty little dish. To effect this you must proceed as follows:—Take a nice slice of streaky bacon, which having cut into dice, place on the fire in a bright stewpan. When the bacon begins to frizzle put in your bits of grouse, lightly floured. Let these take colour, and then add gently a glass of Chablis, Lanterne, or any white wine, the same quantity of stock, a sprinkle of salt, and a *soupeon* of red pepper. A sliced truffle is an improvement; but the *salmi* is excellent without. Shake the pan occasionally. Simmer gently for 12 or 15 minutes and serve. The gravy will not require to be reduced.

AMINA.

LA REVEILLE.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Bumper houses for the past two nights have welcomed Miss Palmer back again to Dublin. "My Sweetheart" is a piece which bears repetition, and each succeeding season adds to its popularity. "My Sweetheart" will be repeated to-night (Wednesday), and on Thursday "My Brother's Sister" will be produced for the first time in Dublin.

Harry Monkhouse and his clever company are drawing crowded houses at the Queen's Theatre, where his excruciatingly funny "Larks" are creating merriment of the heartiest and most enjoyable kind. As "Caractacus"—the chief actor in Dr. Lamb's famous tragedy which a ruthless manager has transformed into a burlesque—Harry Monkhouse is the most amusing actor who has visited Dublin for many a day, and those who do not see him will have missed a treat which they will be sorry for. The company is an all-round capital one, admirably up in their parts, and working with the greatest smoothness and regularity. Burlesque and comedy are now at their best at the Queen's.

THEATRE ROYAL, BELFAST.—Mr Charles Majilton's company opened on Monday evening with Mr W. J. Whitbread's sensational drama, "The Race of Life." Any company following the Carl Rosa opera week might be considered as appearing at a disadvantage; but the warm reception accorded Mr Majilton's company was sufficient to dispel any fear on that score. The play, if conventional, is good, and full of strong dramatic situations. The plot opens somewhat abruptly; and a short prologue, giving reason for the relative positions of the various characters, at the opening would certainly be an improvement. As "Silas Sloggum," a poacher, Mr Arthur Rickets is both clever and amusing.

The "Robert Seymour" of Mr Dane Clark is a capital performance. Mr Kieno Johnstone does all that is possible with the part of "Jack Armstrong," and Mr A. Arnold as "Frank Seymour," if at times a little weak, rises to considerable power in the prison scenes. Of Mr Charles Majilton, as the French detective, we see but little, and certainly would like to see more. Miss Loyle Frere, who sustains the character of "Isabel Armstrong," plays in a careful and intelligent manner, being particularly successful in the pathetic scenes. Miss Marie Majilton, as "Rosa Warburton," is frank and natural; and as "Polly Finch," Louie Appleby is a decided success. The other parts are fairly filled. The staging is good, the scene showing the convicts at work and the treadmill being remarkably so. The piece will run this week, and will be succeeded by Miss Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart," and "My Brother's Sister."

GRAND ITALIAN CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—This concert, which took place last Saturday, was crowded in every part save the back seats of the area. It was remarkable for the scene of wild enthusiasm which greeted Signor De Anna on his appearance and throughout the concert. He has gained not only in volume of tone, but in dignity of demeanour on the platform. On one occasion he was recalled four times, and sang two *encores*. The men present, as well as the ladies, stood up and waved their handkerchiefs—a demonstration unequalled in our experience. Signor De Anna is without doubt the greatest singer that has ever appeared in Dublin, and the greatest histrionic artist as well. He is gifted not only with a voice which may almost rank as phenomenal, but with an enthusiasm and genius which sets him above and apart from the class of operatic performers. Signor Morini received an adverse reception. He has a mild and expressionless tenor, and may yet be a presentable singer. We hope he will not be discouraged, but rather nerved to further effort and study. Madame Enriquez sang very well, and was *encored* for every song. We did not care for Madame Zaguri—the Court singer to the King of Portugal. His Majesty must be easily pleased in the matter of vocalism. Mademoiselle Doria has a mezzo-soprano without vibration. She is very young, however, and may yet succeed. Mr Rudersdorff never played the violoncello better. The "Reverie" by Dunkler, which he performed, was executed with supreme delicacy and sympathy. Mr C. Kendal Irwin's accompaniments were remarkable for accuracy and their unobtrusive but efficient support to the voices.

In aid of local charities a concert has just been given at Moville, County Derry, the event being organised under the auspices of Colonel Lyle, Major Waldron Kelly, and Mr Dunlop, R.A. The songs and dances in character by Major Kelly and Mr Dunlop were most amusing. Mrs Prehn sang sweetly, while Master H. Kelly and Miss Eva Lyle contributed largely to the success of the entertainment, the young lady presiding at the piano. The play of "Checkmate" was very creditably performed, Major and Miss Kelly appearing as "Sir Everton Toffey" and "Miss Rouse." Colonel Lyle took the part of stable-boy, Miss Lyle that of "Martha Bunn," Mr Heygate that of "Sam Winkle," the waiter; while Master H. Kelly personated "Cheeks." The programme was most successfully carried out.

Durrow, in Queen's County, is an interesting little place, locally and historically, and a few evenings ago a highly successful concert was given in the school-house of that village, which was attended by, among others, Lord and Lady Ashbrooke, the Caste, Durrow; Hon. Mr Flower, Mrs and Miss Flower, Durrow; Rev Mr and Mrs Ebbs, Atanagh; Rev. Mr Paul, Kilamo; Rev. L. and Mrs Wallace, Bittenfield, Middlesex; and Rev. Mr Wills. The artists included a number of gentlemen from Kilkenny, and several ladies and gentlemen from the surrounding districts. The "National Anthem" brought the concert to a close.

On Tuesday evening last a concert of a very enjoyable kind was given at Killeslin, the object being the raising of funds to defray the expense incurred in decorating and fitting up the parochial room, in which many pleasant gatherings of a similar kind have been held from time to time. Among the ladies and gentlemen ably assisting in the rendering of the programme were the Misses Jameson, Mr J. E. Jameson, Miss Bloomfield, Mr Anderson, Miss Shackleton, Mrs Armstrong, and the Misses Byrne, the result being a decided success. The programme included several operatic selections, which were given with great taste and finish, and the entertainment concluded with the singing of "God Save the Queen" by all present.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked, after a year's courting. "No, it can never be," was her reply. "Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said, as he went towards the door. "Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like." He saw the difference. Years afterwards he saw the difference still more clearly.

A negro Baptist said to his Methodist master—"You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read in it of one John the Baptist, hasn't you?" "Yes." "Well, you never saw nothing about John the Methodist, did you?" "No." "Well, den, you see, dere' Baptists in the Bible, but dere' ain't no Methodists, and de Bible's on my side."

THE TRUE BOTANIC EXTRACT OF ROSES AND ROSE-MARY, distilled from herbs and flowers, is one of the most innocent, delightful, and invigorating washes ever introduced for cleansing the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and for promoting the growth and beauty of the hair. It is unlike other washes, being perfectly free from alkali, soap, or any greasy substances; creates a refreshing foam, and is pre-eminently suited to all conditions of the hair. To be had only of George Lucas, Court Hairdresser and Perfumer, 6 Suffolk street, and the Shelbourne Hotel. By special appointment to the Lord Lieutenant. Bottles 2s, 3s, 3s 6d, 5s, and 7s 6d each.—[ADVT.]

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—It is of the utmost importance that people in delicate health or suffering from any form of disease should carefully inquire into the causes of their troubles. It is useless to remove the symptoms of the disease as long as the cause remains untouched to generate them afresh. Prairie Flower not only removes the symptoms, but strikes deep at the root of the matter, and completely eradicates the hidden cause of the mischief. Remember that this means a *cure*—complete and permanent. If you suffer from inactive liver, disagreeable taste in the mouth on rising, tired feelings, want of ambition and energy, nervousness and irritability, know that your liver and stomach are telling you they are in need of assistance. Prairie Flower, the great Indian remedy, arouses the liver to active secretion, assists digestion, regulates the bowels, and carries out the worn-out matter of the system as Nature intends should be the case, and thus freeing the blood from all impurities, allows Nature herself to complete the cure. Prairie Flower and Sequah's Indian Oil are harmless and safe, and may be obtained everywhere. Use nothing else, as they always give satisfaction. Advt.

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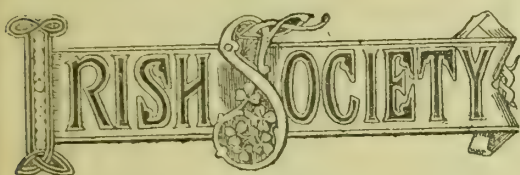
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WEEK ENDING 6th OCTOBER, 1888.

The Queen and Royal Suite will leave Balmoral for Windsor Castle on Wednesday, November 14.

The Queen drove one day last week through the beautiful grounds of Invercauld, and, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, honoured Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick with a visit. On Wednesday her Majesty drove from Balmoral to Braemar, and changed horses at Mac-Nab's Hotel, where a large assembly of visitors greeted her most cordially.

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept from Mr Allen Cole a copy of his translation of M. Lefebure's new work on "Embroidery and Lace," which has just been published.

The premature publication of the Emperor Frederick's diary has caused something like a panic in political circles in Germany. Some interested parties declare that the extracts as published are fictitious, whilst others assert that they are taken from the original journal distributed by his late Majesty himself when Crown Prince among his friends. Professor Geffen, who is suspected of supplying the *Deutsche Rundschau* with the extracts, is to be prosecuted; but as Dr. Geffen belongs to the Conservative opponents of the Imperial Chancellor, it is thought that his selection for prosecution is simply a piece of political tyranny on the part of Prince Bismarck.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters have arrived at Abergeldie, where it is the intention of their Royal Highnesses to reside for a month or two.

The Duchess of Albany visited on Thursday Colonel and Mrs Russell at Aden House, Mintlaw. Mrs Russell previous to her marriage was lady-in-waiting to her Royal Highness. The party were received at the railway station by a guard of honour of the Buchan Rifles. The Duchess returned to Deeside in the afternoon, having in the interval looked about the grounds and planted a tree in commemoration of her visit.

The Prince of Wales has no less than 80 different uniforms which he has never worn more than once or at the most twice. It is said each uniform cost as much as £100.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, with their daughter, the Princess Victoria, have been on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Dunraven at their seat, Dunraven Castle, Glamorganshire. Lady Dunraven met her guests at the railway station, and the party was loudly cheered as they drove through the town.

Fencing is now one of the most fashionable of amusements. The three young Princesses of Wales have learnt it; it is the favourite pastime of the Duke of Newcastle; and Mr Frederick Harris is one of the most accomplished in the art.

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen and Prince Edward of Saxe-Meiningen left Kingstown on Monday evening after a fortnight's visit to their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. During their stay in Ireland they visited the Lakes of Killarney, and were charmed with the romantic scenery of that most favoured locality.

The King of Italy is in a very delicate state of health. His Majesty has had fainting fits; any extra exertion seems to bring them on. If the King is unable to carry on the duties of his position or is prematurely removed the Duke of Aosta would be appointed Regent.

The adage is "as old as the hills" which tells us, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and a glance at the European collection shows a good many of them are not at present in a very healthy condition. The King of Italy is losing weight from liver complaint; the Emperor of Germany's ear gives him much trouble, despite of all denial; the King of Spain is vainly trying to cut his teeth, and has convulsions; the King of Portugal is only slowly recovering from a bad illness; his Majesty of Holland verges on senility, and the Czar of Russia suffers from insomnia; while the King of Greece is negotiating for retirement in favour of his son, and King Milan is having a serious contest with his wife.

The Emperor William has presented Castle Reiss, near Cronberg, in the Taunus Mountains, to his Imperial mother.

His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Sax-Weimar, will present new colours to the 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment on the 4th inst. In the evening, in honour of the occasion, Colonel Cockburn and the officers of the regiment will give a grand ball.

The marriage arranged between the Earl of Lisbourne and Miss Probyn will take place at the end of October.

The engagement is announced of Mr Cecil Stronge, youngest son of Mr C. W. Stronge, C.B., and nephew of the late Sir James Stronge, Bart., M.P., of Tynan Abbey, Armagh, and Miss Violet Phillips, ward of Sir William Topham, of Moirmount.

On the 18th of October the marriage will take place at St. Peter's, Eaton square, of Mr Edward Hulse, M.P., eldest son of Sir Edward Hulse, Bart., of Breamore, Salisbury, and Miss Lawson, daughter of Mr Levy Lawson, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and sister of Mr Harry Levy Lawson, M.P. Sir Edward Hulse is the owner of a fine estate of 5,000 acres in Hampshire. The baronetcy dates from 1739.

The marriage arranged between Mr Rupert Darnley, second son of the late Mr Darnley Anderson, of Waverly Abbey, Farnham, and Amy Douglas, youngest daughter of the Rev. Prebendary Harland, Vicar of Colwich, will take place this month.

The marriage of the Earl of Lisburne and Evelyn, second daughter of Mr Probyn, of Longhope, in the county of Gloucester, and Collingwood, Burton-on-Trent, will take place towards the end of the present month.

A marriage is arranged between Sir Thomas Tronbridge, Bart., King's Royal Rifles, and Laura, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Charles Gurney.

A marriage will shortly take place between Mr Leigh, of Belmont Hall, Cheshire, and Florence Louisa, second daughter of Mr Edward Reiss, of Jodrell Hall, Cheshire.

The marriage of Mr Alfred Hornyold Blackmore Park, Worcestershire, and Miss Alice Dela Chere will take place on the 20th of October in Paris.

Captain Fawcett, of the 5th Lancers, is engaged and will shortly be married to Miss Caroline Ager-Ellis. Captain Fawcett is the owner of Scalesby Castle and estate, Cumberland.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between George Lionel Stuart, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel George Stackpool Coxon, of Devonport street, Hyde Park, and Lilian Edith, daughter of the late Mr Benjamin Piercy, of Marchweil Hall, Denbighshire.

The marriage of Mr Kingsmill Key, second son of Sir Kingsmill Key, Bart., of Streatham, Surrey, and Miss Helen Abercrombie, eldest daughter of Mr W. Abercrombie, of Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, takes place early this month.

A marriage is arranged between Mr Sydney Selden Long, 2nd Durham Light Infantry, second son of the late Major-General Long, and Miss Glover, only daughter of the Colonel T. G. Glover, of the Royal Engineers.

The marriage of Mr George Wale, of Croydon, and Miss Emily Guinness, daughter of the late Mr R. Rundele Guinness, of Stillorgan, was solemnised on the 26th September at the parish church, Killiney, by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by the Rev. Robert Guinness, 'Vicar of Market Harboro', brother of the bride; and the Rev. E. R. Dyke, Vicar of Maidstone. The bride was given away by her stepbrother, R. Seymour Guinness, J.P. She wore a dress of white Irish poplin. Miss Anna and Miss Grace Guinness, her nieces, acted as bridesmaids, and wore ivory-coloured serge dresses, trimmed with gold-white felt directoire hats and ostrich feathers, and gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. After the ceremony the wedding party re-assembled at Miramar, Killiney, the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs R. R. Guinness, who held a reception in the afternoon. Amongst the guests were his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin and Lady Plunket, Judge Darley, Lady Ferguson, the Receiver Metropolitan Police (London), and Mrs Pennefather, Hon. E. Plunket, Mr and Mrs Wellington Darley, Hon. Olive Plunket, Mr and Mrs R. S. Guinness, Mrs Lloyd, &c.

Mr Kenneth MacDonald O'Callaghan, Army Medical Staff, youngest son of Mr Robert O'Callaghan, of Barnstead, Blackrock, Co. Cork, was married last month at Brislington Church to Susan Charlton, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Harding, of Wick House. Her dress was of ivory faille Francaise and Swiss embroidery, her wreath orange blossoms and myrtle, and a veil of honiton lace. Her ornaments were gold and pearls.

The marriage of Mr Egerton Brown, of Quarry Bank, and Miss Nessie Muspratt was solemnised in the old church of Sefton. The bride was attended by nine bridesmaids. She wore a white satin dress, brocaded with silver, and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids wore pale green and pale pink alternately.

Major S. Watson, Royal Artillery son of Mr S. Watson, of Summerhill, Co. Tipperary, was married to Elnith, eldest daughter of the Hon. Henry Roper-Curzon, on the 25th September, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. The Rev. G. Noel Stores officiated, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn.

The marriage of Mr T. Glen Artmer, Barshaw House, and Lizzie Coats, granddaughter of Sir Peter Coats, was solemnised on Wednesday at Auchendrane.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne leave England on Monday, the 16th, for India.

Lord Claudeboye, the eldest son of his Excellency Lord Lansdowne, is to accompany the mission to Cabul.

Lord and Lady Castletown have returned to London from Scotland.

The Bishop of Meath has given up Ballymacoll House, Dunboyne. His address for the present will be the Sackville Street Club.

The Earl and Countess of Charlemont are amongst the latest arrivals at Bournemouth.

Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton have returned to London from Luton Hoo, Bedfordshire, where they have been on a visit of some days to Madame de Falbe.

The Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam have returned to Ireland after the celebration of their golden wedding in England. They will now receive an address and presentation from their Irish tenants.

The Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, Postmaster-General, Mrs and Miss and Mr E. Raikes, have come to Ireland on a visit to Mr Hume-Dick, of Humewood, Co. Wicklow.

Lord Hartington during his visit to the North of Ireland will be the guest of Sir Edward P. Cowan, Lord Lieutenant of the County Antrim, at Craigavad House.

The Earl of Northbrooke visited Galway last week, and was received and conducted by Chief Justice Sir Michael Morris to the principal objects of interest and antiquity with which the old city abounds. He afterwards proceeded to Coole Park, the residence of Sir William Gregory, where he remained for the night. After paying several visits in the neighbourhood, his Lordship left for Glendalough to enjoy a few days' fishing.

The Marquis of Headfort and Lady Adelaide Taylour have arrived at the Lodge, Virginia, from Headfort House.

Mr Richard Wilkinson, J.P., Mr R. J. Wilkinson, and the Misses Wilkinson, of Balcarris House, Santry, and Saint Helen's, Mespil Road, Dublin, are at present staying at the Giant's Causeway.

Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry crossed over to England at the beginning of last week, and returned to the Viceregal Lodge on Saturday morning.

Lord Brassey and Lord Dunraven, of Adare Manor, have undertaken to write the volume on yachting for the Badminton Library.

Mr Mitchell Henry's party last week at Kylemore Castle, Galway, included the Baron, Baroness, and Miss Braston, the Marquis of Normandy, the Rev. Earl Mulgrave, Lord Northbrooke, Mr and Mrs Dames Longworth, Mrs Wilds, Mr and Mrs E. Lovett Henn, Mr and Mrs Ruthven, the Misses Vereker, Mr Roland Blennerhasset, Mr George Henry, and Mr Froude Coules.

On Tuesday the children attending the Duke of Leinster's school at Kilkea were entertained by the Ladies Fitzgerald at Kilkea Castle. The children assembled shortly after three and took their seats in a circle round the bowling green. They were waited on by the Ladies Eva, Mabel, and Nesta Fitzgerald, assisted by the Lords Frederiek and Walter Fitzgerald, and the Rev. C. W. Ganly, Chaplain. Having been plentifully supplied with tea and cakes and fruit, they played a variety of games and races for money prizes, Lord Walter acting as umpire. The day was fine, and the children thoroughly enjoyed their sports, and testified, by repeated and hearty cheering, their appreciation of the kindness of their entertainers before dispersing.

Mrs Carnegie was presented with an address at the Glasgow Central Hotel on Tuesday, congratulating her and her husband on the great good they had done by their exertions for the establishment of free libraries. Mr Carnegie in reply said he and his wife were determined not to die rich, and money could not be better laid out than in helping communities to help themselves.

Mr and Mrs W. C. Jacob entertained a number of guests at their cosy little house in Summerville, Sandycove, on Tuesday evening, 25th ult.

The occasion was the wishing of *bon voyage* to the Misses M'Birney, Dalkey, who go to take up residence in Paris for some time; and Mr R. N. O. Harrington, who sails by the City of Richmond *en route* for Montreal, on Wednesday, 3rd inst.

After dinner, which was quite a triumph of culinary art, a most enjoyable evening was spent, the only regrets indulged in being the approaching departure from Dublin of three of the guests.

On Friday evening last Miss Woyck gave a grand ball in the Tavistock Hotel. The ball was most successful in every respect, and was thoroughly enjoyed by a select party. The dance music was supplied by Mr J. J. Coates (Messrs Cramer Wood and Co.), who performed with his customary ability. Amongst the ladies and gentlemen who received invitations were the following:—Mr and Mrs Stanford, the Misses Fitzpatrick and Mr Fitzpatrick, Mr Booker, Mr Gill, Mr Wright, Mr Kendal, Mr and Mrs O'Brien and Miss O'Brien, Mr and Mrs Laird and Miss Laird, Mr and Miss Crowther, Mr Beatty, Mr Wilson, Mr and Mrs Patterson, Miss Davis, Mr Charles, Mr Callaghan, Miss Dawe and Miss Galvin, Mr Danford, Mr Nixon, &c.

The Most Rev. Robert Bent Knox, D.D., the 108th Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of the Church of Ireland, completed his 80th year on the 25th of September. He was born at Dunganon Park, in the County of Tyrone, on the 25th of September, 1808.

Sir Walter and Lady Barttelot desire to offer their most sincere thanks to all those kind friends who have sent letters and telegrams of condolence on the death of their beloved son. Their number renders it impossible to answer them separately.

Mr and Mrs A. J. Haynes, of Lake Mount, Bandon, entertained their farm and factory hands at a harvest home at the close of last week. Between 40 and 50 sat down to a substantial dinner, after which a number of songs were sung, several of them in the native Irish language, and some selections on the violin were cleverly played. Later on the tables were cleared away, and dancing was kept up with great spirit till close on midnight, when the company separated, greatly delighted with the evening's entertainment. Mr and Mrs Haynes are most popular in Bandon and throughout West Cork.

Colonel Reeves, who committed suicide at Kinsale a few days ago, was through the Zulu War. It was he who captured Cetwayo's general, Dabulamanzi, after the massacre at Isandula. Monetary troubles caused him to violently terminate his existence. Colonel Reeves resided at the family mansion, Castle Kevin, County Cork, and rumour has it that the "last straw" in his case was the refusal of a furniture dealer to advance money on the furniture of the house. The suicide was not on friendly terms with his relatives, who are persons of reputed wealth.

Major General Dobbs died on Wednesday at his residence, Greystones, County Wicklow, of acute chronic bronchitis, at the age of 81. His military career, from entering the Madras army in 1826 till his retirement in 1867, was passed in India. He was much respected in private life and took an active part in philanthropic work.

Miss Madeleine Shirley (Mrs Audley Kingdon), of London, who has been staying with a large party of friends at the Victoria Hotel, Killarney, for the past three or four weeks, sang at the Killarney Cathedral on each of the Sundays during her stay. The lady, who possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of extraordinary range, sweetness, and power, in addition to joining the choir in the concerted pieces, sang two solos from the following each Sunday—Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair" (to Latin words, Piccolomini's), "Ora Pro Nobis," Gounod's "Ave Maria; Cherubinis "Ave," and Beethoven's "Kyrie." The ease and clearness with which the lady sang the Latin to the Italian pronunciation usual at the Cathedral showed an intimate acquaintance with the orthoepy of the Continental languages.

A clerical paper at Linz learns from Gmunden that on one of the last days of the Russian Empress's visit to the Duke of Cumberland the whole party made an excursion to Weidmannsruh, one of the Duke's hunting boxes in the mountains. Here, it is stated, the Grand Duke Nicholas, the heir to the Russian Throne, was betrothed to the Princess Maud of Wales.

Mr Arnold Graves presided at a meeting of the Irish Home Industries Association, which met at the depot, 57 Dawson street, last week. The nature of Madame de la Branchardiere's bequest, the provisions of which were explained in these columns last week, was discussed, and Messrs D. and T. Fitzgerald, solicitors, were named to make the necessary application to the court and propose some scheme by which the money can be obtained or settled on the Irish Home Industries Association. Mr Graves kindly consented to take charge of the matter.

We perceive with pleasure that the renowned and brilliant war artist to the *Graphic*, Frederic Villiers, will visit Kingstown on October 11th to lecture in the Town Hall. His subject on this occasion, "Here, There, and Everywhere," will be a narrative of personal adventure in almost every quarter of the globe. It is important to note that the above is an entirely new lecture never delivered here before, and quite different from that given on his last visit to Kingstown. His subject then was "My Experiences as a War Artist," which drew almost a phenomenal audience in the history of the Town Hall.

The mysterious disappearance of Miss Langley, the daughter of a Tipperary gentleman of property and position in that county, is the cause of the saddest suspense and sorrow to her afflicted parents and all her friends. This amiable and attractive young lady spent the week of the Horse Show with some friends at Bray and in Dublin. She had been invited to pay a family a visit who resided near Hull, and a month ago was put on board the Liverpool steamer at the North Wall, some young friends seeing her off. She parted from them in excellent spirits, and landed the next morning at the Princes Landing Stage, Liverpool, about 7 o'clock. Since then she has never been heard of. Two or three days unfortunately elapsed before her disappearance was discovered, her friends in England thinking she was still in Dublin, and those at home imagining she was with her friends near Hull. On hearing she had never arrived, her distracted father set out for Liverpool, and, assisted by several anxious friends, has been unremitting in his exertions to trace his daughter. The city detective force and private inquiry officers have also failed in finding a clue to this very painful mystery. The young lady wore a gold watch and chain, some handsome rings, and had several sovereigns in her purse. She also had a handsome travelling box marked with her initials, K. G. L.

The Directors Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company are making gigantic strides in the matter of improving their stations. Look at Kingstown for instance. Has it not recently (on one side only it is true) received a sparing coat of paint, and is not the arrival platform for the express trains being partially shedded over. Some people, however, are still not satisfied with these efforts. They seem to think 80 feet covered of a platform four times that length is not sufficient. They foolishly imagine that the directors of this "one per cent. paying company" should make such arrangements at Kingstown as would enable passengers on a wet day to get dryshod from the railway carriages to cabs. At other stations on the line this is feasible—why should Kingstown, the premier township, be made an exception? There is no reason, only that the Directors don't care about the comfort of their passengers—and are apparently not anxious to add to the income of their shareholders. No other explanation is possible.

The mode adopted of lighting the gas in the 1st class waiting room at Westland Row is simplicity itself. When the shades of evening have fallen sufficiently to justify the gas being "turned on," a porter jumps onto the leather-covered table in the centre of the room (marked 1st class, as otherwise strangers might think, and with reason, that it was 3rd class), takes a match out of his pocket, ignites it on his inexpressibles, and lights

the lamp. The task accomplished, the active porter jumps off the table where he has left his mark, and hurries away fresh lamps to light, other tables to dirty. The process is simple, as we have before said, but it is really economical.

A novelty in the musical world will shortly be given at the Irish Exhibition, Olympia, in the shape of an amateur brass band contest, at which 22 of the most famous bands of England and Ireland will compete for liberal prizes offered by the Executive Council of the Exhibition.

The test for the first day will be Mr Haydn Millar's *pot-pourri* from Amber's operas, the test for the second day being Round's "Joan of Arc." Among the bands competing are the Linthwaite Old Band, the Staleybridge Borough Band, the Besses-o'-th'-Barns Band, the Wyke Old Band, the Wyke Temperance Band, the Leeds Forge Band, the First National Band, Limerick, and some Southern Irish bands. It is stated that in seven years £10,000 have been won by these bands at various contests throughout the country. Interest in the Exhibition is looking up.

Our ironclads of the First Reserve have attached to them certain gunboats as tenders, all of them, without exception, of very slow speed, and great eaters of coal to get at that speed, and in other respects absolutely useless. But a use is found for them. If a few men—nay, if even one man, should require to be shifted from one coast-guard station to another, be the distance ten miles or fifty, a gunboat is always requisitioned for the service, though the coal expended frequently costs more pounds than the fare by train would cost shillings. This is strictly in accordance with the coastguard regulations. If a tender is available, a man may not, on any pretence, be sent by rail, because all train fares appear in the accounts as extras.

Driving from Cashel Course to the town on the first afternoon of the re-union a serious car accident occurred. On one side of the outsider Mr Clancy, V.S., Newbridge, and Mr M. Dennehy were seated, and on the other Mr T. J. Brindley and Mr A. W. Olden. The jehu, who had been consuming what the late Bishop Gregg styled "liquid fire," lost control of his beast rounding the far-famed Rock. In a twinkling Messrs Clancy and Dennehy were in the ditch and the other occupants were describing gyrations in the air. Extraordinary to relate, none of the party received injuries.

Some good people were afraid that the Lime-rick Races would be permitted to fall through this year. This will not be the case, for we hear there will be a great muster of the clans in the City of the Violated Treaty next Tuesday and Wednesday, when a capital Bill of fare will be submitted for decision. Now that the season is drawing to an end owners are anxious to get something wherewith to pay their winter corn bills.

The Cashel Meeting was the only attraction for racegoers in Ireland during the week just closed. Last year the county swells and the military boycotted the gathering; but this time both classes were well represented, and those who had the good fortune to be present will always have a good word to say for the band of the 3rd Hussars whenever their name is mentioned.

Cork Park Races were highly successful, viewed from any standpoint. There was a galaxy of beauty and fashion on the stands and in the paddock. The Southern belles are reckoned by many as the prettiest in Ireland, and in the matter of dress they are not one iota behind their Metropolitan sisters. Since Mr Daly Murray became honorary secretary all the arrangements have worked smoothly, and no longer do the local papers growl over mismanagement.

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A handicapper of racehorses has not a happy life. Mr T. G. Watts-Waters compiled an admirable handicap for the Grand Stand Plate at Cork. When the weights appeared Mr J. H. Moore, who trains Dead Heat, telegraphed to our contemporaries eliminating the horse on account of the weight allotted to him. Remembering that the son of Rostrevor—Dancing Cairn—won a handicap steeplechase at Baldoyle and ran fourth for the Metropolitan Plate on the previous day, he was leniently treated with 10st 2lb.

* *

The Listowel races, which are to come off on the 10th and 11th inst., promise to be as successful as any that have been held up to the present. The committee appointed to carry out the arrangements have spared no pains in performing the duty with which they have been entrusted. As a consequence everything looks favourable, and two days' good racing may be expected.

* *

The Irish cricketers have ended their victorious tour in the Far West. Their last match in New York produced some magnificent play. St. Dunne, well known in Cork and Dublin, contributed over a century, and fairly astonished the Yankees by his hard hitting.

* *

Lovers of the leash will find in the Trabolgan Coursing Meeting next Tuesday and Wednesday much to interest them. Trabolgan is situated at the mouth of Cork Harbour, and those qualified to form an opinion on such matters deem the ground the best in Ireland for stout-running hares and good trials.

* *

The annual athletic sports of the 1st Manchester Regiment took place at Tipperary on the 25th inst. before a numerous and fashionable assemblage. Lieutenant-General V. H. Bowles, who passed nearly all his service in the old 63rd, including the whole of the Crimean War, and who commanded the regiment for many years, was very cordially received by his old corps, the band on his arrival playing the regimental march and "Auld Lang Syne."

* *

The list of the Lucknow veterans who yearly dine together is getting very small. Lord Napier of Magdala, who took the chair at the last dinner, is nearly, if not quite, the oldest, being run in this respect by General Sir W. Olpherts; while the youngest, or nearly so, is General Mailland, now chief of all our artillery stores. The number of the Lucknow "comrades" who died last year was very large. What a veteran Lord Napier is now may be judged by the fact that he was in the Bengal Engineers 60 years ago.

* *

We are glad to observe that the citizens of Cork have given tangible evidence of their appreciation of a thoroughly good fellow who had

made many friends while he held the responsible position of managing director of the Theatre Royal in the city on the Lee. At the close of last week Mr James Scanlan was presented with an address and testimonial from his many admirers in the city, the presentation taking place in the Imperial Hotel. It took the form of a bronze clock, a tantalus, a combination dessert set, an eperguez, and a silver salver with an appropriate inscription.

* *

Can a man be a lodger in his wife's house? This was the question submitted last week to a revising barrister in an Ulster constituency, and as far as the particular claimant was concerned it was answered in the negative. The barrister held that, although the lady was undoubtedly the owner of the house, she had not brought the man to it as a lodger—she brought him to it as a husband.

* *

Here is an idea for speculative advertisers on the outlook for the best medium through which to attract attention to their wares. In Australia the advertising genius would seem to be thoroughly developed. One firm of drapers have contracted with a clergyman at Sydney for the blank side of the handbills distributed at his church door after service on Sundays.

* *

More horrors from the East End of London. In this connection it may be mentioned that five yeags ago San Antonio, a small town in Texas, was horrified by a series of murders carried out with an insane hideousness that finds an exact parallel in the Whitechapel crimes. The murderer escaped. Can it be that he is now in London?

* *

With all our poverty we are happily in Ireland free from the plagues that devastate whole regions in America periodically. The spread of yellow fever in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Southern Kentucky has now become so alarming that the Federal Government are moving actively for the relief of the sufferers. Trains in many districts have ceased running, and whole populations are fleeing in all directions.

* *

The Board of National Education in Marlborough street have just taken a step which the public sentiment of the country will thoroughly approve. They have addressed a letter to the managers of National Schools throughout Ireland with reference to the proposed establishment by the teachers themselves of a "National Teachers Widows and Orphans' Fund," and to the action of the Commissioners in the matter. These gentlemen express their satisfaction at the proposed establishment of this fund, and add that "in the object which the Teachers' Committee have at heart the Commissioners feel much sympathy, and are prepared to assist in the administration of the scheme if the teachers generally approve of it and determine to join it."

* *

Messrs. R. J. & A. Mecredy have favoured us with a copy of a newly-published handbook for cyclists, entitled "The Art and Pastime of Cycling." The work represents the joint labours of Messrs R. J. Mecredy and Gerald Stoney, who have acquitted themselves in a manner in keeping with their cycling reputations. Every

little point of interest to amateur cyclists is touched upon, and minute instructions are given to the novice whereby he may be enabled to excel in the knowledge of his chosen pastime. In short the literary matter reflects the highest credit upon its authors; but the size of the book in our opinion precludes the possibility of its retention as a handbook upon a subject which is now-a-days of the first importance to the majority of young men—aye, and women, too. The hand which planned the size and typographical arrangements of this useful book has committed a fatal error. The book should have been brought out in a handy form—say in crown octavo; if it had been, it would, no doubt, have found a place in every bookcase; but people do not generally keep periodicals or books of an inconvenient or clumsy size, by which to disfigure the appearance of neatly-kept shelves. The book is too big for the pocket, too ugly for the bookshelf, and too good for the dust-bin.

* *

Colonel Bromhead, who has just lost his right arm in the fighting at the Jelapla Pass, should by this time have had enough of encountering barbarians. Badly wounded by the Zulus at Rorke's Drift, he is now permanently maimed by the curved sword of a Tibetan savage.

* *

One of the effects of the use of arsenic by ladies is not generally known, having in fact but recently been reported. The children of mothers who have been in the habit of taking arsenic for "aesthetic" purposes are found, it is said, to be bigger and grow more rapidly than those of women who eschew the drug. Moreover, the children of arsenic-eating mammas attain, as a rule, a greater stature than those whose parents never touch the poison. If these observations should be verified and if it further appears that these bigger specimens of humanity are as strong, healthy, and long-lived as ordinary-sized people, it would seem to be within the range of possibility that some matrons may one day decide to make their descendants a race of giants. Arsenic is found in appreciable quantities in some kinds of vegetables like turnips and cabbages of certain descriptions, so that if the stimulating effect of this drug on human growth and physique be confirmed Frenchmen and other undersized people will not have the necessity of resorting to the chemist in order to obtain the most effective means of increasing their stature.

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It is not often that Serjeant Buzfuz encounters a Sam Weller in the witness-box, but a case occurred the other day in a police court where a cabman was being examined on the point whether or not a certain person was intoxicated. Cabby grew irritated at last, and said to the lawyer, "We most of us offend now and again. I have carried you home drunk before now." The lawyer subsided.

* *

The curate of St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, having a dispute with the organist of that Church, put into execution on Sunday morning a dire threat with which he had menaced the parish. He omitted the sermon! A profound impression is said to have been created, especially among the juvenile members of the congregation by this pastoral chastisement.

Professor Baldwin and his dart from the clouds are doubtless great attractions which we in Dublin will see for ourselves in good time. But there is even a greater draw coming, which will cap the climax of novelties. This is Mrs Ja-Ja, wife of the African potentate of that name, who has been for a short time in England, and has taken into her noble head the idea of "doing" Killybeg's lakes and fells and other famous Irish show-places before her return to her loving lord beyond the banks of the Nile. Her sable Majesty was to have sailed from Southampton on the 3rd inst., to meet the Royal Ja at St. Vincent, but the Irish trip has altered matters a little, and she will come to us for at least a week.

We must be all on our good behaviour during the visit, more especially as "Mrs Ja-Ja's dress indicates that simplicity is yet an attribute of life on the West Coast of Africa." That is the way in which the bashful representative of one of the most modest of our Liverpool contemporaries puts it. The lady's name is Patience, and we gather from the hint artfully thrown out by the "special" already quoted that her costume is as æsthetic as they make them for the stage of the Alhambra.

Those vulgar persons who delight in "having their all on" are, we are told, somewhat scandalised by her sable Majesty's sumptuarial "simplicity"—the plain English of which is that she despises the bustle, contemns the powder-puff, and abhors the rouge-pot. But here is more of it from the timorous youth whom we have already quoted:—"Her recommendations are that she is only 18 years of age, is less of a coloured person than most Africans; that she speaks English, if not perfectly, and that she is the favourite wife of a man who has made something of a stir in the world." Well, we will take as good care as possible of Patience while she is among us, and we sincerely trust that she will leave us without catching cold.

The extraordinary craze existing amongst the marriageable male representatives of the English aristocracy is once more to be brought into prominence by the marriage of Miss Dottie Zerega, a daughter of John Zerega, the well-known stock-broker of New York, to the Duke of Newcastle. The lady is now abroad with her mother. The Duke when over there last winter received much attention from the Zerega's though his cousin, Charles Pelham Clinton, who had married Miss Dottie Zerega's cousin. Miss Dottie Zerega is 21, and very pretty. America seems destined to supply the future duchesses to England; but as Miss Zerega is without fortune, an American contemporary does not believe the story.

Our sources of amusement are not as numerous or varied as those at the command of our cousins across the water. We have not yet had an experience of the switchback railway in this country, and we have often thought that our organizers of public amusements are much behind the times. We are sure that a switchback railway would pay in Dublin, and we can see no better place for its construction than on the site of Mr Dillon's Lyceum Theatre. Mr Dillon would only be showing some of his old-time enterprise if he had a switchback erected at the well-known spot in Brunswick street. We feel sure it would be as thorough a success in every way as it would be a boon to many of the young—aye and old—people of Dublin.

The beauty show at Spa was apparently imagined by its projectors to be an original idea, whereas it is as common in the East as blackberries or black women, only the ladies do not contend for a mere honorarium, but for a husband; not even a wink passes between the contracting parties, but a nod is given to the auctioneer, and the lot (though, of course, only one lady) falls to the highest bidder. This custom of his country was on one occasion taken advantage of by the first Persian Ambassador in Paris, Mirza Aboul Hassam, to reprove the curiosity of the French ladies of fashion who used to "mob" him in his hotel.

A certain countess in particular, remarkable neither for youth nor beauty, was especially importunate. He affected to be charmed with these uninvited visitors; pointed each out to his interpreter, and spoke to him with great earnestness. This excited them immensely, and the countess, as their spokeswoman, inquired of the interpreter what his Excellency had been saying. "I dare not tell you," he replied; but, being pressed, he confessed that his Excellency imagined it to be a beauty show, and had been estimating their value with a view to purchase. Then the countess became more curious than ever. "Wants to buy us, does he? This is charming indeed. How does he price that fair girl?" "At 1,000 crowns." "And that brunette?" "At 500." "And that painted one?" "At 300." "And pray how did I myself figure in his Excellency's tariff?" "Well, he merely said as he passed you, madam—" "Well, what?" "He said that he did not know the small coin of the country."

A meeting of the secretaries of the Chess Club in Dublin was held in Mr Morphy's Divan, 79 Grafton street, on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst. The following attended—Mr W. J. Dilworth of the University Chess Club (Trinity College); Mr John Murray of the National Chess Club (Rutland Square); Mr H. Jenkins of the Dawson street Chess Club; Mr A. S. Peake of the Phoenix Chess Club (79 Grafton street); and Mr J. Young, of the City Chess Club (6 Townsend street). Dates were fixed for inter-club matches during the season of 1888-9, and regulations for play for the Armstrong Trophy were made. This trophy has been generously presented by Mr Willie Armstrong, B.L., to be competed for annually by teams selected from the Dublin Chess Club. The meeting of secretaries was the first of its kind held in Dublin, and the coming season promises to be an unusually lively one.

It is with much pleasure we announce that the connexion of the late Madame Leggett Byrne is about to be carried on by Miss Haines, of Belfast, at the suggestion and with the consent of the representatives. The Academy, which will open on October 9th, is at her residence, 3 Stephen's Green. We have no doubt Miss Haines will secure the large amount of patronage so liberally bestowed upon the late esteemed teacher, and we wish her every success.

Blowing the *chapeau* off an unwary pedestrian's head is not an unusual freak of the wind in these latitudes, and any number of incidents of this kind on a gusty day scarcely calls for passing comment; but when a wig accompanies the departing tile, or, rather, follows it, the cir-

cumstance becomes serious, and the victim of Boreas becomes an object of the keenest pity—to well-disposed members of the community, though, sad to say, his misfortune evokes nothing but ridicule from that numerous class who find their keenest enjoyment in the mishaps of their fellow-men.

At the close of last week in Dublin the wind was very high, blowing fitful gusts, and strong ones, too, from E.S.E., in such a way as occasionally to give one an unpleasant momentum in a west-nor-westerly direction. Among the passengers on Grattan Bridge on the afternoon in question was a gentleman who was heading in the direction of Parliament street, where a more than ordinarily heavy squall removed his hat from his head and swept it well into the Liffey. The suddenness of the *coup* unnerved him, and while making a frantic effort to recover his head gear, something else flitted past him, whirled away on the wings of the wind. His wig had gone, and he was left a spectacle for gods and men. A boatman at the steps earned a shilling in recovering the flyaways.

It is not to the credit of our humanity that little waifs and strays of tender years should be found coiled up asleep in the early hours of the morning in the poor shelter of a doorway, and yet this spectacle may be frequently observed along either side of Sackville street, the location being adapted to suit the humours of the wind. Of course the police see these tiny creatures, but they are so accustomed to the practice that they have apparently ceased to take any notice of it, not knowing how to apply a remedy.

There must be something fearful in the knowledge of how the most wretched of the poor find shelter in Dublin, and only the benevolent would care to pursue the inquiry. A short time since a constable at the Wall, observing signs of movement in a crate containing straw, investigated the matter, when he turned out from a cosy nest a couple of little arabs who had made their beds there. Like a good fellow, he restored them to their slumbers.

Miniature parachutes are now seen frequently falling in various parts of Dublin, these being the work of a number of ingenious youths of a mechanical turn of mind, who have been figuratively carried away by the daring of Professor Baldwin. We saw one the other day loosed from the roof of a high house in the northern suburbs at which some workmen were effecting repairs, and certainly its descent was as gradual as could be desired.

The youth who contrived it had evidently taken his cue from a valuable educator called "Natural Philosophy," in which some fine illustrations of the parachute, with full details as to its mode of construction and all the other necessary particulars, are given. It was made of thin silk, and from it depended the usual number of cords. Attached was a brick of requisite weight, and immediately on its being thrown off, the parachute opened beautifully, gliding gracefully to the ground. Probably these experiments will be tried just now with fugitive cats attached to the machine.

The question of tight-lacing and its attendant evils comes up as regularly as the silly season dawns upon us. Some time ago an English contemporary, whose object seemed to have been the terrorising of the wearers of modern corsets, devoted many of its pages to hideous caricatures of the waist under "fashionable" tight-lacing, and gloried in the horrors that will accrue to those who wear stays of eleven, twelve, and thirteen inches. A correspondent having made inquiries at several of the leading West End ladies' tailors has elicited the information that they never make a dress with a waist less than eighteen inches, and excessively rarely at that. One of the tailors stated that he once turned out a dress of seventeen and a-half inches, and it was so unusual that he made a special note that the lady was extraordinarily slight. As tight-lacing can only be a luxury of the wealthy and indolent, were it carried to anything like the inconceivable absurdity described, the fashionable tailors would be the first to know of its existence.

Dublin, like London, has latterly been overrun with clubs, aristocratic and otherwise. Some time ago we mentioned in these columns that we had received several communications from ladies relative to the evils attendant upon membership of too many clubs. These correspondents found that as the love of club life grew upon their husbands, brothers, and friends, their company in the drawingroom and at quiet social parties was the exception, and not the rule. We sympathised with these correspondents, and uttered our protest against the growing evil, and now as the winter is coming on and the season of parties and balls drawing near, we hope our gentlemen readers will remember that before they look to creature comforts and personal enjoyments, their first duty lies in the direction of pleasing and entertaining their wives, sisters, and female friends.

Clubs are certainly useful institutions in their way, but they ought not to be made the perpetual *rendezvous* of young men who would be better engaged in tending to the wants of their sisters. We have no patience above all things with "bachelors' clubs," for once a young man secures admission to one of them he immediately proceeds to convince himself that marriage is a failure. One of the most aristocratic clubs in London is the "Bachelors," Piccadilly Corner. Election vests in the committee, and two black balls exclude. The number of members is limited to 600, who may introduce lady or gentlemen friends as visitors. Members cease to be members on marriage, but may continue as hon. members on payment of a fine of £25. There were twenty-four bachelors who paid fines last year. The club includes all the Royal Princes, the Foreign Legations, and most moneyed men, and has an income of £10,000 per annum.

In the October number of the *Woman's World*, which is so ably edited by Oscar Wilde, Miss Simcox deals with the subject of a new profession for ladies. She advises ladies to go into the elementary schools, because in the elementary schools there is a demand for ladies, and the demand is not likely to be quickly or easily fitted. Many of the girls who have themselves passed through the elementary schools and have been transformed into teachers have been found wanting in some of the qualities most desirable in a schoolmistress.

The advantages which would be open to girls who took up teaching in the elementary schools are not dazzling in their magnitude; but the salary is sufficient for a frugal person to live in decent comfort even at the outset, and it rises to a moderate competence. The work is laborious, tedious to those who dislike it, and it would bring a refined girl into unpleasant contact with many low natures, with moral and physical uncleanness, and it would lay a heavy tax upon the temper. We are assured that if the professions were generally adopted by competent ladies one or the best results would be the disappearance of the incompetent teachers who are being paid "starvation wages."

An approaching marriage in England has caused consternation in the ranks of the fashionable society in a certain district. It seems that the lady is the widow of an old Northumbrian baronet (whose fourth wife she was). She is about 50 years of age, and her *fiance*, the son of a clergyman, is only 22. The strange part is that the lady is reported to have turned Buddhist, and has converted her *fiance* to the same faith.

A young gentleman of 27 advertised for a wife, and getting no answer from any young person, he advertised again, when his age was misprinted as 72, whereupon he was overwhelmed with offers. It has become very fashionable of late years for brides to be much older than their husbands, and now it seems the wind is blowing from the opposite quarter. To those who, like myself (says a correspondent), are in what only those who are pretty well advanced in years call "the prime of life"—when the mind is well matured (but sometimes at the expense of the body) this information should be very cheering. It seems necessary, indeed, that this peach-like ripeness should be accompanied with the possession of a little property; but that is a matter of further "settlement."

A new movement has begun in America. It is called the "modern furniture movement." A number of advanced ladies have grown tired of chairs and tables, carpets and hangings, which have nothing to recommend them only their age. They have adopted a culture of the new. They have made up their minds that the freshest product of the latest workshop is better than the worm-eaten moth-possessioned manufactures of 150 years ago. They bind themselves in a society to encourage the artisan of the hour, and to have nothing in their homes which has not been made within the decade. The Persian carpet, nearly falling to pieces from its antiquity, tapestries which have to be backed in order that they may not tumble into shreds, tables which have to be dealt tenderly with, and chairs which need care in the usage are to be banished, and good modern work is to be preferred before everything. The reaction is so strong that even old masters are to be discouraged. London will probably soon witness a movement of the same kind. The liking for strong colour is already triumphing over æsthetic prejudice. The autumn fashions all promise to be gorgeous. Houses are being painted in strong tones of orange; and a society of the moderns connecting itself with a determination to patronise living work would have a great chance just now. I wonder that some of the political societies do not take the lead in it. There is a hope for any political combination which would make "Modern Work" its watchword.

Ladies will be pleased to know that this winter mantles are to be sufficiently large to envelope the entire figure. At present short silk petticoats seem to be the fashion, almost to the exclusion of other kinds. As to sashes, handsome brocaded satin sashes are to supersede those made of watered silk. The newest and best fancy silks are thick, and they have the reputation of being very durable.

We are also told that stockings to be in the fashion must be embroidered, and that opera hoods are made in velvet, with a great deal of black lace in front and falling about the neck, combining lightness and warmth. Flannel petticoats show wide bands of thick silk embroidery or pinked-out flounces of cloth, white or a contrasting tone to the petticoat itself. Jerseys are again coming into vogue, and are at present being worn. They are trimmed with silk velvet and braiding, so as to resemble dress bodices, and save the trouble and cost of making.

Some new shades of the Louis velveteen have been introduced. It is expected that this cheap and excellent material will be popular for winter costumes. As to hats, there is a very lovely style called the Marie-Antoinette, of white or black lace, with drooping lace border shading the face, and a cluster of flowers, veiled with tulle, on the top. The great *chic* just now, however, for ladies' hats is to trim them with immense blossoms—sunflowers with yellow petals and velvet centres, and quite as large field daisies, white with golden centres; peonies, and full-blown cabbage roses. One or two such flowers suffice, with a profusion of loops of ribbon, to trim the largest of hats.

Silver-grey and green are the colours most seen in the new gowns. There are few blue dresses, but many of the dull Veronese red and castor browns, and also various stylish black dresses. The soft flexible woollens, like camel's hair and the corded wools, will be made up over silk skirts, and trimmed with fringe and embroidery, or else they have woven borders in Persian designs, or ribbon stripes that dispense with the need of other trimming. Velvet remains the favourite finish for dress bodices in vests, revers collars, and cuffs; some moire is still used, but not so generally as last year, the preference being for plainer faille, or for royale silk, or else the soft-finished antique brocades that are revived for combinations, and also for entire dresses.

Fringes have for some years past been rather despised as trimmings; fashion is, however, now taking them into favour again. Not only warm evening wraps, as worn in fashionable watering-places, but (says the October number of the *Season*) even the most elegant toilets are now trimmed with fringe. A polonaise made of striped white, and bright taffetas skirt trimmed with alternate rows of black lace pelisses and bright red fringe, four inches broad. A double pelerine, the upper part made of the same material as the tunic, the under one like that of the skirt, admirably replaces any other mantle; both capes are edged with lace and fringe. The hat which completes this real Persian toilet is made of checked white and chestnut-brown straw, the brim is lined with black lace, and the trimming consists of bows of white and bright red ribbon.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF

MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

THE PRIDE O' KILDARE.

The two friends—for Miss Cavanagh now felt that Mr Mannix was her best friend—went on through the streets, anxiously seeking for a cab.

"I was torn from you," said Mr Mannix, pressing her arm, "in the endeavour to shield you from the assault of the mob. I received dreadful treatment. My hat was knocked off and kicked down several thoroughfares by some drunken men, who seemed to think that they were playing at football. I was assaulted bodily five distinct times—twice by the mob, and three times by the military, who, apparently, made no distinction between quiet citizens and rude ones. At the first opportunity I returned, and, thank God, I was the means of rescuing you from a terrible degradation."

"I shall never forget your kindness," murmured Miss Cavanagh.

"Think," said Mr Mannix, "what a dreadful thing it would have been for you to be locked-up all night with criminals! You, with your refined mind and gracious ways. I shudder to think of it. Let us not think of it. Let us put it away from ourselves—thrust it aside, as it were, from our minds, treat it as an unclean unholy thought. Oh, there is a dispensation in these things! Do I walk too fast for you, Miss Cavanagh?"

"No, no, Mr Mannix. You cannot go too fast. I shall never rest till I get home."

"The streets seem quieter now," observed Mr Mannix, looking from side to side as they went on. "Nevertheless, at any moment, a band of wild men may surprise us. But be not afraid. Let us have confidence. It is a blessed thing to have faith, to have trust, to feel that we are not alone, that—Cab, here!"

A slow vehicle came lumbering up from the darkness and distance. Mr Mannix, standing on the kerbstone, waved his umbrella, and shouted himself hoarse. But, though the driver was standing up in his box and lashing the mare, there seemed no acceleration of pace. When the cab reached the two companions the driver swung himself slowly down, then rushed to the mare's head, calling out—

"Hike! Hike up, there. Steady. Ah, would you? Quiet, now!"

"Why, your horse doesn't seem inclined to run away," said Mr Mannix, astonished, as Mr Doyle, leaving the Pride alone, opened the cab door.

"She would if I let her," growled Doyle. "Hike up, there! Ah! Steady now. She's full of fire. She had a feed iv oats to-day," he explained, as he closed the door, and looked in through the window at the passengers.

"Does your horse go fast?" asked Miss Cavanagh, anxiously.

"She's not a horse," said Mr Doyle. "Hike up there. Whay!"

He put his whip horizontally between his teeth, and, hoisting up several waistcoats, proceeded to tighten the buckled strap around his waist.

"Will you kindly drive fast," said Miss Cavanagh, "if you please."

"How fast d'you want to go?" asked Mr Doyle, taking the whip from his mouth, and fastening the handle of the door. "Will ninety mile an hour do? Steady, lass, steady!"

"Ninety miles an hour!" repeated Miss Cavanagh, unable to solve the problem.

"Ay, or a hunderd an' ninety," said Doyle, who had been taking more than his usual supply of stimulants.

"The Pride only wants to be tould. I call her the Pride, man, for such was her name when she won the Farmers' Plate at the Curragh. Hike up! Ah, would you? Whay!"

"Go on, man!" exclaimed Mr Mannix, impatiently.

"Are we to sit here all night? Drive to Rathgar road."

"Well, man," said Doyle, lingering. "Shall we say ninety? Or, maybe, eighty 'ud be fast enough? All right, sir, no hurry. We'll be there in plenty time. The mare's the best on the road, an' she's got a feed iv oats. Yep!"

Mr Doyle had mounted the box, tucked the old sack round his legs, gathered up the reins, and sat down as the Pride set off. In a few minutes the passengers were being jostled and shaken in the most painful manner. Mr Mannix, thrusting his head out of the window, cried—

"Jarvey!"

No answer.

"Why, I think he's asleep," said Mr Mannix, glancing momentarily back towards his companion. "Jarvey! Jarvey, I say!"

"Hould up yur winkers," said Mr Doyle.

"Hullo, jarvey!"

"What's up?" growled Mr Doyle, turning his head round.

"Why don't you drive on?" said Mr Mannix, sternly.

"Ain't we goin' on?" retorted Mr Doyle.

"Can't you go faster? Why, the mare's only walking," cried Mr Mannix, almost choking with rage and the contorted attitude he was in.

"Go faster? What faster d' you want to go?" said Doyle. "There's not a faster mare on the road. Hould up yur winkers. Yep!"

"I am afraid," observed Mr Mannix, taking in his head, and sitting down dejectedly, "we must only be contented. I see no other vehicle."

The cab crawled on, and occasionally Mr Mannix was pitched towards Miss Cavanagh, and Miss Cavanagh towards Mr Mannix, so that their heads came violently in contact. At last, when Miss Cavanagh's poke bonnet knocked Mr Mannix's glasses under the seat, he changed his position and sat beside his companion. This was comparatively more comfortable; though still they were shaken together at intervals like sacks of stones. When they had traversed about five streets, the cab suddenly stopped.

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed Miss Cavanagh, "I fear there's an accident."

"Be not afraid," said Mr Mannix, laying his hand kindly on hers. "Sit still. It is our only chance."

They remained seated, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting a frightful collision or upset at every moment.

But all was quiet. Not even one solitary citizen broke the stillness of the night with a footstep. They heard the bells of the city ring out the hour—twelve! The sound ceased, and all was silent as before.

"What can be the matter?" whispered Miss Cavanagh, in a terrified voice.

"I cannot imagine," replied Mr Mannix, who was white with fear.

Presently a loud and prolonged snore, evidently proceeding from the box, broke the stillness, and again all was quiet.

"Why, the man's asleep!" cried Miss Cavanagh.

Rising angrily, Mr Mannix thrust himself through the window, and, poking his umbrella furiously towards the box, shouted—

"Jarvey!"

There was no reply; only another heavy snore. The mare stood still, apparently also asleep.

"Jarvey, I say! Hi, jarvey! What's the matter?" Mr Doyle woke with a sudden start.

"All right, sir. Rathgar road did you say? The mare's the best goin'. Yep!"

"This is awful!" said Mr Mannix, collapsing on his seat. "The man has been drinking. Oh, I beg your pardon!" he added, as the cab, jolting over a loose paving stone, sent him bouncing against Miss Cavanagh.

"Never mind. Oh, dear!"

After some time it occurred to Mr Mannix that they ought to be approaching Rathgar road, and he became apprehensive lest the driver had dropped asleep again and passed the locality. Thrusting himself again halfway through the window, he poked the driver with the end of his umbrella.

"When are we to reach our destination, jarvey?"

"All right, sir," said Mr Doyle, bringing the Pride of Kildare to a halt with a jerk of the reins. "Here we are, sir. You've no fault to find with the mare. Knew she'd go on that feed iv oats."

He descended from his seat and opened the door.

In the meantime Mr Mannix had been surveying the surroundings of the locality with considerable astonishment, and when he helped his companion from the cab

they found that they had alighted at the General Post Office.

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mr Mannix, angrily seizing Doyle by the shoulder. "How dare you, sir, travel about the streets, and leave us here in the dead of night. Give me your number, sir!"

"What's up now?" growled Mr Doyle. "Aren't you at the General Post Office, an' what more d'you want? There's no satisfyin' people nowadays. Hike up, there! You, sir, let go me coat. D'you want the mare to bolt? Steady, lass!"

"Give me your number!" cried Mr Mannix, shaking him, whilst Miss Cavanagh, with black-gloved hands clasped, gazed around in despair at the familiar aspect of the thoroughfare—Nelson's Pillar looming gloomily up against the dark sky.

"Give me your number," reiterated Mr Mannix. "I'll have your license stopped. Such conduct is outrageous. You are unfit to be a driver."

The street was comparatively deserted. Only a few pedestrians and some wretched creatures whose home was the pavements were to be seen in the vicinity—in the distance, towards the bridge, the slow tramp of a body of soldiers worn-out with duty returning to barracks. Near the Rotunda some "outsides" stood on the hazard.

"Give me number, is it?" shouted Doyle, exasperated. "Be the hokey, if you're a better man here's a better still!"

Jerking himself free, Mr Doyle stepped back, pulled off his outer coat, and dashing his hat violently on the pavement, began to dance round Mr Mannix, who with difficulty kept him at arm's length with the umbrella. The Pride of Kildare, with her head hanging to her knees, was coughing as if she would cough herself to pieces.

The disturbance was loud enough to attract the few who lingered about the street, and a small but not select crowd collected, and urged Doyle on with exciting yells. He hit Mr Mannix a blow on the stomach, and the latter staggered back against a pillar.

An outside from the Rotunda now dashed up, and Patsie O'Hara jumped from the seat. Taking in matters at a glance, he caught Doyle by the throat, shook him, clapped his hat on his head, and in a few moments had him seated, subdued but muttering, on the box of his cab.

"Outside here, sir!" exclaimed Patsie, touching his hat to Mr Mannix, when he had conquered the situation.

"Thank you," said Mr Mannix, looking about for Miss Cavanagh, who emerged from the sheltering shadow of a pillar, greeted with a chorus of derisive remarks from the bystanders.

The two friends were soon seated side by side on the car, and Patsie O'Hara was driving them rapidly down the street. So fast did he drive that Miss Cavanagh had to hold tightly to her companion lest she should be pitched headforemost to the pavement.

In fifteen minutes they alighted at the cottage on the Rathgar road.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SCENT OF THE LILIES.

MR Henrikson's last evening pupil had left, and the old musician retired to his study to take a sleep. The blinds were drawn down, but there was enough light to reveal the figure of a young man lying asleep on a sofa-bed, near one of the windows. Mr Henrikson stood beside the sofa-bed, sadly contemplating the twitching face and limbs of the restless slumberer. The mental shock caused by Gordon's attack had left Oscar Munro prostrated, with wasted features and disturbed brain. His slumber was a distracted one, for the old man heard him murmur from time to time.

Mr Henrikson, having stood a few moments looking down at his invalid, retired to his leathern arm chair, and prepared to place a handkerchief over his own features. He was unfolding the handkerchief slowly on his knee when there was a knock at the door. Cautiously the old man rose, crossed the floor on tiptoe, and softly opened the door.

"If you please, sir," said a boy-servant, "this is the young lady's card, and she wants to see you."

Taking the card, Mr Henrikson read, "Miss Adelaide Denison."

He gave one backward glance towards the sofa-bed, then gently closed the door, and went downstairs.

As he entered the room below, Miss Denison rose quickly from the seat, and advanced towards him.

"How is he?" she asked, rapidly. "Is he better?"

"Much better, dear," replied Mr Henrikson, calmly,

taking both her outstretched hands, and looking into the eager face. "Sit down. He is quieter this evening."

He led her to a chair, and seated himself near her.

"I was going to take my evening nap," he began.

"I have disturbed you. Oh, I am so sorry."

He smiled at her plaintiveness.

"Your visit, my dear," said he, with an old-world bow, "is more agreeable than a sleep to me. You are looking paler than usual. Is anything wrong?"

"No, nothing," replied Adelaide, restlessly arranging the bunch of lilies-of-the-valley in her bosom. "I have been thinking of this dreadful affair. That's all," she added, sighing unconsciously as she looked up.

"Do not let it prey on *your* nerves if you please, madam," said Mr Henrikson, with affected severity. "It is enough to have that young fool upstairs worrying himself with phantasms. When I was young we had no nerves. But I find that there is nothing but nerves in this new generation. Nerves, and nothing but nerves! And nobody knows what the word means. It is a ridiculous word. Yes, madam, a nervous, hysterical, phantasmal new generation. It pervades even their music. No grandeur, no colour, no sublimity—all restlessness, fever, excitement—a hungry, morbid craving after fantastic effects."

"I suppose we are developing," said Adelaide, with a mild smile.

"Developing? That is more of your cant, madam. You are all developing, you young fools, just as a disease develops. But I know the reason of it."

"Yes?" said Adelaide, as he paused, with a gloomy look on the floor.

"It is your diet, madam," he exclaimed, fiercely, looking up as he stamped his old stick on the carpet. "Yes, madam. You must have tea and spiced goods, artificial rubbish, and stimulants. America, madam, sends over your dinner in tins. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you young people, to be spoon-fed by the United States."

"I am afraid," said Adelaide, with the meekest of looks, "that I cannot regenerate society, sir."

"That's my opinion, too," returned Mr Henrikson. "I am very sure you cannot. If you learn how to sing it's the most you can do. Well, what brought you here?"

"Merely to ask about Mr Munro. Might I see him?"

"What do you want to see him for?" asked Mr Henrikson, staring her into embarrassment.

"What an odd question!" said Adelaide, with a forced laugh. "Since he suffers on my account, I—"

"What do say?" exclaimed the old man. "What are you raving about? On *your* account. Your insolence, madam, is overpowering."

Adelaide contemplated her hands, which lay clasped on her lap; then, producing one little foot from under her dress, she looked at the toe of her boot.

"Well, madam," said Mr Henrikson, when he had studied her pantomime, "what are you plotting now in that little brown head of yours?"

"You gave me to understand," said Adelaide, gravely, "that this quarrel had some reference to me—"

"If I did," interrupted Mr Henrikson, "I was mad. I am not surprised at being mad," he added, looking round the walls, as if appealing to the pictures, "amongst such a circle of youngsters who are nothing but nerves. No, my dear, there was no quarrel about you. Get that out of your head. You are under a delusion. Your name, I understand, was mentioned, but the quarrel was due to other matters—due, I apprehend, to the fact that this fellow, Gordon, is nothing better than a human devil!"

Alarmed at his sudden vehemence, she looked up quickly at him.

He was staring at a print of Turner's "Ancient Italy."

"Aha," he said, bitterly. "Struck my boy down. Not if I had been there, You would not have dared to strike the child of my poor old friend. What am I saying?" he continued, with abrupt mildness, turning to Adelaide. "My dear, come upstairs. You shall see Oscar. But," he added, as she alertly rose, and he shook his finger at her, "you shall see him, but he must not see you. I shall have no scenes between two imps who are nothing but nerves. Nerves! You and your nerves are enough to drive an old fellow crazy. Take my arm, my dear, not for your sake but mine. Aha, I grow older. Time has laid his old fingers on me."

He seemed feebler than she had seen him for a long time, and paused on every second step of the staircase, she lovingly holding his arm and assisting him as best she could. She was not without the suspicion that this feebleness was due to the fact that he, too, possessed nerves capable of demoralisation.

"Ay," he muttered, as he toiled up the steps, "Time,

old Father Time settles his accounts sooner or later. My dear, do I lean too heavily on you?"

"No, maestro," replied Adelaide, with a bright smile, and hiding from herself the painful pressure of his weight on her soft arm. "You may lean as heavily as you please."

He shook his head slowly from side to side, as he looked down into her face.

"What a sweet woman you are growing, little artist," he said. "No, don't blush. It is only your poor old maestro. It delights me often to think that you are not spoiled."

Adelaide professed to be inattentive as he spoke, but she could not conceal her blushes, and she silently treasured his words as a dear possession.

"Now then," said he, as they paused before the study door, "stay here, my child, a moment."

He opened the door cautiously, looked in, then entered, turning his head and beckoning her to follow. There was a folding screen beside the sofa-bed, hiding the face of the sleeper. They peeped round the screen, and studied Oscar's pale face.

His hair was tossed, and he lay in an uncomfortable attitude, one arm hanging over the sofa.

Presently he began to move, and mutter—

"You must not—I will not listen—she is, at least, a lady—do not—do not—"

"Hush-h!" whispered Mr Henrikson, drawing Adelaide back a little, and raising his finger. "He is opening his eyes."

"Do not choke me!" cried Oscar, suddenly sitting up and staring straight before him. Adelaide shrank back instinctively behind the screen.

"Well, Oscar," cried Mr Henrikson, advancing, "you have had a fine sleep. But—"

Oscar seized him by the hand and pressed it convulsively.

"Oh, you are here," he said, heaving a profound sigh. "I—I have had such wretched dreams. I—has Miss Denison been here?" he suddenly asked, looking quietly into his friend's face.

"What makes you think that, you booby?" asked Mr Henrikson.

"I—noticed the perfume," said Oscar, slowly rubbing his hand across his forehead, "of a flower—lily-of-the-valley, I think it is—which she is fond of. Yes; I am almost certain it was in the room. But I have been dreaming of her," he added, wearily. "I suppose that is why. And of him."

"That's right," observed Mr Henrikson, as Oscar let his head fall back listlessly on the pillow. "Go to sleep again. It will do you good. You will be all right to-morrow."

"Yes—thank you," said Oscar. "If there was a little of that flower, sir, in the room, I should sleep better. It would make me think of her."

"Very good," replied Mr Henrikson, "I shall get some. H'm!"

Oscar closed his eyes, and seemed inclined to sleep again. Adelaide, behind the screen, undid the bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, and laid them gently on a chair. Mr Henrikson picked up the rug, which had fallen, and spread it tenderly over Oscar's feet.

Then the old man, whilst contemplating his young friend's slumbering face, put out his hand behind, and it was grasped, as he intended, by Adelaide. Thus they quietly stood, scarcely daring to breathe, until assured that Oscar was asleep, when they crept softly from the room.

"He is smiling now," said the old man, drawing in his breath, when they stood outside the door again. "He will sleep better. Come down, my dear."

She stepped aside to allow him to pass, and followed without speaking. He seemed astonished at her silence, and once or twice paused on the stairs to look back, but she quickly moved her head aside.

Downstairs, when he entered the room, he turned sharply round to face her.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "What are you crying for?"

She caught his arm and hid her face against it.

"Don't mind me, maestro," she said, softly. "I—I will be all right presently."

He stroked her hair, saying—

"I never thought I should live to see Adelaide Denison cry like a baby. The notion of Adelaide Denison—the firm, the compact, the self-possessed girl, going on like—well, it's capital! Well done, well done! It will do you good. Don't stint yourself, my dear. Would you like to go into hysterics? Try it. It's very amusing. Couldn't you manage to tear this brown hair of yours and scream a little? I believe that is the way of the new generation with the nerves. What splendid self-control! These youngsters beat us old people all to nothing. Well, well. No, don't stop. Go on! I don't mind standing here in a draught as long as you please. Nothing gives me

rheumatism faster than a good steady draught. But don't mind, my dear. Cry away!"

"There," said Adelaide, laughing, and wiping her eyes. "It is very selfish of me. I never thought of your rheumatism. Sit down maestro."

"Oh—oh," moaned Mr Henrikson, making grimaces as he let himself down slowly into a chair. "It is all very well for you to say you have done. But—oh, confound it, there it is—in my left shoulder—I knew I'd get it. A draught always does it."

He rubbed his shoulder vigorously, whilst Adelaide, with her head aside, buttoned her gloves.

"I must go now," she said, approaching, and holding out her hand.

"Well, be off with you, said the old man, presenting one finger. "Don't forget that scale exercise, number seven. I'll be terribly severe to-morrow, recollect. I always am when I have got the rheumatism."

"And look here," he added, as Adelaide was going through the doorway. She paused and faced back. "Don't trouble yourself," said he, "about that puppy upstairs. There is nothing wrong with him except his new-generation nerves. That's all. Away you go."

He waved his old stick, and she kissed hands with her sweetest smile, and went away. The boy who opened the hall door to let her out observed to himself that she was a pale and gravely-dignified young lady.

An hour later Mr Henrikson went upstairs to the study, and was astonished to find Oscar Munro improvising on the piano, the candles of which were lit.

"Hullo, puppy!" exclaimed the old man. "No more nerves, I see. That's right, that's right."

"I feel ever so much better," said Oscar, shaking back his black hair with a jerk of his head. "I have been improvising a nocturne."

"Oh, have you? I suppose there isn't enough good music in the world without manufacturing bad?" Oscar Munro Chopin the younger. Now then, go on."

Oscar turned with a smile to the piano, and proceeded to improvise another nocturne.

"It is not so good as the first," he said, apologetically, looking round. "You see I can't improvise to order. I was inspired before."

"Oh, were you? What inspired you? New generation nerve—tea?"

"No. The scent of these lilies-of-the-valley, which you, sir, very kindly brought me."

"Eh?"

"I have them here," said Oscar, pointing to his coat.

Mr Henrikson scratched the top of his nose, and glanced sideways at the flowers.

"Lily-of-the—oh, yes. I thought you'd like them," said he, rising and patting Oscar on the shoulder.

"Aha, my little artist," the old man added to himself, "you have been sentimentalising, have you? But you must stick to your scales, madam. I won't have this nocturne-serenade business!"

Oscar, of course, heard nothing of this. He merely observed that the maestro was looking, more severely than usual, at the wall behind the piano.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EVA'S IDOL.

THE following evening an open carriage, containing a handsome woman, a trifle over-dressed; a young man, with blonde moustache, languid eyes, and eyeglass; and a girl with a delicate and wistful face, drove up to Mrs Denison's, where the occupants alighted.

A servant ushered them—Mrs Fitzgerald, Sir Raymond Osborne, and Eva Fitzgerald—into the drawingroom.

Presently Miss Denison entered, and was at once seized and kissed by Mrs Fitzgerald—a proceeding which Miss Denison received with coldness.

"You are looking quite too pretty for anything, Adelaide," said Mrs Fitzgerald, contemplating her as she moved to a seat. "Oh, you are bound to be a success on the stage. Don't you think so, Raymond?"

Osborne fixed his eyeglass, and scrutinised Adelaide, who turned to talk to Eva.

"Well," said Raymond, "myself, I think your opinion on the whole is about right."

"How *you* express yourself," said Mrs Fitzgerald, rapping him on the shoulder with a closed fan. "You can't help yourself though. You were born stupid. Of course, my dear," turning to Adelaide, "you have fully made up your mind to succeed?"

"I shall endeavour to do so, Mrs Fitzgerald," said Adelaide.

"I don't see how you can fail with that exquisite face of yours. And do you know, Adelaide, you have got a

faultless figure, child. Your bust, will of course, become more—what do you call it, Raymond?"

"Flatter," suggested Raymond.
"You idiot," exclaimed Mrs Fitzgerald, slapping him again, "you mean quite the reverse, don't you?"
"What I meant to say," explained Raymond, "is precisely what you were thinking about."

"Oh, heavens," said Mrs Fitzgerald, "can you never manage to talk sense? Yes, my dear," to Adelaide, "I would advise you to drink port wine and stout, and don't stint yourself in the matter of food. You want a little embonpoint, you know, but it will all come in time. You will fill out."

"If," observed Raymond, anxious to share in the conversation, "it comes in time; yes, there is no doubt about that whatsoever."

"No doubt about what?" asked Mrs Fitzgerald, turning abruptly towards him.

"About what you say," answered Raymond.

"What did I say?"

"That it will be right if it all comes in time. Myself, I think so."

"And I think you're the biggest donkey in Christendom," said Mrs Fitzgerald. "Adelaide, my dear, what a funny business that was with the Kyrle Society. I never laughed so much in all my life as when I heard of it. Did you, Raymond?"

"Never," replied Raymond, fixing his eyeglass. "It was really too funny. 'I don't think,' he added, more seriously, 'I ever laughed at such a thing before.'"

"At what did you laugh?" asked Mrs Fitzgerald, sharply.

"Well, at what are you talking about. It was very funny, if I'm sure I don't forget."

"Do you remember," said Mrs Fitzgerald, turning to him, "Miss Denison's cloak fell off, and there she was in tights just as if dressed for the stage?"

"Yes, very funny. But I have never seen her on the stage," said Raymond, after a moment's reflection.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs Fitzgerald, turning from him, "you will break my heart, you are so stupid. Adelaide, whatever made you think of going on the stage?"

Turning momentarily from her conversation with Eva, Adelaide said, quietly—

"A natural propensity, I suppose, Mrs Fitzgerald. 'I am fond of art.'"

"Aha, there is more than that," said Mrs Fitzgerald, shaking her finger at her. "You know you can do what you like when you are an actress. Yes, you are only a poor weak woman after all, my dear, and you want more liberty."

"Well," said Adelaide, rising and speaking to Eva, "I will gather you a bouquet once you wish it. Come!"

The two girls left the room, and descended to the conservatory, where Adelaide at once began to gather the flowers, Eva standing by contemplating her.

"Adelaide," said Eva, after a long silence, "don't you think he is very handsome?"

"Raymond Osborne?"

"Yes! Oh, I think he is simply beautiful!"

"I do not care for beautiful men," said Adelaide, smelling the bouquet.

"Oh, but he is more than beautiful," exclaimed Eva. "He is so noble. He has a noble mind, Adelaide."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"Don't you think so?" asked Eva, wondering. "You don't seem to think so."

Adelaide arranged a flower here and there in the bouquet.

"I would not imagine," she replied, "from his conversation that he was intellectually gifted. But you know him better than I."

"Yes, I do," said Eva, eagerly, "and the more I know him the more I admire—his mind."

She looked down foolishly at her foot, and blushed, Adelaide clipped the flowers with a scissors, saying—

"Are you sure you are not mistaken about him?"

"Mistaken!" repeated Eva, resentfully. "Oh, no. I could not be mistaken. But he," she added, with tears in her eyes, "I am sure he does not care for me."

"That is very unfortunate."

"Oh, if you only knew," said Eva, turning her face aside, "what I suffer!"

"I think you will like these," said Adelaide, handing her the bouquet.

"Oh, they are lovely!" said Eva, smelling them, yet still melancholy, "I wonder would he like one?"

"I am quite sure he will not refuse if you offer one."

"But would he think it a forward thing to do, Adelaide?"

"To offer him a flower?"

"Yes."

Adelaide meditated a moment, with an air of profound thoughtfulness.

"I should say," she replied "it would be better to let him ask for one."

"But he may not ask for one," said Eva, with her lower lip trembling.

"Then," observed Adelaide, gravely, "I am afraid you will have to keep them all yourself."

"Oh, Adelaide, I hope he will ask for one!" said Eva, following her out.

When they went upstairs they found Mrs Fitzgerald and Osborne prepared to take their departure.

"Why, what lovely flowers!" exclaimed Mrs Fitzgerald. "Let me smell them. Oh, how delicious. Smell, Raymond."

She thrust them so suddenly into the young baronet's face that he started back astonished, and rubbed his eyes for several moments.

Eva gazed at her step-mother with speechless indignation, and took the flowers.

She approached Osborne, and, showing him the bouquet, said, sweetly and girlishly—

"Don't you think they are lovely, Raymond? Would you—don't you like them?"

"Not in my eyes," said Raymond, turning away.

She glanced with crimson face at Adelaide, who, however, was looking at that moment towards the piano.

They left, Mrs Fitzgerald kissing Adelaide affectionately.

Adelaide, alone in the room, stretched herself. Up-lifting her arms and face, she exclaimed—

"Ye gods preserve me from the contemptible passion of love!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A PHENOMENON IN GOLDEN CLOSE.

SINCE the night of the riots Tim Ryan had not gone to his office. He was ill, though not ill enough to lie in bed or remain at any length indoors. His mother was perplexed. He gave her no enlightenment as to the cause of his indisposition, scarcely exchanging a dozen words with her in the course of the day. When indoors he spent most of his time divided between his devotions and silent contemplation of the sky from the open window, where he sat with such a woful expression that his mother frequently went out on some pretext to cry in solitude.

It was usually during the daytime he was within. As soon as dusk came he would put on his old cloth cap, and saying simply that he was going for a walk, would go out, she knew not whither. She only knew that night after night she sat waiting for him until she had become familiar with every peal of the midnight bells, the steady tramp of the policeman passing along the street outside, and knew exactly what lights burned to certain hours in every window opposite.

He seldom returned before break of day, and would appear so haggard and weary that she knew he had been walking throughout the night. At first she used to ask him where he had been; but his invariable reply was "walkin', mother," and nothing more. Later on when he entered as the daylight extinguished the stars, he would say, wearily—

"You have been waiting up for me, mother?"

"Yes, avic. How could I go to bed an' you tramplin' the streets?"

"You should not sit up, mother," he would say. "You should go to bed and have your sleep. Your sittin' up does me no good—it can do me no good."

Without further words he would enter his room, close the door, and perhaps stretch himself without undressing on his bed until she had made breakfast. He seldom seemed to sleep. Those were precious moments to Mrs Ryan when she peeped into his room, and saw him lying asleep. A fortnight passed in this manner. He sent a letter to the office to say he was unwell, and, strange to say, Mr Mannix did not arrive.

One afternoon, as he was seated in his usual attitude, and with his customary look of dejection, at the open window; whilst his mother, seated opposite with spectacles on, was darning a pair of his old socks, an event almost phenomenal occurred in Golden Close. At least, the inhabitants who rushed to their windows and doors in all possible degrees of unwashedness and raggedness, and the little children, who ceased to quarrel and make mud-pies in the gutters, looked on the landau which drove up to the entrance to the Close, as a phenomenon of the most startling kind.

There alighted from this carriage an elderly gentleman with long, pale face, on whose arm leaned the loveliest and sweetest young lady who had ever shed the lustre of a beautiful human presence round the squalor of Golden Close. Holding the young lady's hand was a fair-haired little boy dressed in a man-o'-war suit, which confounded the children of the locality with doubts as to whether this

boy was a son of the Lord Mayor, or a Rear Admiral of the Channel Fleet.

Preceding these persons was a man in brown livery with red facings and silver buttons, who made inquiries as to the residence of Tim Ryan. When the open doorway was reached, the servant stepped aside, touching his hat, and the elderly gentleman, with the young lady and the small rear admiral, passed in.

"Tim Ryan, as he leaned out of the window at the first sight of the unusual visitors, had turned such a greenish tint that his mother, in alarm, flew for a glass of water. Tim drank the water, which he held to his lips with trembling hand, and re-seated himself in his chair, his face turned towards the door. He had thrust his right hand into his bosom, where it grasped the decree of the Invincible Executive.

So astonished was Mrs Ryan at her visitors that she backed speechlessly towards the window, and would have probably fallen out if her son had not plucked her gown and restored her in some degree to her self-possession. As Tim rose to receive his visitors, two red spots appeared in the upper part of his white cheeks.

"I prevailed on papa to come to see you!" exclaimed Eva Fitzgerald, hurrying forward and presenting her hand.

In plucking his hand from his bosom, Tim Ryan unobservedly let the Invincible decree fall to the floor.

"Well, Ryan, how are you?" asked Mr Fitzgerald, in calm but kindly tones. "Are you better?"

"Much better, thank you," replied Ryan, stepping aside to give his employer the chair, Eva having seated herself in that vacated by Mrs Ryan.

"Oh, my boy," said Mr Fitzgerald, patting him on the shoulder, "you want a seat worse than I. Sit down. I can stand. Bernard, why don't you shake hands with the man who saved your life?"

The fair-haired admiral—recently retired from the pirate service—advanced in a frank way and shook hands, saying—

"I thank you very much, indeed."

Mrs Ryan had retired to the rere, where she stood with her back against the dresser, rubbing the palm of one hand over the back of the other alternately, and smiling down at this operation in a foolish manner. From time to time she gave a short deferential cough, to express in a general way her sense of the honour done to her and Tim by the visit of such great people.

Mr Fitzgerald stood near Tim holding Bernard by the hand, both looking at the pale lad quietly. But Eva was sitting opposite Tim, so near him that her dress brushed against him. She was dressed in a light summer costume, a crimson parachute lying across her knees, a coquettish hat of white straw with a mass of flowers at the back of it. She bent forward eagerly as she conversed with him.

To be continued.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

I said to the little children,

"You are living your happiest days"

And their wide eyes opened wider

In innocent amaze;

For their happiness was so perfect

That they did not know it then;

"Oh, no!" they said, "there'll be happier days

When we are women and men."

I said to the youth and maiden,

"You are living your happiest days;"

And into their sparkling eyes there crept

A dreamy, far-off gaze.

And their hands sought one another,

And their cheeks flushed rosy red;

"Oh, no!" they said, "there'll be happier days

For us when we are wed."

I said to the man and woman

"You are living your happiest days,"

As they laughingly watched together

Their baby's cunning ways.

"These days are days of labour;

They can hardly be our best;

There'll be happier days when the children are grown,

And we have earned our rest."

I said to the aged couple,

"You are living your happiest days;

Your children do you honour;

You have won success and praise,"

With a peaceful look they answered,

"God is good to us, that's true;

But we think there'll be happier days for us

In the life we're going to."

THE EARLY CLOSING OF SHOPS

The world is as we make it. Look back on the past, even the merely historic past, and observe the changes which have taken place in manners, customs, laws, habits of thought and speech, social intercourse, and social ideals. The nomadic tents of the savage hunters develop into the village huts of agricultural settlers, which in turn rise to urban communities, and so to the great cities of the present. Both consciously and unconsciously the race is pressing without cessation towards higher and still higher forms of individual and social life; and old forms having served their day, are thrown aside, and new forms arise better adapted to prevailing necessities, and these later forms are discarded for still newer forms. Those who disbelieve in progress are persons who have either never read or have misread history and the literature of every form of science.

And yet in the midst of this general upward movement there lurk habits of danger which must be treated with every resource of modern science if civilisation is not to be a failure. So, in an innocent and beautiful child there reappears some malignant disease, a blight unconsciously handed down from progenitors.

Time was when people who work—that is, the majority of the community—were considered as mechanical instruments to create pleasure for those who have nothing to do. This childish fancy still lingers in an attenuated condition, and there are some persons who live idle lives and consider themselves of superior individuality in consequence, although it is a fact of current familiarity to all schoolboys that all the men and women who are called “great” have belonged to the class—the despised class—of the people who work.

The people who work are awakening to the fact that they also have lives of their own—concrete individualities—and that this world, with its illimitable stores of profit and pleasure, belongs equally to everyone who draws breath with human lungs. The strength which the people who work might possess if they worked their interests in common might possibly be found of a stronger nature than any combination of the well-to-do; and it might be well if the well-to-do would occasionally reflect that '93 was not an accident, nor yet a phenomenon gone for ever. A comet may appear and be lost to sight; but it is moving in strict geometrical laws, and may suddenly startle the thoughtless, though astronomers foretell its advent with scientific accuracy.

The lesson to be drawn from these reflections is that we should all do something to assist the people who work in reaching a higher type of life. In this city there is in progress a movement which the upper classes can largely assist. It is called the “Saturday Half-holiday Movement,” and presents a demand which has been granted, without any loss whatever to the employers, in

every great city in England, Scotland, and Wales. But we feel inclined to go farther than this, and advocate the early closing of every shop every day in the week, and we venture to say that it is a policy which would benefit not alone the workers, but the employers, and even those who exist in the luxurious fringe of society.

We constantly hear complaints from employers that the employes lack enthusiasm in their work, that they must be watched officially to make them strenuous in effecting sales; and, in fact, employes are dismissed every week because they are not “pushing” enough. Now, there is an economic reason for lack of enthusiasm on the part of employes—a reason deeply embedded in the profoundest foundation of human nature. You can devise no scheme for pumping enthusiasm into the mind of a man or woman who has not a personal advantage to reap from the exercise of that quality. But, apart from this, is it not extremely illogical to suppose that the human machine can go on working at high pressure throughout the entire day under artificial conditions? The employe who returns to a new day of work after a fair amount of time spent in the open air and recreation is twice the value of the employe who works longer hours and then crawls in a debilitated condition into bed. To put it in strict arithmetical formula—the employe who works six hours per day equals two employes who work twelve hours per day each; and the experience of every physiologist will corroborate this statement.

The small shopkeepers are the most incorrigible offenders against humanity in this respect. It is a curious fact that they are so concentrated within their own individual sphere that they do not realise how much pecuniary loss they necessarily suffer by forcing their employes to work so protractedly. The small shopkeeper in his delirious desire to make money forgets that he is hurting himself as a member of a society where the actions of one react on all. The natural corollary to his employe system is the creation of a criminal class, the spread of poorhouses, prisons, and hospitals; the consequent necessity of a police force and courts of justice, for all of which the small shopkeeper pays both directly and indirectly. This system of forcing the human machine beyond its powers cannot be obliterated without common action. Its necessity is pressing. We shall not assure the small shopkeeper that he will be a better and happier man under the short hours system; but we shall simply assure him that once it becomes universal it will knock fifty per cent. off his taxes.

In the wealthier establishments of this city the employes inform us that they are well treated, and their hours, with the exception of Saturday, natural and humane.

The public see at a glance, in the alert and polite demeanour of the employes of the monster houses, how much more profitable the humane system is to that of the small shops where poor, pallid, listless creatures serve the customers;

their weary eyes half-closed, their feeble arms straining under a load with which a healthy shop-boy would amuse himself.

Many of the great establishments have adopted Friday as pay-day, and if this system was adopted generally, not only in shops, but in all employments where weekly wages are the rule, it would be of inestimable benefit to everybody. It is particularly necessary in the artisan class, where Saturday night is anticipated with feelings of mingled apprehension, dread, and hope by the wife of the workingman.

Is it fair, we ask, that these women should be deliberately restricted to the few short hours of Saturday night to make their weekly purchases for themselves and families? How would the wife of the employer like it herself? Recollect that the women of the working class make their purchases weekly, and not from day to day. What they buy in the few last excitable hours of Saturday night is in the main intended to last all the following week; and, furthermore, in these few brief hours they must pay their bills and buy clothes, hats and boots, and articles of furniture. The abnormal mental strain, the concentrated worry and anxiety, and the awful waste of nervous energy represented by these few Saturday night hours, to the wives of the working class, result in incalculable disaster not alone to these women themselves, but society at large.

We will not trace through their multitudinous channels the enormous and terrible evils from this system of forcing the working women to market on Saturday night. Any reader of even moderate reflective ability can soon conjure up a vision of the widespread resultant calamities.

Surely in most employment depots one day's interest on the total sum of weekly wages cannot amount to anything considerable; and, for this reason, we believe that this Saturday wage system is simply the result of fashion, but a fashion productive of infinite misery.

We only touch the fringe of these burning questions. We ask our readers to think over them. Do not fancy that you have “nothing to say to them.” They will make themselves ring round you in tones of thunder some day, and you who have nothing to say to them—you, the good-humoured *laissez-faire* philosopher, will find, to your astonishment, that they will have a great deal to say to you when the day of wrath reddens the sky.

MODES OF POPPING THE QUESTION.—The Diplomatist: “Oh, let us conclude a lasting treaty!” The Soldier: “You have dealt my heart a mortal wound; you came, I saw, you conquered!” The Physician: “You alone can heal my wounded heart!” The Gardener: “Only one word from your lips, and our path through life will be strewn with flowers.” The Architect: “Here let us pitch our tent.” The Sailor: “Fairest of the fair, by your side I find a harbour of refuge from all the storms of life.” The Coachman: “Listen to my prayer, and you shall always guide the reins.” The Jeweller: “Come let us link our fortunes in the golden chain of matrimony.” The Inn-keeper: “You shall fill my cup of bliss to the brim.” The Sculptor: “If your heart is not of marble, let my image have a place in it.” The Astronomer: “You shall be my light and guiding star.”

introduce them of my own initiative. They are, in fact, due to the pressure of public taste, especially in England. My audiences implored me to sing, and I complied. That is the history of my songs. You see, you cannot please everybody. If I were assured that the majority of my Dublin audiences preferred my plays without songs I would probably omit them, but I do not find anything like unanimity in the matter. On the contrary, the majority in Dublin like the songs, and it is my business to please the majority. It is not the minority in this or any other city who pay the artist. As a matter of fact, I find, that in these countries the well-to-do classes will seldom go to the theatre except on passes; they will intrigue to any extent to obtain a pass. It is not so in America. But here I find it is unfortunately a fact."

"There is a suggestion of Republicanism about these remarks, Miss Palmer."

"No doubt. I am an American and a Republican, and I have assuredly no sympathy with those of the upper classes in these countries, who prefer going to the theatres when they get in for nothing. I have seen many lessees, actors, and actresses admitted to the sacred circle of genteel society, mainly with the object of obtaining free admission to the theatres. They are invited to dinner, and pay for it with a pass. That is an universal custom in these countries. In America and Australia everyone pays for admission."

"When do you produce your new play, Miss Palmer?"

"Towards the end of this year. The title is 'Good as Gold' and it is the joint work of Henry Hermann and David Christie Murray. It is of a different character to my present plays, being, in fact, a drama in four acts, involving more serious efforts than anything I have attempted hitherto. The scenery is elaborate and the plot somewhat sensational. In general character it bears some resemblance to 'The Silver King.'"

"Do your exertions on the stage fatigue you? You do not look robust."

"Well, I never feel tired during the performance, though sometimes after it is over I have a sensation of exhaustion. I have frequently to change my costume after a dance. My husband is anxious that I should retire from the stage altogether. But though we have a nice residence in New York, and a considerable amount of landed property, I am naturally disinclined to retire into private life. I love my work, and my normal atmosphere is before the footlights."

"That is true" observed Mr Rogers—Miss Palmer's husband. "If I am anxious to see Minnie cry, I have merely to suggest that she should leave the stage. You should hear her lamentations then!"

There are certain conventional phases of histrionic art in which many artists excel. Tragedy and comedy have a number of exponents of whom some reach a high level, but this level is more or less conventional. They have one ideal, after which they strive in multitudes. Now, the work of Miss Minnie Palmer on the stage falls neither into the groove of comedy or of tragedy; it is unconventional, it is fresh, it is unique.

In the exhaustless domain of art she has selected those forms which elucidate the joyous exuberance of girlhood and boyhood; she strives to reproduce the irresistible and uncontrollable spirits which made life before twenty a dream of unreflective but supreme de-

light. She does not pose nor attitudinise; she is possessed of such electric, restless vitality that she becomes the personification of picturesque animation, the materialised entity of humour, and the happiness of youth. This sympathetic emotionalism amounts to genius, and even as we admire her inimitable effects of characterisation, we are fascinated by the infectious joyousness to which she abandons herself, and exult once again like children on a summer's day. There are in her art many evanescent glances of pathos, which form the shadows to the sunbeams which she scatters around the stage; but these more pronounced effects display not only the exquisite consideration of an artist of the highest order, but remind us, when we reflect quietly upon her efforts, that she has resources which, if she cared to use them, would safely secure success even in the most serious phases of the drama. To a nature so sensitively sympathetic, an intellect so generously artistic, all things seem possible, but though comedy or tragedy would undoubtedly gain a recruit who would, if she desired, rapidly place herself in the highest rank, the world would, on the other hand, lose the most successful artist who has ever portrayed the delightful gaiety of healthy and happy youth.

NOTE.—Since the above interview, the Gaiety audience, addressed from the stage by Miss Palmer's stage manager, were requested to state if they chose the play, "My Brother's Sister," without the songs, as in that case Miss Palmer was willing to omit them. A demand for the songs from all parts of the house greeted these remarks.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

We are all familiar with the picture of the courtly physician, in the early half of the last century, stepping daintily—in lace and ruffles—from his sedan chair, and furnished with a clouded, or a go'd-headed cane, in which a pouncet box is artfully concealed, approaches, with conscious dignity, the bedside of his patient. This pouncet box was the receptacle of a pungent essence, which the great man was wont to inhale as a preventive against infection.

Throughout the sea-bathing season at Tronville, and other watering-places, similar supports have been much in vogue, and the long walking-stick is an important item in Sarah Bernhardt's first entrance on the stage as "La Tosca." But it was reserved for our prosaic London—where the revival of old fashions is ever increasing in favour—to adopt the Georgian physician's initiative on the solemn occasion of a wedding.

Only the other day from the patrician neighbourhood of Lancaster Gate a bride, followed by six bridesmaids, marched sedately up the aisle of the church, all of them armed with these official-looking weapons. The effect was quaint and not unpleasant, and gave an old world savour of stateliness to the procession, which was well carried out in the bridesmaids' costumes of cream silk, all made in the severest style of directoire, with short round waists, and large be-feathered hats. It was even whispered that the ancient pouncet boxes were not wanting to complete the illusion; but let us hope that these receptacles contained nothing more

penetrating than cherry blossom—that most delicate and refined of perfumes, one of the very few which retains a suggestion of the flowers after which it is so happily named, and leaves behind a faint, but lasting aroma, which none of the coarser scents can equal.

When a play has run for nearly 750 nights, one is apt to distrust a superficial judgment passed upon it in the early days of tentative success; so it was with a vague feeling of humiliation at not having been gifted with prophetic insight, to foretell its lengthened career, that I went again to see "Dorothy."

My former impressions of the prettiness of the dances and dresses were confirmed, and especially of the minuet in the second act which has always remained a pleasant memory. Haydn Coffin sitting in the old squire's kitchen—the moon outside, inside the dying firelight—and singing "Queen of My Heart," is an ever fresh and charming picture. I was even able to call up a smile at the whimsicalities of Lurcher the bailiff—until the beginning of the 3rd act, which is hackneyed, and degenerates into the poorest farce; and finally all gracious images were obliterated by the intrusion of the everlasting widow, recapitulating how many "poor dear husbands" she had lost, and scheming vexatiously for a new one! So that on the whole I felt reinstated in my own good opinion, and admitting "Dorothy" to be a bright little trifle, I still failed to comprehend the run of 750 nights.

Our latest dramatic productions (for the Armada is merely spectacular) "She"—and Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde will not, I fancy, attain so patriarchal an existence as "Dorothy." In "She" we have a grand stage presence in Miss Sophie Eyre, and this conceded, all is said. The play is jerky and unequal. One act is occupied with a prologue which takes place 4,000 years anterior to the subsequent action, and it is naturally found impossible to carry sympathy over so vast a space of time.

The dramatisation of novels, has always seemed to me a consummate mistake, unfair to the author as to the adaptor, and I cannot find that either sanction or collaboration on the part of the novelist improves the position.

It is impossible that an actor should be gifted with divination to render exactly a character as conceived by its creator. Even though it fulfil—or mayhap exceed—in some respects, there will be points of subtlety where his interpretation must deviate from the author's meaning, by just so much as his individuality is not identical with that of the author. And precisely the same reasoning holds for the spectator.

When we read a book, we build up in our mind's eye our hero or heroine, slowly and with added touches as the story unfolds itself. No dramatised version can quite give us back one idea of gradual growth—nobly and ably conceived the character may be—but it is not the same, and in so far as it thus differs to us, we stand bereft on a level place of disadvantage with the author, the actor, and the adaptor.

Moreover I maintain that the greater a book is, the less is it suited for dramatisation, and I own to having heard with a thrill of horror a project mooted for arranging "Romola" for the stage. We have only to place ourselves face to face in imagination with the Romola and Tito of our dreams, and call up the old-world pictures under the inspired pen of our greatest novelist to see in this prospect a sort of sacrilege.

Dickens dramatised is Dickens vulgarised, and in a greater or less degree, this is so with every

book. Sometimes the overwhelming personality of an actor forces a new reading on us, and under a spell we accept this for our preconceived idea, but do we ever gain by the substitution, I wonder? This spell is strongly upon us in Mr Mansfield's impersonation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde"—a powerful and gruesome piece of acting, but yet not calculated to advantage Mr S. Stevenson's wonderful story, or to expand the great moral truth that underlies it.

A walk down the "Sweet shady side of Pall Mall" reveals the fact that most of the clubs are receiving their annual wash, and are given over to the tender mercies of painters and decorators.

During this suspension of functions, the members who happen to be in town are generally offered hospitality at a neighbouring club, and this year the ladies have come to the front at the Alexandra Club in extending shelter to their sisters at the Albemarle. But the gentlemen of the Albemarle are rigidly excluded from the Alexandra's sacred precincts, and have to find accommodation elsewhere.

The Albemarle is the only mixed club that has ever held any position, and is a most prosperous and exclusive institution. It is largely supported by country members—ladies and gentlemen who run up to town for a few days, and have this quite central sanctuary in Albemarle street, where they can write their letters and have them addressed, read the papers, receive visitors, and give an excellent little *diner fin*—all without stirring from these pleasant premises.

The long life of the Albemarle and its unquestioned success is mainly due to the strict censorship that is exercised in the election of its members; and the stringent rules of the administration are never relaxed. Here also many friends from opposite poles of our far-reaching metropolis meet on common ground. The counties supply a large contingent, and I know our young *niveau* who occasionally come up to town from their country place, of whom the wife only is member of the Albemarle. This arrangement furnishes quite a new feature, and a very pretty one, for the husband becomes his wife's guest at her club, thus reversing the home process.

The Alexandra is a new ladies' club, quite recently established. It is situated in aristocratic Grosvenor street, and is handsomely appointed and distributed.

The Somerville is less ambitious, and several years older.

In the old days when the Grosvenor Library included a luxurious club room, ladies had an additional attraction in making a visit to Broad street. But the allurements of this handsome site proved too strong for the clerical mind, and the rooms have now been absorbed into a Church club.

Equally well situated, and offering many special temptations with some club privileges, such as reading, writing, and tea rooms, there is the Ladies' Dress Association at the corner of St. James's and Jermyn streets, to which membership can be obtained for a small annual sum. Each floor in this fine mansion is devoted to some one requisite of ladies' toilette. The goods kept are of a very high calibre, and certainly some of the richest and most artistic costumes I have seen this year have issued from the Ladies' Dress Association. One sent to a member at Trouville was a lovely afternoon toilette in castor faille and velvet of the same colour. The simplicity of this dress was its elegance. The skirt in faille fell almost perpendicularly, and was barely

caught up at one side with an oxydised silver clasp over a straight velvet panel. The bodice was most striking and elegant. While the shoulders and sleeves were in faille, the rest consisted of velvet, cut to simulate what our grandmothers used to call a "spencer." This spencer was fastened in front with three oxydised clasps closing with lynch-pins. From the neck a narrow folded crossway scarf in silver gauze met the spencer, and folds of gauze finished the sleeves, which were tight, and barely turned the elbow to allow of long gloves. Nothing so out of date as lace or frilling was visible. Indeed, frilling is an impossibility so long as it is *de rigueur* to wear such abnormally high collars in ladies' dresses. But our *modistes* and *couturieres* are very clever in contriving this effect to suit all throats, even the least swanlike, without inconvenience and incipient strangulation by carrying them low down in back and shoulders. This is a difficult art, however, and requires a practised hand, for the collar must be stiff and straight, and not betray the slope of the neck.

I am projecting a tour round the temples of Fashion before next week.

AMINA.

LA REVEILLE.

ITALIAN CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—The last of Mr Mapleson's series of Italian concerts took place on Saturday night before a moderately full house. A considerable number of seats in balcony and area were vacant. The upper gallery was crowded, but fortunately the rowdy element was not so objectionably obtrusive. We fully endorse the opinions of our contemporaries of the Dublin Press concerning the habitually uncivilised conduct of many of the "gods." The demonstrations to Signor de Anna were enthusiastic. So powerful a voice will have to be guarded in tone. It is liable in *forte* to verge on noise. At this concert Signor de Anna for the first time sang in English, and with considerable success in every respect. Mdle. Doria far surpassed her efforts of the first concert. She possesses astonishing power of sympathetic phrasing, her rendering of "She Wandered down the Mountain Side" being the best we ever heard. So young and clever an artist must become famous. Madam Enriquez used her beautiful voice with fine dramatic skill, and Madam Zagury sang with considerable show of mechanical training. Mr Beaumont's voice is greatly improved since last season. Mr Rudersdorff performed with even more than his customary skill and emotionalism. Mr Irwin had a great deal to do, but was equal to his labours.

On Thursday evening a large and fashionable audience assembled in the Gymnasium, Curragh Camp, to witness the first performance of the season of the Curragh Brigade Dramatic Club. The gymnasium was gaily decorated with flags, and the front of the stage was ornamented with flowers and exotics. The performance, which commenced at a quarter to 9 o'clock, consisted of two very amusing comedies—"Nine Points of the Law," by Tom Taylor; and "Breaking the Ice," by Charles Thomas. In "Nine Points of the Law" both Major Craigie, as "Joseph Cronside," and Mrs Craigie, as "The Widow Mrs Smylie," gained universal applause for their very clever rendering of their respective parts. Miss Ina West and Miss Lillie West also did their parts remarkably well. In the piece

"Breaking the Ice" the chief parts were taken by Major Craigie, as "Captain Sebbe," and Miss Henry, as "Miss Marston." Miss Henry's acting was, as usual, simply perfect, and Major Craigie could not have done his part better. The stage arrangements were excellent. Colonel Vetch, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, acted as manager, and Major Craigie, Highland Light Infantry, made an energetic honorary secretary. The string band of the Highland Light Infantry played some delightful music during the performance, which was under the patronage of their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and was given by permission of Major-General the Hon. C. W. Thesiger, commanding the Curragh Brigade.

QUEEN'S ROYAL THEATRE, DUBLIN.—The success which attended Mr Monkhouse's company during the first week of their engagement at the Queen's Theatre remains with them in even a more marked manner in this the closing week of their visit. A new piece not hitherto produced in Dublin, entitled "A Tragedy," is being played, and we would simply express the hope that all who love a good hearty laugh will make a point of seeing it. The fun is indescribable, and the complications must be witnessed in order to understand this most humorous production. Early attendance is necessary to secure a seat. On Friday Mr Monkhouse takes his benefit, when "Larks" will occupy the boards.

We believe that Mr J. L. Toole and a competent company is in possession of the boards of the Gaiety Theatre this week.

THEATRE ROYAL, BELFAST.—On Monday evening the famous comedienne Miss Minnie Palmer entered on a six nights' engagement opening with "My Sweetheart." So much has been written and said about Miss Palmer that it only remains to be said that as "Tina" she was as bright, pleasing, and vivacious as ever.

FASHION, YOUTH, AND BEAUTY.—The "AMERICAN BELLE" embodies all the attributes of a perfect and recherche Toilet Powder, in three charming tints—Blanche, Naturelle, and Rachel. It is of a most innocent nature, deliciously fragrant, and imparts the Glamour and Natural Softness of Youth to the SKIN. Boxes, 1s each; post free 1s 2d, from George Lucas, Court Hair Dresser and Perfumer, 6 Suffolk Street, Dublin. MADAME GEORGINA BURNS CROTTY writes, September 7th—"Your American Belle Face Powder is most excellent, and it greatly improves the complexion, and renders the skin beautifully soft and clean. I shall continue to use it."—[ADVT.]

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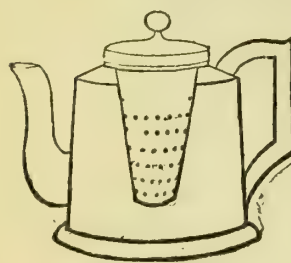
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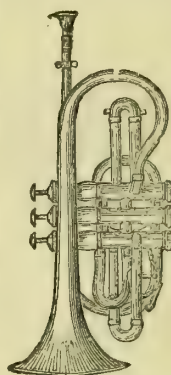
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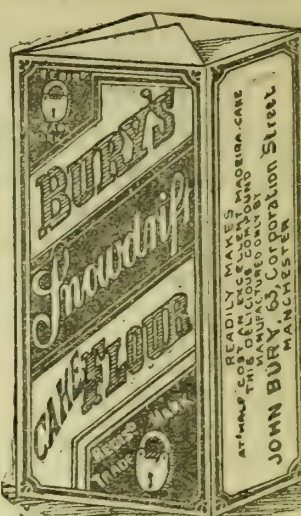
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IRISH SOCIETY.

VOL. I. No. 40. (Registered as a Newspaper.)

13TH OCTOBER, 1888.

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WEEK ENDING 13th OCTOBER, 1888.

The Prince of Wales has patronised British art more than the other scions of the Crown; but his latest picture is to be done by a foreigner—the Queen's favourite German artist, Von Angeli. This painter has been often so honoured by many of the crowned heads and heirs apparent to that high dignity. It remains to be seen if the new selection will favourably compare with those beautiful portraits of the Prince, so much admired, done by British artists.

The Czar of Russia, who has recently been travelling about much more than he previously ventured, is a zealous angler. He has constructed in Finland, near the Imatra Cataract, a little lodge, very plain, and containing only three small rooms—two bedrooms for himself and the Czarina, and the third for the Grand Dukes. It is here that the Czar fishes for salmon. The Czarina acts as cook, and the Czar himself goes to the stream to fetch the water he requires.

The newly-married Duke and Duchess of Aosta intend shortly to pay a visit to the Empress Eugenie.

Princess Christian, who has been suffering from some disease of the eyes, has gone to Wiesbaden for six weeks to be under an oculist. No operation is thought necessary.

The Empress Frederick will leave Flushing in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert for England on the 12th of November.

The Comtesse de Paris has adopted as her favourite flower "the rose de France," in lieu of the pink appropriated by a political party, and a programme has been issued of the League of the Rose, a Royal union under her patronage.

Count Herbert Bismarck will arrive in England as the guest of Lord Rosebery in the course of a few weeks, and will then have a little shooting in Scotland. A distinguished party will meet the Foreign Secretary of Prussia.

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen and their son, Prince Frederick, who were lately visiting Ireland, have left the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar square, for Frankfurt.

The marriage arranged between Mr Hugh Graham, second son of the late Sir Frederick Graham, Bart., of Netherby, Cumberland, and Miss Jessie Low, youngest daughter of the late Mr Andrew Low, of Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A., will shortly take place.

The marriage of Major B. T. E. Dowse, Suffolk Regiment, and Miss Octavia Hammond, will take place at Herringswell, Suffolk, on Thursday, the 18th of October, at half-past two o'clock.

The marriage arranged between Francis Egbert, youngest son of the late Rev. Edmund Holland, of Benhall Lodge, Suffolk, and Ursula Beatrice Philippa, youngest daughter of Colonel St. Leger, of Park Hill, Rotherham, Yorkshire, will shortly take place.

The family of Miss Zerega desire to state that there is no foundation for the report current in the newspapers that she is engaged to the Duke of Newcastle.

The marriage of Mr F. Burgoyne Wallace, eldest son of Major-General Hill Wallace, and Hannah, second daughter of the late Mr Robert Watson, of Ayr, N. B., will take place at the end of the month.

The marriage of Mr George Baillie Guthrie and Miss Joan Binney will be solemnised at St. George's, Hanover Square, at two o'clock on the 24th inst.

A marriage is arranged between Captain C. W. Thompson, 7th Dragoon Guards, second son of General C. W. Thompson, 14th Hussars, of Withersfield Place, Essex, and Rose Offley Ada, only child of the late Mr H. Offley Harvey, 21st Fusiliers, of Folkestone.

A marriage is arranged and will take place in April between Mr Bernard George Arkwright, eldest son of the late Rev. George Arkwright, of Pencombe Rectory, Herefordshire, and Caroline

Mabel Frances, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Frederick Bull, 52nd Light Infantry, of New Park, Kilkenny.

Lord Clifden, it is reported, will shortly marry Lady Alice Montague, a daughter of the Duchess of Manchester, and sister of the Duchess of Hamilton and the Countess of Gosford. In addition to his Kilkenny property, Lord Clifden owns considerable property in England. One of his seats is Holdenby House, on the borders of Northamptonshire, and most of his property is situated in that county or in the contiguous counties of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, all of which is a very rich farming country.

On Thursday afternoon last, at the marriage of Edith Gertrude, daughter of Sir George Harris, with Mr J. Herbert Farmer, of 6 Porchester Gate, London, the bride was attired in ivory duchesse satin, trimmed with Brussels point de gaze lace, and she carried a bouquet of orange blossoms and tuberose. There were nine bridesmaids, who wore white china silk dresses, with white moire sashes, large silk hats trimmed with white moire ribbons and sprays of Virginia creeper. They carried posies of autumn foliage.

The marriage of Captain E. Spicer, late of the 1st Life Guards, and the Lady Margaret Mary Fane, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, took place in St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday afternoon. Major Charles Turner, of the 1st Life Guards, was best man, and a number of non-commissioned officers and troopers of the regiment lined each side of the centre of the church. The eight bridesmaids were Lady Michael Denison, Lady Muriel Howard, Lady Mary Agar, Lady Gladys Hamilton, Miss Muriel Chapman, Miss Helen Lovell, Miss Spicer, and Miss Weigall. The service was fully choral. At the conclusion the wedding party drove to Bourdon House, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, where tea and light refreshments were served to a very large and fashionable assembly.

The marriage of Mr Alston, son of the late Mr William Edwin Alston, of the Friars, near Leicester, and Limburns Hall, Essex, and Miss Meyrick, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Meyrick, took place at St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington, on Saturday. The bride, accompanied by her father, arrived at the church at half-past 12, and was received at the west entrance by her four bridesmaids, Miss Laura Meyrick, Miss Louisa Meyrick, Miss Mabel Bussell, and Miss Alston, also by the clergy and choir, who preceded them to the chancel. The marriage service, solemnised by the Vicar and the Rev. A. Veysey, was fully choral. Mr and Mrs Alston left in the afternoon for Torquay.

American ladies have done and are doing a lively business in the way of connecting themselves matrimonially with English aristocratic houses and with good old English families. Here are the names of a few Transatlantic belles who are now domiciled as British wives in British homes:—Lady Randolph Churchill, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mandeville (the future Duchess of Manchester), Lady Coleridge, the wife of the Lord Chief Justice of England; Lady Harcourt, wife of Sir William Vernon Harcourt; Mrs Walpole, wife of the next Lord Orford; Lady Anglesea. Mrs Arthur Paget, Lady Abinger, Lady Vernon, Lady Arthur Butler, Lady Wolseley, Lady Lister Kaye, Lady Hesketh, Mrs George Cavendish Bentinck, Mrs Beresford Hope, and several others whose names will readily occur to those familiar with the circle known as that of "the upper ten."

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry drove on Tuesday afternoon from the Viceregal Lodge to Powerscourt, where they will remain till Friday or Saturday as the guests of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt.

The Marquis of Ormonde, K.P., H.M.L., arrived at the Castle, Kilkenny, on Thursday from yachting. Lord Arthur Butler, D.L., also arrived at the Castle from Ballyknockane on same day.

The Rev. Canon Neville, A.M., and the Misses Neville have returned to the Glebe, Inistiogue, from Bray.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., of Tralee Castle, County Kerry, but now residing at the Grove, West Brompton, is one of the three nonagerian baronets now living. He completed his 92nd year on the 2nd of October.

The Marquis of Salisbury has arrived in London from Dieppe. The Premier has much improved in health during his sojourn abroad.

The Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, Postmaster-General, and Mrs Raikes, who have been visiting friends in Ireland, have arrived at Baronscourt from Humewood on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

Samuel Laing, Esq., accompanied by his accomplished daughter, Mrs Kennard, arrived at Killaloe to enjoy a week or two's fishing.

Mrs Hastings Brooke and Miss Carden have been on a visit to their brother, Sir John Craven Carden, Bart., at Templemore Abbey.

Mrs Power Lalor, accompanied by her son, has arrived at the Railway Hotel, Killarney, from Long Orchard.

The Bishop of Oregon, with his wife and daughter, visited the Rock of Cashel last week, and the party were entertained at luncheon by the Bishop of Cashel.

The Lord Chancellor, Lady Ashbourne and family have returned to Fitzwilliam square from France.

The Earl of Dunraven, who has been racing with his yacht, the *Petronilla*, since the session closed, is now at Dunraven Castle, where he will remain till the opening of Parliament.

The Dowager Countess of Maya has returned to London after paying a round of visits to friends in Ireland.

Lord Cadogan has arrived at Babraham, his seat in Cambridgeshire, from Balmoral, where he had been acting as minister in attendance on the Queen.

The Earl and Countess of Listowel and the Ladies Hare have arrived at Convamore, their seat in County Cork, from Kingston House, Knightbridge.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry have been doing a quiet holiday tour in the South of Ireland untrammelled by the ceremony of State, and they have doubtless much enjoyed their trip in the autumn season, amid the "loveliness of Glengariff and its surroundings." At the latter place they embarked on board H.M.S. Shannon, which brought them direct from Queenstown, where they were received by Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. C. Carpenter, Naval Commander-in-Chief on the Irish Station.

As the visit of their Excellencies to Queenstown was private and unofficial, the usual salutes were not fired from the flagship or the harbour forts. A dinner was given at the Admiralty House in honour of the distinguished visitors, the invitations to the banquet being numerous.

Miss Langley, whose mysterious disappearance on her arrival at Liverpool, a month ago, has caused so much anxiety to her family and friends, has been found in New York, we are happy to state, alive and well. It appears she left Dublin with the intention of proceeding to America, but had not apprised her friends, hence all the alarm and anxiety which naturally ensued.

H.M.S. Belleisle, Captain the Hon. Richard Hare, has returned to Kingstown for the winter months, and both officers and bluejackets are glad to be again what to many of them is "at home." During the next few months the officers of the guardship will no doubt be "at home" on board very frequently.

Mrs Hugh Sweetman, of Roebuck Hall, Dundrum, has issued invitations for a ball on the 24th inst.

Mrs Segrave, of Waterloo, Mallow, Co. Cork, gave a very pleasant dance on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., which was numerously attended.

A county ball at Hamilton, Lanarkshire, was brought to a close on Friday morning by a sad occurrence. About one o'clock Colonel Aikman dropped down on the ball room floor and died in a few minutes. He had served in the Indian army, and received the Victoria Cross for gallant conduct during the Indian mutiny.

We understand that the date of the Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club dance has been definitely fixed for Tuesday, November 6th. The band of the Gasparro Brothers will supply the music.

Mr Hunt's string band of ladies are making quite a success in the Isle of Wight; their services are much sought after at the social entertainments. They look extremely pretty and bright in their costumes. It is on the cards that they will soon visit Dublin.

Lady Athlumney and her daughters, who left Somerville House, Navan, County Meath, last week, for Saxenborough Lodge, Sussex, had a narrow escape of what might have been a very serious accident. While being driven from Euston Station to Charing Cross in a private omnibus, the hind axle snapped, and the carriage was upset. The ladies escaped with some slight bruises; but the butler and footman were thrown to the ground, and the former had to be conveyed to University Hospital, as the injuries he received were rather serious.

Last week an interesting ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey, when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts unveiled the statue of the late Earl of Shaftesbury. It is the work of Mr Boehm, B.A. The statue is eight feet six inches in height. The noble lord is represented in the robes of the Garter, and the pedestal bears the inscription—"Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Born April 28th, 1801; died October 1st, 1885. Endured to his countrymen by a long life in the cause of the helpless and suffering. 'Love and Serve'—the family motto.

We are all very proud of our distinguished countryman, Lord Dufferin, whose brilliant Viceroyalty in India marks him among the foremost statesmen of the time, and we naturally feel interested in knowing what writers who are not Irishmen think of him. As is well known, the distinguished Earl's mother was eldest daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, and his lordship inherits in a marked degree the talent of his famous grandsire. The late Lady Dufferin was a poetess and a *litterateur* of a high order, being especially fertile in the production of homely and pathetic ballads, among which "I'm Sitting on the Style, Mary," will long be treasured by all who can appreciate true pathos and genuine sentiment.

A *silhouette* in *Temple Bar* describes the ex-Viceroy to a nicety. According to this outline, Lord Dufferin, who goes to Rome as British Ambassador, quite realises the ideal of the diplomatist as pictured in novels. A dapper man, with strikingly handsome delicate features, dandified in dress, and aristocratic to his glove-tips, he is a great charmer when it pleases him to be so. Ladies think him delightful, and men have sometimes misjudged him at first sight, but have soon winced at feeling the grip of the iron hand under his kid glove.

The picture of the great diplomatist would not be complete if it were not stated that a trick of half closing his eyes, a slightly affected drawl in his voice, a nonchalant demeanour when he enters into conversations of the gravest moment,

are puzzling to some men who approach him, and irritating to others, nor does Lord Dufferin ever quite renounce pose, except in those brief moments when, his quick Irish temper being fired by the stupidity of somebody under his orders, he rates the delinquent in good set terms.

Lord Dufferin's career reflects high honour on his country. In Canada he was a thorough success, and in periods of great difficulty in India his wisdom and mild Government have been of incalculable value to the British rule in that mighty dependency of the Crown. In all great negotiations his calmness and studied urbanity are inimitable; but his nature is nevertheless imperious, and let his sensitiveness be touched ever so slightly, pride flashes from his eyes like light. He is, however, singularly beloved by those immediately around him, and nowhere more so than at Claudeboye and its neighbourhood, in his own native County of Down.

A great controversy has lately been carried on in the daily papers in respect to the soldier's pay and rations, and, as far as we can see, no one has thought fit to turn their minds to the days when the soldier was a civilian, before enlistment, and see how he fared then. Now, with our present territorial system the majority of recruits the county regiments get are agricultural labourers, who are dependent on the state of the seasons for the employ and wages they may get.

As the public are well aware, times are very bad, and the agricultural labourer is either out of a place or has to work for very small wages, as low as seven shillings a week for a married man. The best way to prove the comparative positions of the man will be, we think, to go into plain true figures, and then we see that the soldier gets per month, say 30 days—30 days' pay, 30/-; 30 days' messing, washing, library, hair-cutting, 10/3; leaving a balance of 19/9 to spend as he likes on himself. If he has two years' service without an entry in the regimental defaulter's book, he gets 1d. a day extra, or £1 2s. 3d. per month. He gets 1lb of bread, and 3lb. of meat free (the 3d. messing is for groceries and vegetables).

Besides this he is housed, lighted, fueled, and cooked for, which, of course, go for something. He gets one pair of trousers and one kersey and two pairs of boots annually, and every alternate year a tunic in addition. What he has to make good are losses by his own neglect in his free kit, and clothes that are worn out before next issue. We forgot to add that on enlistment he is given an undress suit besides the kersey and trousers. We will now look at the man before he enlisted, and to begin with will give him an at present high average rate of pay—10s a week—and what does he have to do out of that? Feed, clothe, house, fire, and light himself.

Some people will say—"Oh, but bachelor labourers lodge with their families or with some married couple." Granted; but then his family or his friends will not provide all he requires for nothing, and we find the charge on an average 8s a week, but they don't clothe him on that. This is the civilian in time of employment, and God knows how he lives poor fellow, when out of it. Now, the poor ill-used Tommy Atkins when

he is foolish enough to enlist, what happens to him? He goes into a good situation for seven years for a certainty; knows when he is in quarters that he has a room and a bed to go to for a certainty, and that he will get three meals a day for a certainty.

We are now dealing with the private soldier pure and simple, and do not want to enter into what he may get by smartness and steadiness, such as non-commissioned officer or extra duty pay of some sort. We think a few of the plain facts of the case should sometimes be written as they really are.

For the purpose of opening the Free Library in Belfast on the 13th inst.—a ceremony looked forward to with much interest in the Northern city—his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, who will be accompanied by the Marchioness of Londonderry, will leave Dublin on Saturday morning by the nine o'clock a.m. ordinary express train from Amiens street, which is timed to reach Belfast at one o'clock.

At the Great Northern terminus the Vice-regal party will be received by the Mayor, Sir James H. Haslett, and the members of the Council in their robes, and will be conducted direct to the Library Buildings in Royal Avenue, where an address will be presented by the Corporation. After the ceremony of declaring the Library open, the Mayor will entertain their Excellencies and a distinguished company to luncheon in the Town Hall, this being laid out, without exaggeration, regardless of expense. In the evening the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry will leave the York road terminus of the Northern Counties Railway for Larne en route for Scotland.

The Science and Art Museum and National Library Buildings are progressing rapidly towards completion, and a visit to the former, which is considerably ahead of the Library in construction, would delight those who take pleasure in a study of the grand and noble in massive architecture. When completed Dublin will possess in these buildings in the courtyard of Leinster House two structures that for beauty will rank with any public edifice in the United Kingdom. There are doubtless larger buildings in London; but for magnificence of appearance the greatest city in the world may strive in vain to compete with Messrs. Dean's designs, which Messrs Beckett the builders, are conscientiously carrying to a successful finish.

Lord Sackville, brother of Earl De-La-Warr, the Countess of Derby and the Duchess of Bedford, died on Tuesday at Knowle, near Seven Oaks. He had been in delicate health since the death of Lady Sackville in January last. He had been about the court for many years, and was a lord-in-waiting to the Queen. His brother, Sir Lionel Sackville, Minister at Washington, succeeds to the title, &c.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Singer Keating died on Monday last, aged 84. He was the son of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Sheehy Keating, by the eldest daughter of the late Mr James Singer, of Annadale, County Dublin. He was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1832, and had a distinguished legal career. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1857, and a Judge

of the Common Pleas in 1859. He was a member of the Privy Council, and enjoyed a pension of £3,500 per annum. Sir Henry married Miss Evans, daughter of the late General Evans, R. A. Lady Keating died in 1864.

The athletic sports of the 1st Battalion the King's took place on Thursday, the 4th October, in the veterinary paddock, Ball's Bridge. The attendance was large and fashionable, and by kind permission of Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington and officers the band of the West Yorkshire Regiment played an excellent selection of music. There were no fewer than 24 events on the programme, that which caused most interest being the umbrella race, in which the competitors had to saddle a horse, light a cigar, put up an umbrella, and ride with them round a post and back to the starting place. The Victoria Cross race was a grand one. In this event the men had to run about 70 yards, fire three rounds of blank ammunition, pick up a wounded comrade, and carry him back. The president of the committee was Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson, and the committee included Major Blake Humfrey, Captain Schletter, Lieutenants Glynn and Johnson, and Quartermaster Pollitt.

The Absolute Club, Kingstown, which has during the past summer dispensed so much hospitality, closes for the winter on the 20th inst., during which time many alterations, additions, and improvements will be made to this most popular club.

Might we suggest that the chief stewards of the several steamers leaving Dublin for Liverpool, Glasgow, Isle of Man, Sillith, Belfast, &c., that they might vary their bill of fare a little. Ham and eggs and fish are all good in their way, but variety is charming. "Tojours perdrix" becomes monotonous, and ham and eggs and fried plaice form no exception to the maxim. We have travelled constantly during the last summer months in Dublin steamers, and for supper and breakfast the menu was invariably the same, not, indeed, "Toujours perdrix" (would that the succulent partridge had been present), but American ham calculated to produce expensive thirst, and eggs the staleness of which generally produced consequences which vied with the dreaded *mal-de-mer*.

The habit of spitting on tram-cars is becoming an intolerable nuisance, and prevents many from using these convenient means of transit who would otherwise gladly do so. We noticed several times during the last week or two that ladies had to change from place to place in the cars owing to the undue amount of expectoration going on. It is forbidden to smoke inside the tram-car, and it should also be forbidden to spit—the latter is by far the more objectionable. The habit is a dirty one, an import from America, and one we could gladly return our American cousins.

The Yarana is the swiftest yacht yet designed on this side of the Atlantic, and her architect, Mr G. L. Watson, who is also the designer of those famous clippers, the May and Vreda, has added much during the past season to his already established reputation. It is about time that an Irish marine designer set about doing something in the way—of course, to eclipse anything already on the waters; and it certainly seems strange that

at least an effort in this direction is not made. Who among us will be the first to try? We could name one Dublin gentleman who, if his responsible engineering business would permit him to put his mind to it, could design a yachting craft as handsome and as fast anything afloat in English or American waters.

* *

Coursing at Trabolgan was fairly successful during the past week, Lord Fermoy's preserves being now well stocked, and the hares running strongly. The "draw" took place on Tuesday in the Victoria Hotel, and the coursing occupied the two following days. Mr Steward acted efficiently as judge, and Bootiman was the slipper.

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The Northern Coursing Club and Open Meeting will be held in Holestone Demesne, Doagh, within about seven miles of Belfast, on the 24th and 25th inst., the "draw" taking place at Wildford's Hotel, Doagh, on the 23rd. Sport promises to be particularly good at this popular meeting, the programme consisting of the Holestone Stakes, for 32 all-aged greyhounds at £5 each (open); the Belfast Stakes, for 32 dog puppies at £4 each (open), the Antrim Stakes, for 32 bitch puppies, at £4 each (open); the Park Stakes, for eight all-aged greyhounds the *bona fide* property of members, at £3 each; and the Hill Stakes, for eight all-aged greyhounds, the *bona fide* property of the members, at £3 each.

* *

The Caledonian Society deserve well of the Dublin public, inasmuch as for several years they have afforded the citizens some of the most enjoyable entertainments on record, and that the efforts of the Society are appreciated is always made apparent by the practical evidence of crowded houses on the occasions of their agreeable concerts. It is therefore a genuine pleasure to us to announce that on the 23rd and 24th inst. two concerts will be given in Dublin under the auspices of the Caledonian Society, at both of which several of the best known interpreters of Scottish ballads will appear. In addition to these attractions the committee, we understand, have engaged the celebrated Balmoral Choir, numbering twelve voices, and there can be no doubt that the desire to hear these accomplished vocalists will be general.

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There is not much fault to be found with the canniness of the Edinburgh police. The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry's jewel case was stolen from the Waverley Station on Wednesday night, and within 24 hours the case and the whole of its contents were recovered. A few Edinburgh detectives would be useful in London just now.

* *

The Cork Theatre, which, as many of our readers are aware, was in liquidation, was sold on October 1st to a few of the original shareholders for £4,000. The sum originally paid for it in 1877 was £11,000, so it will be seen that the shareholders have got a bargain. Several first-class engagements are booked up to May next, including Mr Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company, D'Oyly Carte's Company, and many others. A bright future is promised for the Cork Theatre, and the gentlemen who were plucky enough to invest their money in it are to be congratulated. Mr Atkins, the liquidator, will continue the management until November 3rd.

Memoir-writing appears to be quite fashionable in the theatrical world just now. We have had Mr Mapleson's "Memoirs," Mr Grossmith has given us "A Society Clown," and now Mr Sims Reeves has published his memoirs in two volumes, one this year, and the other to celebrate his jubilee, 1889. He ought to be eminently qualified to speak of the high prices paid to singers for their performances.

* *

Notwithstanding the extraordinary precautions taken by Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan to keep the name and plot of their new opera a secret, they were both pretty well known in London and in this country beforehand, the name having been announced the day before by a London paper, while the plot had already leaked out through the American Press. "The Yeoman of the Guard" will be performed by five companies—one in London, two in the provinces, one in New York, and one in Chicago.

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Madame Nordica, who will be remembered with pleasure in connection with Mr Mapleson's Italian Opera season, is to take part in the Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Classical Concerts during the coming winter. This announcement must cause a little consternation to those journals in which it was stated that she was engaged in America for the winter season, as well as to those in which it was asserted authoritatively that she had retired altogether from public life.

* *

The other day a gentleman who had his shoes blacked in a street in Dublin, paid his shoeblack with a considerable degree of haughtiness, on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way from the stall, said, "Be me sowl, all the *polish* you have is on your boots, and I gave it to you!"

* *

The boxes containing the birds shot and other natural history specimens collected by the late Mr Jameson, the naturalist of Mr Stanley's expedition, have now all arrived. Mr Jameson had, it seems, difficulties of various kinds to contend with, and extracts from an interesting letter telling of his labours will shortly be given in a scientific periodical.

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It is stated that Messrs W. H. Smith and Son have ordered ten thousand copies of the first edition of Sir Morell Mackenzie's forthcoming work.

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It may be of interest to many to know that with the first of the New Year a highly important measure will come into force in Ireland, this being the Law of Distress and Small Debts Act, under which the whole machinery hitherto regulating this business will be completely revolutionised. The first part of the Act applies to all Ireland, and the second to Dublin city alone. Under its provisions hardships hitherto inflicted in many cases will be impossible, and from and after the 1st of January the wearing apparel, bedding, tools, and implements of trade not exceeding a specified value of a tenant or debtor, or his family, will be exempt from distress for rent and from executions under decrees issued by a number of local petty courts. The Act will be regarded as a boon to the poor, especially in the city.

A man must have a very strong objection to the army from which he has deserted to jump through the window of a carriage in a train running at full speed rather than go back to his regiment. That is what a deserter from the 18th Hussars did the other day at Lichfield. For once in a way however, the communication-cord worked properly, and the daring lover of liberty was recaptured.

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It is said that in the highest quarters of Parisian fashion the knell of the improver has been sounded, and that it is doomed to gradual extinction.

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We notice that the classes in connection with the North Strand Church Choral Union will reopen in the schoolhouse on Friday evening, 12th inst. The success of the Union in the past season is undoubted, and the committee are justified in looking forward this season to an increased number of members. Those wishing to join the Union should do so at once so as to secure the advantage of the opening classes. It should be mentioned that the conductor is Dr. W. Power O'Donoghue.

* *

A naval manoeuvre of the most successful kind has just been performed at Victoria, British Columbia. Her Majesty's cruiser Caroline fired a salute. Of course the breech of one of the guns flew out, but only one seaman was killed and one injured. This is a long way below the record of casualties accompanying this dangerous operation.

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In reference to a paragraph which appeared in these columns last week in reference to Sir B. P. Bromhead, a correspondent sends us the following—"Sir Benjamin P. Bromhead, Bart., Lieutenant-Colonel Bengal Staff Corps and Commandant of the 32nd Pioneers, who lost his right hand in the action with the Thibetans, saw service in Afghanistan, where he took part in both the Bazar Valley expeditions (mentioned in despatches, medal) comes of a family of soldiers. He is brother of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Bromhead, commanding 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers; of Major Gonville Bromhead, V. C., of the same regiment, whose heroic defence of Rorkes' Drift after the massacre of Isandlwana, in conjunction with Lieutenant Chard, will ever be one of the brightest pages in our army annals; and of the late Captain Edward Bromhead of the 4th King's Own, who served in the Crimea and died in Burmah. Their father, Sir Edmund Gonville Bromhead, Bart., was a Peninsular and Waterloo officer, who led the forlorn hope at Cambrai, and was present, then a major, at the capture of Paris, while their grandfather, the son of a gallant officer who had been at Louisburg, and with Wolfe at Quebec, distinguished himself in the North American campaigns, and obtained a baronetcy for his services. Another member of the family, in Colonel John Bromhead, C. B., commanded the 77th at the siege and capture of Badajoz, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Bromhead, late of the York and Lancaster Regiment, also belongs to this family of soldiers and heroes. In short, from the days of Falkirk to those of Waterloo the Bromhead stock has given 'hostages to fortune' in the shape of soldiers to the Crown."

Many of the present generation in Dublin know little or nothing of the greatest of living English tenors; but there are still many among us who can recall him in his best days in the old Theatre Royal, and who have still pleasant recollections of his warbling of "My pretty Jane" among his English ballads, as well as of several of his appearances in opera.

The "Life of Sims Reeves," which has just made its appearance, seems to be a sort of prologue to some more detailed reminiscences which the veteran tenor meditates bringing out next year, when he celebrates his professional jubilee. The form of the present work, with its elaborate borders, is far from prepossessing, but it contains a goodly number of anecdotes, which range from his *debut* as the Gipsy Boy in "Guy Mannering," at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1839, down to his appearance in "Faust" at her Majesty's Theatre some 25 years later. Certainly no one is better able than Mr Reeves to treat the question of the high remuneration received by tenors—a subject to which he devotes an entire chapter.

Mr Arthur Gore Ryder, A.I.C.E., is a young gentleman well known and highly esteemed in good Dublin circles for many excellent qualities of head and heart, and his literary ability, too, is of a high order. As a business man his reputation is recognised as of an excellent kind, and he is certainly steering the Dublin Portland Cement Company to success at their works at the First Lock House on the Grand Canal.

Mr Ryder is agent for the Cormoree Mines in County Wicklow. In a remarkable letter recently published, he states from his own knowledge that the "bluestone" lode now developed contains 25 per cent. each of lead and zinc and 10 ounces of silver to the ton. On the subject of gold he gives some remarkable facts as to the "finds" in County Wicklow, which deserve a separate and distinct paragraph.

In 1795, he says, a nugget weighing 22 ounces was found by a man named Eyone, near Croghan, Kinsella, and afterwards a number of people, in picking lumps of gold from the sands of the rivulet, obtained 2,666 ounces in this crude manner in less than six weeks. The Government of that day sent the Kildare Militia to disperse them, and those warriors carried away more than £6,000 worth of drift gold. Since then individual trials have realised £30,000 worth. Mr Ryder concludes his interesting communication with the remarkable statement "that wealth beyond the dreams of avarice still lies fallow there beneath the ruined habitations of an impoverished people."

There will be quite a shower of society weddings during the present month. One of these took place on Tuesday last, when Lady Margaret Fane, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, was married to Captain Spicer. Within the month Lord Robert Cecil, third son of the Marquis of Salisbury, will lead to the altar Lady Eleanor Lambton, sister of the Earl of Durham. Mr Arthur Fitzgerald, eldest son of Lord and Lady Fitzgerald, will wed Miss Ethel Lambarde. Captain the Hon. E. B. Stafford, Royal Irish Fusiliers, son of the Earl of Courtoun, will be united to Miss Isabel Dashwood; and Miss

Louisa Spaight, eldest daughter of Colonel Spaight, of Beaufort House, Killarney, will become the wife of Captain Gartside Tipping, of Rossferry House, Belturbet.

A capital story is at present going the rounds of military and other circles in Dublin, the subaltern who figures in it being the subject of many a merry jest on the part of his brother officers. Recently a young "sub" who had not long joined complained to his Colonel, who commands one of the regiments in garrison, that while in plain clothes a certain soldier had not saluted him. The soldier's excuse was that he had not recognised the officer.

The Colonel is particularly fond of a joke, and he blended duty and merriment admirably by his decision on the point. "I'll take care you can't make that excuse in future," said he to the soldier. Turning to the officer, he thus addressed him—"Mr —, you will walk up and down the barrack square in plain clothes until Private — is satisfied that he will know you again."

The private gave the officer the benefit of a full hour's promenade, and all he conceded then was his ability to recognise the subaltern in the suit he then wore. "If you are not satisfied," said the Colonel, "you will appear in the square for ten minutes in each civilian suit you own, and whenever you get a new suit you will do the same, informing Private — of the circumstances." Needless to add, the young officer promptly ceased his complaint of not getting what he considered his proper due in the matter of salutes.

In honour of the presentation of new colours to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment at Fermoy by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, a brilliant ball was given at the close of last week by Colonel Cockburn and the officers of the battalion. The ball was held in the recreation rooms, which are spacious buildings, but as these were not deemed sufficiently large for the number invited—there were nearly 700 guests—corridors running on two sides were erected, and marquees were constructed connected with the dancing room by avenues of flowers, these being extensively patronised during the evening by the tired dancers.

At one end of the ballroom a stage had been erected, tastefully arranged with palms and huge ferns, amidst which the band of the regiment were placed, where they played a well-chosen programme of dance music. A magnificently laid-out supper-room was prepared. The decorations of the marquees, rooms, and corridors were superbly executed by Messrs Fry, of Dublin.

How wonderful is the manner in which holiday people manage to lose their luggage. It would seem as if the arrival of holiday time induced the same recklessness and contempt of their possessions that distinguishes a "breaking-up" at school. According to the report of the Clearing House, nearly 14,000 boxes were lost by railway travellers in the month of August alone, 3,000 hampers and 13,000 umbrellas being left behind in the carriages, which, considering the wet weather that prevailed, seems the maddest thing of all. It is curious how persons otherwise en-

dowed with prudence and common sense decline to put a direction on their luggage, observing that "one's things are sure to be all right." They belong to a class of people, who in a strange country will demean themselves (for that is, I suppose, at the bottom of it) by asking their way. Nothing would please me better says a correspondent, than to see them lose both their luggage and their way. Years ago I remember having met a young person of the opposite sex with whom I failed to get on quite so well as I (used to) flatter myself I generally did. She was, in fact, though not uncomely, deadly dull. She travelled with an uncle, who on our first introduction informed me that "she was a capital one for something" I couldn't catch. I didn't like to ask what it was, but as time went on, and I became aware of her deficiencies, I was consumed with a desire to know what it was that she was so distinguished for. At last I asked her uncle. He stared, as well he might. "But you said she was 'so capital' at something or other?" "To be sure," he answered. "I said she was so capital at losing umbrellas. She had lost her fifth the day you met us!"

The visit of that distinguished statesman, Lord Hartington, to Nairn, an important seaside resort in the Highlands of Scotland, will, no doubt, redound to the advantage of that ancient burgh. A correspondent complains about the want of interest in Irish watering-places shown by those in high station, whose presence even for a few days at a time would do so much to popularise those charmingly-situated seaside resorts with which the Northern and Southern coasts of Ireland abound. Unfortunately, however, there are serious obstacles in the way of such a desirability that we do not feel called upon to discuss; but this much we will say, that Ireland and its watering-places are allowed to sink into insignificance by the persistent disregard by Irish men and women of the salubrious and health-giving properties that exist in the seashore towns of their own country, and that too much of their holiday time is spent in other countries, while the money which brings prosperity in its train finds its way into the pockets of lodginghouse-keepers and merchants at the seaside resorts in England and Scotland.

But to return to Nairn. It is, and has been for many years past, the resort, *par excellence*, of the health-seeking tourist, the geologist, and the inquiring antiquarian. It is also a haven to golfers, tennis-players, and bowlers. It is the driest town in Scotland, and possesses picturesque and historic advantages not to be enjoyed in any other town or shire in all broad Scotland. Its people are warm-hearted, generous, and highly-respectable. They are religious, church-going, and sedate on the Sabbath; full of life and vigour, and a love of healthgiving recreations, pastimes, and music on weekdays. Possessing all the solid intellectual and persevering characteristics of the Scottish character, its sons and daughters have become as famous as soldiers, explorers, statesmen, and missionaries, as they have for the love of their native town and all its peculiar and exclusive charms.

The visit of Lord Hartington, to whom the freedom of the ancient burgh was unanimously voted, to Mr R. B. Finlay, the learned and dis-

tinguished member for the Inverness and Nairn burghs, will direct attention to the strikingly handsome mansion of which he is the proprietor. Mr Bain, in his interesting guide to Nairn and its neighbourhood, thus describes it:—"The mansion of Newtown, built in castellated style, with towers, turrets, and antique gargoyles, situated amidst beautiful grounds tastefully laid out, is one of the most charming residences in the county, commanding, as it does, a magnificent view of the back country as well as of the panorama of sea and mountain foreground." Mr Finlay has only lately become the possessor of Newtown, which he purchased from Colonel Fraser, of Kilmuir fame.

We are tempted by the vigorous language of a lady writer in a cross-Channel contemporary to transfer to our columns the remarks for which she is afraid of calling down the wrath of her readers. Dealing with the subject of morning toilets, she says—I have travelled in many countries and lived in many towns, but in nearly every case is seen the same utter neglect on the part of housewives, regarding their morning toilet. How many women are there in good positions who sit down to breakfast in an untidy wrapper which ought to have been relegated to the laundry days before, and whose appearance is even more slovenly than that of the servant of all work? Does it never strike them that little by little they are losing the esteem of their husbands, who, before marriage, never saw them anything but neat and well dressed? The husband is just the same man, yet he leaves home each morning with the remembrance of an untidy wife, whose hair is just "done up," and whose general appearance too plainly shows neglect. "Oh, nothing matters for the first thing!" I hear many of you say.

Now that is the great mistake; the "search light" of morning shows up with cruel distinctness every defect, therefore, it behoves every one to pay extra attention at that hour, when the senses are more acute than at any other time of the day. Let your hair be neat and becomingly arranged, be very particular as to your ablutions, for nothing but plenty of cold water can freshen the skin and brighten the eyes. Wear a well-fitting rather short dress, and let your shoes (even though shabby) be free from unsightly bursts. Above all, always wear a white collar, put on evenly. These are only details, but they all go far to make home happy, which end, in the middle and lower classes of life, can never be attained until wives and daughters pay more attention to their morning toilet.

"Keeping company" is a subject which ought to engage the attention of our readers. Miss Emily Faithfull recently made a small contribution to the marriage controversy, in which she says—"I think from what I saw in America it is a great pity that girls on this side of the Atlantic have not more opportunities of becoming better acquainted with possible lovers and husbands." She means, of course, girls of the middle and upper classes. A contemporary points out that "young persons" of the lower middle classes, and of classes still lower in the social scale are in this respect more fortunately situated than their "betters." It is etiquette for them to "keep company" with young men even before they are "engaged;" they are thus enabled to take their swains on trial, so to

speak, and to give them their *conge*, if they please, without either side being any the worse for the transaction.

Now, as Miss Faithfull remarks, this sort of thing is not possible for "young ladies." They, poor things, must be "engaged" before they are allowed to frequent the society of any young man in particular; and, though engagements are often broken, they must have lasted tolerably long before the girl has had time to gauge the tastes and opinions of her sweetheart. In the course of a short engagement no such opportunity is afforded her, and after marrying in haste she repents at leisure. The same thing holds good, of course, from the young man's point of view; he, too, is liable to plunge into matrimony on the strength of a very brief knowledge of his charmer. But it is easier to describe the drawbacks of our premarital manners than to suggest a remedy. To give girls more liberty in the selection and retention of male acquaintances would be a good thing if it had no dangers, which we know it has.

The advocates of the Saturday half-holiday movement will be glad to learn that Sir John Lubbock will bring forward a bill during the next session of Parliament authorising the local authorities to enforce weekly half-holidays. Now is the time for Mr Vaughan and his friends to bestir themselves, and by public meetings and petitions make their demands felt.

Mrs, Miss, and Mr Sampson Jervois have arrived at 23 Northbrook road from Carrigeau Hall for the winter. Mrs Jervois, who has been lately ailing, is much benefited by her sojourn in the South of Ireland.

The London *Standard* is, we daresay, the most respectable newspaper published in England. Although we believe in its respectability, it does not follow that one should take the statements of its correspondents without the proverbial grain of salt. The other day we were most solemnly assured that amongst the many startling disclosures with which scientific investigation has made us familiar, one of the most extravagant is the discovery according to which the nose is said to be gradually losing its power to discharge its traditional function in the case of the civilised peoples. When the sense of smell vanishes altogether—as, it is affirmed, will infallibly be the case one day—the organ itself is bound to follow its example sooner or later.

An esteemed contemporary in a recent issue called attention to the danger which arises from ladies wearing slippers in the house. In a steam heated house where the temperature is quite even, it may be possible (says our contemporary) to wear slippers during the day without danger to health, but in houses heated by stoves and furnices it is not possible, save for the most robust. In my opinion half the sore throats and colds which trouble American women and make their lives a burden are attributable to their custom of wearing slippers or low shoes for part of the day. Floors are draughty even where carpets have the deepest pile, and the most luxurious rugs under foot will not stop the currents of air that blow across the delicate instep in its thin stocking,

Intellectual activity when properly directed is an encouraging characteristic in any individual, particularly is such the case when it is displayed by young and respectable youths. But when the gift is used in a wrong channel it becomes a woful inheritance. What do our readers think of the hardened young wretch who penned the following lines:—

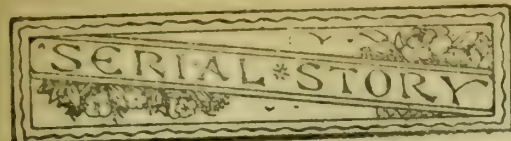
I never reared a young gazelle
(Because, you see, I never tried);
But had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle!

The bathing season has been and gone, and the most sensational incident in connection therewith was the bathing-dresses that made an appearance somewhat late in the season. From one of the most fashionable bathing resorts we are assured that two very fashionable ladies belonging to the highest society set the mode by walking into the sea in black silk sleeveless bodices, short skirts, black silk toque hats, long black silk gloves, and stockings to correspond. This is the latest, and, we think, the most ridiculous freak of fashion.

In looking this week over some of the papers devoted to ladies' fashions we find in the *Queen* that dress this winter will be as much an artistic study as it has been in the past. Amongst the novelties of the season will be leather trimmings in shiny black and natural shades for dresses, the fashionable mantle of the winter will reach to the hem of the dress, which it will completely hide, and bonnets will be made to match the mantles rather than the gowns. The latest costumes were sent out with a most stylish cape, made with either a round or pointed yoke of velvet, moire, or corded silk, according to what is employed for the skirt trimming and from this yoke a fine kilt of smooth cloth forms the capes; new boas are mere deep collars at the back but reach to the waist in tapering points—sometimes the ends cross and fasten at each side, and to the left side a graduated panel is sometimes attached, which reaches to the hem of the skirt, where it is widest—they stand up high in the throat, and some, such as the Raleigh collar, turn up on ends and cover part of the hair.

For coming winter wear, some novelties in the new screw hairpin have been prepared. This screw pattern is found to possess many advantages over the ordinary make of hairpins; it fastens the coiffure securely, and at the same time is a handsome ornament. Pearls, brilliants, silver, and steel, and many other ornaments, are attached to the pin, and they are most effective in wear. At parties and dances they are just the thing for autumn and winter wear.

A pretty novelty in linen collars and cuffs is made sometimes all white and sometimes in two colours, viz., a double collar and cuff, the upper one narrow, encircled with a band of satin stitch embroidery; pink turning over blue is certainly the kind that gives most general satisfaction, but the white has a good effect. With dark, tailor-made gowns, the upper collar looks almost as if it were wired, the curve is so firm and well sustained.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

A PHENOMENON IN GOLDEN CLOSE.

"I was sorry, so awfully sorry," said Eva, "to hear you were unwell. It was only this morning I first heard of it, and that only by the merest accident. I was passing through papa's office when I heard one of the clerks say he wondered when you'd be better. I then went to papa, and insisted on his coming here."

"It was very kind of you," said Tim, hoarsely. "I don't deserve it."

"You must have thought it strange," said Eva, "my not inquiring. I suppose you began to think we had forgotten you?"

"Why should you remember me?" returned Tim, with a short laugh.

Tim's mother gave one of her deferential little coughs to express acknowledgment of the young lady's condescension.

"Did you ever save any boy since?" asked Bernard, who had been studying Tim thoughtfully for some time.

"No," replied Tim, turning round and smiling.

"Do you fancy, Bernard," said Mr Fitzgerald, playfully jerking the little hand he held, "that it is his profession to save lives?"

"Well, no, papa. But he saved my life, didn't he?"

"Indeed he did," replied his father "and I hope you will always remember it. There are more men, I fear, inclined to destroy life than to save it."

"Do you mean murderers, papa?" asked Bernard, opening his wondering eyes.

"Yes," replied Mr Fitzgerald, gravely. "I mean men who commit that most awful of all crimes. Unfortunately, Bernard, there are such, as I know too well."

"Why?" exclaimed Bernard, turning to his father at whom he looked up eagerly. "Have you ever seen a murderer?"

"Yes."

"A real live murderer? A real murderer, papa?" cried Bernard, with intense anxiety.

"Not only seen them, but spoken with them, my boy; an experience, I trust, which will never cast a shadow on your life. A man of the law has sometimes such experiences, and they are none of the pleasantest."

"Did you ever see a murderer, Mr Ryan?" asked the boy, turning to Tim.

Tim Ryan raised his eyes from the floor and looked blankly at the little boy's eager, innocent, face, then, without speaking, shook his head.

"He must be a funny queer man to look at," said Bernard, musingly. "A murderer."

"Do you think the air of this place agrees with you?" asked Eva of Tim, as she buttoned her gloves.

"Wouldn't you like to live a while in the country?"

"What an absurd question, Eva," observed Mr Fitzgerald. "As if he could live where he pleases!"

"I know," replied Eva, looking up wistfully at her father, who frowned aside at her. "Still, if he could get some country air, papa! It would do him such a lot of good!"

"I have lived my life here," said Tim, "in the heart of this city, and I shall die in it."

"Don't speak of dying," said Eva, shivering. "You

are not strong, but you are not going to die. What makes you think of death?"

He glanced into the lovely, wistful eyes, but only answered with a faint smile which set her wondering.

"Come, Eva," said Mr Fitzgerald, looking at his watch. "I have business to transact. Ryan, I think a month's rest would do you good. Your salary, in the meantime, won't be stopped. No, don't mind thanking me. I know you'd be at your work, if you were able. Good-bye!"

He shook hands, and Tim rose simultaneously with Eva who, as she held out her small gloved hand to him, said in her sweetest manner—

"I shall call again soon to see you, and you may expect a parcel to-morrow. Do you like calves' foot jelly?"

"Pray send me nothing," said Tim, repeating "nothing" as he stepped out of her way.

"Good-bye," said Bernard, advancing smartly, "and I'm very much obliged to you."

He meant, of course, to add "because you saved my life," but left it to be understood.

Mr Fitzgerald, as he turned to go, caught sight of a letter at his feet, stooped, and picked it up.

"This is yours I suppose, Ryan," he said, as he presented it.

Ryan took the Invincible decree from the hand of his employer, and thrust it into his breast; and Mrs Ryan, chancing to look at her son that moment, noticed that he again turned the livid, greenish hue which had necessitated a drink of water a short time before.

When leaving, Mr Fitzgerald and Eva turned and nodded farewell to Mrs Ryan, who was so overcome that she almost rubbed bits out of her hands, and smiled so far across her face that it was a wonder how her mouth ever resumed its normal appearance.

Mrs Ryan hurried to the window to watch the gentry, as she called them; Tim having sat down in his chair.

The flunkey at the doorway was not sorry to be relieved of duty, for the junior inhabitants of Golden Close had passed from a phase of open-mouthed astonishment at his magnificent attire into one of casual reflections on his personal appearance, and from that into sarcastic and even scurrilous personalities. Indeed there were indications that they were about to make him a target for the loose cabbage stalks and other refuse lying so profusely around, when, happily, the appearance of Eva with her father and brother once more spread awe around the Close.

"Well, them's the grandest people, Tim," said Mrs Ryan, proudly, with her head out of the window, "that ever appeared in this locality, anyhow."

The visitors were leaving the Close, the flunkey at a respectful distance behind, and the collective childhood of Golden Close behind the flunkey, the windows and doorways of every house being alive with eager and unwashed faces.

"I'll wager the likes iv them were never seen here before, Tim," said Mrs Ryan.

There was no reply from Tim.

"They're goin' now," exclaimed Mrs Ryan, craning her neck to catch the last glimpse. "Well, they're the wealthy people, anyhow. I can just see the rim iv the carriage. My dear! but it's the grand turn-out, Tim."

There was no response from Tim.

"They're gone now, Tim," said Mrs Ryan, as she brought her head in. "An' I'll be bound, they—Oh, my God, what's wrong, me child? Tim, darlint, what's the matter? Spake to me, acushla. Spake only one word to your poor ould mother. Mother o' Heaven, me child, me darlint boy can't be dead!"

Tim was not dead. But he was unconscious, sitting there in his chair, his head fallen forward on his breast, his arms dangling limply by his sides, and on his face a pallor like that of a corpse.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"DUBLIN BAY HERRIN'."

MR Henrikson and Oscar Munro were seated at breakfast—Mr Henrikson perusing the morning paper. Presently, looking over the page, he noticed his young friend playing with his food; vacantly making crumb castles on his plate. Thanks to the nursing of Mr Henrikson, Oscar was again comparatively strong. Yet this morning his face was paler than usual, and he had an air of profound dejection.

Mr Henrikson coughed, and Oscar looked up with a start.

"Curious news this morning, Oscar. Romantic suicide of a lover. Drowned himself in a can of water—no, in a canal. Well, there is nothing romantic

about a canal. There was no such sickly love in my young days. Why don't you eat your breakfast, boy? A man then if he could not get the woman he loved made up his mind to do without her. That is what I call manliness. No muling hankering after prussic acid, no loss of appetite—don't you intend to eat your breakfast this morning, puppy?"

"I—I am not hungry," said Oscar, pushing aside his plate, and turning to gaze gloomily through the window.

"That's right," observed Mr Henrikson, placing the paper on the table. "For a man with hard work there is nothing like an empty stomach. Physical vacuity is the mother of mental fulness. That sounds like one of Solomon's proverbs; but I composed it myself," said Mr Henrikson, modestly, "looking at you."

"A man is not always inclined to eat," said Oscar, rising impatiently, and staring out of the window, "particularly if he is a brain worker."

"Fresh herrin'!" shrieked a fisherwoman passing along the street with a basket on her head, and her hand to her mouth. "Dublin Bay herrin'!"

"Would you like some fresh herrings, my boy?" asked Mr Henrikson, anxiously. "I believe fish is good diet for a brain-worker."

"No, thank you," replied Oscar, digustedly.

"Are you sure? Fancy what a delightful nocturne you could compose after half-a-dozen Dublin Bay herrings! The idea," said Mr Henrikson, buttering his toast, "is entirely original. I am full of original ideas this morning. It must be the toast."

"So it would seem," muttered Oscar, walking up and down.

"A little pedestrian exercise will do you no harm, my boy," said Mr Henrikson, kindly. "How many miles could you walk in half an hour up and down my new carpet?"

"I really don't know," replied Oscar, petulantly, his hands deep in his pockets, his chin sunken. "You don't suppose I am going to make such a ridiculous calculation?"

"Why so vexed at my good humour?" asked Mr Henrikson, reaching forward for the coffee-pot. "It's no harm to be in a good temper, is it?"

"I should fancy," said Oscar, sternly, pausing on the opposite side of the table, "that this morning being the last of Miss Denison's in Dublin, a man might be a little serious."

Oscar, having spoken, flushed a little, and resumed his perambulation.

"Indeed?" returned Mr Henrikson. "I had no idea the loss of one pupil affected you so much."

"She is more than a pupil," exclaimed Oscar, impulsively. "She is a—"

"Fresh herrin'!" screamed the hawker, as she approached nearer the house. "Dublin Bay herrin'!"

Oscar, putting his hands to his ears, stamped his foot with rage, as the shrill cry, with its prolonged final note, interrupted him.

"Egad," said Mr Henrikson, "that woman has a fine full tone. I have a fancy for herrings to-day. Ring the bell, Oscar."

Oscar sulkily approached the bellrope, pulled it, and sat down in a low chair, his legs stretched out, his cheek resting on his hand.

"Fresh herrin'! Dublin Bay herrin'!"

The cry to Mr Henrikson had a music of its own, associated, as it was in his mind, with the earliest recollections of his city boyhood, when he wended his way to school in the bright, fresh mornings along streets made cheerful with life and movement, and all the livelier preparations for the busy daytime.

"Send that herring woman to me," said Mr Henrikson, when the servant appeared.

"Here?" exclaimed Oscar, turning in the velvet chair to stare at the old man, and then round at the rich furniture of the room.

"Why not here?" retorted Mr Henrikson. "I know by her voice that she is a hardworking woman, and therefore as good as the best of us. Good morning, ma'am."

"The top o' the mornin' to you, sir!" replied the fishwoman, as she entered.

She was a strong, broad-chested woman, with a good straight look in her eyes. She carried the basket on her hip, and a round wisp of straw on her head. Her clothes were old, but her hands and face clean. Her dress was tucked up, and her sleeves turned up close to her elbows. The fish odour, however, was disagreeable to Oscar, who turned his head away on pretence of examining a paper-knife on a cabinet beside him.

"Here, my good woman," said Mr Henrikson, spreading the morning paper on the carpet, "put down the basket."

She had been standing with one knee bent supporting the basket, but at once followed Mr Henrikson's in-

junction. He faced round in his chair and looked down at the fish.

"How much are they to-day?" he asked, sharply.

"They're fine fish," observed the woman, going down on her knees beside the basket, and holding up a herring by the tail for his inspection. "Not a better, I'll wager, you've seen for a month."

"But that's not telling me how much they are," responded Mr Henrikson.

"Just look at that one sir," she returned, selecting another. "There's a fish for you. They're fine and large, no denyin' it."

"I don't deny it. I merely ask how much they are?"

"Them fish," said the herring woman, resting her hands on the basket, and looking up confidentially at him, "are the best herrin's I've seen meself for many a day, an' I wouldn't tell a lie to a gentleman like yourself. No, sir. It's not for the likes o' me to desave your honour. An' your honour's a good judge of a decent herrin'."

"Come, no flattery," said Mr Henrikson. "How much are they?"

"Look here, sir," said the woman, placing three herrings on a cabbage leaf, and holding them out on her broad hand towards him. "Not a lie in it, but if you bate them fish in the market at the price I'll niver sell another. I won't desave you."

"Well, what's the price?"

"They're only a shillin' a dozen, sir, an' though it's meself that sayin' it, they're dirt chape at the money—"

"Take them away," said Mr Henrikson, turning to the table.

But she was not to be repulsed with such ease.

"D'you mane to say, sir," she asked, still holding out the cabbage leaf towards him, "that the fish aren't worth the money? Begorra, only it's for hansom I wouldn't sell them at the price. I paid more for them meself. Not a lie in it."

"Take them away!" repeated Mr Henrikson, looking round the table on pretence of search for something to eat.

"Well, then," said the herring woman, after a pause, during which she had stared as if astonished at him, "let's say elevenpence-halfpenny an' have done with it. It's throwin' the fish away I am."

"Too dear, too dear," said Mr Henrikson. "I merely want half-a-dozen for that poor boy over there. He's just recovered from illness, and fancies the fish."

"Ah, poor young gentleman!" said the fishwoman, gazing pathetically across at Oscar, to his secret indignation. "He's lookin' a bit washy, shure enough. Well, sir, turning to Mr Henrikson, "there's nothing'll set him up like a good decent herrin' wud a pinch o' salt on it."

Oscar moaned, and turned uneasily in his chair.

"I'll give you fourpence for half-a-dozen," said Mr Henrikson, rising, as if to end the matter.

"Fourpence!" exclaimed the woman, as if he had struck her with the coffee-pot on the head, "Bedad I'd want somethin' to do, hawkin me fish for fourpence."

The contempt of her voice was reflected in her face as she rose, lifting the basket, and prepared to leave.

"Fourpence," she muttered. "Sorrah one of them fish was bought at the price."

"I'll give you fivepence for half-a-dozen," said Mr Henrikson, "and not a farthing more."

"Here," said the fishwoman, turning back from the door and looking at him with an air of self-sacrifice, "split the difference, and make it the other halfpenny. A gentleman like yourself won't grudge the hansom."

"All right! Put them down on that plate."

She placed the herrings on a plate, and Mr Henrikson gave her sixpence, saying—

"Never mind the change."

She spat on the sixpence "for luck," according to the custom of her trade, and said, with a grin—

"That's hansom, sir. Well, good mornin', sir, an' good luck. An' I hope the young gentleman'll soon be himself agen."

"Now, Oscar," said Mr Henrikson, when she was gone, "that's what political economists call 'the higgling of the market.' Interesting, isn't it? Economic facts are not so dry when you meet them in flesh and blood. I have been adjusting the market price, you see, which mainly depends on supply and demand. But time's up, my boy," he added, looking at his watch. "Make yourself ready!"

Oscar went languidly upstairs to complete his toilet, and in the meantime Mr Henrikson held an earnest conference over the fish with a servant.

A few moments later, as the old man went slowly down the street, leaning on Oscar's arm, they heard above the rough roll of wheels, the noise of passengers, the shriek of railway whistles, and all the collective hum

of the streets, the clear and resonant cry, growing fainter and fainter in the distance—

"Fresh herrin! Dublin Bay herrin!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ADIEU TO ADELAIDE.

OSCAR thought it strange, that Mr Henrikson who had seemed so anxious to get to Miss Denison's house, should delay at different shops pricing articles and purchasing a few trifles. An hour elapsed before they were in Miss Denison's presence.

To Oscar, who was extremely miserable, her delighted animation, due to her busy preparations for departure, was a sad revelation. It was evident that she was joyous at leaving the city to begin her stage career. The thought that he did not enter into her calculations was very bitter.

As Adelaide stood before Mr Henrikson gleefully detailing her plans, she slowly rubbed her sides with outstretched fingers.

Oscar leaned his arm on top of the piano, and gloomily contemplated her.

"She always rubs her sides like that" he mused, "when she is animated with happiness."

In fact, the self-possessed young lady accustomed to society was absent, and Adelaide was a delighted child.

No less happy, to Oscar's gloomy observation, seemed Mr Henrikson. The old man, taller than Adelaide by a foot, leant on his stick, his right hand in the pocket of his loose overcoat; and beamed down with a sympathetic smile on the little artist, whose dancing eyes were upturned in perfect confidence to his.

"So all is settled, my dear," said the maestro, when she paused in recounting her preparations.

"Yes, and I start to-morrow evening by the Kingstown boat. I am so glad that it has come at last."

A groan issuing from Oscar, Mr Henrikson and Adelaide turned their eyes in astonishment towards him. He disguised his misery with a cough.

"Won't you sit down, Mr Munro?" asked Adelaide with much anxiety. "You are not strong yet, I fear, and I was quite forgetting you."

"Do not mind me," said Oscar, sitting down rather suddenly on a heap of music, and looking startled at his abrupt descent. "I—I am all right now, thank you. Something here," he added, catching himself by the throat, and counterfeiting another cough.

"Shall I ring for a glass of water?" asked Adelaide.

"No, thank you. It will pass away. H'm!"

For an explanation of Oscar's peculiar confusion, Miss Denison turned inquiringly to Mr Henrikson, who, as he sat down and laid his stick across his knees, observed—

"There is nothing the matter with Oscar Munro. He was in the highest spirits this morning. You would have been astonished at his appetite at breakfast. And such fun! such jokes! Ah, Oscar, you are a merry lad when you like."

"I hope, Miss Denison," said Oscar, "that you do not suppose that on your last morning I—"

"Good morning, Mr Henrikson," said Mrs Denison, entering. "How do you do, Mr Munro? Of course, Adelaide will not have a lesson to-day. Is not this a dreadful thing, Mr Henrikson," she added, seating herself near him, "to think of this child of mine deserting me like this. A common chorus singer! I assure you I have not slept for the past two nights—"

Thus the old lady, with the white lace strings of her cap flowing on her shoulders, her thin hands clasped, and her face wearing an expression of anxiety, explained her troubles to Mr Henrikson, who listened with grave attention.

Adelaide approached Oscar. He stood up, and, with his arm resting, as before, on the top of the piano, prepared to say his last words to the woman he passionately loved.

He acknowledged to himself the thoughtful kindness which led her to approach him now, and with her eyes cast down and her fingers noiselessly scaling the keys, to give him a few moments of her last busy hours. She wore the old watteau house costume which he knew so well, every plait of which he would gladly have kissed to show his devotion. Her brown hair artistically disarranged on top of her head, fell in two loosely-formed plaits to her waist. He feasted his eyes on the pale, soft, sensitive face, with its untraceable faint nerve-twitchings, indicative of the sympathetic changefulness of her mind, that face which seemed capable of expressing every phase of the entire range of cultivated emotion. And those sweet lips so richly red in contrast with the pale face,

what—but he checked his wayward thoughts. She stood near him, so close that if he stretched his hand he could have touched the furthest wave of her hair, and yet they were as far apart as if she were at that moment on the head of the Statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York Harbour. Now, however, whilst those two old people were conversing in the further portion of the large room; now, whilst she stood here so close to him, he would tell her what was in his heart. But how to begin? He coughed, and felt himself colouring like an amorous schoolboy. She, wondering, no doubt, at his silence, lifted her eyelids, turning the full beauty of her wondrously dark blue eyes upon him. Oscar turned his own eyes away, and looked severely at a fly combing its wings on Beethoven's Sonatas. He must speak. Miss Denison was catching the infection of his embarrassment.

Already she had again cast down her eyes, and, taking her fingers from the board, seemed chilled.

"What a lovely day it is, Miss Denison!" he said, and, "What a confounded idiot I am," he added, bitterly, to himself.

"Yes, Mr Munro," she said. That was all. She clearly expected something more original from him. Had he been alone he would have torn his hair and dashed his head against the wall. All his thoughts and imagination seemed to desert him, and his mind became blank.

"I hope," said he, with the ferocity of desperation, "I hope that you—when you go—when you leave this—this city that you will—you will have a fine passage across to Holyhead!"

"I hope so, too, Mr Munro," said Adelaide, with that low-toned sweetness which shook him like a peal of thunder.

"And when you leave this I hope—I hope you'll not remember to forget—I mean forget to remember—"

His confusion was so apparent that Adelaide compassionately raised her eyes, and said, gently—

"I shall never forget old friends, Mr Munro. And you have been so kind to me that I shall always remember you with gratitude."

"You will remember me?" said Oscar, wondering at the deep bass tone which his voice of its own accord assumed.

He would have spoken in tones rivalling her own in sweetness, but somehow he had lost control of his voice, and when he spoke it seemed to him that someone was rolling a barrel of paving stones round the room.

"You will remember me?" he repeated gruffly.

"I shall not forget you or your beautiful accompaniments."

Was this all? His accompaniments!

"Is it," he asked, with guttural pathos, "is it only as an accompanist I am to be remembered?"

"I shall always think of you as a friend, Mr Munro. You may be assured of that."

"Thank you," he said, looking over her head. "But I would wish that you would think of me as something, not exactly as a friend, but you will think perhaps—"

"Oh, I shall always think of you," said Adelaide, when he paused, "as one of my nearest friends. I am much obliged to you," she added, more gravely, "for your present, but I may say—"

"My present?" exclaimed Oscar, staring at her. "Excuse me interrupting you, but—my present? I don't recollect—"

"Did you not send me a present this morning?" asked Adelaide, opening her blue eyes. "Did you not send those—those herrings?"

"Herrings?" repeated Oscar, his face paling lividly.

"I received a parcel," said Adelaide, folding her hands loosely before her, "shortly before you arrived. Your card was tied to it, with 'Kindest regards' written on it. When I opened it I found six herrings, Mr Munro. But I am really not fond of fish," she added, with childlike simplicity, as she bent her head aside and looked at him.

"Not fond of fish?" he repeated, stupidly.

"No. Still I thought it was kind of you to think of me," said Adelaide, gently. "I would have had one for breakfast only, as I say, I seldom eat fish."

Oscar clenched his left hand on the piano, and with his right caught his brows. Before this trance of horror had passed, Mr Henrikson was speaking with Adelaide and her mother.

"Good-bye, my dear," said the old man, holding out his hand for the last time.

"Oh, Mr Henrikson, it is not too late," exclaimed Mrs Denison. "Persuade this foolish girl to give up her wild notions. What is to become of me? My daughter a common chorus singer! I shall never survive it."

"Comfort your sweet life, mother," said Adelaide, with a laugh, though there were tears in her eyes, as she held her old maestro's hand. She had turned her head

as she spoke to her mother, but now—still holding his hand—looked up at Mr Henrikson. The old man's deep-set eyes seemed to flash out a moment with sudden brilliancy into those of his best loved pupil, and he pressed her hand, saying—

"Art, my child—do not forget how lovely Art may be—good-bye, good-bye! Now, Oscar," he added, turning briskly to the young man, probably to hide his own emotions, "come and say good-bye. Miss Denison has a busy day before her."

Oscar advanced with a set, pale face. "Good-bye, Miss Denison," coldly.

"Good-bye, Mr Munro," sweetly, from Adelaide.

Neither man spoke as they left the house. Oscar walked in silent and dark reflection beside the other, who was for some time occupied with his own emotions. As they passed the house Mr Henrikson looked up. There at the drawingroom window stood his beloved little artist, smiling, yet tearful, kissing hands to him.

They drove home, still silent. When they alighted from the cab, Oscar, standing on the footpath, said—

"I shall say good-bye here, Mr Henrikson."

"Come in, come in," returned the old man, taking his arm, and pressing him towards the steps.

Oscar hung back.

"I am much obliged to you," said he, "for your kindness and your nursing. It is time I returned to my own home."

"All right, lad," said Mr Henrikson. "You can say all that inside. Come in for five minutes."

Resigning himself, Oscar followed. In the study Mr Henrikson seated himself, but Oscar stood sulkily near the door.

"Well, you want to quarrel with me," said Mr Henrikson. "Sit down, Oscar, and let us quarrel comfortably. I don't like a stand-up fight."

"Excuse me," said Oscar; "I am not in the humour for sitting down. I cannot very well quarrel with a man who has been so generous to me when I was ill. But I will say this, sir, you have, in your treatment of me this morning, you have cancelled every debt of gratitude."

Oscar, as he spoke, caught his coat, and lifted hot eyes towards Mr Henrikson.

"You refer, Oscar, to the herrings?"

"I refer," said Oscar, warmly, "to that disgraceful act. I say it was a cowardly, an unmanly act to use my name, and to send such a parcel to Miss Denison at such a time."

His breast rose and fell, and tears of anger stood in his eyes.

"It was not unmanly," replied Mr Henrikson. "On the contrary, it was the manliest thing I ever did. Oscar, it was a work of art. Now, sit down. Sit down, I say!"

The old man spoke with unusual sternness, pointing steadily and peremptorily to a chair. Oscar, after a moment's hesitation, seated himself and began to beat his foot angrily against the carpet.

"Now, sir, listen to me," said Mr Henrikson, bending towards him. "Did you suppose I intended you to distract that child's last moments here with a ridiculous love scene? No, sir. I have too much respect for her, and too much regard for you. Yes, puppy, too much regard for you. Would it have been manly on your part, sirrah, you who prate about manliness, to upset that girl's feelings when she required all her common sense? Manliness! What are you talking about? Here is a young girl launching herself out bravely on the world, and the only thought in your mind is to talk love to her! I will not have it," exclaimed Mr Henrikson, striking the point of his stick fiercely on the floor. "No, sir. And you! Who and what are you to dare, I say, to dare talk love at such a time? What does the world know about you? What opera have you composed? What symphony of yours places your name close to Beethoven? Why, sir, you have not begun to work yet. And you have the unmanliness to present yourself—you, an unknown idler—as a lover to this little girl? Oscar Munro, you do not leave my house yet for a week. Before you leave, you shall, for the first time in your life, do some hard work. And I tell you, when you have written something the world will come to hear, then I shall not stand between you and Miss Denison. But till then—I shall not cease to devise herring plots. Go to your room, sir!"

Oscar rose, pale and deeply impressed, and left the room.

The old man rested back in his chair, rather exhausted after his vehemence, and slowly stroked his white beard. An hour after, when he was passing upstairs towards a top room, he paused near Oscar's room, and heard him utter, in a melancholy voice—

"Oh, Adelaide! Adelaide!"

Mr Henrikson knocked, opened the door, and thrust in his head.

He saw Oscar seated on the side of a bed, looking in a trance of dejection at a photograph.

"Are you ill, Oscar?" asked Mr Henrikson from the door.

Oscar started, and hurriedly thrust the photograph into his pocket.

"Ill?" he repeated, staring.

"Yes. I thought I heard you moan," said Mr Henrikson, gently.

"Oh, no—yes," returned Oscar, putting his hand to his cheek. "Only a slight toothache, that's all."

"Try some peppermint," suggested Mr Henrikson.

"No, thank you. I shall be better presently."

"Would you like to bathe your feet in hot water and take a warm drink?" asked Mr Henrikson.

"No!" cried Oscar, furiously.

"Oh!" said Mr Henrikson, suddenly shutting the door.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WIFE SPEAKS.

MR Fitzgerald issued from the Castle. One of the Ballycashel Moonlighters had turned Queen's evidence, thus clearing the path to the scaffold, for his companions. A professional smile faintly irradiated the solicitor's long, thoughtful face, as he went down the street. He had not yet dined, and he made his way to the Hurlingham Restaurant, his favourite resort for an occasional dinner.

The Restaurant at this hour was rather crowded. Its customers consisted of barristers, stockbrokers, business men, and military officers, with a small sprinkling of clerks who liked to be elbowed by wealthy men. At the bar was a long row of men in various attitudes of ease; and the noise of their conversation added a continuous bass to the shrill clatter of plates, the rapid report of cork-drawing, the hurrying of waiters and of customers in and out. The bar was lit with the electric light. Fairy lamps of different colours nestled amongst palms and exotics, and were vividly reflected in the mirrors framed about the walls. On the marble slab of the counter were picturesque groups of wine glasses, red, green, and white, plates of fowl, sandwiches and biscuits.

Through the loud buzz of movement and conversation, stole the strains of a string band playing in a distant alcove.

Amongst the crowd Mr Fitzgerald, unrecognized and unnoticed, made his way to a corner where there was a small round table unoccupied. Here, having seated himself quietly behind a screen, he struck the little gong before him, and, folding his hands on the table, patiently awaited attendance.

Behind him at a square table sat four men who were talking loudly with many a laugh over their food and drink. Mr Fitzgerald for some time listened to the band when he could hear it, and to the perpetual cries of—"Roast beef, one!" "Chicken and ham, two!" "Rice-pudding, one!" and similar orders, delivered with rapidity by the waiters through a small grating which apparently communicated with invisible cooks. By-and-bye when he had struck his gong for the fourth time, a waiter with a napkin over his arm appeared beside him and took his order.

Mr Fitzgerald preferred diet of the simplest kind, and on this occasion was contented with a chop. When it was eaten he sat back in his chair, picking his teeth and musing, a glass of claret before him.

From time to time he varied the occupation of sipping his wine and picking his teeth by drawing his hand slowly down his face and grasping his chin for several moments. He was in this attitude, with his elbow resting on the table, when his thoughts were interrupted by some words, followed with a burst of laughter, from the men behind him.

"Come now, Osborne," said one. "No modesty. Go on."

"Hang it all," responded the familiar voice of Raymond Osborne. "You don't want a fella to get a woman into trouble. Fitzgerald has me spotted already."

"Tell us all about it," exclaimed another.

Raymond Osborne was in the middle of his anecdote, when Mr Fitzgerald suddenly appeared, and dashed a glass of wine into the young baronet's face.

"Liar!" cried Mr Fitzgerald. "Cowardly!"

Raymond had jumped up the moment he received the contents of the glass, and dashed forward to seize his assailant, upsetting the chairs and knocking several glasses off his own table. The friend sitting next him

held him back. The others seized Mr Fitzgerald, who had lost his self-control, and was clawing the air and uttering incoherent words.

"Let me go, Standish," shouted Raymond, struggling with his friend. "Dash it, man, do you think I'll stand it?"

"Shut up, you fool," said his friend, shaking him.

"Don't you see it's old Fitz himself?"

"Old Fitz?" said Raymond. "Let me escape!"

At the first indication of a row, most of the loungers at the bar became alert, and crowded about Mr Fitzgerald, a fringe of excited waiters forming the edge of the crowd, and customers and servants hurrying from all parts of the house.

Mr Fitzgerald, held back by half-a-dozen men, struggled fiercely for a few moments. His collar was torn away, his vest dragged aside from his breast. His face was ghastly, his eyes rolling in ecstacy of rage.

Raymond Osborne and his friends escaped through a side door, and then Mr Fitzgerald at once recovered himself.

"Let me go, gentlemen," he said quietly, to those who were holding him.

The excitement of the crowd, who were, in general, delighted at the scene, gave place to astonishment at the extraordinary suddenness with which Mr Fitzgerald passed from delirious rhapsody into a mood of perfect self-possession. Those who were holding him let him go, the crowd parted on either side, and he alone walked to a table, drank a glass of water, took his hat and stick from behind the screen and left the restaurant, erect, with tightly-compressed lips and stern face.

To be continued.

MOON LORE.

Softly, darkly the deep shadows fall
O'er the silver sheen of even,
And the world looks up through her sable pall
To the jewelled doors of Heaven,

Where radiant Luna, bride of night,
Sits throned in space above,
Earthward showering beams of light
Like a guardian spirit's love!

Till the giant shadows mustering
Grim as warriors to the wars,
Jealous over those sweet smiles clustering
Dim moon and fair attendant stars.

Anon they flit, they pass before her,
And leave no lingering trace
Save a freshened beauty o'er her
And a new and wondrous grace!

And ever those clouds are wrestling
And ever she shines more bright,
A cherub-like beauty nestling
In the dusky arms of Night!

So centuries past in her dawning
When God said, "Let there be light,"
And darkness beneath her yawning
Was named henceforward "Night."

As she rose in her virgin beauty,
Fair queen of the silent hours,
Ere man had forsaken his duty
In that realm of weedless flowers

Did she bend o'er that garden world
Prophetic of mortal tears,
Ere time's dim shadows unfurled
The sin-laden plight of years.

To us a lesson teaching
When grief seems too deep to bear;
The depths of our anguish reaching
Her watchword "Never despair."

"Weep not" say her bright beams, "how dim
And transient seems your woe,
To the suffering grief and sin
We have lighted years ago!

To the suffering pain and sorrow
This self-same moon may light,
When the sun has set to-morrow
And her vigil crowns the night!"

Despond not mortal, but arise
From the shadows and the pain,
Like the moon in the cloudy skies
Brighter and clearer from stain!

Brightest, and bravest, and clearest
And ever nighest to God,
Doth He hold those children dearest
Who kiss His Chastening Rod!

HARAS.

SYMPATHETIC DRAPERS AND GRATEFUL DEBTORS.

"What is the order of the day?" asked Mrs St. Just.

"Shopping," answered the Lady Erina Fitz-Erin. "I want some things for your pic-nic, and I want you to help me to choose them."

The matron stiffened her generally yielding expression into one of abnormal resistance as she pointed her fair fat forefinger to a clock on the stroke of two.

"This is Saturday, Erina, and even to oblige you I cannot do violence to the principles of our league."

"League!" echoed Lady Erina. "What league?"

"Guess," said Mrs St. Just, relaxing her uncomfortable fixity of countenance in a natural smile.

The girl shook her head. "I am not good at guessing. You haven't a spark of party spirit, so it can't be the Land League or the Primrose League, and as I don't see a scrap of blue ribbon about you I suppose it is not a total abstinence league."

"Blue doesn't suit my elderly complexion," laughed the well-preserved matron, "and my league only imposes a partial abstinence. I have not given it a name yet, but think of calling it the 'League of the Grateful debtors.'"

Lady Erina's dreamy eyes faintly brightened with languid wonder. She dimly remembered some schoolroom legend about a grateful negro or a grateful lion, but she had never heard of a grateful debtor. Her late lamented father had often been in debt, but he had never been grateful.

"Erina, dear," said Mrs St. Just, "your memory of school life is still fresh enough to appreciate the joy of a Saturday afternoon holiday?"

"Oh, Mrs St. Just," cried the girl, no longer languid, "I could never have lived such a hateful life without that lovely holiday."

"And yet," said the matron, gravely, "there are girls who have to live what would seem to you an infinitely more hateful life without that lovely holiday. My child, don't you want the Dublin shopgirls to have what was so much to you as a schoolgirl?"

"Of course I want everyone to have everything pleasant," said Erina, "but I don't see what you or I have to do with shopgirls or shopmen in that way. Why don't the shopkeepers shut their shops on Saturday afternoons?"

"Most of them are willing to do so," said Mrs St. Just. "Some of them—to their infinite credit be it recorded—are heart and soul in the Early Closing movement; but there are different questions into which ignorant outsiders like us may not presume to enter. I am too short-sighted to see anything clearly but the duty of the public—the public composed of women like me and girls like you. Let every woman and girl in Irish society make a vow of abstinence from Saturday afternoon shopping and keep it as every honest vow is kept."

"It might be horribly inconvenient sometimes," murmured the Lady Erina.

"So it might," assented Mrs St. Just. "There are horrible inconveniences in every unselfish action of life. It is not, however, as a question of charity, but of duty, that I regard this abstinence from Saturday shopping. We owe a positive debt of gratitude to the people who provide

us with suitable clothes, and we are very mean if we don't try to pay that debt in some way."

"Which all leads up to the League of the Grateful Debtors," said Lady Erina. "But I don't see the subject in your light. We don't get our clothes for nothing. The honest ones among us pay for them."

"Yes, we pay for the materials," agreed Mrs St. Just; "but we don't pay for the courtesy, patience, and often really friendly interest that guides our choice of them. We hear a great deal in these days about sympathetic musicians and sympathetic painters, but never a word about sympathetic drapers."

Lady Erina Fitz-Erin laughed a low, languid laugh. "Dearest Mrs St. Just, I am too insignificant an atom of Irish society to take up the cause of your sympathetic drapers. I am neither a professional beauty nor a peeress."

"I hope you will never be a professional beauty," said Mrs St. Just; "but you will be a peeress when you marry Lord Gobragh."

The girl slightly uplifted her fair proud head.

"I will never marry Lord Gobragh," she said, with cold decision.

"My dear Erina," exclaimed the startled matron, "you were engaged to your cousin Gobragh in your cradle, and I always thought you were rather fond of him."

"Yes," said Erina, making a great effort to speak indifferently, "I was engaged to my cousin, Gobragh, in my cradle—that was neither his doing nor mine—and I have always been, as you say, rather fond of him. I can't help that."

Then, meeting the only eyes that ever looked upon her with motherly kindness, the motherless girl broke the bonds of her proud reserve, and poured out the trouble of her heart.

"Oh, Mrs St. Just, why should I be fond of Gobragh when he is not in least fond of me?"

"Surely," cried the indignant matron, "he is not going to back out of the engagement that has been announced in all the society papers!"

"Oh, no," said Erina, hastily, "Gobragh is a man of honour. He is always good and kind, but there is neither love nor interest in his eyes. I am not surprised. No other man has ever admired me particularly. I am young, I am well-born, and not ill-looking; but I am a failure, and men like Gobragh don't care to marry failures. So I have made up my mind to release him, and I will give him his freedom at your pic-nic."

Then the pleasant matron made a really heroic struggle to say an unpleasant thing.

"Erina, my child, I hate to agree with you, but I cannot deny that you are at present a failure. You are better-looking than many a girl who sets up for a beauty, but no one ever calls you pretty. You have all the natural grace and refinement of your order, but no one ever calls you charming. In fact you are not effective for the simple reason that you don't dress effectively. Your gowns are the wrong colour, your jackets are the wrong cut, and your hats are the wrong shape. I am afraid that old schoolmistress of yours did her best to crush out your individual taste."

"Yes," said Erina, resentfully. "Miss Primley never gave me a voice or a choice in the matter of clothes. She always chose the most hideous things in the shops she said they were so uncommon."

"And I suppose those uncommonly hideous things were not cheap?" said Mrs St. Just.

"No indeed," said Erina, "my father thought them very dear."

And she shuddered at the memory of certain adjectives employed by the noble Earl to express his opinion of Miss Primley's bills.

Then she drew an ugly glove over a pretty hand, and took her leave, saying—

"Well, I am not yet a member of your league, and I must have some things for your pic-nic, so I am going out in quest of your sympathetic drapers."

On the morning of the pic-nic Mrs St. Just was surprised and delighted at the sight of Lady Erina Fitz-Erin's Saturday shopping.

"My dearest girl!" she exclaimed. "What a sweet gown, what a perfect jacket," what a charming hat, and how wonderfully well you look!"

"I never thought so well of myself before," said the girl, unaffectedly. "Oh, Mrs St. Just, I gave such a lot of trouble on Saturday, and all the shop people were so kind and nice that I felt ashamed of myself. Such infinite pains they all took to give me really suitable things. I know exactly what you mean now by the sympathy that is not paid for. When I was on the point of choosing the wrong things, a hint about colour or a suggestion about cut saved me from making the usual fright of myself."

The greatest success of a most successful picnic was the Lady Erina Fitz-Erin.

Becomingly dressed, she was a decidedly pretty girl and the pleasant consciousness of her own effective appearance gave her a glow of colour and a flow of conversation that made her an altogether different being from the limp, listless maiden who had hitherto excited no man's admiration and no woman's anxiety.

Now men eyed her admiringly, women eyed her anxiously, and the interest of both men and women was intensified by the evident approval of a certain Captain Slaughter, who was an authority on the question of female beauty.

Lord Gobragh appeared late on the festive scene and made a very leisurely progress towards the Lady Erina Fitz-Erin.

Mrs St. Just watched with satisfaction the gradual change in his countenance as he slowly grasped the idea that the girl he intended to marry was after all not a failure.

At a convenient moment the matron came to the young man's side.

"Captain Slaughter approves of Erina," she said.

"Confound his impudence," said Lord Gobragh.

"Captain Slaughter's approval is invaluable to a girl in her first season," said Mrs St. Just, smilingly.

"I'll smash his head," said Lord Gobragh, savagely.

Late that night Mrs St. Just sat in confidential converse with Lady Erina Fitz-Erin.

"So you are going to marry Lord Gobragh after all," said the matron, stroking the fair head resting on her motherly lap.

"Yes," said the girl with a happy laugh. "I offered him his freedom but he would not take it. I am the happiest girl in Dublin, for I don't mind telling you now that I could not live without Gobragh."

"Then," said the matron triumphantly, "you owe your life to the sympathetic drapers."

"Yes," cried the girl excitedly. "And I am sure every woman in Irish society is more or less

in their debt. Surely, the least we can all do is to give sympathy for sympathy."

Mrs St. Just clapped her fair fat hands delightedly.

"My dear Erina, preach that doctrine in the high places of Irish society, and never rest till the shop doors are closed at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon by the League of the Grateful Debtors."

L. A. C. A.

OPEN LETTER TO THE GODS.

GENTLEMEN,—It is perhaps presumptuous on the part of a mere mortal denizen of the pit to appear before you in an attitude of critical admiration. Your position and characters are above the opinions of both Press and people.

You are so exalted that you can with immunity wield the despotic sceptre irrespective of the ideas and feelings of the lower inhabitants of the histrionic sphere.

Considerations of propriety are contemptible in your eyes, and you refuse to be bound with the shackles of commonplace civilisation. It is your prerogative to introduce into the atmosphere of educated playgoers the native howling of the Australian aborigine and to prove in your august personalities the theory of "occasional reversion to the primitive type" so ably demonstrated by the late Mr Darwin.

It is generous to remind us with your customary delicacy that civilisation has not yet embraced every individual, and that though many press forward, there are others who are pleased to lag behind. The inane shrieking in which you habitually indulge during the operatic season is due probably to a nice feeling for artistic effect, whereby you form the top gallery into a foil to the intellectual business of the stage.

With a lively exhibition of discord, you throw the harmony or the music into bold relief.

It is, no doubt, a pleasant relaxation for the rest of the house to turn from the exercise of cultivated faculties, to listen to those demonstrations which declare how recent is your emancipation from the charming freshness of your native provincial bogs. It is comforting to the romantic to reflect that all the culture of the present age cannot altogether rid you of the poetic glamour which you have brought up with you from the land of the heather and the turf; and that the scent of the stables hangs round you still. We can understand how natural it is that you should publicly exult in your emancipation from the narrow life of the village, and it is impossible not to feel a certain sympathy with that local sentiment which moves you to depict, for the benefit of dwellers in the city, the cries and associations of the farmyard so familiar to your childhood's happy hours. It is only the truly great who can thus, in the zenith of their exaltation, publicly announce the lowlier sphere from whence they sprung, and we congratulate you on the lofty temerity with which you declare how close is the kinship between you and the farmyard.

It is with equal indifference to the theory of progress adopted by the majority that you cling to the traditional exclamations which gave the top gallery of Dublin, in the dim years of the past, some notoriety for the possession of original wit. You are apparently removed from the necessity of originating fresh witticisms to meet the needs of the time, and show a bold mastery of intellectual tact by using the jokes which have

done duty throughout an entire century. To call on some person, night after night, to "take off that white hat!" is sufficient evidence of the tender care with which you cherish the faded traditions of the past. It is impossible not to marvel at the strength of the archaeological enthusiasm which invigorates this exquisite "white hat" criticism with unfading freshness. It is generous, it is noble on your part to make no demand upon your own sense of original humour—which, of course, you possess—but to resuscitate these venerable jests of your forefathers. It is one of those touching reminiscences which remind us that we have not yet broken with the past.

Whatever intellectual capacity you possess you are kind enough to keep in the background, lest the brilliancy of your mental brightness might throw the business of the stage into the shade. So delicate is your consideration for the artists in this respect that you are content to restrict your superabundant gifts to the mere rapping of sticks and simulated cries of barnyard fowl. If you drew, gentlemen, upon your transcendent stores of wit and humour, the attention of the audience would be entirely removed from the footlights and fastened on the top gallery. Rather than inaugurate a result so disastrous to the pecuniary concerns of the lessee and the artists, you are careful not to exhibit the faintest approach to either wit or humour, and pretend to be so devoid of intellectuality that those who do not know you might imagine that you were merely a collection of obtrusive bogtrotters who had wandered by mistake into the society of civilised beings.

I am, gentlemen, with profound respect,

D.

MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENTS.

If history be true, and judging also by the traditions, both public and private, that have been handed down to us through successive generations, in past times there was a much higher and healthier comprehension of the signification of marriage engagements than exists in this present generation. There is something painful in the tone of levity and the seeming unconsciousness of the "bindingness" comprised in the title of the state which was originally looked upon as holy—being considered a preliminary marriage—but which is now very generally received with the "obligation" left out of it entirely, it evidently being widely received that there is much more honour involved in the signature of a card at a dance than in a promise that (judging by the English used) should affect the entire lives of two persons both in this world and for eternity. One is tired of that stupid joke about the advisability of marriages on the "three years system;" but there is little doubt that many engagements are formed pretty much according to that scheme and lightly contracted to be as lightly broken through, with or without provocation, sooner or later. Of course, I do not pretend to deny there are occasions when on a more intimate knowledge of each other people may find that a marriage would be anything but conducive to their happiness—that their tempers are incompatible, their tastes widely dissimilar, and their desires at variance—and in such cases a separation would be the only honourable and honest course left open to them, as people have

no earthly right to make themselves and others miserable for life with their eyes wide open. But such excuses as these only hold good in about one case out of ten—I had nearly put it twenty. What I have in my mind, and what I am constrained to speak about is the carelessness and frivolity with which young people enter into what should be a sacred contract, and lay themselves out to flirt with everyone else but the one they are promised to. Of course it does not do for a girl to have no proposals, and as it is mean to sponge on an unsuccessful suitor, if the only sure way of convincing the other girls that "if she is an old maid it is not her fault," is to allow an engagement to exist for a time, perhaps she is not to blame! But it does appear to me rather odd that the way to distinguish an engaged man is to mark the tender manner in which he conducts himself towards the girls around him—the evident anxiety he evinces to penetrate the depths of their eyes, and the fondness he displays in encircling their chairs with his arm, &c.

We may pass over the question as to whether engagements contracted by the parents on behalf of their offspring is or is not advisable, for in a free country such a consideration is no longer possible.

I must now consider for a brief space the much-vexed question as to the benefit of short or long engagements. The enthusiastic love is an emotion that at the best can last but for a time goes without saying, and if, therefore, marriage is entered upon at full speed after the engagement is contracted, it may possibly outlive the first month; but I must say that I consider this would be a dearly-bought luxury, and that it would be laying a much surer foundation for the fulfilment of the hope that the marriage would not prove a failure to follow the advice given us by Addison, and precede the marriage by "a long courtship, so that the passion may strike root and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations," he continues, "fixes the idea in our mind and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved. The pleasantest part of a man's life is that which passes in courtship, as love, desire, hope, all the pleasing emotions of the soul, rise in the pursuit. Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. There is nothing of so much importance to us as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life"—and time and intimacy alone can prove them. "Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life, virtue and good sense an agreeable friend, love and constancy a good wife or husband. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive or discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial."

I will just say a few words in conclusion on the financial point. Should or should not marriage be entered upon where there is no assured income? Of course, this question does not affect the lower class, for if they decided in favour of the latter opinion they could never get married at all, as the poor souls as a general rule just live from hand to mouth. But the classes it does affect are the middle and upper middle, and should be much more earnestly taken into consideration by them than it has been heretofore. After long and deep reflection I can only find it flagrantly thoughtless and selfish to enter

upon marriage without having a penny-piece assured beyond what is daily earned by the husband, for as sure as fate there will be rainy seasons when there will be sickness and heavy extra expenses, and many little mouths gathering round, widening yearly, so to speak, and clamouring for sustenance.

I am positive that there should be a private income of—to name this very lowest figure—£100 a year, for this, at all events, as a friend of mine once said, “will buy the children bread, and they can do without boots!” L.

ON THE RIALTO.

THE BANK RATE.—The truth of an old saying that “the least expected often happens” was once more verified on Thursday last, when the directors of the Bank of Ireland raised the official rate of discount from 4 to 5 per cent.; and consequent on that action the truth of another old saw, that “whatever happens is always for the best,” is also likely to be borne out, for unless some unforeseen changes take place during the next few days in the position of the Bank the step taken on the 4th inst. would be inevitable on Thursday next, when the fortnightly account will be in course of liquidation; and then, it is needless to say, the inconvenience to operators would be many times greater than it will be now, as they will have had a clear week in which to shipshape their engagements. The optimistic view taken by operators on Tuesday and Wednesday respecting the state of the Money Market was short-sighted and incomplete, for while they paid passing attention to the actions of the gold shipments, they shut their eyes to the fact that the Bank reserve might be subject to other requirements, which, as it turned out, it was, for money had been steadily flowing all the week for domestic requirements with the result that there was a decrease in notes of over a million and three-quarters, while the loss in gold and silver only amounted to about £80,000. The Bank reserve has fallen to £10,300,000, and the proportion of cash assets to liabilities to less than 34%, as against 41½% the previous week. Startling as this decrease may appear at first, it is not so bad as it might have been, for the money withdrawn is still in the country; it has gone to the provinces and not abroad, and is therefore all the more likely in the near future to find its way back again to the coffers of the old lady in Threadneedle street.

IRISH RAILWAYS.—Irish railways, which, taking their cue from the advance in kindred classes of British Stocks, had been steadily rising for weeks past have struck all of a heap by the announcement of the increase in the Bank rate to 5%, but the subsequent fall in prices has not been material, except in the case of Great Southern and Western, which has declined a point and a half to 107½; but here the advance movement was aggravated by the week's traffic return, showing a comparative decrease of £2,007, coming, however, against £16,761, the largest “take” of any one in 1887. During the recent “boom,” which commenced about the middle of the last week in August, Belfast and Northern Counties Stock rose from 100 to 106, Great Northern from 116 to 122, Great Southern and Western from 104½ to 111; Midland Great Western from 92½ to 95, Belfast and Co. Down from 56 to 57, and Waterford and Limerick from 14½ to 15½, while Dublin

and Wicklow, which began three points up at 52 in anticipation of a great outcome from the Leopardstown race meeting, has since steadily “climbed down” to 48.

BREWERIES.—The three descriptions dealt in here are Guinness, Bristol, and Allsopp. Guinness has an all round following and partakes largely both of the investment and speculative element. The Bristol contingent is small, and may be regarded as the pet of a few powerful operators; Allsopp attracts very little attention, dealings in it being for the most part confined to arbitrage transactions between the Dublin and London Stock Exchanges. The upward movement in breweries was arrested by the smart rise in both hops and barley; and Guinness shows signs of further shrinkage consequent on the advance in the Bank rate. Guinness is heavily pawned in several Irish Banks; but as the margin of cover is large the market value of the Stock may not suffer much unless the duration of dear money is inordinately prolonged. We are not likely to see cheaper money between this and Christmas, and as the next Guinness dividend will only be an interim one, without any statement of accounts, there is nothing so far as I can see to support the market. Moreover London is against Guinness, and should adverse operators there be able to drive the price down below 30, the fall, slight as it would be, might bring about a “scare” among weak operators for the rise, and then a smart though temporary decline would be certain to ensue. The chances are more in favour or a fall than a rise in Guinness. Bristol is bound to sympathise with Guinness in any upward movement; but being proportionally less collaterally held, a fall in Guinness would not necessarily be conducive to a decline in Bristol.

BOLANDS & MOONEYS.—Stock Exchange movements are often as eccentric as those of a love-sick maiden, and never was their eccentricity more fully exemplified than in the recent market course of the above two specialities, while almost all classes of security have been slipping away. Bolands and Mooneys had been making headway against the current, until the former had climbed up to a premium of 40% the £5 Shares selling within a fraction of £7, and the latter to 20% premium, the £5 Shares closing one day last week at £5 18s 9d to £6 apiece. That these inflated premiums are unwarranted by the statements set forth in the prospectuses of these recently floated enterprises goes without saying, their anomalous position is obvious to the merest tyro in finance. The rise is either artificial or due to an improvement which the public are ignorant of in the separate businesses concerned. According to the prospectus dated 1st June last, Bolands average annual profit for the previous three years was £24,830. The annual interest on £7,500 Debenture Shares at 5% absorbs £3,750, and the dividend on £75,000 Preference Shares at 6% to £4,500, total £8,250, leaving £16,580, or, as the prospectus states, 12¼% on the ordinary capital, £130,000, of the Company. These essential considerations are, however, omitted in the prospectus—viz, depreciation, reserve, and extra expenses. For the first depreciation, £5,000 a year would, I am informed by experts, be a moderate sum to set aside for a concern with such quickly perishable plant; £20,000 a year by way of reserve for a company with £280,000 capital would be a small lock up, but still it would be something; and £1,500 for extra expenses—directors, manager, secretary, &c., is a low estimate. These three items tot up to

£8,500, which, deducted from £16,580, leaves a round £8,000, or just 6% dividend with a small carry over, for the ordinary capital of £130,000, or to investors to pay £7 apiece for the £5 Shares a return of only £4 5s 8d per cent. on their outlay.

G.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

The principal subjects of conversation in Belfast just now are the approaching visit of the Lord Lieutenant to open the Free Library, the visit of the Marquis of Hartington, the alleged insurance fraud trials, which open in Wicklow early this month, the Whitechapel murders, and the usual grumble at the weather, which is bitterly cold just now.

Dublin to the front again. Last week I mentioned the fact that it was left to a Dublin man to popularise music in our midst, and now it is discovered that Belfast cannot boast of a man possessing artistic taste enough to hang the collection of pictures lent for the opening of the Free Library. So Mr Navin, of Dublin, has kindly undertaken the task.

Perhaps it is best so, and if left untrammelled I have no doubt he will give as much satisfaction as it is possible to give under the circumstances.

I had a look through the Library and Picture Gallery the other day, and was not a little surprised at the limited dimensions of the rooms in the building. I trust for the honour of Belfast that the committee have under-estimated the reading powers of its people.

There is a first-rate collection of pictures, some of them by good masters, including Gainsborough, Constable, Prout, Lawrence, and others equally celebrated, and a good many portraits of men well known in the early history of the town. There is to be a Belfast room, which, in addition to early historical paintings of the town and its surroundings, portraits of celebrities, &c., will contain a number of objects of antiquity and interest.

When the municipal franchise was lowered a friend of mine expressed the opinion that the then existing council robes, cocked hats, &c., would be relegated to the storehouse of municipal antiquities, and would form an interesting collection at the opening of the Library; but he was mistaken, and the robes and cocked hats worn in most cases by the self-same councillors will appear at the forthcoming opening ceremony.

Belfast is to have a new branch dock, to be called the Blue Dock, and to cost between £60,000 and £80,000.

The concluding *fete* of the season took place at the Botanic Gardens on Tuesday evening, the 2nd inst. Notwithstanding the threatening and cold state of the weather, there was a fair gathering of spectators.

Messrs Pain, of London, provided a splendid display of fireworks, and the *debut* of the band of the Black Watch was an additional attraction.

Belfast was at one time sneered at as a “Scotch colony.” Whatever reason there was

for the term then, there might be some justification for its use now, seeing we are guarded by no less than three regiments hailing from Scotland—viz., the Scots Greys in the cavalry barracks, the Gordon Highlanders and Black Watch in the infantry.

Your sketch of Minnie Palmer at home was read with great interest here.

The Belfast public did not respond in a very creditable manner to the appeal for funds made by the Belfast Philharmonic Society at the concert on Friday evening. Notwithstanding the very attractive programme presented, and the good object to be served, the hall was not half-filled.

The Committee would have acted more wisely had they placed on the programme two or three simple choruses, and invited the members of the chorus to occupy their usual seats, and thus filled up a great space on either side of the organ, as when the orchestra is vacant, and the hall half empty, no music, vocal or instrumental, can be heard to any advantage.

Lady Arthur Hill took part in a duet for two pianofortes with the Rev. F. G. M'Clintock. Her ladship's appearance on the platform, accompanied by Lord Arthur, was greeted by loud applause. R. E. Ward, Esq., D.L., President of the Society, contributed a violoncello solo, and Mrs Fagan and Fraulein Wedekind performed a duo for harp and piano. The vocal part of the programme contained the names of many of our leading amateurs, and nothing was wanting on their part to render the concert a success.

The half-yearly meeting of the Association of Irish Journalists was held in the Royal Avenue Hotel, Belfast, on Saturday last. The members of the Association from Dublin and the provinces received a hearty welcome from the Belfast members. Mr A. W. Stewart, Hon. Sec. for Ulster, had prepared and circulated a very neatly-arranged programme which included in addition to the council and business meetings a visit to the Queen's College, and to the New Free Library and Art Gallery, and a dinner in the Royal Avenue Hotel at 5.30. Arrangements had also been made to photograph the members at 2.45.

The journalists, who were accompanied by Mr Villiers, war correspondent of the *Graphic*, were courteously shown over the Free Library by the Mayor, Sir James H. Haslett.

At the business meeting the chair was occupied by Mr John McBride, *Northern Whig* (Vice-President for Ulster). The report, the adoption of which was moved by Mr J. G. Hill, Dublin, showed the association to be in a prosperous condition, its roll of membership having now reached 130.

Mr Hill moved, and Mr MacKnight seconded, that the council be instructed to co-operate with the National Association of Journalists in their efforts to establish a chartered institute of journalists. Mr MacKnight being called to the second chair, a vote of thanks was passed to Mr McBride for presiding.

At 5.30 a dinner was given by the Belfast journalists to their brethren in the Royal Avenue Hotel. Mr Thomas MacKnight, editor of *Northern Whig*, presided. The guests included the Mayor (Sir James H. Haslett) and Mr Frederic Villiers, war correspondent of the *Graphic*.

Cliftonville Football Team, the Challenge and Charity Cup holders were again defeated on their own ground on Saturday last, this time in a friendly match by the Linfield Athletics, who are drawn against Cliftonville in both Challenge and County Cup ties. Linfield had on their full team, including S. Johnston, their new centre forward. They played a good game throughout, and won by five goals to two. If Cliftonville mean to hold their position it is time they were getting into form. Their two swift wings, Gibb and Turner were, both absent through illness, and Elleman, one of their best forwards, has left town. M'Ferran, a Dublin University man, played a fairly good game on the outside right, but Lawder, another new man, was not in form. Molyneux's place at half was supplied by Carson, a second eleven man.

Ulster, looked upon as our second team, was defeated by Distillery, 13 goals to nil. This looks bad for Ulster. It is but justice to say their team included but few of the first eleven. Y.M.C.A. beat Belfast Athletics by four to two. The match between Oldpark and Glentoran resulted in a draw—one goal each. Westbourne beat Oregon Athletics by six goals to nil.

It is stated that Surgeon-Major Lynn, of Armagh, has promised £1,000 to the Methodist College, Belfast, for the purpose of founding a Home Scholarship.

Lord and Lady Arthur Hill seem to spend very little time in idleness. I see they, with the Marchioness of Downshire, were present at an entertainment in connection with the Dromore Intermediate School on Thursday last. Lady Arthur Hill delighted the audience by singing a number of her own songs.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

In all periods of history, badges of different kinds have figured as political insignia, but it was reserved for the energetic wife of the President of the United States to incorporate an article of faith in buttons!

Mrs Cleveland is clearly a believer in the potency of dress in all its ramifications, for we have seen her lead a crusade against the *tournure*, and address a remonstrance to the ladies of Japan upon their adoption of Western costume.

Apparently nothing is too trivial in a good cause; and so, on the eve of the contest which is to decide the Government of the great American Republic for five years, we find the supporters of the President's party (initiated, I am told, by the Presidentess) bedecking themselves with a "Cleveland" button, in opposition to a "Protection" button issued by the Protective Tariff Slayne.

Now it will scarcely be affirmed that buttons

have hitherto occupied any special position of high significance, except perhaps the buttons that in decorating a mandarin's hat proclaim thereby his dignity—or the mysterious being that in the mystifications of our childhood we remember as "the great Pangandrum himself, with the little round button at the top" whatever that may have meant. Even some of us will not deny acquaintance with a certain colloquialism that describes things as "not worth a button," and it is as an index of servitude that any meaning which may attach to buttons still remains to us. Our page boy derives his *sobriquet* from their exuberance, our liveried servants wear them stamped with our crest and initials, and among masculine proclivities we find—with yachting men especially—a propensity to disport "club buttons."

Servitude in a noble cause is a service of honour, and so probably think our "Cleveland" and "Protection" Transatlantic cousins, but where I wish specially to attract my readers attention is to the fact that Mrs Cleveland's instinct for fashion has led her to confer political distinction on precisely these details of personal adornment that are most to the front. For this is to be a button year, that is incontrovertible. Placed in every possible connexion, in single rows, in double rows, on bodice, skirt, and jacket, buttons are to be everywhere. Serge embossed buttons for mantles, artistic and fancy buttons for bodices—and for skirts—on which they constantly appear—satin buttons to match the foundation colour of the material used. Even boots are made unusually high as if for the greater glorification of buttons, and to ladies who have not a maid this fashion might prove very troublesome but that button hooks, with handles fully half a yard long, have been introduced, and the process of buttoning can be accomplished without fatigue or stooping.

Making a tour round the chief *magazines de mode*, I was much struck by the simplicity of the skirts in all the new autumn dresses, and their consequent elegance. Large numbers were pleated straight down from the front, while others had a one-side drapery arranged to meet a diagonally-fastened bodice or redingote. Diagonal fastening is greatly in vogue, either from the shoulder down, or with two or three buttons at the waist. The corsage in this case is made with revers over a chemisette, and a coat-flap, below the right hand revers, folds over to the buttons at the side.

Costumes in fine cloth—mostly of two colours—are numerous. In these invariably the darker shade has a row of buttons and button holes at one side the whole length of the skirt, and of these half a dozen or so are fastened, while the rest remain open to show a panel or jupe of the lighter cloth underneath. Beads cannot be said to have gone out, for they survive in the beautiful artistic network, where they play so prominent a part.

I saw a dress in a most exquisite shade of *lie de vin* velvet at Russell and Allen's in Bond street made up with one of these lovely beaded fronts. The pattern was in imitation of a series of spiders' webs; the beads were in a subdued shade of *cuivre*, edged with gold thread, just bright enough to enliven the tone of the velvet, and laid over a delicate hortensia silk front that reached from the neck to the hem of the dress. The corsage fastened at the side, so that nothing marred the line of brilliant tracery.

At Marshal and Snelgrove's I saw some beautiful tea gowns, and at another leading house my fancy was greatly taken by one in myrtle

green cashmere, with long pointed sleeves *a la juive*. These were lined with lettuce silk, and this graceful gown had a loose front of the same detectable colour.

But tea jackets are gaining ground rapidly, for now that all dresses except for evening wear are made with detached skirts, the tea jacket is a most valuable institution, since it can be worn with any skirt, made of any material, and has nearly all the elegance of a tea gown at half the cost, and more than the novelty. After a long afternoon of paying calls or shopping it is most refreshing to discard a sleek tailor-made bodice for a soft, easy jacket, while sipping "the cup that cheers." A favourite model is made in fancy *matelasse*, with revers showing the lining and gathered lace front. This has a semi-Oriental appearance, and goes with everything. But the one essential detail for these jackets—as in the new mantles that are making way so successfully—is the lining. This must be rich and showy as much as possible—bright *uni* satins, lining fancy material, and *carreaux*, or flower patterns, vivid colours for plain jackets.

As I walked through Messrs Peter Robinson's showrooms yesterday, where the counters were heaped with short lengths and remnants of beautiful silks from the sale of Messrs Little's stock, I could not help thinking how easily and cheaply any clever lady could combine for herself a perfectly lovely tea jacket out of a couple of contrasting pieces that lay there in such profusion.

A pretty *facon* for a young girl is a bodice cut diagonally from the middle of the shoulder to the bust, sloping back at the same angle under the arm; the two points meeting are attached with a bow of ribbon, and a wide zouave sash round the waist completes the interrupted corsage.

A handsome dinner dress was in rose petal pink *gros grain*, with coat-shaped front and gold embroidered lisse. Gold thread enters largely into all designs.

A curious arrangement was one in which the back of the bodice was in brocatelle to match the train, and the front in faille to accompany the jupe. Fortunately the two materials were of one colour, or the effect might have been carnival-resque.

In the matter of setting the fashions, there are not wanting signs that Paris is becoming somewhat discrowned. Worth, Felix, and one or two more unassailable names remain paramount, but the Anglomaniya hitherto confined to men's habiliments is now spreading to the ladies. It has long been *de rigueur* for every *gommeux* and man of fashion on the boulevards to have an English tailor, and now we learn that ladies' tailor-made gowns are voted most chic when imported from England. In inventive genius we are still inferior to the French modistes, but in execution our models are often much handsomer, and it is certain that the London shop windows make on the whole a better show than those of Paris.

It is even asserted that within the last few years English women dress better than their French sisters, and an amusing circumstance in connexion with this theory has come under my notice.

A relative just returned from a season in the Pyrenees tells me she was greatly struck with this notion at the fashionable promenades of Bayneres de Suchou, and on one occasion remarked it to a French military friend, a captain of hussars, who accompanied her. The young

officer was much startled by the imputation, and with ardent patriotism maintained the supremacy of his countrywomen. It was decided to try the question by passing in review the *elegantes* then on the promenade, and our *jeune militaire* was on the brink of confessing reluctantly that the English contingent was unquestionably the first in attire and style, when a graceful woman appeared among the crowd wearing a mantle so symmetrical and artistic—so dainty in its folds, and so trim in the fit, that our friends consented to abide by the stranger's nationality as the crowning test. This mantle of some soft, shot, silky material, in a shade of mouse colour, had hair stripes of peachy pink and long sleeves. It was *demi-ajuste*, and the *ensemble* was completed by a bewitching little *toque* to match. As the lady and her party drew near, she presented the well-known features of Madame Jeanne Garnier, the celebrated Parisian actress of the Gymnase. Thus the victory apparently remained with M. le Capitaine, and after a moment's merriment on the conclusion, my friends adjourned to a near hotel for afternoon tea—which is as essential now in France as in England. On entering the salon they noticed that the Gymnase party had been inspired by the same idea, for they were already in the hotel, and had passed from the drawingroom on to the terrace, and Madame Garnier had thrown her mantle across a chair *en passant*, where it lay with the pretty satin crossbar lining exposed to view.

Unable to resist the desire to discover from whose hands this delicious confection emanated, my friend went up to the *causeuse* on which it lay, and a moment's scrutiny revealed upon the band the unexpected name of Redfern. The discomfiture of the 'patriotic' *militaire* may be well imagined.

A couple of dainty dishes of which the receipts reach me from the sunny South must hold over till next week.

AMINA.

LA REVEILLE.

Mr J. B. Mulholland's "Conspiracy," produced for the first time in Dublin at the Queen's Theatre on Monday night, is a thoroughly sensational drama, the incidents being sufficiently lively to keep the attention of the audience on a sharp *qui vive* from start to finish. The plot must be seen to be understood, and it has this undoubted merit, that it unravels itself intelligently and clearly, the situations being striking, and many of them unique. The piece is beautifully mounted, special scenery being used for its production. The company work evenly, and there is an air of completeness about the representation that leaves nothing to be desired. Miss Edith Blanche, as "Kate Desmond," gives a graceful and attractive rendering of the part; and as "Allen Desmond," her husband, Mr John Humphries exhibits qualities that prove him to be a capable actor. All the other members of the company deserve commendation; and the public are giving practical proof of their appreciation of "Conspiracy" by crowding the house nightly. The play is cleverly written, and affords ample proof of Mr Mulholland's versatility in the work of conceiving and weaving an interesting dramatic plot.

Gaiety Theatre.—The incomparable Mrs Kendal appeared yesterday in the "Scrap of Paper," an amusing adaption from the French. The house was crowded from floor to ceiling,

THE CHURCH SPEAKS.

Presbytery St. Joseph's, 126, Harold's Cross, Dublin.
16th July, 1888.

This is to certify that for some years several invalids suffering from rheumatism, &c., have to my knowledge failed in getting relief, or the least prospect of recovery through skilful medical aid. I procured for them the medicine called "Prairie Flower," and the celebrated "Indian Oil." Through them alone the poor sufferers have, to my perfect amazement, wonderfully recovered. I have received hundreds of assurances, from friends in whose veracity I have confidence, of the wonderful power for good of this medicine, and I regard it as a blessing to suffering humanity.

WILLIAM S. DONEGAN, C.C.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

I have heard of many cases benefited which have failed to get relief from other sources.

HENRY FISHE, Mission Church,
12 D'Olier street, Dublin.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

Factory street Mission, Barton Hill, May 9th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I have tried your "Prairie Flower" myself, and can truthfully say that after only two doses I am like a new man.

I am, yours truly, J. DURSTON, City Missionary, Bristol.
The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

In many cases, and especially in those where rheumatism was to be treated, the medicine has had a marvellous effect. Old long standing cases of rheumatism have been inexpressibly relieved. Where all others failed you succeeded.

Very sincerely yours, Rev. JOHN M. BASTARD.
The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

Inglesby, Ashley Hill.

Dear Sir,—I avail myself of the present opportunity to write you; and I gladly bear testimony to the great benefit which many of the people have received from the use of your medicines.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,
R. CORNALL, Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Bristol.

DUBLIN SPEAKS AGAIN.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, July 8th, 1888.

Mr Hartley,—A few lines about your most valuable medicine *Prairie Flower* and *Indian Oil*. I have been suffering for the last eight years from Liver Complaints, Neuralgia, Indigestion, and great pains in all parts of my body. I am, thank God, now happy to say after using this wonderful Medicine, "*Prairie Flower*" and "*Indian Oil*," I feel that my health is quite restored. Life is now a pleasure to me, but before it was only a great misery. I hope and trust you will make this letter public; you have my permission.

Yours gratefully, Madam KATRINE WAUDLEUR.
The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

27 Aungier street, Dublin, July 9th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—Thanks to valuable Medicine and Oil, I have now full use of my right arm, hand, and side, which has made me unable to work for the last four years. You are at liberty to use this testimonial if it would be of any service.

Yours truly, FRANCIS FAY.

Mr Hartley, Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

Dublin, July 10th.

Dear Sir,—I think it my duty to return you my sincere thanks for the benefit I have received from your Medicine. I have been a martyr for the last 13 years from the liver complaint and weakness of the back; in fact I could not tell how I lived for this time. I have walked two miles to chapel last Sunday, where I have not been for the last six years. My complaint cost me hundreds of pounds and did me no good till God sent me your Medicine.

Mrs C. KATING, Knocknoblens, Co. Carlow.
The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.
Sequah Indian Oil and Prairie Flower. Sold Everywhere.
[ADVT.]

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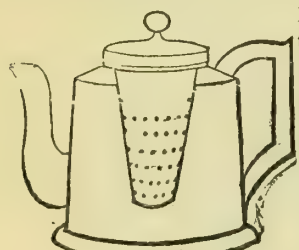
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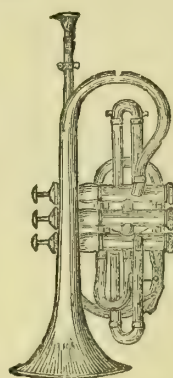
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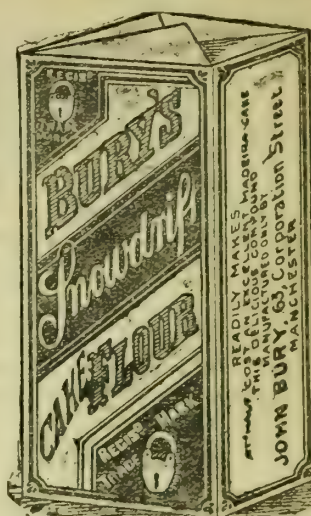
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IRISH SOCIETY.

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20TH OCTOBER, 1888.

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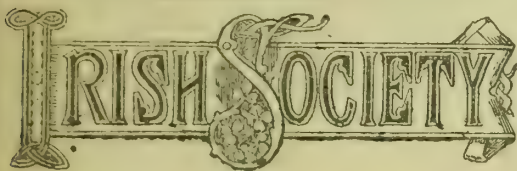
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WEEK ENDING 20th OCTOBER, 1888.

OUR readers will be pleased to hear that arrangements have been completed for the early issue of a superb Christmas Number of IRISH SOCIETY. As the proposed issue will be our first effort in the way of a Christmas Number, we have spared neither time, trouble, nor expense in order that, from a literary and artistic point of view, we may be enabled to compete with the best of the cross-Channel Christmas productions. The Stories, which will be of local and surpassing interest, are being written by special request by well-known Irish authors, and we are assured that several startling and pathetic stories of life in the upper circles of Irish society will be the result. Accompanying the Christmas Number will be an excellent lithograph in colours of an original picture entitled "Out in the Cold." In a proximate issue further particulars of our Grand Christmas number will be given.

The Queen has had a series of *tableaux vivants* at Balmoral, and appeared much interested in the representations she witnessed. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Albert Victor, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Fredericka, Princess Alice of Hesse, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, together with other ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household, took part in the entertainment. The music was furnished by Mr M'Farland's band from the Aberdeen Theatre; and in addition to several distinguished guests who had the honour to be invited, the servants, tenants, and gillies of the Queen's Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates were present on each occasion.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children left Coburg last Tuesday, and proceeded to Naples. The Royal party embarked on Thursday at Naples on board the despatch vessel *Surprise*, for St. Antonia Palace, Malta, where they will pass the winter. The Duke of Edinburgh was expected on Saturday, having concluded his summer cruise in the Mediterranean.

It is supposed that the recent visit of Lord Rowton to the Queen at Balmoral, has reference to the long delayed publication of the biography of Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Rowton, then Mr Montagu Corry, acted for many years as Private Secretary to that distinguished statesman, and was appointed by him literary executor.

The Empress of Austria has signified her intention of again visiting England this winter. Her Majesty will spend some time about Christmas at Bournemouth.

The marriage of the Duke of Sparta with the Princess Sophie of Prussia will take place in October, 1889. The German Emperor intends to be present at the ceremony, which will be solemnized in the Cathedral at Athens. A German squadron will be anchored in the Piræus in honour of the occasion.

The betrothal of the Princess Margherita, daughter of the Duke de Chartres, with Prince George of Greece, announced and contradicted, is now confirmed. It appears to be the happy ending to a romantic love affair which has been going on under the eyes of all the Royal family at Copenhagen. Prince George, who is a pupil of the Naval School at Copenhagen, saw the young Princess Margherita during a visit to her sister, the Princess Waldemar. The Prince admired her, loved her, and she reciprocated his affection. King Christian, who saw the state of affairs, soon informed the Duke de Chartres and King George of Greece. Happily the consent of the parents was soon obtained, though King George declared that it was his wish that no official announcement of the marriage should be made till after the 15th of April, 1889, when the young Prince will leave the Naval School with the commission of Naval Officer. At Athens they are already discussing the "dote" of the young Princess, and it is said that the Duke d'Aumale has expressed his intention of adding considerably to his grandniece's fortune. The Princess Margherita was born the 25th of January, 1869, and is, therefore, five months older than her *fiance*, who was born the 25th of June in the same year. Next year, therefore, the King of Greece will assist at the marriage of three of his children—viz., the Hereditary Prince, who marries the sister of the Emperor William II.; the Princess Alexandra, who marries the Grand Duke Paul of Russia; and Prince George with the Princess Margherita d'Orleans.

A fashionable wedding of more than ordinary interest was solemnised in Dalkey on Wednesday, 17th inst., the ceremony being witnessed by a large concourse of the residents of that charming seaside retreat. The fair bride, who is both young and lovely, was Miss Rock, of Binfield Park, Bracknell, Berks, and the Prince Raoul de Rohan, Schloss Chaustuik, Sobieslan, Bohemia.

The trousseau was supplied by that prince of Irish *costumiers*, Mr Alfred Manning, of Grafton street, and was at once the most notable and elegant of its kind that has been produced for a long time. The superb wedding gown consisted of jupe of richest satin duchess, elegantly draped and trimmed, with flounce of handsome Irish point lace, and large bouquet of orange blossoms. Corsage of rich Velour epingle, trimmed Irish point and orange blossoms; long train (square) of Velours epingle to correspond with corsage. Bridal veil and orange blossom wreath.

The bridesmaids' dresses were of crevette surah, with draped front and French point-de-gaze lace, and others of cream surah, with draped front of cream gauze, spotted with colours. Hats of pink tulle, cream ribbon, and pink roses of great novelty and charming design.

There were also a variety of morning and evening gowns, numbering about twenty, of which we noticed a charming tea gown in blue ciel Merveilleux, draped with crepe de chine, brocaded; also a black lace and moire gown, with panel of handsome jet embroidery, and an evening gown in a rather startling but harmonious and pretty contrast of chartreuse vert and crevette. A "going away" tailor-made dress of moisse cloth trimmed oxidised galon with muff and hat of same material, very simple and plain, but extremely elegant. A beautiful visiting costume of feuille morte (dead leaf) moire, and a material same shade with fancy border. Muff and hat to match trimmed with seal sable tails, and a real sable tail cape to throw over shoulders, if cold. Dress of page (aged 2 years)—sapphire blue velvet frock trimmed Irish guipure, large "Beef eater's" hat with long white ostrich plumes. Embroidered silk stockings specially dyed to match each gown.

The mantle department supplied handsome furs, mantles, tailor-made jackets, and a long fawn cloth wrap. Travelling coat trimmed with a set of fine beaver.

The bride wore a magnificent diamond necklace, the gift of her mother, also a diamond bracelet, the gift of the Princess de Rohan, mother of the bridegroom.

To our fair readers perhaps the most interesting part of this unique and magnificent trousseau would be the profusion of lingerie displayed—three dozen of each article of the richest materials, laces and finest workmanship, executed solely by Mr Manning's workers, genuine Irish work, which would contrast favourably with that of any country. On this display Mr Manning is especially to be congratulated. Each article of lingerie is marked with embroidered letters and the historical De Rohan coronet.

The marriage of Miss Florence Fetherstonhaugh, only daughter of the late Mr Fetherstonhaugh, of Bracklyn Castle, Killucan, County Westmeath, to Mr William Gore Lambarde, of Beechmont, Sevenoaks, was solemnised on Wednesday afternoon at St. George's Church, Hanover square, London, before a large and fashionable gathering. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The bride was given away by her brother, Captain Fetherstonhaugh, of the Cameronians. Her dress—the entire corsage and skirt—was made of Brussels lace, over which was arranged a redingote in the Directoire style of rich white Sicilienne. The bouquet was composed of choice orchids. There were five bridesmaids in attendance upon the bride—the Misses Ethel, Maude, and Gwendoline Lambarde, Miss Wingfield, and Miss C. Fletcher. They wore electric blue umritza cloth waistcoats, braided with oxodised braid, revers of watered silk, Directoire style, and hats to match. Their bouquets of cream-coloured chrysanthemums were tied with terra cotta and electric ribbons. The reception which followed the ceremony was at the Langham. Late in the afternoon the newly married couple left London for Ireland, where they intend passing their honeymoon.

The marriage of the Hon. Elizabeth Lucia Bagot, youngest daughter of the late Lord Bagot, and sister to the present peer, to Mr Francis Newdigate, was solemnised on Saturday afternoon at St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, before a large and aristocratic congregation. The service was fully choral, the bride, on her arrival, being met at the church doors by the choir, who sang as the processional hymn, "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost," as the bridal party proceeded up the centre aisle to the altar. Lord Bagot gave his sister away. The bridesmaids were, the Hon. Katta Bagot, sister of the bride; the Misses Agar Ellis (two), Miss Sybil Bass, Miss Mary Newdigate, and Miss Chandos Leigh, who wore dresses of white nun's veiling, trimmed with gold embroidery, and draped with moire ribbons and Valenciennes lace, white bonnets trimmed with tulle and sprays of lilies of the valley. Each carried a bouquet of red geraniums and orchids, and red lilies, tied with streamers of red ribbons, and wore gold bracelets, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bride was attired in a costume of ivory white satin, draped with point lace, and tulle veil surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls. The ceremony was performed by the Archdeacon of Stoke, assisted by the Rev. Nigel Maddan, rector of West Hallan. After the address, the hymn, "Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us," was sung, and while the marriage register was being signed the choir gave Psalm xxiii., "The Lord is my Shepherd." Among those present

were Lady Bagot, the Hon. Hamar and Mrs Bass, the Earl of Aylesford, Viscountess Clifden, the Hon. W. Bagot, the Hon. Lea Agar Ellis, Lady Hindlip, Archdeacon and Mrs Lane, Mr and Miss Newdigate, Mr Chandos Leigh, the Hon. Misses Bagot, and many others. At the conclusion of the service the bridal party drove to the town residence of the Hon. Hamar Bass in Piccadilly, where the wedding breakfast was served to a large gathering of friends and relatives of the two families.

We have been informed that the lady of the Chief Secretary's choice is a daughter of the Marquis of Bath.

The marriage between Captain the Hon. Edward B. Stopford, Royal Irish Fusiliers, and Miss Dashwood will take place on November 21st, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, at half-past two.

William Frederick Dalziel, eldest son of Mr Mackenzie, of Newbie, and of Fawley Court, Bucks, is engaged to Maud Evelyn, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Higginson, C.B., and the Hon. Mrs Higginson, of the Croft, Marlow.

The marriage of Mr Alick William Craddock-Hartopp, second son of the late Sir John Craddock-Hartopp, Bart., and Janet, youngest daughter of the late Mr Gooch Spicer, of Spy Park, Wilts, was solemnised at St. Paul's Church on Wednesday last. Owing to mourning in the bridegroom's family, the wedding party was restricted to relations.

The marriage of Mr C. A. Hopwood, of the Foreign Office, and Miss Georgina Curtis, will take place on the 30th of October at All Saints, Ennismore Gardens.

A marriage has been arranged between Commander Stuart Rickman, Royal Navy, and Miss Caroline Buchanan, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Buchanan, of Dowan Hill, and Moray Place, Edinburgh.

The marriage of Mr Charles Coltman Rogers, of Stanage Park, Radnorshire, and Miss Muriel Chapman, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs Frederick Barclay Chapman, will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Tuesday, November 6th.

A marriage will shortly take place between Mr Willoughby Aston Littledale, of Bolton Hall, Craven, Yorkshire, and Miss Violet Thursby, eldest daughter of Sir John Hardy Thursby, Bart., of Ormerod House, Burnley, Lancashire.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr Hedges, of Sunbury-on-Thames, and Miss Emily Margaret Bourne Royds, of Sandiford, Holmes-chapel, daughter of the late Mr Henry Royds, of Elm House, Wavertree.

A marriage will shortly take place between Mr Remington White-Thompson, of Broomford Manor, Exbourne, and the Hon. Theodore Scator-Booth, second daughter of Lord Basing.

A marriage will shortly take place between Colonel Henry Hallam Parr, C.M.G. A.D.C., Somerset Light Infantry, and Miss Lilian Mary Gibbs, third daughter of the late Mr George Louis Monck Gibbs, of Gosden House, Bramley, Surrey.

The marriage between Mr Beresford Melville, and Mrs Spender Clay, will take place on November 1st, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

The marriage of Mr Wolfe, 8th Hussars, and Mrs J. J. Seeman, is arranged to take place at St. Stephen's Church, Acomb, on Thursday, the 25th inst., at half-past 12 o'clock.

Invitations for an "At Home" at the Mansion House have been issued for Tuesday, 23rd inst.

Lord and Lady Magheramorne are at present residing at Ascot, where they will spend several weeks.

Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish are sojourning at Lismore Castle, where they intend staying for a few weeks. On the day of their arrival a large crowd assembled and gave the distinguished visitors a hearty welcome.

The Countess of Eversham returned to the family residence in Yorkshire on Wednesday, from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Leinster at Carton, Maynooth.

Viscountess Hereford and family have arrived at 64 Gloucester-place, Portman square, London, for the winter. Viscount Hereford is expected in England shortly.

Lady Violet Beauchamp, who has been visiting the Earl and Countess of Roden at Tullymore Park, County Down, has left for Langley Park, Norfolk.

The distinguished party which assembled at Powerscourt, the charming residence of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, on the 9th inst., broke up on Friday, the 13th inst., when their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry returned to the Viceregal Lodge and his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar to the Royal Hospital. During the week the gentlemen of the party enjoyed excellent sport shooting, the bags made being very large.

Mrs Burton, of Tolka Falls, Finglas, gave a very pleasant dance on Monday, the 15th, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all her young friends.

Mrs Espinasse gave an early dance at her residence, Herbert road, Sandymount, on Tuesday, the 16th, which was as pleasant as the kind hostess's parties usually are.

On Tuesday of last week Captain and Mrs Segrave and Mr and Mrs Lanyon gave a dance in the public hall, Mallow, County Cork. Over 200 invitations were issued. The hall was tastefully decorated, and nothing was wanting that could contribute to the enjoyment of the company.

On Wednesday evening the members of the Westmeath Polo Club gave their annual ball in the Gymnasium of the Military Barracks, kindly placed at their disposal by Colonel Burnett, Royal Irish Rifles. The spacious building was tastefully decorated. The band of the regiment was in attendance. The following received invitations:—Lord Greville, Lady Greville, and the Hon. Mrs Greville; the Hon. Sir Henry Grattan Bellew, Lady Sophia Grattan Bellew, Mr L. G. Dease, Colonel Burnett, Captain and Mrs Haggard, Major Meynell, Captain O'Callaghan Westropp, Captain and Mrs Wilkinson, Captain Welman, Mr Bell, Mr Massy, Mr Homfray, Mr and Mrs Lyons, Captain Briscoe, Mr and Mrs Locke, Mr Addison, Mr, Mrs, and the Misses Tottenham; Mr Burke, Mr H. P. Wilson, Dr. Finegan and the Misses Finegan, Mr Despard, Mr, Mrs, and Master St. George, Mr Carson, Mr Gosling, Mr Noblett, Mr J. W. Wilson, Mr F. Dease, Mr W. E. Wilson, Mrs G. Granville, Mr W. Quinn, Mr Fetherston-Whitney, Mr W. F. Palmer, Capt. Ralph Smyth and Hon. Mrs Smyth, Mr P. H. O'Hara and Miss O'Hara, Mr Hugh Thurburn, 21st Royal Scotch Fusiliers; Colonel Napier Magill, Mrs Magill, Master Magill, and Miss Magill; Mr S. S. Levinge, A. F. Grissell, E. V. Houghton, Miss Barlow, Miss Scott, Mr J. Hoyte, Mr W. Viennens, A. Fetherston-Haugh, Mr R. Grace, Mr Cathrew, Mrs Cathrew, and the Misses Cathrew, &c. &c.

In the long list of presentations which occurs to us—many of them to men eminently worthy of public and private recognition—we cannot recall one more thoroughly deserved in every respect than that just made by the members of the *Irish Times* staff to their Manager, Mr James Carlyle, and to his amiable and highly esteemed wife.

The occasion was the "Silver Wedding" of the much respected couple, this interesting event in their lives falling on Friday last. In the afternoon of that day a deputation, consisting of representatives of the several departments in the establishment, waited on Mr and Mrs Carlyle at their residence, and read to them an address couched in language of which any couple in the land might well feel proud. The presentation was a rich and elegant *souvenir* of the happy event, consisting of a beautifully chased silver flagon, with a suitable inscription, and for Mrs Carlyle specially a hand mirror framed in solid silver.

Mr Carlyle has occupied for many years the responsible position of Manager of the *Irish Times*, and during his long tenure of office we believe we are correct in stating that he has enjoyed the unique privilege of never having made an enemy. All accounts agree in stating that while watching with great closeness and fidelity the interests of his employer, he is invariably courteous and kindly to those around him, earning their esteem, which is given to him in no half-hearted manner. As outsiders, meeting him occasionally in the course of business, we thoroughly endorse the encomiums which the *Irish Times* staff have bestowed upon him, and we cordially wish Mr and Mrs Carlyle a long life of undisturbed happiness.

On Tuesday last the celebration of the golden wedding of the Right Hon. William Thomas

Spencer Fitzwilliam, K.G., sixth Earl of that name, and his noble Countess, commenced at Coollattin Park, Shillelagh, County Wicklow, the lovely Irish seat of the family. The extensive park, with its beautifully laid out gardens and grounds, looked magnificent on the occasion, presenting, with the enormous number of spectators who assembled to do honour to the occasion, a scene such as perhaps has never been witnessed on any other estate in Ireland. The personal interest which the Earl has always evinced in the welfare of his tenantry ensured to him the congratulations and best wishes of all classes, more especially of those connected with the estate, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the tenants united to a man in presenting to his lordship and the Countess a suitable address and presentation.

Costly and magnificent gifts presented to Lord Fitzwilliam by his English tenantry were brought over from Wentworth and placed in the large hall at Coollattin, where they were exhibited to the guests on the second day of the festivities; but the Irish tenants were not behindhand in this respect, and they accordingly presented an illuminated address which cost upwards of one hundred guineas, as well as a perfect work of art in the form of a book containing numerous views of Irish scenery and the names of the subscribers. They also presented a beautiful silver salver, gilt with gold, and of Irish manufacture. Interest attaches to this gift from the circumstance that it is a *fac-simile* of one with which the Earl was presented by her Majesty on the 20th of April, 1838, in recognition of his attendance on her father, the late Duke of Kent.

The proceedings commenced on Tuesday with a monster school *fete* in the Park, organised by Lady Alice Fitzwilliam, who issued invitations to no less than 2,523 pupils and 123 teachers attending schools on the estate. Special trains were employed to and from Shillelagh, and the whole arrangements were admirably carried out. The large party on their arrival were marched to an enormous marquee 428 feet by 40 feet, which was divided into three parts to avoid confusion. Here they were served with an appetising luncheon, after which the children were entertained at various games, including racing, jumping, boat-swings, velocipedes, &c., all of which were thoroughly enjoyed.

Invitations were also forwarded to all the tenants inviting them to a luncheon and entertainment on Thursday last, when the tenants' committee presented their address, to which Earl Fitzwilliam feelingly replied. A series of athletic sports followed the luncheon, and in the evening a dancing competition took place by torchlight, the spectacle being a unique one. The day's proceedings terminated with a grand display of fireworks by Mr Hodsman, of Dublin, and during the day and evening special musical programmes were performed by the bands of the 11th Hussars and 5th Dragoon Guards.

We have only one complaint to find in connection with this interesting event, and that is the giving away to a Sheffield firm of the arrangements for the reception of the guests. Surely in the city of Dublin or in some of the other Irish cities a house could easily enough have been

found capable of undertaking and efficiently discharging a work of this description. It is but an indifferent method of promoting native enterprise and energy to send out of the country for what could be much better procured within it, and we can scarcely believe that the noble Earl was a party to the putting of this slight on Irish firms.

It is stated that Miss Mary Anderson carries with her on her present provincial tour six cases of properties, 14 large trunks of scenery, 300 wigs, and no fewer than 1,500 dresses.

Most of the gowns that Mrs Langtry brought back with her to America from Paris and London are made in the empire and directoire styles. One is described as being of cloth of two shades of green, a long Directoire coat over a petticoat of a lighter shade trimmed with heavy black embroidery and black fur.

Madame Trebelli is deservedly a pronounced favourite in Dublin, and her many admirers in the city will regret to learn that since her appearance at the Birmingham Festival she has been very seriously ill. Happily the popular contralto is now recovering, though slowly, from the attack. She has, of course, been compelled to give up her engagements, and did not appear at the British festival, which commenced on Tuesday last.

Mr Carl Rosa is regarded as probably the cleverest operatic conductor now in England, and musical Dubliners will cordially endorse this opinion. It is a strange thing to find that opera is in its lowest condition in Italy, the land of its birth, and that native talent is rarely heard there. A few years ago the Royal Italian Opera in London stood at the head of lyrical theatres in Europe, but since Costa's death England has lost its one great operatic conductor, and although there are many good men before the public, managers have not as yet discovered Costa's successor. The best performances of opera now given in any part of Europe are understood to be found in Vienna.

Our gifted fellow-citizen, Mr Ludwig, whose reputation as a baritone stands high in the musical world, intends once more to try a concert tour in the United States, the last having proved eminently successful. He is at present in Dublin, and will appear at a concert on Saturday in the Leinster Hall. He will sail for America next month, accompanied by Madame Adelaide Mullen and Mr Henry Beaumont. The tour will not be an extended one, as in January the party will return to Ireland.

A splendid row has arisen over Sir Morell Mackenzie's book, of which the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* last week circulated a pretty copious synopsis. Sir Morell declares this was stolen, thus putting the enterprising *Herald* in the awkward predicament of being a receiver of stolen goods, which is an offence punishable by law. It appears that the *New York Sun* purchased from Sir Morell for £500 the right to produce the book exclusively in America in its columns, and now the expenditure is useless. The *Herald* thus cleverly anticipated its rival, the *Sun*.

Appearances point to a seasonable October in a weather sense. The days are mild, and the wind seems at rest, while a faint little sprinkling

of hoar frost drops down in the early morning as if to apprise us that winter is coming. The temperature is not unkindly, and is still genial enough to permit invalids to indulge in outdoor walks. How long this may continue is, however, another question.

* *

The Curragh Meeting held this week at the headquarters of the Turf in Ireland closes the racing season proper for 1888. We had the average number of meetings during the year, but there was a decided falling off in the quality of the sport witnessed and the number of those supporting the national pastime.

* *

There will be no more mismanagement at Leopardstown. Captain Quin has made many improvements on the course, the most important being the removal of the nasty hill on the run home. The "Bridge of Sighs," or of no size, will no longer be required, as the Autumn Meeting visitors will be deposited at the siding next to the course. We may mention that the new steeplechase track has been constructed on the lines of that laid down at Sandown Park.

* *

Mr H. E. Linde's bad luck is dogging him persistently. After the wretched display of Chicken in the Galway Plate, the horse was sold to Mr M'Auliffe, for whom he won the principal handicaps at Limerick and Listowel last week. Another cast-off, Mr Linde's Huron, purchased for 19 sovs., got his new owner, Mr Chadwick, over £150 at the Kerry reunion.

* *

Mr Linde was as lively as a cricket at Limerick. He could not, however, be tempted to journey to Listowel, but he commissioned Judge Brindley to bring him some views of America from that remote town. From Limerick to Listowel the railway measures fifty miles. The Flying Scotchman of the district did the voyage in four hours and a quarter! One passenger who was in a hurry got out and walked.

* *

What a strange muster we had at Limerick and Listowel. On the racecourse we saw a Chicken, an Old Wild Bird, a Huron, a Swallow, a Lark, a Small Fry, a Gentle Annie, a Loopline, an Eccentric, a Lucky Drop, an Eva, a Buttercup, and a Mariner, while in the paddock a Plant kept perpetually bellowing, "I am here!"

* *

David Stephens was fortunate enough to back Tenebreuse, the winner of the Cesarewitch Stakes, for a large wager, and spent some of the winnings in entertaining a select party of sporting friends at dinner on Saturday evening. The menu was tip-top, and reflected great credit on the worthy host.

* *

We have at last got to the end of the awards in the matter of the Loop Line, the arbitrator, Mr Posnett, having lodged his decisions with regard to the property required for the third and concluding section of the line, from Amiens Street to Newcomen Bridge, where the connexion with the Liffey Junction line will be made. While on the subject of the Loop Line we may mention that really rapid progress is being made with the masonry of the arches on which the iron bridges will be carried, the work being done by Messrs Meade.

The bridge through Beresford place has been a lengthened source of contention between the company and the Corporation, the dispute as to its style and fashion having delayed the formation of the line by fully three months. The municipal body were perfectly within their right in insisting that it should be an ornamental one, as prescribed by the Act authorising the making of the railway, and they were equally correct in objecting to the plan of the bridge submitted by the company. The Board of Trade Arbitrator, Major Maridin, has settled that point, and has directed the company to make the viaduct in question an ornamental one.

* *

The authorities of the Hardwicke Hospital, and with them Coroner Whyte, seem to be in for a good hot time between the present period and Christmas anent the poisoning of Dr. Panter in that institution a few days ago. The whole incidents in connection with this lamentable business seem to be shrouded in mystery, and the treatment of the Press with respect to the hole-and-corner inquest which was held is of itself sufficient to cause a searching inquiry to be made into everything connected with the tragedy in the Hardwicke. The public safety requires that this should be set about without unnecessary delay.

* *

The news that the price of bread has got another upward turn in Dublin will be regarded as unpleasant news by city householders. Interesting newspaper controversies are now raging on the subject, but the bakers hold on, and exhibit no sign of turning the quotation handle the other way. Meantime it is but poor consolation to be told that in Belfast and London the four-pound loaf is a penny cheaper than it is in Dublin.

* *

We regret to state that the Hon. Harry Butler, second son of the Earl of Lanesborough, met with a very serious gun accident last week, while out shooting in Quivey demense, a few miles from Newtownbutler. One of the young gentleman's hands was nearly blown off, but whether by the bursting of his gun or by misadventure is not quite clear. Dr Green, of Belturbet, was immediately in attendance, and did all he could for the injured gentleman.

* *

As we have now reached the season when careful housewives will be studying market notes in the morning papers to discover the prices of apples, peas, apricots, peaches, plums, and nuts, in preparation for the time-honoured festival of Halloween, we will be laying our fair readers under an obligation to us by affording them the latest reliable information on the subject, derived at first hand by a visit to Anglesea Market, in the classic neighbourhood of Little Mary Street and thereabouts.

* *

From its surroundings one would naturally think that the flavour of the market was bad but but it isn't—quite the other way, the great quantities of ripe fruit exposed there giving an agreeable fragrance to the air. As to all classes of the home articles, they are this year particularly short, and while some of this produce is of fair quality, a great deal of it is not what it used to be, to say the least of it. Accordingly the foreigner comes in to supplement the deficiency, and he is not altogether so suc-

cessful as he has been in previous years, for with him, too, the fruit crop of this season has not been exactly up to the mark. Apples and pears do not as a rule seem to be so rich and juicy as is their wont in October, and to add to the misery of the business they are dearer than they were at the corresponding period last year.

* *

Latest quotations give 20s to 25s per barrel as the price of American apples of the King species; Baldwins (also Americans) bring 15s to 18s per barrel, and other coloured descriptions not specified from the same country, 10s to 15s per barrel. American greenings sell at 12s 6d to 15s 6d per barrel; Lisbons 12s to 14s per case; Ports, 11s to 14s 6d per case; Irish baking apples 6s to 8s per 135, and the best quality of table apples 6d a dozen. But it must be understood that the whole of these quotations are wholesale. Pears of a superior description—ten dozen in a box—sell at 6d per dozen, and pears of the small sweet hazel sort at 1s per hundred. French Duchesse pears—a very superior kind—48 in case, being 6s to 7s 6d, the business being all transacted by auction; while other descriptions of French pears, the same number in case, range from 3s to 5s.

* *

By auction in Anglesea Market best house grapes fetch 1s 4d to 1s 6d per pound; Lisbon boxes 12s 6d to 14s 6d, and Almería 11s 6d to 14s 6d per barrel. For English plums prices between 3s 6d and 5s per half bushel are obtained, other sorts bringing about similar figures. Damsons bring 5s to 6s per kish of 24 quarts. Spanish melons sell at 15s to 18s 6d per case, and lemons rate at 30s to 35s per case. Peaches vary in price from 2s 6d to 6s per dozen, and filberts command 6d per pound. The new season's supply of nuts is now coming to market. The crop is a plentiful one, and prices will be moderate.

* *

The Corporation of Dublin are doing a most useful and necessary work in enlarging the accommodation for readers in the newsroom of the free library in Capel Street, where the average attendance for a month has been for some time up to 17,000 members of the artisan and labouring classes. In the existing rooms it was quite impossible adequately to provide for such numbers, nearly all of whom were seriously inconvenienced in their endeavours to peruse newspaper and other literature; and it is stated that double the number mentioned would have attended if room for them had been available.

* *

Attached to the old premises were coach-houses, yard, and stabling, running in the direction of Little Britain street, and on the 1st of August last the work of clearing these ancient places was commenced, with the object of erecting thereon a commodious newsroom of a single apartment. The contract was entrusted to Mr James Kernan, of Talbot street, who is making satisfactory progress with the building. The room, which has a space of 72 feet in length by 22 feet in breadth, is now receiving the roof at a height of 40 feet, from which ample light will be given, and in this newsroom 500 readers will be comfortably accommodated at one time. This is undeniably a step in the right direction, and it is at the same time a gratifying circumstance that the artisans of Dublin are creditably alive to the educational advantages of institutions such as the free library and reading rooms provided for them by the ratepayers.

"Where there's a will there's a way." Witness the Herculean efforts that the Directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company are at present making during the fine weather to complete the shed at Kingstown Railway Station. One carpenter and a handy man are employed, and it is confidently stated that at the end of a week passengers will be able to judge for themselves of how the work proceeds. Who after this will have the temerity to accuse the Directors of the D. W. and W. R. Company of not putting their shoulders to the wheel?

"How are the mighty fallen"—How are our best streets going down hill at a rapid rate! Look at Dawson Street, where the Chief Magistrate of Dublin has his residence. What do we find almost opposite the Mansion House? A smith's forge and a greengrocer's shop. The former makes day hideous with the noise of the anvil—the latter decorates the front of his house with garlands of onions, cauliflowers, and the humble cabbage. The effect, from a market-gardener's point of view, may be good, but from that of the public it is not so. Nay, it is rather the reverse. We suppose it would be useless to ask the Dublin Corporation to take notice of this degeneration of Dawson street, seeing that what we complain of takes place under the very nose of "My Lord Mayor"—still by drawing attention to facts, we think we are only doing our duty as citizens.

Mrs Hugh Sweetman's ball, which was announced in our last issue as to take place on the 24th inst. is, owing to the severe illness of a near relative, unavoidably postponed.

We have just heard of what we believe to be a revival of a somewhat ancient practical joke in this city. A gentleman of certain age, whose hair was becoming so sparse as to cause him considerable anxiety for its future state, requested a young gentleman in the drug trade to procure for him a bottle of what he understood was the best patent hair restorer in the market. The druggist, who happens to be extremely fond of a joke, promised to obey, and on the same evening a bottle was delivered at the house of the old gentleman. The specific was properly applied to the head, every inch of the caput receiving scrupulous attention, and the "patient" retired to rest, smiling at the prospect of a revival of what was once a fine crop of hair.

But, lo! on waking in the morning the gentleman, having felt his head, to his inexpressible horror found he was absolutely hairless, and a look in his dressing glass revealed the fact that his head was as devoid of hair as a nine-pound shot. The household, consisting of Mrs T—and three daughters, was summoned, and their dismay on seeing the good man's hairless head was hardly less than that of the unfortunate sufferer himself, who, in a transport of frenzy, smashed the bottle containing the remnant of the hair-destroying liquid.

The explanation of the matter is simple. The young man in whom the old gentleman confided emptied a bottle which contained hair producer, and filled it with a most effective depilatory, which had the effect of removing every vestige of hair from the doomed pate. The young man now tells the story among his friends as a particularly good thing.

We wonder who is the philanthropist who has started a system of distributing food and clothing unaddressed through the medium of postal pillars. For some time past the receivers in the neighbourhood of Adelaide road and Harcourt road have been made receptacles for such things as biscuits and wearing apparel. Some time ago a quantity of confectionery was discovered in a post-box at Harcourt road; a few days ago a scarlet flannel petticoat was found in the Adelaide road receiver, and afterwards in the same box was found a quantity of dress material sufficient to make a dress. All the strange articles now lie at the Dead Letter Office.

The new church of St. Kevin, on the South Circular road, is fast approaching completion. The sacred building, which will form an attractive feature on the fashionable road, will, it is expected, be opened about Christmas.

Apropos of military titles we see by this month's "Army List" that the Chatham Submarine Miners are entitled to put the following initials after their names—T. and M. D., E.M.S.M.R.E., which, being interpreted, signifies "Thames and Medway Division, Engineer Militia Submarine Mining Royal Engineers." The notion must have been conceived from the opening chapter in "Pickwick."

The deceased wife's sister is up again. A declaration in favour of permitting marriage with that much-desired lady has been signed by the presidents and ex-presidents of the principal Nonconformist bodies. It really is time for the neglected male to revolt. Why are not ladies anxious to marry their deceased husband's brothers? Perhaps they would be if a little agitation were set on foot. Happy thought! Let us have a Deceased Husband's Brother League.

A barber has made this very "fetching" announcement:—"I am a first-class tonsorial artist, facial operator, cranium manipulator, and slayer of contiguments. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call." We should like first to be reassured as to the meaning of "cranium manipulator." Perchance the gentleman might be of the same way of thinking as the late lamented Tom King.

The season at Merriem Pier was brought to a close on Friday evening, the 5th inst., with a band and very enjoyable dance given by the Secretary, Mr Rowland, to his friends. The Ladies' Baths were tastefully draped and lit with Chinese lanterns. There were about 35 present, among whom were Mr and Mrs Barlee, Major and Miss Nugent, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Graham and Miss Butler, Miss Arnaldi, the Misses Perrin, Mr M. Nunns, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Anderson, Mr W. Anderson, the Misses Robinson the Misses Hobson, Mrs and Miss Magee, Mrs and Miss Hudson and Miss Hines, Dr. and Miss Davies, Mr F. Davies, Mr and Mrs Tyner, Messrs. J. T. and W. F. Rowland, Mr George Drimmie, Mr Blundel, Mr Williams, &c. The band of the South Wales Borderers played a choice selection of dance music. The company separated shortly after ten o'clock.

Dancing elephants at the Zoo is the latest Dublin novelty. Everybody of course knows that several years ago two young elephants, called Rama and Sita, were secured by the

Society, and since that time they have been extensively patronised in the Gardens by children, and occasionally by young ladies, whom they carried in howdahs after the Eastern fashion, for a small consideration to their proprietors.

Rama and Sita are doing better things now, and are on the high road to the independence begotten of earning their own living in a creditable manner. Three or four months ago Captain Harrington took the huge animals in hand—that is, he commenced their education, which was no easy task at their age. A large enclosure was constructed outside the elephant house, and there they have been taught to dance on tubs, stand on their heads, and perform other singular feats. There is a daily afternoon *seance* in the Gardens at half-past two, at which Rama most determinedly turns the handle of a barrel organ with his trunk, "grinding" catching dance music, to which Sita responds as gracefully as she knows how, though not quite on "the light fantastic toe."

Bridegrooms, we are told, are getting tired of giving their brides and attendant bridesmaids rings, brooches, and bracelets. Among the gifts now given are leather cases in the latest patterns in stationery, stamped with each bridesmaid's name in gold; or fancy handkerchiefs in a satin sachet are selected; while photograph frames, either in silver or some other materials, are being daily utilised, for these ever-welcome gifts are said to be greatly appreciated.

While upon this subject it may be well to again point out, what has been pointed out times without number, the unsuitability of the present wedge-shaped boxes in which bride-cake is generally transmitted to friends at a distance. The other day a much-grieved member of the human family, who is so abnormally constituted as to have a relish for bride-cake, made a bitter complaint to the effect that on two occasions lately his craving for bride-cake has been cruelly balked. The wedge-shaped boxes duly came to hand, but the contents appeared quite contemptible to his hungry eye. His friends, he felt assured, would not have sent such mocking morsels; some wretched postal *employe* must have opened the boxes and feasted heartily before re-closing them. Yet, the obdurate heavens do not fall, nor has the Postmaster-General given the "sack" to all who serve under him, as it is just possible that the blame does not lie with the Post Office, but with the senders.

They may have believed that, since no adult mortal of even the most limited faculty eats bride-cake, the smallest fragments would suffice to show the recipient that he was not forgotten. These would also serve as well as larger pieces to place under his pillow if he felt disposed to conjure up dreams of matrimonial felicity with the girl of his heart. It is generally sentiment, not hunger, which the senders have in mind. Notwithstanding, this individual's complaint is but a feeble re-echo of one which has become general that the present unshapely boxes should be substituted by some other kind of a more artistic and useful nature.

It is not every runaway match which eventuates in such a joyful and satisfactory consummation

as has done that of the heir to an English baronetcy, who recently eloped with a barnmaid serving in one of Messrs Spiers and Pond's establishments. The enterprising heir and his fortunate bride have, after devious troubles, harsh words, and cruel threatenings, been received with open arms into the bosom of the erstwhile irate family. What makes this reconciliation more remarkable than any that we have recently heard of is the fact that when the pair of lovers decamped the young gentleman's father gave chase with intentions of the most violent description. "All's well that ends well," and we hope there is a long life of felicity and usefulness before the young couple who dared so much for one another.

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We do not, however, sympathise with the generality of young people who, in the maudlin condition consequent upon the advent of love, and before each has an opportunity of knowing the other's good or indifferent qualities, rush into matrimony out of which, as is too often the case, they would, when common sense rises upon the horizon of infatuation, give all they might be possessed of to undo the evil which by want of thought they have imported into their own lives. Matrimony is a serious step. It requires the utmost consideration before it should be embarked upon, as in a great many cases one's life is either made happy or the exact reverse by its results of it.

* *

A person afflicted with a bad temper is often a trouble to him or herself, as well as to those with whom business or social relations brings them in contact; yet there are few imputations which people as a general rule resent more than that of bad temper. It is always the fault of someone else when they tear a rage to tatters; unless provoked beyond bearing, sweetness of disposition is their chief characteristic. A contemporary declares that all mortals are liable to brief outbreaks of passion when things go contrary, but beyond that no one ever pleads guilty. Yet it is very certain that if the verdict of acquaintances were taken many a man and woman would be saddled with the reverse of angelic tempers. It may be that the knowledge of that fact lately influenced a gentleman to make public the confession of being the victim of an ungovernable temper—not merely bad, but ungovernable; a sort of Berserker fury, which rendered him irresponsible for his acts. Nor did it merely seize him at odd times; he knew that the demon lay lurking within him, ready to burst forth at any moment, and in spite of all he could do this constantly happened, to the great suffering of his family.

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Even such a trifle as seeing one of his children engaged at home lessons sufficed to stir up his wrath to the point of assaulting his wife and other inmates; for all of which misconduct he professed the deepest contrition, debiting it to the fatal fact that he was born with an ungovernable temper. That there are such cases admits of no dispute, but it is equally certain that congenital bad temper can be gradually tamed. We suspect that this irascible gentleman exercised self-control only when there was nothing to provoke him. He found it easy to be virtuous so long as there was no temptation to be vicious. A common failing of humanity, no doubt, but especially in the matter of temper.

It is satisfactory to find that Mr Anderson and his board of directors are not impervious to public opinion. Three or four weeks ago we pointed out to them that their line from Nelson's Pillar to the Rotundo was in a deplorable condition, and with wonderful agility the matter has been put to rights, and the cause of discomfort to passengers removed. We congratulate Mr Anderson and the Tramway Company on this public and immediate recognition of the rights of their customers. The whole matter has put us in a good humour with a company which we were beginning to look upon as a public nuisance instead of a general benefactor.

FROM COVER TO COVER.

The success of a book generally depends upon its merits. To analyse the principles and consider the aims and objects of all current publications which may be forwarded to us for review this department has been opened in IRISH SOCIETY. To a large number of people the reviewing of books is so much labour lost; but to the majority of our readers we have no doubt that slight glimpses of the intrinsic value of the literary productions of our time will be a welcome addition to these pages. It is therefore our intention to give short and conclusive advice to our readers as to what to purchase and what to leave alone. Under the heading "Bars and Crotchets" we shall also deal with the latest efforts in the world of music, and we give expression to the hope that during the coming winter this department may prove of incalculable benefit to our readers, whose interests we alone wish to serve.

BOOKS RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

- (1).—The Camelot Series—"FAIRY AND FOLK TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY." Edited and selected by W. B. Yeates. Price one shilling. London: Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane.
- (2).—Unwin's Novel Series, No. 11.—"MRS KEITH'S CRIME—A RECORD." By Mrs W. K. Clifford. Price one shilling. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26 Paternoster Square.

(1.) It has often occurred to us that it would be a good thing to collate the fairy and folk tales that abound in the works of such excellent authors as Carleton, Lever, Croker, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Lady Wylde, and others, and publish them in one volume at a cheap rate. This idea has already to a certain extent been carried out in the "Stories of Peasantry and Fun" by Messrs Gill, of Sackville street; but the price of the book is prohibitive to a large section of the reading public in Ireland. Our wish as to the fairy tales has now, we are glad to see, been amply gratified by the excellent compilation of Mr W. B. Yeates, who has accomplished his task in a most creditable manner. From the first to the last page the matter is entertaining and in the highest degree readable, and to Irish men and women of all classes and creeds the book is of especial value. It is well and clearly printed, and bound in a handsome cover. The Camelot Series so far has been, from a literary point of view, most successful, and we will gladly welcome any further addition of Irish works to Mr Walter Scott's most useful, handsome, and instructive series.

(2.) The tendency of some of the most recently established publishing firms in London has not been of an upward nature, and the latest

novels produced by them have been of an ultra-sensational type, a class of novel demoralising in tone and sentiment, and altogether unfit for broadcast circulation. Mr T. Fisher Unwin, no doubt realising this downward tendency, some time ago promised to produce a series of high-class novels which could be read with safety by all classes. In fulfilment of that promise this eminent publisher has favoured us with a first copy of Vol. II—"Mrs Keith's Crime"—which as a story is unique and fascinating. It is the record of a passionate life told in simple and sympathetic, yet forcible language. Each character—particularly Mrs Keith and Molly, her child—are minutely described, and the scene at the child's death is most pathetic and heartrending. Those of our readers who are in the habit of perusing novels should avail themselves of Mr Unwin's series, the authors of which are all in the foremost ranks of present day novelists.

MEM.—Our readers no doubt are aware that it is unnecessary to send all the way to London for these books. They can be had through any bookseller, or at Messrs Eason's establishment, Abbey street, Dublin.

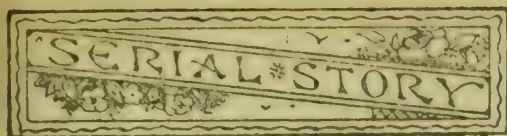
BARs AND CROTCHETS.

MUSIC RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

- (1).—"THE ARAB'S TROTH" (song). Words by John Muir and music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Price 2s.
- (2).—"THE RIFLE OF THE RIVER" (song). Words by Alfred March and music by Frank L. Moir. Price 2s.
- (3).—"ASK NOT" (song). Words by Clifton Bingham, and music by Maud Valerie White. Price 2s.
- (4).—"BELLE ETOILE" (valse). By Theo. Bonheim. Price 2s.
- (5).—"LA POMPADOUR" (a court dance). By E. Boggetti. Price 1s 6d.
- (6).—"SPELLBOUND" (song). Words by "Nemo" and music by Henry Klein. Price 4s.
- (7).—"RENT FREE" (song). Words by H. P. Piccolini, and music by Henry Klein. Price 4s.
- (8).—"HEART'S EASE" (song). Words by "Nemo" and music by Violet Fairfield. Price 4s.
- (9).—"SWEET PHLOMEL" (waltz song). Words by "Lullah" and music by Henry Klein. Price 4s.
- (10).—"MIRABEL LEE" (song). Words by the Marquis de Louville and music by Henry Klein. Price 4s.
- (11).—"THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER" (song). Words by Tennyson and music by Edward Seymour. Price 4s.

The pieces numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 have been forwarded to us by the eminent publishers Messrs W. Morley and Co., of 127 Regent street, London. All the songs issued by this firm can be sung without permission. We have tried over each of the songs, and find them in words and music remarkably sweet and tuneful, the "Arab's Troth" being particularly rousing, albeit rather difficult of manipulation. The valse "Belle Etoile" is graceful and easy, while the court dance "La Pompadour" requires much mechanical dexterity.

Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 have been received from Messrs H. Klein and Co., of 3 Holborn Viaduct, London, who display much enterprise, taste, and judgment in their various selections of words and musical compositions. They also show a partiality to the productions of Irish men and women, the words of the pieces numbered 6, 7, and 8 being the work of a fellow-townsmen, whilst the music of "The Miller's Daughter," a remarkably taking piece, has been composed by Mr Edward Seymour, son of Mr Seymour, the well-known Dublin solicitor. The musical compositions of Mr Henry Klein show much constructive ability, and possess a peculiar charm which we feel sure will find much favour amongst those of our musical readers who can appreciate beautiful words wedded to catching and fascinating music.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

THE WIFE SPEAKS.

Later, a merry party surrounded Mrs Fitzgerald on the steps of her house. They had been playing lawn tennis and were about to enter to partake of a repast consisting chiefly of strawberries and cream, in the drawing-room. Mrs Fitzgerald, with her racquet against her bosom, was laughing with the rest, and all were about to enter the house when an exclamation of astonishment from Eva, who was standing on a lower step, drew their attention to the figure of a man rapidly coming towards them along the footpath.

Mr Fitzgerald had been so engrossed in his miserable reflections that he had walked through the streets forgetful of the torn condition of his collar and disordered vest.

In this condition he appeared before the tennis party, and it was only when he arrived at the steps that he realised their presence and the state of his own attire. He bowed to one or two familiar faces, and silently looked at his wife until she moved into the hall, followed by her guests.

A disagreeable silence had ensued on his appearance; but Eva, dropping behind, having placed her racquet on the hall table, clasped her hands on her father's arm, and, looking up at him, said—

"Papa, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

He shook his head, but made no further reply, and Eva affectionately pressed her soft face against his shoulder, whilst her eyes became dimmed. She saw his misery, and suspected that her stepmother was in some way the cause of it.

What had promised to be a lively and pleasant party in the drawing-room degenerated into a solemn gathering over the strawberries and cream. Mrs Fitzgerald in the absence of her husband, who had gone upstairs, made violent efforts to appear happy and incite general geniality but in vain. On various transparent pretexts the guests went away, and in twenty minutes Mrs Fitzgerald sat alone on an ottoman with her tennis racquet beside her, and the small tables littered with the remains of the strawberry feast.

Her natural propensity to riot in high animal spirits had deserted her, and despite the handsome face and figure, and the light summer costume decked with rosebuds, she had the appearance of a woman racked with horrible thoughts. She was sitting with her fingers interlaced on her lap and her eyes bent on the tips of her tennis shoes, when she heard the door opened and firmly closed; and looking up, saw her husband coming slowly towards her. For a moment she was seized with a wild desire to jump up and hide, but the next she had tightened her fingers, and sat proud and immovable, looking straight before her, with no sign of emotion save that indicated by the pressure of her teeth on her lower lip.

When he arrived in front of her, Mr Fitzgerald, who was re-dressed, drew a chair towards him and sat down directly before her, a few paces distant.

"As I have a great deal of work to do" he began, in the coldest and clearest of voices, "and will probably be unable to return home until to-morrow morning, I think it well to have a few words with you now."

He paused to stroke down his face and hold his chin. Though his keen grey eyes gazed with cruel steadiness upon her, he felt her beauty even then, admiring with a sensation of bitterness the fully-developed bust, the finely rounded arms, the splendid curve of the white, soft

throat; and when she took her eyes from space and looked at him, colouring deeply to her temples, he felt a thrill of regret at having lost the affections of so lovely a woman.

"I do not know what you are going to talk about" she said, in a soft subdued voice which, in former times had power to turn him instantly into an amorous fool. "I am sure from your manner it is something extremely unpleasant. But before you say anything let me say something to you, Tom. I have to complain to you about yourself."

Mr Fitzgerald, grimly smiling for a moment, crossed his legs and nursed his knee. He awaited in contemptuous silence what he expected to be some frivolous statement of annoyance about the recent disorder of his apparel before her guests.

Taking up the tennis racquet from beside her, Mrs Fitzgerald, whilst she spoke turned it about and seemed to examine it.

"When you married me" said she, "you, no doubt, thought you had performed your duty, because you gave me—a poor girl—a fine house, plenty of clothes, servants, carriages, and more money for trifles than I had ever earned in my mother's shop."

Mr Fitzgerald ceased grimly smiling, and, unloosing his knees, seized his chin, and looked doubtfully at her. She continued to turn her racquet slowly round, examining it, and speaking in the same soft voice with an added strain of bitterness.

"I was very poor and you were very rich, Tom. But I was very fond of you all the same. You were much older than I, but you see, you were different to the men I knew; you treated me with so much respect and such gentleness. Yes, I was very fond of you. I am not fond of you now," she added, shaking her head and catching her voice.

He was still listening silently, but was seated well back in his chair with his arms folded. When she had conquered a sudden desire to burst into tears and pitch herself out of the window, she went on, laying the tennis racquet flat on her lap, and folding her hands on it, looking him steadily in the face.

"You brought me up to Dublin, and I had everything I could wish for. You were very attentive then. For a long time you were very attentive, and I was anxious to be a good wife to you, because I felt that I could never sufficiently repay your kindness to me. Our children were born, and I strove to keep young-looking and bright for their sake and for yours. But I soon began to notice that you grew fonder and fonder every day of your business, your office, your books. When I wanted you to sit beside me and talk with me, you made excuses; you were busy, or you had a business appointment, or you were tired after office work. Perhaps you were right. I don't know. I only know that I began to see that you were tired of me, and began to tell yourself from day to day that you had made a mistake, and I was not the woman you should have married."

"I never said so," observed Mr Fitzgerald. "Never." She put out her hand as if to prevent his further utterance, and continued bitterly—

"No, you never said so, but you thought it. I had rather you said it. I had rather, often, that you had struck me in the face."

"I strike you?" said Mr Fitzgerald, indignantly.

"Yes," she replied, vehemently. "Do you think a woman would rather not be struck than to be looked at as if she were dirt under your feet? Better a thousand times to be honestly struck like a dog. Oh, you need not look disgusted! I have seen it in your face, often and often, your contempt for me, because I was not intellectually your equal; because I was uneducated, because you discovered, when too late, that you had linked yourself to a handsome animal."

"That will do," said Mr Fitzgerald, sternly. "You are entirely mistaken."

"Am I? Then it is a mistake that has been rankling in my heart for years. But no, I am not mistaken. A woman makes no mistake when she considers herself despised. You sought your business, you locked yourself in your study, and you left me to fill my life anyway I could, and get over your desertion anyway I chose."

"My desertion?" exclaimed her husband. "What are you raving about?"

"Oh, you don't call it desertion, but I do," she exclaimed, her bosom heaving, and her tone increasing in bitterness. "You don't think it desertion to leave me alone although in your company—to let me drift through my own life while you walk steadily through yours. You don't call it desertion, I know, to shut yourself up in yourself, but I do. Why did you marry me?" she asked, with sudden passion, rising, and looking scornfully down on him. "I did not ask you!"

"Your question is childish," he said, his eyes following her as she passed up and down before the fireplace.

"Circumstances which neither you nor I could control threw us together."

"I would to God," she exclaimed, "I had died before I saw your face!"

He was silent. She, pressing one hand tightly against her bosom, and resting the other on the mantelpiece, looked blankly down into the empty grate.

At this moment Bernard burst into the room, crying—"Mamma! Where are you, mamma? Come and see the man Hettie and I have made in the nursery!"

The little boy, running towards his mother, plucked eagerly at her dress.

"Bernard," said his father, sternly. "Leave the room."

Bernard crouched close to his mother, whispering—

"Won't you come, mamma?"

She put her fingers through his flaxen curls, and, pressing him to her side, looked across at her husband. For a moment husband and wife gazed into each other's eyes, and the boy repeated his murmuring request.

"Well," said Mr Fitzgerald, rising, "I shall defer what I wanted to say. Perhaps it can wait."

He left the room. Mrs Fitzgerald, going on her knees, clasped the boy to her bosom, and burst into tears. Bernard tried to soothe her by stroking both sides of her face with his little hands, and repeatedly kissing her brow.

CHAPTER XLI.

A CHIVALROUS REVENGE.

ONE quiet evening, about six, a lady wearing a long grey mantle, with a grey veil covering the upper part of her face, knocked at the house where Mr Gordon lived in lodgings.

In this peaceful place the roar of the thoroughfares hummed distantly, the harsh rattle of traffic over the paving stones mellowed to a confused murmuring. The veiled lady, standing on the steps of the middle house, observed on the steps of the last and third house, an errand boy with a large basket on his arm.

In front, across the road, two cats—one black, the other reddish and white—were chasing each other round the smooth trunks of the shapely elms, with their tails stiffened and erect. The boy with the basket was whistling, but, at the same time, he had resolved to pelt these cats with stones as soon as the servant girl arrived to take the goods from the basket. Meanwhile the cats, unconscious of what awaited them, sprang round and round the trunks, one suddenly starting a little up the tree, and springing off to be chased through the grass by the other.

The door where the veiled lady stood was opened by Helen, into whose grave, placid face and quiet graceful movements the spirit of this isolated place with its *cul-de-sac*, and its shapely elms, seemed to have entered.

"Is Mr Gordon in?" asked the lady, with some timidity.

Of these two—the lady bending anxiously forward, and the servant with her straight figure and reposeful face—the latter seemed to possess most of the dignity of self-respecting womanhood. She bowed her head and opened the door wider. The lady stepped in.

"Whom shall I say?" asked Helen, as she closed the door and turned to the visitor.

"Mrs Fitzgerald."

"Mrs Fitzgerald?" repeated Helen, with a slight indication of contempt in her voice and in her eyes as she glanced at the visitor from head to foot.

The lady, drawing back at the tone of the girl's voice, seemed to gather herself proudly together, and said, with some haughtiness—

"Be good enough to announce me."

Helen smiled coldly, and entered the room on the left. Mrs Fitzgerald, left alone for the moment in the hall, leaned back against the wall, and pressed her hand tightly to her side, near her bosom. She heard Gordon's voice saying, abruptly—

"Well, who is it?"

And Helen answering,

"Mrs Fitzgerald!"

There seemed then an inexplicable silence, broken at last by Gordon's voice, saying—

"That will do. Ask Mrs Fitzgerald to come in."

When Helen reappeared, Mrs Fitzgerald was standing erect. Helen, waving her hand towards the door, said—

"You can go in," as if she was giving the visitor permission. Mrs Fitzgerald entered. Mr Gordon met her on the threshold, a smile on his pale face.

"Is it you? What an unexpected pleasure. Come in. Sit down."

He closed the door, and, placing a chair for her, stood

behind his own, with his arms folded on the top. Mrs Fitzgerald sat down, raised her veil, and wiped her lips with a handkerchief.

"I must complain, in the first instance," she said, "of your servant. Her manner is most insolent."

"Helen is a queer girl," he returned, smiling. "I really think she is mad sometimes."

"She is excessively impertinent," said Mrs Fitzgerald. "Why, I do not know. But indeed I need not complain of strangers when my own servants are impertinent to my face, and I dare not dismiss one of them."

Gordon turned up the nails of his right hand, inspected them with an air of gravity, and was silent.

"You do not seem to care," she said, reproachfully, adding with more haste, as he looked up in astonishment, "I mean my affairs are, of course, a matter of perfect indifference to you now."

"You surely," he said, "you surely do not suppose, Mrs Fitzgerald, that I should interfere in your domestic concerns? Do you expect me to regulate your servants?"

"My troubles were not always indifferent to you," she returned with some bitterness.

"Why do you refer to the past?" he said, with a brief laugh, as if amused. "You were not the only woman I paid court to, nor I the only man you jilted. We are older now. These matters are of everyday occurrence and happen to everyone. We should refer to them, if at all, as amusing reminiscences."

"Well, there is certainly nothing amusing in my present existence," she replied, her eager eyes searching his self-contained face for the faintest trace of sympathy. "You are to be congratulated. You are still young, and I am growing prematurely old with misery."

"Your appearance belies your statement," he replied, "and you will pardon me saying that you exaggerate trifling occurrences into misfortunes. Think how many women must envy you. You have an affectionate husband—"

"Oh, yes, very affectionate," she interrupted, bitterly. "Loving children," he continued, quietly watching her twitching lips. "A fine position in society—"

"Yes, particularly at present when all my husband's friends have deserted the house!"

"Plenty of leisure," pursued Gordon, "and enough wealth to place you above the cares of poverty. It is a most enviable position, and I congratulate you."

"It looks very enviable, no doubt, at first sight. I wish those who envy me were in my position!"

"Oh, come," he returned. "You are anxious to be flattered. You like to be reminded of the charming pleasures of your life, the unquestioning love and chivalrous devotion of your husband, the generous friendship of the world, your existence devoid of every trace of care."

"Devoid of care!" she echoed.

"Well, of course, you have your little troubles. Sometimes a servant-maid who has received an offer of marriage from the policeman is inclined to be impertinent, or one of your children catches the measles, or, perhaps—but I cannot believe this possible—you may fancy a faint diminution in your husband's passionate devotion."

"My husband's passionate devotion?"

"Yes. He may possibly bore you perhaps with attentions—that is one of the little troubles I overlooked."

"Gordon," said Mrs Fitzgerald, sitting back wearily in her chair, "there is no necessity for concealment. You know how matters are. You are, I am sure, in my husband's confidence. He has the highest opinion of you, and values your friendship. It is about that matter I have come to speak. My life latterly has become insufferable. Everyone seems to suspect me of I know not what. What have I done? I am entirely ignorant," she said, opening her hands, "of this awful crime, whatever it is, that my husband suspects. Have you any idea as to who puts these thoughts into my husband's head?"

Gordon uttered a low laugh, and replied—

"Your anxious love, I fear, is becoming morbid. You have had a little quarrel with your husband, and you begin to dream of poison."

"Oh, nonsense!" she exclaimed, rising, and walking up and down. "Do you suppose I should have come here for your advice about a trifle? I am not a girl now, Gordon. I am a woman and a mother. Do you fancy I do not love and cherish my little children? Someone, some atrocious villain, has been pouring lies and insinuations into my husband's ears. You are in his confidence. You can assist me to discover and confront them with their lies."

He had pivoted the chair round, so as to face her in her restless movements as she walked to and fro before the window, alternately looking at him and at the floor.

"Your husband," he said, "has never confided his

domestic troubles—if he has any—to me. He has sometimes appeared gloomy when you were in the best of spirits."

She had paused, listening with wistful anxiety for some comforting words, and when he had spoken shook her head.

"Ah, yes," she said, "my spirits! My poor capacity for being amused has been exaggerated by some vile persons into a crime. May heaven forgive them! May heaven forgive those who have changed a kind husband into a morose enemy! They have robbed me of my happiness. Oh, you must assist me, Gordon. I did not venture here—a most indiscreet venture, as you know—about trifles. I am terrified by this terrible trouble that seems hanging over me. My little children! He will teach them to hate me, I know not for what. I cannot sleep at night. My mind is perfect misery. Gordon, you will help me, will you not, for the sake of old times?"

"For the sake of old times," he reiterated, softly. "For the sake of having been jilted for an old man with a purse of gold?"

"Ah, you promised me," she exclaimed, approaching him, "you promised you would be my friend, nevertheless. You know how poor I was, and you were noble enough to acknowledge it. We were only girl and boy. You are glad now, I know, you did not marry me. Gordon," she added, with sudden suspicion, as she looked at his dark, brooding eyes, "you bear me no ill-will? Oh, heavens, say that you are not my enemy! It is not you—it cannot be you—"

She had approached and seized his arm. He seemed to wake from a reverie, and smiled at her terrified face.

"What are you dreaming about?" he said. "Do you think I am the Mephistopheles lurking at your husband's elbow? Ha, ha! That is amusing. Hark!"

The noise of wheels disturbed the silence which brooded over the *cul-de-sac*. The sound seemed to pause at his door. Shaking himself from the terrified grasp of her hands, he went to the window, and almost immediately turned, exclaiming—

"Your husband!"

"My husband?" she echoed growing white, and sinking into a chair. "I am lost!"

"He must not find you here," exclaimed Gordon, excitedly. "Come, you must remain in this room opposite."

She rose, tottering a little as he seized her hand.

He led her across the hall, and at that moment her husband knocked loudly.

Seizing the handle of the door of the opposite room, Gordon furiously turned it. The door was locked. Helen appeared, slowly climbing the stairs from the kitchen.

"Where is the key of this room?" exclaimed Gordon, menacingly approaching the girl. "How dare you lock it?"

"I did not lock it," she replied, sullenly.

"I know you lie," he exclaimed. "Fetch the key at once!"

"Where is it?" asked Helen, vaguely.

Mr Fitzgerald again knocked loudly and impatiently at the door.

"Do not open the door," said Mrs Fitzgerald, appealing to Helen, who looked at her with bitter contempt.

"I beg of you not."

"And I too," said Gordon. "I tell you not to open it."

Helen leaned against the balustrade of the kitchen stairs, and folding her arms, looked steadfastly at the opposite wall, without uttering a word. Gordon and Mrs Fitzgerald returned to the room, where she sat down exhausted with fright, and he stood beside her, his hands in his pockets. Again the knocking at the door was repeated. Suddenly there was a rush of feet along the hall, and Gordon started, seized the piano, and with one effort lifted it aside.

"Quick," he exclaimed in a whisper. "She has opened the door. Get behind here!"

Too excited to calculate her movements, Mrs Fitzgerald cast a despairing glance at him, and concealed herself behind. He lifted the piano back, and placed a copy of Beethoven's Sonatas on top to give it an air of familiar negligence. He then swiftly turned, and at that moment Mr Fitzgerald entered.

The solicitor came slowly into the room with his head bent, his hands behind him. There were two deep indentations between his eyes, the corners of his mouth were drawn firmly down, and Gordon noticed in the briefest glance, that his thin hair was becoming more mottled with grey than formerly. Yet he was dressed with his customary neatness, was apparently still particular to a nicety concerning the spotless purity of his collar, cuffs, and broad

display of shirt front, and the fine fresh texture of his black clothes.

"This is an unusual pleasure, Fitzgerald," said Gordon, warmly shaking his visitor's cold hand. "Sit down. I am very glad to see you."

He placed a chair with its back to the piano for his visitor. Another chair near the window he took himself being so placed that he faced both the visitor and the piano.

"I don't know," said Mr Fitzgerald, putting his hat on his knee and spreading his thin fingers over the crown, "that there is anything pleasurable in my visit."

"Nothing gone wrong in the courts, I hope? The Ballycashel assassins have not escaped?"

Mr Fitzgerald shook his head, and slowly stroked his face.

"No, I have no fear of that affair. The fact is, Gordon—it may seem an unusual thing to do—but I came to confide in you respecting my own personal affairs."

He looked dreamily through the window and saw the shapely elms moving their branches gently to and fro, whilst their leaves seemed to whisper restlessly to each other, stirred by the fitful breeze.

"Going to make your will?" asked Gordon, smiling.

"No. The fact is—" the solicitor bent forward and fixed his eyes on the face of his companion, who sat back, his legs crossed and his arm negligently thrown across the top of his chair, apparently in an easy conversational humour. "The fact is," continued Mr Fitzgerald, "I have been receiving some anonymous letters lately about my wife."

"The deuce, you have!"

"Yes."

"I see. Some woman jealous of Mrs Fitzgerald's undeniable beauty."

"That may be so. I have to test it. Now Gordon, you have always been very friendly with me, and I know of no one I could better trust in a matter concerning my wife."

"My dear fellow," said Gordon, "you may safely trust me, and yet I shall at once candidly tell you that I would rather not get mixed up in an affair of this kind. Mind, I have no objection to be professionally engaged in such an affair by strangers, but I do object most strongly in the case of an intimate friend such as you are."

"You misunderstand me," observed Mr Fitzgerald. "Thank heaven the matter is not so serious, and God forbid I should be driven to parade my domestic affairs in open court. No, Gordon. I did not come on an errand of this kind. But—" the solicitor laid his hand on the other's knee, and looked him wistfully in the face—"you know my friends, you know my wife and her acquaintances, I ask you, as man to man, do you believe my wife capable of the deceit hinted at by my anonymous correspondents?"

The solicitor sat bolt upright when he had spoken, his hand extended towards Gordon, who shrugged his shoulders and replied;

"My dear friend, I honestly believe Mrs Fitzgerald to be one of the best and truest wives ever man had. Anonymous letters? I am surprised, positively, Fitzgerald, I am surprised at a man of your professional experience trusting to such things. Your wife has moved the jealousy of some woman. You know women will go any length in rivalry."

The solicitor drew the back of his hand across his knitted brows, and sighed deeply as he gazed at the moving boughs and whispering leaves of the elms without.

"It is comforting to hear you speak like that," he said. "I am growing quite foolish over it. Pray heaven your words are true. It would be so hard, you see, Gordon, if anything unpleasant were to happen. So hard on the children!"

"Dismiss such thoughts from your mind," said Gordon. "It is a crime to believe anonymous slander about such a wife as yours. Now then, Helen, what do you want?"

Helen had entered, having previously tapped twice on the door, and looked at the two men and around the room.

"The mistress upstairs, sir," she replied, "wants a small plate that was here."

"Fetch it and go," said Gordon, abruptly.

Helen went towards the piano, and, professing to search for something near it, thrust her elbow against Beethoven's sonatas, and sent the volume tumbling over behind. She then hurried out.

"Leave the room!" exclaimed Gordon, at the same instant springing to his feet.

Mr Fitzgerald looked up, astonished at the inexplicable vehemence of his friend. Next moment the solicitor started. There was a low moan from behind the piano. He glanced at Gordon, turned round and stood

order is the talented and skilful lady superintendent of the Meath Hospital—Miss Lyons.

The Red Cross probationers wear no distinctive out-door dress, but their uniform in the hospital consists of a grey linen gown, large white collars and cuffs, white apron with pockets and square bib, and a cap of spotted white net. The sisters' outdoor uniform is a navy blue serge gown simply made, a long cloak of navy blue cloth, a small navy blue bonnet with white border and flowing blue gauze veil. They also wear on their left arm, midway between the elbow and shoulder, the enamelled brooch of the order. Their indoor uniform is a gown of navy blue serge, long white cuffs, apron with pocket and bib reaching to the collar, and a cap of white lace. They also wear the Geneva Cross indoors. No trinkets are worn indoors, but a chatelaine with surgical scissors and other instruments.

"In former years the name 'Red Cross' would not signify anything remarkable, but to-day it gives hope and courage to the wounded soldier. The words alone are sufficient to evoke thoughts of the most noble virtues, sympathy and self-denial, courage and charity. Human sympathy and unbounded charity for their fallen brothers and sisters are the mainsprings and nature of their actions."

DUBLIN POPULAR CONCERTS.

What a truly formidable array of artistes we find advertised for the popular concerts of the ensuing season! and including, too, some names of such "jaw-cracking" description that we cannot fail to be impressed at the sight of them with the conviction that they must certainly herald something undoubtedly supreme, without even the oft-repeated assurances of world-spread notoriety that flourish around them in glowing language. I really thought I would never come to the end of the list; but I frankly confess that when I came to the words "solo violin" I was bitterly disappointed to find printed underneath, instead of the magnetic name of Miss Anna Lang, which I had confidently expected, that of two very inferior artistes—viz., Mdle. Adelina Tinelli and Monsieur Siefert. Mdle. Adelina Tinelli is a young girl, presumably about the age of Miss Lang, but, although undoubtedly clever and capable of affording great pleasure, she gives no promise of ever attaining to the high rank of the latter, being indisputably far behind her in style, execution, tone, expression, interpretation, originality, and in fact everything that can be named; and last, though not least, being totally without any of her personal attractions and graces which in themselves render such an additional charm to the entrancing recitals of "the Fair Anna," who, in the mind of a large number of the most musical, is the very queen of all violonistes and sweetest of interpreters.

That she will visit Dublin again before very long I trust there is but little doubt, as she enjoys such an universal popularity here, and if she could be persuaded to come and arrange a concert on her own responsibility, I have no hesita-

tion in pronouncing that it would be an unqualified success. If the people of Dublin, however, had any good in them they would follow the example set them by the worthy inhabitants of Lurgan, who of themselves tendered her a most enthusiastic invitation to come and give a concert there, and upon her graceful consent engaged the room and had every seat taken before ever she arrived! This was in December last, and it has been universally acknowledged there that never before or since was such a delightful concert given in Lurgan.

To return, however, to the popular concerts. It was to me also a matter of regret to miss the name of the illustrious Signor Guido Papini; but as he is engaged for the coming recitals of the Royal Dublin Society I suppose we need not complain. Certainly he is perfect in his style, "which nobody can deny;" but for all that he never carries his audience away as Miss Lang does—and how could he when he always makes it a point to affect the style of a somnambulist.

To people of my calibre his manner while performing is most aggravating. He has an eternal habit of keeping his eyes shut all through his pieces, without ever indulging in as much as a blink, and then at the close of them he suddenly awakes, as it were, and gazes around him with a bewildered air, as much as to say, "Where on earth am I, and however did I get here? Why am I disturbed; are these monkeys or apes that the room is filled with?" I have made up my mind, however, that the next time I have the privilege of hearing him I will shut my eyes too, and then perhaps I shall arrive at a better comprehension of his art.

I am sure many will be surprised, and very much dissatisfied, too, to note that while Mr Henry Beaumont's name figures prominently, there is no mention made whatsoever of his fair consort. Surely it is an ungrateful thing to engage a man without his wife when they are both professionals, and it is especially odd in this case, where madame is much the greater artiste, and when it is entirely owing to his connection with her that monsieur enjoys the popularity he may possess in Dublin.

The absence of Mr Walter Bapty's name will be a matter of universal regret, and there is a sincere and widespread sympathy for the illness which is the occasion of it, and an earnest hope that his second trip to Australia will be of even more benefit to him than the former one, and that he will return with his health entirely restored and his youth renewed, after the manner of the eagle!

"I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife, looking up from a paper; "what kind of a shirt is that?" "Just like mine," was the reply. And the wife resumed her reading.

There is a capital anecdote related of the late Emperor William, how his valet one morning on presenting him his coat ventured on the remark that it was about time his Majesty had a new one. Before replying to this the Emperor examined his coat inside and out, and then asked how much it would be worth at an old clothes shop. The valet replied, "Three thalers, your Majesty!" Whereupon the Emperor handed three thalers out of his purse, saying, "Now I suppose I have acquired the right of wearing it a little longer."

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

At last the Belfast Free Library has been formally opened. From an early hour on Saturday morning flags floated over the Free Library, the various public buildings, and many of the business houses in the leading thoroughfares, but there was an absence of anything that could be termed general decoration. At the Great Northern Railway Station a guard of honour, consisting of 100 men of the Black Watch and 100 men of the Gordon Highlanders, was drawn up on the platform, while outside waited a guard of Scots Greys and mounted Constabulary. The party in waiting on the platform to welcome their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry included Lord and Lady Kilmorey, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, Sir Edward Porter Cowan, Sir William Ewart, M.P., the Mayor (Sir James H. Haslett), and Miss Haslett. On the arrival of the train their Excellencies and party proceeded to their carriages, receiving a right hearty welcome from the large crowd in waiting outside the station. Cheering was kept up all along the route until the Library was reached, where a guard of the Black Watch was drawn up.

The opening ceremony took place in the reference library, which was specially seated for the occasion. At the upper end of the room, in front of the statue of the Earl of Belfast, a crimson covered dais was erected, to which on their arrival their Excellencies were conducted, having been received at the entrance hall by the Mayor and Corporation in their official robes. The Mayor, on behalf of the citizens, welcomed their Excellencies, after which Mr Samuel Black (Town Clerk) read an address, to which the Lord Lieutenant replied, and declared the Free Library open. The Viceregal party were then conducted through the art galleries and other parts of the building by the Mayor.

Amongst those present during the opening ceremony were:—The Marchioness of Downshire, Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., and Lady Hill, Viscount Bangor and party, General Viscount Templetown, K.C.B.; the Earl of Kilmorey, Lord O'Neill, the Hon. Robert O'Neill, M.P.; Sir James P. Corry, M.P.; Mr W. E. Macartney, Mr E. S. W. de Cobain, M.P.; Sir William Charley, London; Sir Edward Harland, Bart., J.P.; Sir Charles Lanyon, D.L.; Sir David Taylor, J.P.; the Right Hon. John Young, D.L.; Colonel Forde, D.L.; Rev. Arthur Pakenham, Langford Lodge; Mr J. B. Houston, D.L.; Colonel Leslie, and Mr H. H. McNeile, D.L.

A detachment of the Fire Brigade, wearing helmets specially polished for the occasion, were making themselves generally useful, piloted about by the Sergeant-at-Mace.

The Mayor's luncheon was in every way a success. The invitations included the members of the Corporation and the *élite* of Belfast and the counties of Antrim and Down.

In replying to the toast of "The Lord Lieutenant and prosperity to Ireland," his Excellency stated that her Majesty had been graciously

pleased to confer on Belfast the dignity and honour of the title of "City," an honour which, he said, was enhanced by the fact that on no other occasion had the title been conferred on any town other than the seat of a bishopric.

After the luncheon the Viceregal party left by the 4.15 train for Larne, *en route* for London. Their Excellencies were met at Larne by Captain M'Calmont, who introduced Mr John Fullarton, Chairman of the Town Commissioners, who presented a beautifully illuminated address to his Excellency on behalf of the Commissioners. His Excellency having replied, the party were conducted on board the Stranraer steamer by Captain M'Calmont. The absence through indisposition of Lady Haslett from the opening of the Library and the luncheon was the subject of general regret.

The admirers of the late Earl of Belfast trust that his statue has at last found a permanent abode. "Originally it occupied a site in front of the Royal Academical Institution. Dr Cooke died, and it was determined that a statue to his memory should be erected. Though Belfast could not be said to be overcrowded with statues possessing at that time only that of the Earl of Belfast, no other site could be found, and so the noble Earl had to give place to the worthy divine. For a time the Earl's statue was lost sight of, but it was ultimately discovered in the Municipal Buildings, from which it has now been removed to the Free Library, where it is hoped it will be allowed to rest in peace.

The fine collection of paintings and objects of antiquity and interest lent to the library are to remain on view for a month, by the end of which time I think the citizens of Belfast will be convinced that a permanent Art Gallery would be an advantage to our city, and will induce our city fathers to use their influence in the direction of providing one.

A conversazione was given in the Free Library on Monday evening. As usual there was considerable comment on the invitation list.

The opening of the Library seems to have been rather premature after all the time spent in writing for it. No sooner had the Viceregal party left than all other visitors were got out, and any person who, under the impression that the library had been really opened, endeavoured to gain entrance was denied admission. This, with the fact that the books cannot be ready for the public sooner than the middle of November, leads one to the conclusion that the formal opening has been rather premature.

Belfast has been contributing its share to the general excitement over that now notorious personage, "Jack the Ripper."

In last week's issue you refer to Sims Reeve's newly published autobiography. I have been reading the "Mapleson Memoirs" in which he refers over and over again to his visits to Dublin and the great success of Titians there.

The book is most entertaining and readable, abounding in anecdote and musical history, and

proving, above all things else, that the life of an impressario, like that of a policeman, is not a happy one.

Belfast has sent up a band to compete at the Irish Exhibition in London.

I see that close upon 1,000 seats for Mr Coliston's forthcoming popular concerts in Belfast are already subscribed for. Among the vocalists announced are Madame Nordica and Madame Vallerie.

Mr Rodman's art exhibition is now open to the public, and equals, if it does, not surpass its predecessors. A number of the works exhibited have appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy, but many others have been painted especially for the exhibition. Next week I may say something about the pictures.

A collection of rare etchings and engravings from Brooks and Sons London, were sold at Mr Crumsie's saleroom last week.

Cliftonville and Ulster, known as our two veteran football teams, met for the first time this season on Saturday last on the grounds of the latter club at Ballynafaugh. Neither team has shown up well this year, but Saturday's play was a decided improvement in both. Cliftonville played a new half back, Forbes, and though his play threw Williamson to play on the wrong side, both men stood up to advantage. Lawder, as a forward, is not improving, and Cliftonville would have been wiser to have trusted to McFerran, who played the previous week. Gibb is "on" again, and in good form, and Gibson, a second eleven man, played well. Ulster had Watson, their old back, on the field again as strong as ever, and Stewart, the Distillery centre, did much to secure for them their victory. The play was fast from the beginning, and resulted in Ulster winning by four goals to three.

Y. M. C. A. and Linfield Athletics met on Shaftsbury ground. A good deal of interest was centred in the match, as great things were expected from both teams in the cup ties, and the prevailing idea that they would be found to be pretty equally matched was verified. In the first half, with the wind in their favour, the Y. M. C. A. scored two goals, and in the second half the Linfields, having the wind, did likewise, the game ending in a draw.

A draw was also the result of a match between the Black Watch and Glentoran. The Belfast athletic seem to be pulling up fast, as the match with Distillery resulted in one goal each, and the Distillery, with their full team, is no joke to tackle.

Clarence beat the United Steamships by four goals to one, and the Oregon Athletics beat East Shore four to nil.

A series of sports and pony races in connection with the Derry Polo Club took place at Clooney on Thursday last. The ponies were in most cases ridden by their owners.

There were races, barebacked races, and maze races. The sports finished up with a polo scramble. The band of the Royal Artillery played a select programme.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

Unquestionably the most interesting exhibition now going on in London is that of the Arts and Crafts at the New Gallery in Regent street. It has the interest of being the first of its kind, and the interest of the excellent results shown, for the aim it has in view, which is to bring into greater *rapprochement* the original craftsman and designer with those for whose approval his work is planned and executed. Who can doubt that in the days when the artist was his own manipulator, when a beautiful carved panel or a graceful piece of furniture owed its every detail to the same loving hands, the result could be otherwise than perfect in proportion, and full of personal expression.

The most elaborate construction, built up of separate pieces at so much a gross, is meaningless and offensive beside a trifling object holding this personal element within it.

But there is no doubt that, as Mr Walter Crane puts it, "a kind of revival" has been going on in these matters of late years, and it may be that the Arts and Crafts Society in starting this exhibition for the encouragement and development of individual merit—in the teeth of much trade opposition—is laying the foundation of a more cultivated demand on the part of the public, and a wider field for the spread of artistic gifts in daily life.

A series of such exhibits would be an education—and an education through what refreshing paths of varied pleasantness!

The New Gallery—which opened somewhat sensationally in the spring with a show of pictures mainly by seceders from the Grosvenor—is very charmingly and unconventionally distributed. The entrance hall is handsome, and here we find many clever samples of brass and copper repousse, notably 272, a brass scone, quite a gem in its way; also designs for wall decoration—tapestry and beautiful needlework, some of which is contributed by Mrs Ernest Hart, and worked by the employees of the Donegal Industrial Fund. Among these are 335, an O'Neil curtain, and 391, an exquisite piece of Limerick lace.

There are some breezy-looking Roman galleys, effectively presented in tiles—many "precious" designs for wall papers and friezes, with the well known names of William Morris and Walter Crane—and in the north gallery some magnificent cartoons by Mr Burne-Jones. I cannot recall anything this great artist has painted or designed to exceed in beauty and majesty 178, "The Circle of Angels."

In all this varied collection ladies are well represented by much sumptuous needlework, decorative designs, and embroidered panels, those in train silk being especially notable. Mrs M. F. Crane and Miss Morris do worthy honour to the names they bear, and the firm of the Misses Rhoda and Agnes Garrett send artistic furniture.

It is impossible to escape from the rush of the autumn fashions which are just now on the *tapis*. Such bright days as we are having are irresistible for inspecting the "autumn show of novelties" to which we are indiscriminately invited, and our accommodating climate lends itself very freely to the class of costume we know as *demi-saison*. Extremes of cold and extremes of heat afford far less chance of change in toilette than the uncertainties of the

Janis solum, which is ours for the chief portion of the year. In the former case we must be unpromisingly wrapped up, in the other as much as possible *à frais*; but the intermediate season which prolongs our spring into July, and our autumn into November, gives scope for the infinite gradations of warm or light materials, and countless diversities of style.

Winter mantles are of course "in," and very majestic and elegant they are, nearly reaching to the ground, and trimmed with either ostrich feather trimmings, fur, or *passementerie* fur, which has now been brought to great perfection. The favourite model has long square cut sleeves hanging from the neck to the feet, and forming in front a double cloak, which, with every slight movement, reveals a pretty lining, and large important buttons are essential.

But winter mantles are scarcely yet in demand, although fur is already rampant in boas, plastrons, on jackets, and for trimming cloth dresses. A novelty is the Raleigh collar which stands abnormally high as a protection to the neck, when the hair is dressed on the top of the head.

The popularity of fur is easily accounted for by the admission of every variety into the arena of fashion. Otter, beaver, minx, seal, fox, mafflon, skunk, sable, and even bear, are all worn; and all are equally correct, according to their rank and value in the kingdom of furs. This is cheering news, for time was when to wear sable was to date your *parure* as of ten years' standing, and later, otter and beaver became equally *novae*.

I have a depressing personal souvenir of a beautiful set of otter lying *perdu* in a drawer for several winters, during which to wear it would have been to insinuate the idea of emerging from Noah's Ark. But now, every species is admitted, and ladies who have valuable furs, of whatever kind, if only modelled to modern shapes, will be as much *à la mode* as if they had purchased them this year.

There seems no lull in the mania for wall decoration. Every available object—old pieces of metal, odds and ends of china, wall pocket screens, and curios are mounted or draped, and hung up with amazing promiscuity.

For draping there is nothing prettier than fancy lengths of Japanese Surah, either plain or with flowing designs, or bands of liberty silk, such as have been much in demand for looping curtains. The endless variety of these, and the diversity of objects susceptible of draping, allow so much latitude for taste and ingenuity, that the old fear of entering a drawingroom and finding it on a cut and dried upholsterer's pattern has well-nigh disappeared.

Interspersed between the pendant *bric-a-brac* a charming effect is produced by hanging bamboos perforated at intervals into cups for flowers. These are very tempting, for they are most inexpensive, they scarcely occupy any space, and are highly decorative. Moreover, they demand no extravagance in the use of flowers, for a single spray with leaves is what looks best in each interstice.

New models for wall pockets crop up daily, and no wonder, for every lady can become her own patentee. Palm leaves, which can be purchased for a penny each, make capital foundations. For these, art muslin at threepence a yard, is gathered over the leaf—or odd pieces of foulard or china silk do equally well. The pocket—reaching half way up—should be in plush, gathered with a heading to a strip of elastic, and then stitched diagonally

across the fan. The handle or stalk must be covered with the same plush (velvet or satin might be used) and a bow of ribbon at the upper end completes the pocket. I have seen a pretty addition in the shape of two crossed spear heads, also covered in plush, peeping up from the back of this model; and numberless ideas might suggest themselves to ingenious minds for varying the design.

I have been fortunate in getting a genuine local receipt for the famous dish *bouille-à-baisse* immortalised by Thackeray in one of his ballads. In an island home, where the majority of neighbourhoods are within easy reach of the sea-coast, this dish, composed entirely of fish, is easily attainable.

To make a *plat* for five or six persons, procure about three pounds of fish, such as sole, whiting and plaice (if not too large, medium sized fish are the best, and of several kinds.) Cut these into convenient pieces, when thoroughly washed, &c. Have ready four sliced onions, a laurel leaf, sliced tomato, a bunch of sweet herbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper, and salt to taste. Place all in a deep saucepan with a half-pint of Chablis, (or this wine not being obtainable, a tablespoonful of brandy and a tablespoonful of sherry mixed with water to the quantity, and flavoured with thin lemonade peel might possibly serve). To this add a good squeeze of lemon juice, quarter of a pound of butter, and enough water to cover the whole. Boil quickly for half an hour, but not enough to break the fish, stir in a pinch of powdered saffron, boil another ten minutes, and remove the fish to a hot dish. Have ready some slices of toast in a soup tureen or on a deep dish. Strain the liquor to these, add in the fish and serve.

The result is worthy the table of a monarch. I should add that I have substituted butter, where the Marsellais use oil, as more likely to suit northern palates; and have omitted garlic, which, however, if used with great precaution, is an undoubted improvement.

The following is a simple and toothsome dish for second course.

Put in a saucepan $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water, a tiny pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb sugar, and rasped lemon peel. When the water boils, draw it aside from the fire, and add by degrees, stirring always with one hand, enough flour to make a thick paste. Continue to stir rapidly over the fire till the paste is cooked, which will be when it no longer sticks to the saucepan. Then let it cool a bit, and add one by one four eggs, finishing with a white of egg beaten to froth. Let the mixture stand a couple of hours, if possible. Then have ready a pan of frying butter. When hot, but not quite boiling, drop into it a small dessert spoonful of the paste. This, as the fry heats, should swell to double its original size. Continue till the paste is exhausted. The "nun's balls," as they are called, should be of a rich gold colour, and as large as crab apples. They are served piled on a dish with sifted sugar, and are equally good hot or cold.

AMINA.

Little Girl—"Mrs Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs; she wants to put 'em under a hen." Neighbour—"So you've got a hen setting have you? I didn't know you kept hens." Little Girl—"No'm we don't, but Mrs Smith's going ter lend us a hen that wants ter set, and ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs, we've got the nest ourselves."

LA REVEILLE.

GAIETY THEATRE—D'OYLEY CARTE COMPANY.—This company at present occupy the boards in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas the "Mikado" and "Patience." Mr Thorne, as "Ko-Ko," Lord High Executioner, is extremely amusing, and in this part runs very closely for the laurels of George Grossmith. The singing is fairly good, and the rest of the artistes passable.

QUEEN'S ROYAL THEATRE, DUBLIN.—On Monday evening Miss Hewitt's company produced for the first time in Dublin, at the Queen's Theatre, a new and sensational drama, entitled "The Pointsman." The play opens with a prologue, and is continued in three acts, and is the joint production of Messrs R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh. There was a large attendance the house being filled in every part. The scenic effects are really splendid, and in themselves would amply repay a visit. The scene of the wreck of the express train is of a vividly startling and realistic nature—the rush past the signal box and the awful crash being more truly realistic than that usually witnessed on the stage. The different artistes discharged their various roles admirably. Miss Adria Hill fills her part with admirable efficiency, Mr Ambrose Manning as a longshore loafer, Mr Arthur Leigh as Tom Ledstone, at once create a favourable impression on the audience which is sustained throughout.

On Monday next Mr Charles Majilton's famous burlesque company will appear at the Queen's Theatre in the sensational drama in four acts entitled "The Race of Life." The fact that this drama is from the pen of Mr J. W. Whitbread will in itself, apart from other consideration, be sufficient to draw bumper houses each night. The various Press reports on this piece are in the most laudatory and favourable terms. The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, speaking of it, says—"The least that can be said of it is that there is not a dull moment in it. Intensity is its special characteristic, and one striking situation follows another with a rapidity which commands breathless attention." We need not just now enter into the plot, as that would have a tendency to mar the pleasure to be derived from seeing the play, suffice it to say that there are moments when it will be almost impossible to restrain the audience from assaulting the impersonator of one of the leading characters of the play. A realistic scene of one of her Majesty's prisons will be introduced with the treadmill in full working operation. We can promise our readers a true dramatic treat, and we have no doubt that well-filled houses will show their appreciation of the efforts made by the courteous, talented, and efficient manager of the Queen's to cater for their tastes.

MR FREDERIC VILLIERS—TOWN HALL, KINGSTOWN.—This world-famous war correspondent has become undeniably popular as a public lecturer. His Kingstown audience, in point of numbers and enthusiasm, must have assured him considerable satisfaction. The lecture, terse, graphic, and thrilling, is enhanced by a series of lime light views illustrating the many and varied scenes in all lands in which the clever lecturer took an active part. These are no fancy pictures, but sketches from the life seen by the trained and photographic eye of the celebrated war artist, who lends additional charm to

his lecture by verbal descriptions of those sights which he has so carefully observed and brilliantly depicted with his facile pencil. So realistic seem the horrors of war described by one who has moved amongst them, that while our imaginations are thrilled by the scenes, our reason urges us to hasten the coming era of universal peace. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association—J. R. Fowler, Esq., J.P., in the chair.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, TOWN HALL, KINGSTOWN.—A crowded audience assembled to Mrs Manghan Henchy's concert. The programme underwent many changes, owing chiefly to the abstention of several performers who, we think, will exhibit more regard for the public when they allow their names to be programmed on other occasions. Perhaps, however, their absence in this instance was in reality due to a delicate consideration for the public. Miss Nixon not only performed the overtures to "La Gazza Ladra" (Rossini), and Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" most admirably, in conjunction with Miss Kinch, a very young and clever pianiste, but generously and successfully played a "Notturno," by Dohler, as a substitute for one of the omissions referred to. Mrs Manghan Henchy sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" with sympathetic effect, and was deservedly encored. Madam Flavelle successfully essayed the hackneyed, pretty, but academic air, "Knowest thou that Dear Land" from "Mignon." She was also successful in "When we meet" a drawingroom ballad by the lady who composes under the name "Hope Temple." Mrs Power and Messrs Foy and Rooké were well received. Mr R. Phillips conducted.

SOCIETY OF ELOCUTIONISTS.—Owing to our necessary rules, we are unable to notice the meeting of this society at the Leinster Lecture Hall on Tuesday night. We hope its present season will outlive the undoubted success of its last. The Society of Elocutionists, consisting of the ablest professors of elocution and many distinguished amateurs, should draw to it not only those who are anxious to appear as public demonstrators of the excellent art of elocution, but every person who is anxious to speak, even in everyday conversation, the language with proper enunciation and correct inflection. There are not fifty persons in this city who enunciate in an educated manner. Even those who consider themselves clever conversationalists would be astonished at their ignorance if they seriously began the study of elocution. And this is an art of absolute necessity for vocalists. Every person desirous of singing should study elocution. We anticipate a splendid season for the Society of Elocutionists, who are deservedly and rapidly progressing in the estimation of the public.

THEATRE ROYAL, BELFAST.—This week the Belfast theatre is occupied by Mr C. H. Hawtreys company, who are playing Sydney Grundy's new comedy, "The Arabian Nights," to crowded houses. The piece, which is certainly one of the best of its class produced since "The Private Secretary" and "Turned Up," describes the troubles in which Mr Arthur Hummingtop becomes involved by his mother-in-law's over-anxiety to keep an eye to everything during her daughter's absence. The plot is clever in design, and produces a series of the most amusing situations imaginable, which, with sparkling dialogue, witty repartee, and capital acting,

serve to keep the audience in successive bursts of laughter from start to finish. As "Arthur Hummingtop," Mr W. H. Day is most effective, playing with a perfect appreciation of the humour of the piece. As the mother-in-law, Miss Helen Palgrave looks and plays the part most successfully, and as her son, an over-dressed cad, Mr Fred Kaye is capital. Miss M. Sautry gives a correct representation of the pert and clever musical hall artiste Rose Colombier. The other parts are all well filled. The performance opens each evening with a one-act comedieta entitled "The Nettle."

DUBLIN MUSICAL SOCIETY.—At the forthcoming concert the oratorio of "Samson" is to be performed, with Madam Nordica as principal singer. A few years ago Madam Nordica was comparatively unknown. By hard and clever work and unflagging perseverance she stands now on the top rung of the ladder of fame. Apart from the powers of this vocalist, we need scarcely remind our readers that "Samson" is sure to bring down the house.

MR. JAMES CARLYLE, MANAGER, IRISH TIMES.

The following is the Address presented to James Carlyle, Esq., on the occasion of his Silver Wedding, 12th October, 1883, when he was also made the recipient of the handsome Testimonial referred to in another portion of IRISH SOCIETY:—

IRISH TIMES Office, Dublin,
October 12, 1888.

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,
We, your friends, who have been associated with you in business relations, and some in closer intimacy, for many years, desire the opportunity of so far sharing in the celebration of your Silver Wedding, as to give expression thus to our very true and cordial feeling towards you, and to offer our hearty congratulations to you and Mrs Carlyle upon this happy distinction in your life. We speak for every department of the Staff of the IRISH TIMES, of which you have been for so long a period the Manager, and one and all of us, equally those longest connected with the establishment and those introduced later, entertain for you the same unfeigned respect, and cherish the same honest wishes for your and your family's welfare. It is our hope that for many years to come unbroken felicity will be your lot and theirs, and that health will continue, and prosperity be multiplied. You may be well assured that your happiness at all times will be a satisfaction to every one of those who join in this tribute to your worth, fraternal sympathy, and generous and kindly qualities. For Mrs Carlyle the feeling of respect amongst us we could not overstate, and we beg you to present to her our very best regards. We pray that for both of you and your children there will be in store abundant blessing, and we ask your acceptance of the accompanying memorial of the sentiments which is our heartfelt wish thus to record.

Yours very sincerely,

(The above address is signed by every member of the IRISH TIMES Staff).

To this feeling address Mr Carlyle returned the following reply:—

8 Belvidere Place, Dublin,
October 12, 1888.

GENTLEMEN,

I cannot find words sufficiently strong to express my deep gratitude for the sentiments so kindly and feelingly expressed in the address you have just read to me. Such a splendid Testimonial was quite unexpected; indeed, it has taken me wholly by surprise, and while I acknowledge with thankfulness the high compliments paid to me, I feel that I am undeserving of these encomiums. To be associated in business matters with you, gentlemen, is to me a great pleasure, and while such kindly and fraternal feelings exist between us, feelings which are likely to continue in the future, as in the past, the performance of our daily duties becomes a pleasure, and the establishment for which we all labour derives the advantage of the harmony which exists amongst us. That the IRISH TIMES may prosper is our unanimous desire, and towards that end we all pull with a will.

On behalf of myself and my wife I have to return you our sincerest thanks for the very handsome manner in which you have marked the important epoch in our lives which we have reached to-day, this being the 25th anniversary of our marriage; in other words, our Silver Wedding. We thank Providence for His goodness in having spared us to meet you under such happy auspices. Although we have had trials and sorrows, yet we have had many joys, and the dark clouds of adversity have never cast a shadow upon the sunshine of our married life.

Trusting we may live long and happily, and again thanking you upon the part of Mrs Carlyle and myself,

I beg to remain, gentlemen,

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES CARLYLE.

THE CHURCH SPEAKS.

Presbytery St. Joseph's, 126, Harold's Cross, Dublin.
16th July, 1888.

This is to certify that for some years several invalids suffering from rheumatism, &c., have to my knowledge failed in getting relief, or the least prospect of recovery through skilful medical aid. I procured for them the medicine called "Prairie Flower," and the celebrated "Indian Oil." Through them alone the poor sufferers have, to my perfect amazement, wonderfully recovered. I have received hundreds of assurances, from friends in whose veracity I have confidence, of the wonderful power for good of this medicine, and I regard it as a blessing to suffering humanity.

WILLIAM S. DONEGAN, C.C.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

I have heard of many cases benefited which have failed to get relief from other sources.

HENRY FISHE, Mission Church,
12 D'Olier street, Dublin.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

Factory street Mission, Barton Hill, May 9th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I have tried your "Prairie Flower" myself, and can truthfully say that after only two doses I am like a new man.

I am, yours truly, J. DURSTON, City Missionary, Bristol.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

In many cases, and especially in those where rheumatism was to be treated, the medicine has had a marvelous effect. Old long standing cases of rheumatism have been inexpressibly relieved. Where all others failed you succeeded.

Very sincerely yours, Rev. JOHN M. BASTARD.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

Inglesby, Ashley hill.

Dear Sir,—I avail myself of the present opportunity to write you; and I gladly bear testimony to the great benefit which many of the people have received from the use of your medicines.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,

R. CORNALL, Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Bristol.

DUBLIN SPEAKS AGAIN.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, July 8th, 1888.

Mr Hartley,—A few lines about your most valuable medicine Prairie Flower and Indian Oil. I have been suffering for the last eight years from Liver Complaints, Neuralgia, Indigestion, and great pains in all parts of my body. I am, thank God, now happy to say after using this wonderful Medicine, "Prairie Flower" and "Indian Oil," I feel that my health is quite restored. Life is now a pleasure to me, but before it was only a great misery. I hope and trust you will make this letter public; you have my permission.

Yours gratefully, Madam KATRINE WADEUR.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

27 Aungier street, Dublin, July 9th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—Thanks to valuable Medicine and Oil, I have now full use of my right arm, hand, and side, which has made me unable to work for the last four years. You are at liberty to use this testimonial if it would be of any service.

Yours truly, FRANCIS FAY.

Mr Hartley, Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

Dublin, July 10th.

Dear Sir,—I think it my duty to return you my sincere thanks for the benefit I have received from your Medicine. I have been a martyr for the last 13 years from the liver complaint and weakness of the back; in fact I could not tell how I lived for this time. I have walked two miles to chapel last Sunday, where I have not been for the last six years. My complaint cost me hundreds of pounds and did me no good till God sent me your Medicine.

Mrs C. KATING, Knocknoblén, Co. Carlow.

The Sequah Indian Medicine Firm.

Sequah Indian Oil and Prairie Flower. Sold Everywhere.

[ADVT.]

THE TRUE BOTANIC EXTRACT OF ROSES AND ROSEMARY, distilled from herbs and flowers, is one of the most innocent, delightful, and invigorating washes ever introduced for cleansing the scalp from scurf and dandruff, for promoting the growth and increasing the beauty of the hair. It is unlike other washes, being perfectly free from alkali, soap, or any greasy substances; creates a refreshing foam, and is pre-eminently suited to all conditions of the hair. The genuine to be had only of George Lucas, Court Hairdresser and Perfumer by special appointment to the Lord Lieutenant, 6 Suffolk street, and Shelbourne Hotel. Bottles 2s. 7s. 3s. 6d. 5s. 6s. 6d. and 8s. Beware of cheap imitations for LUCAS'S, and take no imitation. — [ADVT.]

"PIANOS,"

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The Largest Stock in the Kingdom to select from at

CRAMER'S
Great Musical Depot,
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The oldest Music Warehouse in Ireland. Established 1801.
Covers nearly two acres of floor space.

New and Second-hand Instruments by all the principal
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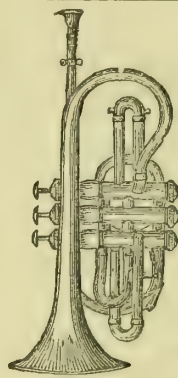
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October, 1888

IRISH SOCIETY.

VOL. I. No. 42. (Registered as a Newspaper.)

27TH OCTOBER, 1888.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall) PRICE ONE PENNY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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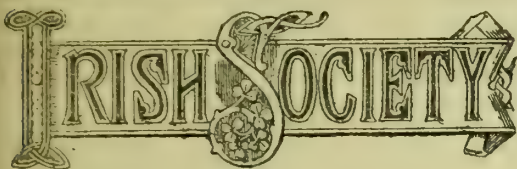
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WEEK ENDING 27th OCTOBER, 1888.

During her stay in Scotland the Queen has enjoyed most excellent health. The Court will not leave Balmoral for Windsor until the 14th November.

One of the great trials of advancing years, from which even Royalty is not exempt, is seeing those drop around us on whose friendship and fidelity we had learned to rely. No one appreciates more highly long and faithful services than her Majesty the Queen, and following soon on that of "Dear old May," the nurse of the Royal Family, comes the death of Mrs Henderson, housekeeper at Windsor Castle. Her remains were interred in Spital Cemetery with all due honour and respect on Thursday. Major-General Sir John Cowell represented her Majesty, and Lady Bidolph Princess Henry of Battenberg. The other mourners included—Sir H. Ponsonby, Hon. Byng, Hon. W. Carrington, &c. The Queen sent two wreaths from Balmoral, one of heather blooms and red berries, with the inscription—"A mark of sincere respect and regret, from Victoria, R.I.," while on a card to the other were the words, "A mark of true regard." Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and many others also sent wreaths.

The tour which William II. is making amongst the sovereigns of Europe will prove a very expensive amusement, and it is estimated will cost from first to last about £40,000. He carries with him 15 stars in brilliants of various decorations, chiefly Red and Black Eagle, for presentation, besides 130 ordinary silver stars and enamel crosses, 64 diamond rings, 34 scarf pins, 24 jewelled bracelets, photographs of himself or of the Empress and his children framed in gold, gold watches and cigar cases, with his arms

and cypher engraved thereon. The smallest service rendered by a foreign official entitles him to a keepsake, while the servants of the sovereigns whom the Emperor visits are rewarded with money.

It is stated, on the authority of a Court newsman, that Prince Alexander of Battenberg will be married privately to a daughter of the Emperor Frederick at Windsor next month. "I have," says a London correspondent, "used such opportunities as were possible to find if it is true, and am unable to confirm this rather startling report. One great authority, however, says it may be true, because, he observes, 'if the marriage is to take place at all there are good reasons why it should come off during the Empress Frederick's visit to England. Her Imperial Majesty is going to Italy, where the ceremony would be less convenient, and will afterwards return to Germany, where it would be most inconvenient. The Emperor Frederick, who was very fond of his children, is supposed to have desired and obtained a promise of the consent of his son to the marriage, without which it would certainly not take place, and the English connections of the Prince increase the probability of the report.'"

The sensation of the approaching trial in Germany will be the appearance of the Empress Frederick in the witness-box. We are able to state on the most unimpeachable authority that the present intention of Prince Bismarck is to subject her to this painful ordeal. It will be remembered that the Empress was coming over this month to spend some weeks at Abergeldie. Every arrangement had been made, when it was suddenly announced, immediately after Dr. Geffcken's arrest, that her Majesty would proceed straight from Kiel to Berlin instead of coming to England. No reason was assigned for this hasty change of plan, and people were naturally much intrigued as to its reason. Now the secret is out, or at least it will be out before long. It is advisable also to take this opportunity of contradicting the rumours that the Emperor Frederick caused several copies of his diary to be distributed in his lifetime. This is not true. No authorised copy of it was made. The diary was over in England at the Jubilee. It is possible that someone was able then to make a copy of parts of it; and whether this surmise be correct or not, it is believed by a good many people who ought to know.

¶ The Prince of Wales has returned to Marlborough House from the Continent.

The Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria has been earnestly invited to visit England by the Prince of Wales.

The cure of Princess Christian's eyesight is proving a rather more tedious affair than was anticipated, and she is to remain for six weeks

under the treatment of the Wiesbaden oculist, though no operation will be needed, it is hoped.

It is asserted that the Prince of Montenegro, who has two married daughters, has been persuaded to lend himself to a diplomatic intrigue whereby one of the young princesses, who is most accomplished, would become the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

Prince Bernhardt of Saxe-Weimar has left the Royal Hospital, Dublin, on his return to Germany.

The marriage arranged between Commander Musters, Royal Navy, and Miss Manders will take place early next month.

A marriage is arranged between Miss Rock, of Binfield Park, Brackwell, Berks, sister of the Princess Raoul de Rohan, and the Hon. Mr Stourton, nephew of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, but will not take place until the summer of 1889.

Sir Harry T. Burrard, Bart., of Walhampton, is engaged to Eleanor Frances, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin-Beale, of Northfield and St. Lawrence-on-Sea.

Marriages have been arranged between Capt. Gilbert Blane, late Scots Guards, of Foliejon Park, Berks, and Mabel Augusta, daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Keith Stewart, C.B. And between Captain Atwell Lake, Royal Navy, eldest son of the late Sir Henry Atwell Lake, K.C.B., and Constance Mary, daughter of Lieutenant-General Turner.

The marriage which has been arranged between Miss Maud Hargraves, and Mr Edward Graham Boucher, will take place the second week in November at Brighton.

The marriage between Mr Stocks and Miss Ellison will take place on Wednesday, November 21st, in Lincoln Cathedral at half-past two.

Owing to the very serious illness of the Hon. Robert Preston Bruce, M.P., who has been ordered abroad and just sailed for Egypt, the marriage between him and Lady Elizabeth Carnegie is postponed.

Owing to the death of a near relative, Mr J. M. Levey, the marriage arranged between Miss Lawson and Mr Hulse, M.P., is postponed, and will take place privately at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, early in November.

The engagement is announced of Mr Malcolm Kearton, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Mr William Wilkin.

We hear that the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral is about to bestow her hand on a near relative of Mr Gladstone.

The marriage of Mr George Fitzroy Cole, of Heatham House, Twickenham, Middlesex, and Amy, eldest daughter of the late Arthur Lionel Tollemache, of Ballincor, King's County, will take place on the 8th of November, at St. Mark's, North Audley street.

A marriage will shortly take place between the Rev. Newton Mant, Vicar of Sledmere, Yorkshire, and Margaret Beresford-Hope, daughter of the late Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, and of the late Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, of Bedbury Park, Kent.

A marriage has also been arranged between Mr Benjamin Wyld, only son of the late Colonel Wyld, and Miss Nannette Letitia Satter-thwaite, eldest daughter of Mr Charles Sheridan Satter-thwaite, Lancaster Lodge, Rockhampton, Surrey.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Mr John Sheridan Satter-thwaite, eldest son of Mr Charles Sheridan Satter-thwaite, of Lancaster Lodge, Rockhampton, Surrey, and Miss Ghita Satter-thwaite, only daughter of the Rev. Charles James Satter-thwaite, Vicar of Disley, Cheshire, and granddaughter of the late Mr Hornby, of Dalton Hall, Westmoreland.

A large and fashionable gathering assembled last Wednesday at Weldon Rectory, near Wansford, Northampton, to witness the marriage of Miss Ethel Finch-Hatton, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Finch-Hatton, to Mr Charles Gunning, 68th Regiment, son of Sir George Gunning, Bart. The ceremony took place at the parish church of Weldon, and the service, which was fully choral, was performed by the Rev. Sir F. L. Robinson, Bart., assisted by the Rev. W. H. Chapman. Among those present were the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, the Earl and Countess of Bandon, Lord Carbery, Lord and Lady Lyveden. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father, who gave her away. She was attired in a costume of white moire, draped with Venetian lace, tulle veil surmounted by a wreath of orange blossom and fastened to the hair by a diamond and pearl crescent, the gift of the bridegroom. She also wore a diamond spray, the gift of her cousin, the Earl of Winchelsea. Her train was borne by Master Robinson, the son of Sir F. Robinson, who wore a pretty page's costume of white satin. The bridesmaids were Miss Finch-Hatton, Miss Agnes Finch-Hatton, Miss Elsie Finch-Hatton, sisters of the bride; Miss Gunning, Miss G. Gunning, Miss Maud Oxenden, Miss Monckton, and Miss Spencer Pratt. They wore charming dresses of soft pink silk, with moire waistcoats and sashes, and white felt Directoire hats. Each carried a bouquet of pink and white roses, and wore a gold bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr G. C. Mansel, 68th Regiment, attended the bridegroom as best man. After the reception at the Rectory, the newly-married couple left for Mr Howard Vyse's place, Stoke Place, near Slough. In the evening the happy event was celebrated by a ball, at which most of the county families were present.

The marriage of Major E. Dowse, 12th (Suffolk) Regiment, to Miss Octavia Hammond, only daughter of the Rev. O. Hammond, rector of Herringwell, Suffolk, was solemnised at the parish church of St. Ethelbert, Herringwell, before a large assembly of friends and relatives. The service was fully choral, and the officiating clergy were the Rev. C. F. Scott and the Rev. John Holden. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a costume of satin and moire stripes, elaborately draped with antique Limerick lace, tulle veil, and diamond ornaments. There were six bridesmaids—Miss Scott, Miss Ruth Hammond, Miss Geraldine Rogerson, Miss Eva Rogerson, Miss Rita Hammond, and Miss Freda Prance. They were attired in costumes of white poplinette, trimmed with red velvet, and carried bouquets of red and white roses. Each wore a gold 1888 bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom. Major Blunt was the bridegroom's best man.

Captain George Lionel Killick, of the Commissariat and Transport Staff, son of the Rev. Henry Killick, Rector of Great Smeaton, Yorkshire, was married on Wednesday last week at Ballymore-Eustace, to Marion Stuart O'Hara, daughter of the late George White-West, Esq., of Ardenode, County Kildare, and granddaughter of the late General the Hon. Arthur Grove Annesley, of Annesgrove, County Cork. The Rev. William Conolly, Rector of the parish officiated.

Arthur W. P. Inman, Army Medical Staff, youngest son of the late Captain Inman, 74th Regiment, was married at St. Stephen's Church on the 18th inst., to Constance Maria, eldest surviving daughter of John Armstrong, Esq., of 45 Northumberland Road. The Rev. James Walsh, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Thomas Gloster, officiated.

Apropos of the fashionable wedding at Dalkey, reported in our columns last week, we notice amongst the wedding presents were two very handsome dressing bags of the new Monitor pattern, supplied by Messrs Austin and Company, Westmoreland street. The bag for the Princess is made of dark green grained Russia leather, lined in rich watered silk, with pale buff Russia leather fittings, and a complete set of richly cut glass bottles, jars, &c., with massive hemispherical silver tops; finest ivory brushes, silver sandwich case, &c., all richly engraved with monogram and coronet. The Prince's bag is very similar; but instead of Russia leather it is made of polished crocodile skin, with inside fittings to match, and massive hollow back ivory brushes, &c. Both bags are perfect specimens of their kind, and cannot fail to add to the already high reputation that Messrs Austin enjoy for high-class work of this sort.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Marchioness of Londonderry graciously sent from the Viceregal Lodge a large quantity of flowers and fruit for the Harvest Thanksgiving Services in St. Werburgh's Church on Sunday last, on which occasion the sacred building was tastefully decorated with the produce of the field and garden. The following also contributed—Mrs Greene, Mrs Lynch, Mrs George Smith, Mrs Poulter, Mrs Isaac Molloy, Mrs Fitzgerald, Miss Butler, Mrs Joyce, Mrs Willey, Dr. Alexander Smith, and Mr Robert Baile (Athlone).

In the afternoon there was a children's special service in the Church, at which a large number of children attended, each of whom brought presents of books, toys, fruit, flowers, &c., which, together with the kind gifts of their Excellencies and others, were forwarded by the Rev. S. C. Hughes, LL.D., Rector, to several of the city hospitals for distribution among the little patients in the children's wards.

The Queen has been pleased to confer the dignity of a marquessate upon the Earl of Dufferin, who will take the titles of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava and Earl of Ava. The title of Ava, after the ancient capital of Burmah, is assumed by her Majesty's special command.

Mrs Fitzwilliam Hume Dick has been entertaining a large number of visitors during the present month at Humewood.

At the close of last week the annual treat to the inmates of Bantry Workhouse was given by the Earl and Countess of Bantry and the Dowager Countess. Lady Bantry was accompanied by Mr S. H. Payne, and Miss Howe, who assisted in serving out dinner in the schoolroom of the institution, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. There was also a distribution of toys to the children.

Mrs Murphy has issued invitations for a dance at her residence, Upper Mount Street, on the 5th November.

An interesting celebration took place at Island Bridge Barracks, on the 25th, given by the non-commissioned officers of the 11th Hussars in commemoration of the historical charge of Balaclava, in which this gallant regiment bore a distinguished part. The dancing room was most tastefully decorated, and brilliantly lighted, showing off to the best advantage the crimson and blue uniforms of the 11th. The band of the regiment was in attendance, and to say that the refreshments were provided by Lovell, of Lower Baggot street, is sufficient.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon's party, at Gordon Castle, broke up last week. The guests had excellent sport between deer stalking in Glenfiddick Forrest and fishing on the Spey. The largest fish caught was landed by Lord Leconfield, and weighed 40 lbs. The most successful of the lady anglers was Lady Florence Gordon-Lennox, her largest fish having weighed 22 lbs.

Mrs Sheehy has issued invitations for a dance at her residence, Connaught Terrace, Kingstown, on Wednesday, October 30th.

Mrs Hugh Sweetman's ball, which was postponed from the 24th ult., will take place on the 29th inst. at Roebuck Hall, Dundrum.

The Lord Mayor gave an "at home" at the Mansion House on the 23rd, which was a crowded one, and the guests seemed fully to enjoy the entertainment. The music was excellent, and the refreshments, provided by Lovell, of Lower, Baggot street, were in that well-known establishment's best style.

Colonel Hooke and the officers of the Sherwood Foresters, stationed at Limerick, recently gave in the new barracks a ball, which was a great success, over 300 of the nobility and gentry of the county being present. The ballrooms and supper-room were elaborately and tastefully decorated under the able superintendence of the ball committee, and the band of the regiment played the dance music to the satisfaction of all present. It is many years since a ball on such a magnificent scale has been given in the City of the Violated Treaty.

A few days ago the Marquis of Waterford presented Sir Robert Paul, Vice-Lieutenant of the County Waterford, on behalf of the subscribers, with a massive silver salver, value £220, in recognition of his services as diocesan treasurer of the Church of Ireland for the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, since its disendowment 18 years ago. The Bishop of Cashel and the best society of the Counties of Waterford, Kilkenny and Tipperary, were present on the occasion.

A grand amateur concert took place on Monday evening at Lismore in aid of the Cappoquin Lace Industry. The different parts of the programme were well rendered by popular amateurs. The Marchioness of Waterford and Miss Keane's performances on the piano drew forth great applause. Miss Lacy Hackett and Mrs Woodroffe's singing was highly appreciated.

Lord Cloncurry is acting with his accustomed liberality towards his tenantry in Kildare. He has just built a substantial and comfortable cottage adjoining the Roman Catholic Church at Ardclough, Kill, for the accommodation of the caretaker of the church, and has given it to the parish at a nominal sum per month. Three roods of garden are attached, and have been walled in at considerable expense to his lordship, who is besides one of the best employers of labour in the county.

Miss Williams, 81 Lower Lecson street, gave a few evenings since a ball and supper at her residence. The attendance was numerous and select, and the arrangements everything that could be desired. Mr J. J. Coates, pianist, supplied the dance music.

Switzer and Co.'s employes are remarkable for the liberality and taste displayed by them in the matter of presentations to respected colleagues who may be severing their connection with the establishment. At the close of last week they met at the Wicklow Hotel and presented Mr James A. Irwin with a magnificent silver tea and coffee service on the occasion of his leaving the employment. The chair was occupied by Mr Moneypenny, who referred to Mr Irwin in the most complimentary terms.

Mr Irwin having suitably responded, an enjoyable programme of music, recitations, &c. was gone through. The manager of Messrs Switzer's (Mr Clements) alluded to Mr Irwin in flattering terms; and having expressed the pleasure it gave him to participate in a reunion of the kind, a highly successful evening was terminated by the entire company joining in "Auld Lang Syne."

On the 16th inst. the Countess of Limerick was safely delivered of a son.

Lord and Lady Arthur Hill are staying at Hillsborough Castle, Co. Down, on a visit to the Marchioness of Downshire.

The Earl de Montalt and the Ladies Maude have left Dundrum House, Cashel, for England.

Mr Burdett-Coutts, M.P., who came over to Ireland to attend the annual meeting of the trustees of the School of Fishery at Baltimore, County Cork, has returned to London.

The Marchioness of Headfort and her daughters have arrived at Winmarleigh, Garstang, from Scotland.

The Marquis of Lansdowne paid a visit to the Queen at Balmoral Castle on Thursday last.

Sir Robert Shaw, Bart., and Lady Shaw have left Bushey Park, Terenure, for London, *en route* to Paris. Sir Robert's health is fairly good, but not sufficiently confirmed to run the risk of a winter in Ireland.

The Earl of Kenmare has arrived at Kilarney House from London.

Lady Charles Wellesley has arrived from her seat in Wiltshire at Abbotstown, near Dublin, on a visit to Mr Ion Trant and Lady Victoria Hamilton.

Mr R. Edmond Hodson has returned to the Lodge, Lismore, from visiting Sir Robert and Lady Hodson at Hollybrook, Bray.

Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish, accompanied by Lord and Lady Listowel, Colonel and Mrs Lascelles, Mr and Mrs R. H. Power, Mr F. E. Currey, Mr E. Hodson, and Mr Beecher, left Lismore Castle at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, and proceeded by cars to Camphire quay, and thence to Youghal in the Duke of Devonshire's steam yacht. The magnificent scenery along the river was much enjoyed. The party returned to Lismore Castle in the evening, having spent an enjoyable day.

Mr Lorenzo Henry, of Kylemore Castle, Co. Galway, has left Dublin for Switzerland.

Lady William Lennox has left the Royal Hospital, Dublin, for Humewood, Co. Wicklow.

Lord and Lady Arthur Butler and the Hon. Henry and Lady Mary Fitzwilliam have been staying at Coollattin Park during the golden wedding celebrations of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam.

Colonel Paul Helsham Hunt and Mrs Hunt have left Kilferia, Kilkenny, for London.

Pending the opening of their mess, the officers of the Gloucester Regiment, which arrived in Dublin on Monday last from Preston, have been made honorary members of the United Service Club.

The Tipperary Hounds met at Bessborough on Friday, and after drawing that demesne blank trotted off to Glenbowe, where a fox was soon

found, and a smart run of 35 minutes concluded with a kill in the open.

The meet was a large one, and, besides the sportsmen, a number of spectators were present, amongst others Lord Waterford, on wheel, of course, but looking much better than anyone would have prophesied who saw him two years ago. He sent for Mr Burke, the energetic master of the "Tips" and congratulated him on the workmanlike appearance of the hounds and horses.

No man deserved praise more; for three years ago the Tipperary Hunt was practically a thing of the past. The pack had been sold, and nobody seemed inclined to rehabilitate them, when Mr Burke stepped into the gap and offered to hunt the country if a sufficient subscription was forthcoming to keep up the covers.

This was easily raised, and Mr Burke has now at Clonmel a sufficiently large establishment of horses and hounds to hunt four days a week, two in the Tipperary country and two in the Curraghmore.

Colonel H. Parnell succeeds Colonel M. Macgregor in the command of the 18th Regimental District at Clonmel. Colonel Parnell joined the Buffs as ensign in 1855, was aide-de-camp to the Governor of the Windward and Leeward Islands in 1865 and 1866, was transferred to the East Kent Regiment in 1878, and commanded it in the Zulu war, for which service he obtained a C.B. He held the appointment of Commandant of the Straits Settlement from 1880 to 1885. He is a nephew of Lord Congleton.

We sincerely trust the movement now on foot to present a fitting testimonial to Captain Slaughter on the occasion of his retirement from the mail service between Kingstown and Holyhead will result in a gratifying success. When the intention of the genial sailor to seek a well-earned repose became known, a feeling was generally expressed that he should not be allowed to do so without some recognition of his long and honourable services, and with this object steps are now being taken to present him with a suitable testimonial of his sterling worth.

A large number of noblemen and gentlemen have allowed their names to appear as approving of the movement, among them being the Dukes of St. Albans and Abercorn and the Marquis of Ormonde, who have written expressing their concurrence in very cordial terms. Captain Slaughter in his official capacity met all sorts and conditions of men, and was studiously courteous to everyone with whom he came in contact. He has now retired after twenty six years' service with the City of Dublin Company, having previously won distinction in the Crimea in connection with the Navy. The subscriptions range from £5 to £1.

Vico Road, Dalkey, seems within measurable distance of at length being opened, as it is understood that Mr Lloyd has agreed to give up his portion of the road and allow free ingress and egress for a sum of £750, for which a public sub-

scription will be raised. It is expected that many will subscribe to the fund, so as to enable the inhabitants of Dalkey and Killiney and the public generally to secure an undoubted right of way to and from Killiney and the strand for ever.

* *

The late Lord Mount Temple was well known in Ireland. As far back as 1830 he was aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant, and in 1835 was appointed Private Secretary to his uncle, Lord Melbourne. He possessed a large property in the County Sligo, from whence he derived his title as Baron Mount Temple of Mount Temple, but as he died without issue the baronetcy becomes extinct.

* *

We regret to hear that Count Arthur Moore is breaking up his establishment and intends residing permanently in England. Mooresfort was one of the most charming and hospitable residences in the South of Ireland, and the Count was always a generous landlord and liberal employer.

* *

One may confidently state without fear of contradiction that no member of the Dublin Corporation resides in Exchequer street, for it is without exception the worst lighted one in Dublin. Indeed, there is only one lamp to make the darkness visible.

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We understand that the Directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company intend issuing shortly a small map of Westland row Station, showing the several arrival and departure platforms. This step has become absolutely necessary, as hardly any two consecutive trains start from the same platform. It is not true, however, that the Directors will take any steps to prevent the newsboys on the steps from knocking against passengers. The public must still run the gauntlet of the gamins of Dublin. It is not true that the Directors intend to take any steps to prevent the loafers that crowd the station on Sundays from spitting upon the unlucky passengers as they walk down the inclined path from the trains to the street. Passengers must look out for themselves.

* *

Who says drapers are not poetical? Here are some of the names of the new fashionable shot silks:—"Alpine Glacier," "Morning Sky," "Burning Love."

* *

It is now known that the resignation by Sir William Stokes of the surgeoncy of the Richmond Hospital, with which institution he has for many years been honourably associated, is in the hands of the Board of Governors. As the citizens are aware, Sir William was recently elected to the surgeoncy of the Meath Hospital, to which institution he now transfers his services. It is not yet determined whether the Board of Governors of the Richmond will advise the filling of the vacancy thus created, and the question will probably not be decided for a week or two.

* *

The second Leopardstown Meeting is fixed for the last couple of days of the present month. What its success may be it is difficult to predict after the unpleasant experiences of inauguration day. The acceptances have been published, and a glance at the list would lead to the opinion that the racing will be of an interesting character. The fact that the meeting comes so near that of Liver-

pool will, it is to be feared, keep many high-class horses from sporting silk at Foxrock. The new steeplechase course has been completed, and gives general satisfaction.

* *

Mr Walter Bapty's regrettable illness, while constituting an undoubted misfortune to the Dublin musical world, is being watched by scientists with considerable interest. It is well known that Mr Bapty has been suffering for many years with an internal movable tumour, which has now advanced upward, and at present presses on the nerve which controls the vocal chords. Now, the deep interest taken in his case by local scientists is partly due to the fact that Mr Bapty consulted Sir Morell Mackenzie, and that distinguished specialist, after a careful examination, assured Mr Bapty that his vocal chords were permanently paralysed. Since this assertion there have been signs that the movable tumour is re-descending, and Mr Bapty is recovering the use of his voice in consequence.

* *

It was from the beginning the opinion of our Dublin specialists that this would happen, and they declared the opinion that Mr Bapty's vocal chords were only temporarily paralysed, both before and after Sir Morrell Mackenzie had given his *fiat* in the opposite direction. We are happy to say that our Dublin scientists are emerging victoriously from this conflict of opinion, and likely to score against the famous author of "Frederick the Noble."

* *

Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, M.P., while returning in the moonlight after deer-stalking in the Forest of Glen Tana, fell at an awkward place, sustaining compound fractures of both the bones of his left arm. The hon. baronet is progressing favourably, and hopes to be in his place in Parliament on the opening day of the autumn session.

* *

The Rev. Francis Pigon, Vicar of Halifax, who has just been appointed by the Queen Dean of Chichester, is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. The Vicarage of Halifax is worth £2,000 per annum, and by accepting the Deanery of Chichester, which is only £800, the new Dean sacrifices a considerable income.

* *

The Resident Medical Officer of Cork Street Fever Hospital (Dr. John Marshall Day) makes a strong appeal to the benevolent for old articles of clothing for the use of convalescents leaving that institution. An appeal of this kind will surely elicit a generous response. Parcels may be sent direct to the Lady Superintendent at the hospital.

* *

We regret to learn that Lieutenant J. H. Crofton of the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment) was unable to accompany his battalion to Fermoy on Monday last, as he is in hospital suffering from a severe attack of fever, contracted in the Wellington Barracks. As in the case of the Royal Barracks, the drainage seems to be deficient, and we will be surprised if more cases do not occur. However, the late Richmond Prison has only been taken on trial by the Government, and, if it does not suit, will not be retained. The motto on the gate, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well," might, we think, during the occupancy, even if temporary, of her Majesty's forces, be removed. The inscription is not an encouraging one.

Something better for a barrack could easily be found.

* *

Captain J. L. Prendergast, D.A.C.G., Commissariat and Transport Staff, is, we regret to learn, laid up with a severe attack of typhoid fever, but of a mild type. The barracks of Dublin cannot, we understand, be held in this instance responsible, as the officer was residing in lodgings.

* *

The 1st Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, which has been stationed in Dublin since June, 1886, left Kingstown on Monday on board the Assistance for Fermoy. A large number of the friends of the officers were present on the Victoria Wharf to wish farewell to the old 14th, amongst them being Lord Crofton, the Hon. Captain Crofton, Lady Rachel Saunderson, Colonel and Mrs Carden, Captain Dwyer, &c. The lady friends of the non-commissioned officers and men turned out in strong force, and not a few wet eyes were noticeable amongst them as the troopship left the wharf at half-past 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

* *

There is a possibility that within a short time the principal thoroughfares of Dublin will be illuminated by the electric light, the Corporation moving in the matter. In our wide streets the effect would certainly be fine, and to the citizens, who have been so long accustomed to the wretched glare from existing gas lamps, the change would be a welcome one indeed.

* *

The Alliance Company will of course be as mad as March hares over the change, and they will doubtless look for compensation for disused lamps, which they are not at all likely to get. We only want the introduction of the electric light as an experiment in our principal streets, and no long time will thereafter elapse until its application has been widely extended. This is the light of the future.

* *

Journalistic society in Dublin has sustained a serious loss by the lamented death of Mr William C. Johnston, who was for more than fifteen years connected with the *Daily Express* newspaper, for the greater portion of which he discharged with great efficiency the important duties of chief of the reporting staff. Mr Johnston, who was a native of Edinburgh, was a comparatively young man, and during his residence in Dublin endeared himself in a remarkable degree to his colleagues on the Metropolitan Press, with whom he was a universal favourite. He was treasurer of the Irish Journalists' Association, and he leaves a widow and eight children to mourn their irreparable loss.

* *

On the subject of theatrical monopoly in Dublin, referred to in our last issue, there are many more words to be said before the subject can be finally dismissed. Of the three patents existing in the city for theatrical representations, two are hopelessly held by Mr Michael Gunn, who can, when he chooses, deprive the citizens of the use of one of them by utilising as he does the Leinster Hall for concerts, and turning on to drama or opera in that place when it suits the exigencies of the Gaiety. And thus the citizens are deprived of the benefits arising from healthy

competition in the theatrical world which would arise if the second patent were in the hands of a separate and independent party.

And now we would suggest to the spirited lessee of the people's theatre, the Queen's, the desirability—indeed we would say the necessity—of an enlargement of his house, to enable him to compete in point of accommodation with the Gaiety. The time for such a change seems most opportune, and in the hands of Mr Jones, who has brought the Brunswick street house to a high pitch of popularity, aided as he has efficiently been by Mr Whitbread, the success of the enterprise would be assured. A bold and vigorous effort would accomplish this, and in the present temper of the public Mr Jones would find earnest encouragement and support. Monopoly would thus receive a blow which would stagger it, to the intense satisfaction of almost everybody.

There could, we believe, be little or nothing done in the way of enlargement so far as the present site is concerned; but we have heard competent authorities in matters of this kind declare that if the formation of the theatre were altered so that the stage and auditorium should run parallel with Brunswick street, taking in, of course, some additional houses on its eastern end, a splendid home for the drama would be secured, in which people going at the advertised hour for opening would find seats which had not been filled by people admitted at an earlier hour on payment of a special extra fee.

Mr Jones should not lose sight of this matter. The hint is given for the good of the Queen's, which is rapidly and deservedly advancing in public estimation and favour.

Enfin, which means that after many months, one can now walk from one end of Grafton street to the other, and on both sides of the footpaths, without being compelled to run the risk of being driven over (in consequence of having to promenade in the middle of the street) by carriages, cabs, and carts, or by being ridden over by cyclists, &c. The hoarding in front of Messrs Lambert Brien and Company's new premises, that has for such a length of time been an eyesore in the principal thoroughfare of Dublin, has at length been pulled down, and Grafton street is once more itself. Let us hope that no more fires will occur in this street for many years to come. How many people are there, we wonder, in Dublin who know that where at present stands 61 Grafton street was originally the entrance to Tangier lane, where the recruits of the present Royal West Surrey Regiment, now quartered in the Royal Barracks, were assembled before being shipped off to Tangiers? Yet this is a fact.

Will any one venture a prophecy as to the period when the streets of Dublin will be free from the nuisance inflicted on them by the Tramways Company with their never-ending relaying of lines? Only a short time ago people were seriously asking one another, if Sackville Street, Westmoreland Street, and Grafton Street as far as the corner of Nassau Street, would ever again, during the lifetime of the present generation, assume their normal aspect, and after months of weary delay and interference with the traffic of these leading thoroughfares, they were once more returned to the service of the public.

Then it came to the turn of College Green and Dame street. There is no use in pointing out the pitiable plight into which these important highways have been plunged by the action of this Tramway Company, who apparently regard the streets as their own private property, to be hacked and blocked at their sovereign will and pleasure, and to be restored at whatever rate of speed seems good to them.

Now we hold that in the interest of the citizens the Corporation should intervene, and talk to the tramway gentlemen somewhat after this fashion—"It is, no doubt, necessary, that your lines should be relaid and repaired; but we will insist on your doing so in the most rapid way possible, working night and day with large relays of men, so that the convenience of the public may be as little interfered with as possible."

The Corporation have legal right to take up this attitude, and they have the further legal right of proceeding against them in the courts for improperly blocking the public thoroughfares by delaying the completion of works which in London or any important English city would be done in a tenth of the time occupied upon them in Dublin.

It is quite the correct thing in Dublin now for young married ladies with good-looking children to utilise them as porters. The mammas, accompanied by a pretty child of either sex, the latter wheeling the familiar mail cart, goes on that task so dear to ladies—shopping. The purchases made, they are placed on the little cart, and then another shop is visited, and the same thing occurs. Shopkeepers muchly approve of this new departure. They are saved thereby considerable expense. The little ones like it, for do not grocers, confectioners, &c., give them gratuitous sweets, and biscuits? and the mammas like it, for it brings them under notice. It is a fashion which, when better known, is sure to be popular, it has so much to commend it.

"Observer" has favoured us with an account of a meeting which took place between him and a Trinity College cricketer some time ago. It seems that because the cricketer did not enter into conversation with "Observer" the former must be stigmatised as a "snob," and Irish gentlemen generally as "snobs." If "Observer" has no other ground for such a sweeping denunciation of the gentlemen of Ireland than that contained in his letter, we think he might have spared himself the trouble of writing to us upon the matter. We have no sympathy whatever with his opinion, and therefore can be no party to a libelous attack upon Irish gentlemen generally or upon one individual particularly.

There was something very sad about the terrible death of a beautiful young lady in Havana some time ago. One of its most brilliant ornaments, Isabel Cabalero, a typical Castilian beauty, committed suicide. She was the daughter of an aged but wealthy planter. Young, graceful, and refined, she was sought by everybody. Of late, however, she had shown signs of despondency. She persuaded the butler to purchase a costly revolver, on the plea that she wished to make a surprise present to her brother. The revolver was given to her, and half an hour after-

wards she was found lying on her bed dead. She had dressed herself in a long white robe, and left a request that a white lace gown might be placed upon her body, and that she might be buried in a grave strewn with fresh sweet-smelling roses. As yet no one has dared to break the terrible news to her aged mother.

The question is, "What shall we eat?" as nearly every day brings some new preparation into the market, designed to prolong life or to remove some of the many ailments the human frame is subject to. One of the latest is the Phoenix digestive food, prepared specially for infants and invalids, which has been analysed by Professor Tichborne, who says, "This food, although it consists entirely of the farina of the three cereals, is much more nitrogenous than ordinary flour, as evidenced by the analysis. It, in fact, gives food resembling a mixed vegetable and animal diet. It is very palatable and appetising—qualities of great importance when considering its value as a diet."

There are fiends enough in all conscience moving about inflicting horrors on humanity without the addition of another one, who this time is a woman, Chin Chai Ngo by name, highly reputed for her charms, and a beauty of Soo-Chow. Quiet people would not feel flattered by her acquaintance, and if she be not slandered by newspaper report from the Flowery Land, she will take rank among the most horrible wretches on record.

Miss Chin Chai Ngo, puffed up by the adoration of the votaries of pleasure who followed in her train, became of course intolerably haughty, and perpetrated acts of the grossest cruelty. She purchased a young and innocent girl of ten years for a slave, and wishing to train her up to lead the same life as her own, she proceeded to teach her to sing to the guitar. Not proving as bright and musically gifted as she desired, Miss Chin Chai frequently lost her temper and administered to her pupil the most merciless floggings.

This in all conscience was bad enough, but worse remains. One night the heartless monster became so bold and enraged with her helpless charge that she actually procured a pair of red-hot tongs, and with them burned out the tongue of the child, who died from the torture of this horrible infliction. Her body was stealthily interred, and as the luckless little waif had no one to claim her, the charming Chin Chai Ngo will go unpunished.

Mr F. C. Burnard is very prolific with his pen, and in one of the magazines for the month he has been pleasantly discoursing on "burlesque," a topic with which, as we all know, he is thoroughly familiar. "As long as dramatic pedantry and theatrical pretension exist," says Mr Burnard, "so long will the spirit of burlesque be ever alive to expose, ridicule, and satirise them."

If the ladies will only take a hint from America there is no reason why they should feel cold throughout the approaching winter. We do not guarantee the practicability of the following suggestion; we only note that it is put forward by a paper interested in all matters of clothing.

The hint to which we refer consists of a steam heater which a lady may bear about on her person. Where she will conceal it is not for us to inquire. Probably the tall hats which have been recently in vogue might conceal any amount of engineering apparatus. The engine consists of a copper boiler, under which is a diminutive lamp, the whole encased in a nickel box, and balanced after the manner of a compass.

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The directions for use are simple. Light the lamp, the water in the boiler being heated circulates through rubber tubes, which run down the legs, round the ankles, up the back, and back again to the boiler. The lamp is gauged to run for a definite number of hours, and can be set to suit a Sunday morning's service or the more worldly ceremony of a week-day bazaar. Nothing is required but a lady's maid or a kind friend to light up. The prettiest point of all, however, is the safety valve arrangement. If the lady puts the engine in her hat the escape of excessive steam will, of course, rise from the crown as from a miniature geyser. But if she elects any lower part of her person for the engine fires, the safety valve will find issue at the back of her neck. After all, a lady under these conditions will not (says the contemporary referred to) be a more formidable person to approach than an Italian lady brooding over her scaldino.

* *

The oldest man in the world undoubtedly is a citizen of Bogota, in the Republic of San Salvador. This new Methuselah confesses to being 180 years old. He is the son of a European and Indian, by name Solis. His existence was revealed to Dr. Hernandez by one of the oldest colonists of the place, who in his infancy knew this man to be a centenarian. In some ancient documents of 1712 his signature is found amongst those of the persons who contributed to the construction of the Franciscan convent that exists near San Sebastiano. Dr. Hernandez paid him a visit, and found the old man working in his garden. His hair is long, and white as snow, and his glance is so piercing as to produce a disagreeable impression. Being questioned by the doctor, he answered with complacency that his advanced age was due to his regular habits of living, and that he had never allowed himself excesses of any kind. "I only eat," he said, "once in the day; but I always take strong and nourishing food. My meal lasts half an hour, because I believe it is impossible in that length of time to eat more than one can digest in twenty-four hours. I fast the 1st and 14th of every month, and on those days I drink as much water as I am able to take. I always leave my food to grow cold before touching it, and to this system I particularly attribute my longevity."

* *

London is now filling rapidly. A few approaching weddings, both in town and country, are attracting the attention of those directly and indirectly concerned, and country house parties are assembling in numbers. It is at these gatherings (says the writer of English fashions in the *Queen*) that new ideas on coming fashions may be detected; but as yet nothing very novel is to be seen. Tailor-made gowns are paramount among the younger women, style and fit being the first points, material and pattern second. But novelty is, among other women, a matter of supreme concern, and if anything out of the way in ornamentation, make, material, or combination which attracts comment can be intro-

duced, a success is scored. Gold-embroidered waistcoats (many coming from Cairo) are worn with warm woollen gowns, and smarten them up considerably. They are worn differently, displayed at full or only partly, according to the taste of the wearer or tailor, and sometimes they are softened by revers of velvet or watered silk, but more often not.

* *

The head-gear garnitures for ladies are just now varied, beautiful, and suitable to the season, and fair wearers find no difficulty in choosing something at once pleasing and becoming. Embroidered cloths in exquisite shades of dove-colour, grey, and white, mixed with velvet of richer tones are peculiarly adapted for millinery trimming where a costume bonnet is required. The latest novelty, however, in the millinery line in the best circles of society is a hat with a poked brim, a very low crown, and a feather boa encircling it, which is tied round the throat in front.

* *

In Paris this season boas, more rich and beautiful than last year, are becoming all the rage. Tan and crimson, we are told, are popular, with the cinnamon-coloured hats, trimmed with crimson. In dresses the princess shape is still the most general and approved style of morning robe; but it is now made with many modifications. Exquisitely dainty lace collars and jabots are now being shown for wearing with the Directoire vest, and lace-bordered handkerchiefs are much sought after.

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Fashion papers are stating that "blackbirds, large and small, will be greatly worn as hat trimmings this winter." Let the Selborne Society take note. Let ridicule, sarcasm, kindness, or any other means be employed to prevent this cruel waste of beautiful life. Let great ladies, from princesses downwards, agree not to appear wearing such barbarous and savage "adornment."

* *

Nothing is of more importance to ladies than their personal appearance. The teeth are an especial care, and rightly so, for there is no feature of the human face that does so much to brighten the expression as the teeth. Many of our lady readers are aware that even with the utmost personal care the teeth will decay somewhat; and to prevent this catastrophe they ought to be examined at least once a year—better every six months—by a competent dentist, and if any decay appears have it filled at once. It is a great mistake to neglect a decayed tooth till it aches, and then rush off to a dentist to have it filled. The filling will be far more painful and expensive than if it had been done when the cavity was small. A great amount of ill health is caused by decayed teeth.

* *

Our *costumiers*, furriers, milliners, and drapers will at an early date set about decorating the windows of their establishments with all the latest developments in winter fashions. Although we sometimes have to wait for a considerable period before the most approved Paris fashions make their way to Dublin, yet it is consoling to ladies to know that in the matter of the *modes* we are ahead of Glasgow, Edinburgh, or any of the provincial towns of England. The purveyors to fashion circles in Dublin are remarkable for the enterprise they display in securing at the earliest possible moment the very newest designs and materials for their *clientele*, from the exquisite styles

procured by Mr Alfred Manning, the shades of materials by Arnott, Switzer, M'Birney, or Todd Burns, to the very newest things in hat and bonnet decorations, ribbons, wraps, and mantles by Mr Kellett.

* *

A good deal of interest is felt at Cambridge in Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-General, who is a student at Newnham College. The question is whether or not she will be senior wrangler next year. It is usual to estimate the chances of success in the mathematical tripos from the positions attained by the respective competitors in the May examinations of the previous year, and last May Miss Fawcett beat all the Trinity, who are considered to be the best mathematicians of their year in the University.

* *

A capital story is going the rounds in London, the Earl of Rosebery being the subject. On Monday last, according to an evening paper, his lordship was chased up the steps of the British Museum by an irate cabman, who was possibly dissatisfied with the amount of his fare. "Hi!" cried the cabman to an attendant, "will you stop that gentleman with the hat and gloves?" much as he would have cried, "Stop, thief!" "That's Lord Rosebery," said the attendant, quietly, "and he's a trustee." So the cabman, evidently thinking it best to trust his lordship also, mounted his cab and drove away.

* *

In our last issue we referred briefly to the festivities at Coolattin Park on the second day (Thursday) in connection with the golden wedding of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, and since then several indignant letters have been addressed to the Dublin newspapers from well-known city caterers who have been passed over in favour of a Sheffield firm, to whom was given the providing and serving of the refreshments supplied to the enormous throng who went to Coolattin to offer their congratulations to the noble pair.

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We will take the cases of a couple of Dublin caterers whose ability to discharge with completeness duties of this description has been often satisfactorily tested—Mr Lovell, of Lower Baggot street, and Messrs. Mitchell and Son, of Grafton street. Mr Lovell says he was never asked for a tender. On the contrary, he applied to the agent, but that mighty magnate did not condescend to answer his letter! Mr Lovell reminds us that on the coming of age of Lord Clifton at Gouran Castle, he catered for close on 4,400 on a single day, while at Coolattin Park the entertainment was divided into a couple of days.

* *

Messrs. Mitchell and Son were also left out in the cold, while they say that if they had been entrusted with the catering they could have done so successfully for double the number required to be provided for. It is regrettable in every way that on so interesting an occasion Dublin firms should have been thrust aside and an English contractor brought over to do work which could have been better done at home, while employment and profit which should have been distributed in our city have been given to people across Channel who would certainly never dream of returning the compliment by inviting Irishmen to cater for festivals in England.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

"I will not refer," said Miss Cavanagh, "to your conduct on that terrible night of the riots. No doubt you thought you were doing your duty, and, though it was a very painful experience to me, I forgave you on that account. You were, I believe, a special constable, and the night being dark, you did not recognise me. I do not wish," she added, glancing at Mr Mannix, "to be too ungenerous."

"The mistake you are likely to make," said Mr Mannix, "is allowing your generosity to stand in the way of justice. The young man is, I fear, incorrigible. For many years I have watched his career not without much pain and tribulation. I have made, as he is well aware, many attempts to turn his wayward and erring footsteps in the right path. All in vain, in vain!"

"Ah, Frederick," said his aunt, "you hear what Mr Mannix says. Is it not a dreadful thing that you should turn a deaf ear to his kindly warnings? Oh, Frederick, I have been greatly deceived in you!"

"Not more so than I," said Mr Mannix. "When I first knew him he seemed so young, so pliable. I said to myself—'Lo, a youthful mind to be trained in the sweet ways of goodness.' Alas! how bitterly I was deceived. How little I knew how much of the devil's worst wickedness can hide behind a young and smiling face!"

"I never thought," said Miss Cavanagh, wiping her eyes with the tips of her fingers, "that my brother's son would turn out so. It is a dreadful shock to me, Frederick."

"Be brave," said Mr Mannix, bending towards her. "Remember kindness in some instances is a weak and foolish sentiment. You may, through sheer generosity towards this unhappy young man, do exactly what the evil one requires. There are times when we must gird ourselves up and be firm even to the end that we may walk according to the proper light that is within us."

"From all this," said Fred, rising and addressing his aunt, "I gather that I am no longer required in these halls of dazzling light, and from portents that flit around, I opine that an indiscreet marriage looms on the near horizon. These walls," he continued, looking round, "were once welcome portals to the benighted one, to one who was nobody's enemy but his own. Enough of that. I make no appeal. I have fought for me country. I return with laurels to find a snake winding coils around a respected relative. Aunt, for the last time the benighted touches the kindly hand."

Bending on one knee, he took his aunt's fingers and pressed them to his lips.

Then, rising, he exclaimed—

"The die is cast. The long-considered event arrives at last. I leave snakes to their slimy work. America, I come!"

He slapped his hat on his head, and flourishing his arm aloft, strode out of the room and out of the house. When the door of his aunt's house had closed behind him he took off the sling and put it in his pocket, and thrust his left arm into its sleeve.

At the gate he met Rose entering.

"Oh, Master Fred, what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Farewell, Rose," he replied, shaking her hand. "A cablegram to New York will always find me willing to

serve you. Beware of snakes in yonder once-happy home. Farewell!"

Rose stood, with her hand on the gate and her mouth open, in speechless astonishment, watching him as he strode with his longest stride down the road until the darkness and distance hid him from view.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BALLYCASHEL PAPERS.

THE evening following his interview with Gordon, Mr Fitzgerald remained late in his office. Mr Mannix and all the clerks, with the exception of Fred Gilhooly, had gone home. Fred had been ordered by Mr Mannix to wait, and now amused himself by kneeling on a high stool, and looking over the muffled portion of the window into the street. Many a girl passing was induced to look up by a loud tap on the glass, and saw Fred's face with a solemn wink on it framed in a dirty pane.

This amusement was interrupted in half-an-hour by the voice of Mr Fitzgerald calling him from the inner office.

Descending, and assuming a smart air of business, Fred walked inside, and, in presence of his employer, said—

"Did you call, sir?"

Mr Fitzgerald had finished his office work. He had his hat on, and was standing beside the table busily tying a large bundle of papers with red tape. An open black bag stood on the table and beside it an umbrella.

"Yes, I want you," replied Mr Fitzgerald, lighting a taper, and proceeding to seal the documents.

This done, he blew out the taper, put the bundle of documents into the bag, which he carefully locked, and, crossing the office, gave the bag into the custody of Gilhooly.

"Take this bag," said the solicitor, impressively, "to the Solicitor-General's office."

"Yes, sir," said Fred, promptly, weighing the bag by his side and looking brightly up.

"In it are the Ballycashel documents," observed Mr Fitzgerald, as drew on his gloves. "Lose them and I dismiss you."

"All right, sir!"

"Oh, don't take it so lightly," said Mr Fitzgerald, turning round for his umbrella. "It will be a very serious matter for you, I assure you, and just as serious for me if they are lost."

"No fear, sir. Shall I go now, sir?"

Mr Fitzgerald nodded, and Fred left the office at a quick pace.

Half an hour later Mr Fitzgerald arrived at his hall door, which he opened with a latchkey, and entered.

As he was placing his hat and umbrella in the hall-rack he heard someone descending the stairs, and, turning, observed the family doctor.

In a few moments doctor and solicitor were conversing in low tones.

"My wife ill, you say?" repeated Mr Fitzgerald.

"Ill, my dear Fitzgerald," replied the doctor. "I will not say dangerously, but seriously. Are the drains in your house all right?"

"I don't know. I have heard no complaints. What is the matter with her?" asked the solicitor, carelessly.

"I cannot tell as yet. I think, as far as I can judge, she has an attack of typhoid. She is low, and must be kept quiet. No excitement!"

"H'm!"

After a little more whispering they parted, and Mr Fitzgerald ascended softly to his own room. Here he changed his clothes, put on his slippers, and then went to his study. The gas was lit, and seating himself beneath it at his writing table, he unlocked a drawer, and drew forth a bundle of letters and other documents. These he perused and pondered over. He rang the bell, and his chocolate was served. After this he thought he would go upstairs and see or hear something about his wife. When he reached the room he found the door ajar, and, hearing conversation within, paused to listen.

Mrs Fitzgerald reclined in bed, propped up with several additional pillows. Her arms lay outside the clothes, one hand resting on the flaxen head of Bernard, who was resting against the bed and looking at his mother, his chin supported with both hands. On the foot of the bed sat Hettie, her head bent as she stitched a jacket on a doll.

"You don't intend to be very ill, mother?" said Bernard anxiously. "You'll be all right in a day or two, won't you?"

"Bernard, what silly questions!" said Hettie.

"Yes, darling," replied Mrs Fitzgerald. "I shall be better soon."

"Because," exclaimed Bernard, "you never looked at the man Hettie and I made. And we're going to make a woman to-morrow. Won't we, Hettie?"

"If you're a good boy," replied Hettie, making a stitch about an inch in length, "and don't tease me. You're very rude sometimes you know, Bernard."

"Was it playing too much tennis made you ill, mother?" asked the boy, disregarding his sister's accusation. "Did you play too much?"

"I played too much," replied his mother, wearily closing her eyes. "I have been playing all my life, I think."

Her husband stroked his face at the door as he listened.

"All your life?" said Bernard. "Well, you had a jolly time of it! Did you hear what mamma says, Hettie?" turning to his sister with sparkling eyes. "She has been playing all her life! Oh, I wish I could play like that. Don't you, Hettie?"

"What a silly boy you are, Bernard," said Hettie, gravely pursuing her long stitches. "Mamma does not really mean it. If you play too much you know, you get so tired."

"What fun to play always, mother," exclaimed Bernard. "Did you ever get tired?"

"Oh, yes. Very tired. I don't think I enjoyed the play much when all is said. I am very weary of it now. But it will soon be over, and I shall not be sorry."

These words Mrs Fitzgerald spoke as if to herself; her eyes being closed, and the hand which had fondled her child's curls, now lay loosely clasped in the other.

"Mamma wants to sleep, I think," said Hettie, looking up, and putting her finger to her lips. "Bernard, we had better go away and not disturb her."

Bernard slid down from the bed, and stood looking doubtfully towards his mother. She opened her eyes and smiled when she saw his anxious face. He at once brightened up and said.

"Are you really sleepy, mother?"

"No, Bernard. You may stay. I like to hear you chatter."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bernard, as an idea suddenly struck him. "Would you like me to do the train, mother? Hettie, I don't think mother ever saw me do the train—the puff, puff, you know!"

"Bernard, don't be silly," replied Hettie, holding out her doll, and critically studying her work.

The vagueness of his sisters reiterated assertion afforded Bernard no opening for comment. So he turned to his mother, crying—

"Look mother! Here's the train."

As he proceeded to double himself up and puff out his cheeks there was a knock at the door, and his father entered. Instantly Bernard became rigid, and Hettie, sliding off the bed, turned and gazed dubiously towards her mother. This change in the children on his appearance was not unnoticed by Mr Fitzgerald, who had latterly begun to study his relations towards the members of his household with more care than formerly.

"The doctor informs me that you are ill," he said, as he stood beside the bed. "What is the matter with you?"

As he looked at her he was astonished at the change wrought by one day's illness. The fresh complexion had disappeared, and was now pale and sickly; her cheeks had sunken, and her eyes seemed larger and more lustrous. Her forehead and hands looked damp.

"It is nothing," she replied, endeavouring to make her voice sound strong. "I am tired, I think. Nothing more. I shall be better to-morrow."

She did not look at him, but turned up her fingers and seemed interested in the condition of her nails; and, at the same time, two pink patches, growing brighter and brighter, appeared in her cheeks. As he observed these he drew in his breath.

"Do these children worry you?" he asked, looking at them—the children hanging their heads before him.

"No," replied his wife, wearily. "Let them stay."

"You don't look at all well," said her husband, after a pause. "I shall see that you have every attendance and—a—whatever is necessary."

She did not reply, but she had closed her eyes, and he observed two tears stealing down her cheeks. He at once turned and left the room.

He was in his study again pacing up and down the full length of the apartment. He had no doubt now of the serious nature of her illness. He pitied her, but, at the same time, he had a duty to perform, not alone to himself but to his children.

There was a knock at the study door.

"Come in," exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald savagely.

"Please sir," said a servant appearing, and standing

timidly at the door. "There's a young man wants to see you."

"What's his name?"

"He didn't give any name, sir. And if you please he says he must see you at once."

"Where is he?"

"In the hall, sir."

"I shall go down."

When he went down stairs he saw a young man seated in the hall, holding his hat in both hands between his knees. The light from the great hall lamp at once revealed this young man's identity. He stood up as Mr Fitzgerald appeared.

"You, Gilhooly? What is the matter?"

"The papers, sir!" exclaimed Fred, trembling both with fear and excitement.

"The papers?" repeated Mr Fitzgerald, advancing closely and peering into Fred's terrified face. "Do you mean the Ballycashel papers? What about them?"

"Sir," exclaimed Fred, catching his breath, and then with a burst—"Stolen, sir!"

"Stolen?" cried Mr Fitzgerald.

"I couldn't help it, sir," interrupted Fred. "Don't blame me, sir. It wasn't my fault. They threatened to take me life, and I've only just recovered from a faint." "Come in here," said Mr Fitzgerald, beckoning him into the room near. "And listen to me," he added as he turned and sternly faced him. "Be careful. Think over what you mean to say."

Then Fred with many gesticulations and exclamations told his tale. How he had been set upon in a dark thoroughfare by two men, one a very powerful man with a red muffler, who had held him by the throat, while the other, a thin youth whom he recognised as Tim Ryan, had snatched the bag and disappeared.

Mr Fitzgerald stood holding his chin for several moments when this narrative was closed. Then he started so abruptly that Fred, expecting a blow, stepped back and put up his arm.

"Come with me," exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald, going rapidly into the hall, and seizing his hat and the cab-whistle. "You shall tell your story at the detective office."

Standing on the steps at the hall-door, Mr Fitzgerald blew the whistle. From the dusky gloom which fell heaviest towards the distant thoroughfares, there gradually emerged a cab, with the driver standing up in the box seat, tugging at the reins and lashing the mare. Mr Fitzgerald returned the whistle to its place, shut the door, and descended the steps. Fred was already standing on the footpath, so engrossed with his wretchedness that he held his hat in his hand.

The cabman opened the door of the vehicle; and though Fred Gilhooly had known Tessie Doyle for years, he was unaware that he was, at that moment, standing beside her father; and Mr Doyle, on his part, had never seen Fred before.

"Get in," said Mr Fitzgerald, abruptly.

Fred started, jumped in, and sat down. When Mr Fitzgerald had entered the cab, he looked at Doyle and said, sharply—

"Drive to the Castle as fast as ever you can go. Do you hear?"

Doyle, having shut the door, leaned confidentially on the window, and said—

"How fast, now, would you like to go, sir?"

"As fast as you please—you can't go too fast," said Mr Fitzgerald, wiping his face with a handkerchief.

"All right, sir. Steady there! Ah, wud you? It's the Pride o' Kildare's between the shafts," he explained.

"What the mischief do I care what's between the shafts?" exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald, holding the handkerchief aside from his face, and staring angrily at the driver.

"Thought you'd like to know," growled Doyle. "She won the Farmers' Plate at the Curragh. Hike up, there! Whay!"

"Do you mean to go on, man?" cried Mr Fitzgerald, rising.

"All right," said Doyle, glancing back indignantly as he turned to mount his box, "You'll be there time enough. Steady! Hould up yur winkers. Yep!"

Neither man was inclined for conversation as they sat opposite. In any case, the extreme noisiness of the rattling windows and jolting wheels of Mr Doyle's vehicle was unfavourable to speech. Fred sat huddled up in his corner, anxious to be as far as possible from his companion, who, on the other hand, moved impatiently about.

After ten minutes' boisterous crawling, Mr Fitzgerald pulled down the window, and thrusting out his head, cried—

"I say, there. You! Driver!"

"Steady," growled Mr Doyle, to the Pride. "Go on, now. Hould up yur winkers. Yep!"

"Hullo. Are you deaf?" shouted Mr Fitzgerald. "Driver!"

"What's the matter? Whay!" said Doyle, pulling up the mare.

"Why don't you go on?" cried Mr Fitzgerald, furiously.

"Didn't you call me?" protested Doyle, his full red face looking round the corner of the cab.

"Can't you go faster?" exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald. "Confound it, man, don't let your horse fall asleep. Drive on!"

"Yep!"

The cab now proceeded somewhat faster. Mr Fitzgerald, folding his arms, sat sulkily in his seat, thinking over the loss of the Ballycashel documents. This subject absorbed his thoughts for twenty minutes. Then, suddenly starting up, he thrust his head once more through the window, and looked round the thoroughfare.

"Hi, stop!" he roared, tearing open the cab door.

Mr Doyle again halted the cab, and looked round in surprise, as Mr Fitzgerald jumped out and approached him.

"Did I not tell you to drive to the Castle?" cried Mr Fitzgerald.

"Well, amn't I goin' there?" said Doyle.

"What?" exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald, throwing out his hand to indicate the locality. "Do you go to the Castle by the Rotunda Gardens? By Jove, I'll stop your license, my fine fellow. Gilhooly, get out. This man is either mad or drunk."

Fred jumped out, and gazed with astonishment at the familiar aspect of the Rotunda and the railed gardens.

"I say!" shouted Doyle, as the two men walked away. "Where's me fare? All right, Mither Fitzgerald, I know you. I'll have you up for this. Robbin' a poor man iv his wages. Begor, this won't rest here. Hould up yur winkers. Yep!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

"THEM Protistint joy-bells" rang many a peal, but all in vain to gladden the heart of the little widow in Golden Close.

On the night of the robbery of the Ballycashel documents, as the dawn began to glimmer through the human rookeries of the squalid court, when Mrs Ryan, weary of sitting at the window watching the fading stars, and weary also of waiting for the son who never arrived, at that hour when she had lain down on bed undressed, the door was opened, and a detective officer announced himself. He had previously posted six men, armed with revolvers, at various points about the Close, and entered himself, prepared for any emergency, however desperate. But he was merely confronted by the terrified little woman, who screamed as she sat up; and he sought in vain under the beds, and in the cupboard, and about the stairs for Tim Ryan. Then, for the first time, Mrs Ryan was informed that her son was "wanted," and thenceforward "them Protistint joy-bells" banged and clanged their brazen joyousness without response.

Days and nights went by. She began to count her loneliness by weeks. Every superfluous article had been deposited at the pawnbroker's. She had gone several times to Mr Fitzgerald's office, only to be scowled at as the mother of a desperate criminal.

The clerks and apprentices looked on her as only second in subtle villany to Tim Ryan himself. She could gain no news anywhere of her son's whereabouts, or whether he was alive or dead; and when she inquired at the Detective Office, the astute officials there interpreted her questioning as positive proof that her son was hiding at home, and usually replied to her by 'detaining her' in the office while they made a strategic raid on her room.

Furthermore, from the time of Tim's disappearance Mrs Ryan was shadowed by a detective in all her walks abroad; another having rented a room on the opposite side of the Close, the windows of which looked directly into hers. If Tim wrote to her she never received the letters, and the only consolation she had was the sympathy and assistance she received from her neighbours.

About a fortnight after her son's disappearance a night of profound darkness enveloped the Close. Neither moon or stars shed a solitary ray on the slanting roofs of the tenements. Mrs Ryan lit a candle, fixed it in an empty bottle, and placed it on a rickety table beside the window, so that Tim if he returned thither should know that she was still alive. It was after eleven. The publichouses were closed. Those inhabitants of the Close who had been drinking staggered homewards. In the darkness a

silent figure groping along the walls, moved stealthily down the uneven pavement.

Mrs Ryan was seated beside the candle, reading the large text of a big Bible that had belonged to Tim. She had been staring through tear-stained spectacles at one verse for ten minutes when the figure staggered into the room.

There was a line of damp clothes stretched from one corner of the room to another, and near the door hung a sheet. When Mrs Ryan looked up in astonishment the figure standing before the sheet stretched forth both arms and hoarsely exclaimed—

"Mother—mother, jewel!"

"Oh, the sweet saints be praised!" shrieked Mrs Ryan, as she rushed forward, and fell, half-fainting with maternal ecstasy, into the arms of her son.

"Oh, Tim, Tim!"

These were the only words the little woman could utter, as the tears rushed down her cheeks, and she pressed him again and again to her bosom.

"Mother," whispered Tim, "I've come back for your blessin', and—the crucifix there inside in the little room."

His mother looked up into his haggard face—a face pale and spectral in the yellow glitter of the candle-light.

"Tim, avic, what is this they say you've done? The polis are after you day an' night. Och, Tim, but me heart is sore and sad, and the world's grown so dark!"

"Ah, what have I done," said Tim, looking up sternly to the ceiling, "what have I done but taken the papers that were to bring the Ballycashel patriots to the scaffold. And—listen mother—there is more to follow. But never mind all this now, mother. The time has come for me too leave you."

"Tim, Tim, don't talk like that. Is it to America you're goin'? Shure then, bring me with you. Where is your mother's home but where you are? Why let me be with you, my boy, fair weather or foul, but don't let us be parted any more."

Tim had a sensation of choking. His voice became hoarser than before.

"Mother, the hand o' God," he said, with a fierce effort to command himself, "has laid a task upon me. It's not for me to shirk it. It's written up there, in heaven, with me name agen it. Tim Ryan must obey. There's no help for it, mother. I must go on."

Silence ensued, broken, by the drunken bursts of song from men reeling through the Close, and by the sobbing of the mother, who, though she held her son in her arms, felt him drifting for ever out of her life.

"Mother, it's only a moment I have. Get me the crucifix, and put out that light."

The light was a dim one, but cast great shadows of themselves on the outstretched sheet that hung on the domestic clothes line. His mother, hurrying to the table, placed her two trembling hands upon it, and, bending forward, blew out the candle. Tim, in the meantime, had darted into the little room, and took down the crucifix which hung above his bed.

"Where are you, mother?" he whispered, as he stole back into the room.

"Here, alanna," she sobbed, as she touched his outstretched hand. "Oh, Tim, why did you do it? And you a lad that I thought was never mixed up in them things! I know, I know it was that dreadful Joe led you into all this. The widow's curse upon him, day an' night! For he has taken away me boy."

"Don't curse Joe, mother," said Tim. "There's a higher power than Joe has led me on. Ah, mother, if you read history you'd know that a nation can't be builded up without the track of blood in all its endeavours. And I," added Tim, bitterly, "I am one of them—I know it now—singled out, not for the blessedness of the time of triumph, but to be sacrificed in the fight. But I leave it all to God, and here mother I bid you good-bye—you, mother, the kindest and best of all the world to me. Oh," cried Tim, breaking down, "forgive me, mother. I must submit to God. I kiss His holy emblem."

He put the crucifix solemnly to his lips, then kissed the grey hair of his mother's head bent upon his breast. They stood in silence before the outstretched sheet. A moment or two passed, when suddenly Tim started violently, and his mother stepped back as he exclaimed—

"What is that? Oh, mother, I am discovered! Good-bye, good-bye. Pray to—"

As they stood before the sheet a powerful beam of white light was shot through the window from the opposite house. It irradiated them for a moment, revealing the figures of mother and son clasped together, and then vanished, leaving the darkness profounder than before. Tim understood it. Breaking off in his last words to his mother, he kissed her; then, with the

crucifix raised in one hand, and a revolver in the other, dashed from the room, and in two wild leaps reached the doorway at the open street.

For a second he paused there, bewildered by the collective rumbling of traffic in the streets, imagining that it was rushing towards him like an express train at full speed.

Then he was gone.

It did not seem a minute after his flight when a voice from the stairs shouted over the bannisters to the officers at the door—

"Let no one pass, man or woman!"

And then the detective in charge stood before Mrs Ryan's door, and threw the beams of his lantern into the room.

He looked cautiously about, dexterously casting the light around before entering. The beam thrown on the ground revealed the figure of the little woman outstretched on the floor.

The officer cautiously entered. He stole to Tim's little room, looked over and under the bed, and, coming out, looked under the table, under Mrs Ryan's bed, into the cupboard, and round the clothes line.

He stepped softly across the floor, and in so doing touched with his foot the outstretched arm of the woman on the floor. She raised herself on her hands, her grey hair falling about her white face.

The officer, shutting off his lantern, stood in the doorway and listened.

All was silent.

"Stop them bells!" shrieked Mrs Ryan. "They've told me nothing but lies all my life long!"

She sank again with a groan upon her face, and the officer, shaking his head, descended the stairs.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE EXPRESS ARRIVES.

It was two o'clock, and the city was at work. A delicate white mist clung about Nelson's Pillar, and floated like a tattered bride's veil round the cabs, outsiders, trams, floats, and carriages standing or wheeling over the streets. On the bridge stood a youth, leaning his arms on the stone balustrades. In the heart of the city, in the midst of the changeful throngs, and the ceaseless traffic, he was solitary. He had the appearance of one who was convalescent after a dangerous illness. His complexion resembled that of a corpse, his eyes were sunken, his hands almost transparent, and a gloom of the profoundest despair seemed settled on his face. His seedy clothes hung loosely about his shrunken figure, and his dark hair grew wild to his shoulders. Gazing heavily down the river, he saw a flock of white sea-birds as they whirled and screamed over the water, or settled down on the surface. Further down, the dark, green dome of the Custom House rose above the semi-transparent white mist, and the masts of the vessels which could be counted down the quays, grew huddled near the mouth of the river, and became indistinct, and lost in the blue distance.

The youth turned, and, leaning his arm on the bridge, with his back to the Custom House, gazed up the other side of the city, where, through networks of almost innumerable telegraph and telephone wires, he could see the spires of church, chapel, and cathedral rising over the crowded roofs, and one by one growing indistinct, and fading from sight in the aerial mist. And as the delicate fog cleared away, the sky became cloudless and blue, the sun burst forth on the city, the citizens walked with brisker step, the roofs glistened, the steeples appeared sharply defined, the wings of the sea-birds seemed to strike sparkles of light as they floated over the water. The general roar of traffic made a ground bass to the continuous tinkle of the tramcar bells crossing and recrossing the bridge, the brisk crunch of the wheels of the smart outside or the laborious grinding of the loaded dray going down the quays; and the cries of boys, the laughter of girls, or the animated talk of elderly pedestrians formed a treble subject interwoven in the symphony of city life. Again, and yet again, the bells rang out, as if to crown with peals of joy the crowded scenes of animated life.

And this was his last day in the city, and amid the familiar sounds he loved so well. He left the bridge, and with bent head went he knew and cared not whither. He looked stupidly up from time to time, as the drivers reined in their horses, and roared at him from their seats. They were welcome to run him down and crush his life out if they could have read

his mind. Here, along the quays, he stood before an auctioneer's window; read every word of a long announcement concerning a desirable suburban residence to be let or sold, furnished, with such superb apartments, such extraordinary conveniences, and such exquisitely beautiful furniture that the marvel was the owners could be base enough to put them up to public auction; yet when he had finished this placard, even to reading the printer's name, he walked on without being conscious of having halted or perused a single word. He knew that this was the Penny Bridge, and stopped before it, feeling in his pocket for a copper. He did not want to cross this bridge, and yet if he had found a penny on that moment he would have gone over.

As it was, having paused to look at several passengers paying the fee at the little box-office, he went on, sometimes walking in the street, at other times on the footpath. He stood before an area railings, and looked down through dirty windows into a cellar full of piles of old books and massive folios, and he wondered what were in these volumes and how many years had passed before they had been filled and packed away to rot.

"Fine oranges, sir, only a penny aich!"

He paused before a fruit stand and looked at a woman holding out two oranges on her open palm.

"They're good oranges, sir. Only a penny. Thry them and you won't be sorry."

He shook his head, as if his refusal to purchase was a solemn renunciation, and passed on.

How did he get mixed up with this crowd, and what was it here for? Some were hurrying forward, others driven back by policemen no less excited than the citizens.

He was hustled about without resisting, but somehow seemed pressing on, until in the midst of the crowd when through their shoulders he saw two lines of policemen drawn up on the pathway before great high gates, and inside the gates another crowd of men in wigs and gowns, mixed with persons in ordinary attire, some carrying books, papers, or black bags, and all moving, talking, gesticulating.

"Keep back!" roared a policeman in front, and a string of mounted policemen trotted down the street, and, turning the horses, backed the crowd into a compact wedge against the river wall.

Struggling against the crush, he began to recognise the pile of buildings behind the massive gates.

Someone near him asked.

"Is it all over?"

Another person replied.

"Oh, yes. The Ballycashel Moonlighters found guilty. Old Fitzgerald did the business. Oh, there he is. Booh!"

"Boo—oooh!" cried some of the crowd, whilst others cheered, as the solicitor left the Four Courts, and entered a close carriage.

The horse police backed upon the crowd again as the Fitzgerald carriage drove down the thoroughfare followed by the mixed hooting and cheering of the crowd. Freeing himself from the crush and forcing his way through the scattered outskirts of the crowd, the solitary youth, with his eyes on the carriage, broke into a run alongside the river wall. Near the first bridge the Fitzgerald carriage was stopped by a huge dray laden with barrels. At that moment the youth stood opposite the carriage window, put his hand into his breast, where his fingers clutched on a loaded revolver. But at that same moment a young lady thrust her head out of the carriage to discover the cause of obstruction. She had a sweet, Madonna-like face, oval shaped and exquisitely fair. As the dray moved off, and the carriage moved on, she smiled and drew in her head.

The city bells had rung six, and the solitary wanderer sat on a metal seat in Stephen's Green, where crowds, old and young, stood watching the ducks and swans upon the lake or stared at the gold fish in the fountain. The shadows of monuments, trees, and railings lengthened. The sky above the city assumed the hue of smoke. Some banks of clouds piled in the west were rimmed with a wavering line of blood-red fire.

Swarms of ragged children were screaming and playing on the grass plots and under the trees. Shopgirls who had been flirting with promiscuous clerks began to feel the chill of the evening, and rose from the seats. Nursery-maids, who were accompanied with soldier-sweethearts, permanent or temporary, still dawdled about the paths, whilst those who were less fortunate in attracting either soldiers or civilians began to move with their charges towards the gates. Hungry clerks and business men passed steadily through like persons who had a fixed object at the end of their journey.

Shadows of monuments, trees, and railings had crept into each other and spread, and were lost in the universal dusk. The birds on the lake ceased to cry, the children to shriek, and there was no more crunching of

gravel under hundreds of passing feet. As in a dream the solitary wanderer began to hear the ringing of a bell, it wandered here and there, then began to approach nearer and nearer, growing louder and louder, until it sounded in his startled ears like an alarm.

He rose, and saw before him a man in gardener's uniform with a handbell.

"Come now," exclaimed the man. "Time's up. You don't want to stay here all night, do you?"

He walked away towards the gates, the man following and ringing the bell.

Out into the streets once more, amidst throng and traffic, with the lamps alight. Night had come on before he was aware. He had lost sense of time. It seemed ten years ago since he had lain on the bridge, watching the white birds wheel in the sunshine. Here were rows of cabs and carriages, a hurried throng, ladies in hoods and delicate dresses, men in evening clothes, and, before the doors of the theatre, women with baskets on their arms selling oranges, and bare-legged urchins crying the evening papers.

Another and a louder bell, a rush of people, and a rapid crash of wheels. He was running along the streets after a car full of men in shining brass helmets, red jerseys, and hatchets in their belts. A man beside the driver had a kind of trumpet in his hand, and it seemed to shriek with semi-human voice, "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The wanderer suddenly ceased running with the throng. What had he to do with the fact of a house being in flames?

He turned back, walking slowly through the streets.

Yes, here was the abode of Eva Fitzgerald. The square was mostly dark, the sky black with clouds, and not one peeping star to be seen, but the upper windows of the Fitzgerald house were alight, and, the air being close, the windows of the drawingroom were open. Through the open windows the wanderer, as he stood crouched against the area railings looking up, heard the sound of laughter and the music of the piano. Life and laughter, and the Fitzgeralds joyous at the Ballycashel verdict!

To be continued.

TOO FEW THEY ARE.

Too few they are who know the worth
Of sympathetic lives and hearts,
And fewer still whose souls give birth
To noble impulse which imparts
The courage they themselves may feel
To change a brother's woe to weal.

And few they are who understand
The value which a word contains,
When spoken with an outstretched hand,
To him who labors, struggles, strains
Beneath a burden carried long
On paths remote from smile and song.

And yet, the world is full of men
And women, too, who claim to be
Possessed of courage to defend
Their kind against adversity,
But who have never learned the way
To throw on others' paths a ray.

No more the sunshine of a life
Is yours or mine than 'tis the world's,
And he, whose way with joy is rife,
From Nature's grandest height but hurls
His silly self, when he would fold
It to his bosom all untold.

Another's joy becomes our own
When we are asked that joy to share;
And thus a thousand hearts are sown
With seeds producing flowers rare,
While he who gives but reaps the more
Of golden sunshine from the shore.

Could we but make our lives impart
That nobler self we all must feel,
A brother's woe would soon depart
In presence of a brother's weal,
And, blending thus, they soon would be
Each to the other company.

The way is long o'er prairie land
To him who travels e'en by steam;
And crowded city, where no hand
Extends in greeting, well may seem
Oft worse to him who treads the way
Than moonless night or sunless day.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LADIES.

During the past two or three years a change, described by some as being of a revolutionary nature, has taken place regarding the admission of students to the portals of the medical profession. We refer to the admission of ladies. The serious opposition which took place when this was first mooted is beginning gradually to die away in this country, and, we may say, is practically dead so far as America or other parts are concerned. Great was the consternation which prevailed when Sir Charles Cameron, as President of the Royal College of Surgeons, announced that that college had decided to open its doors to lady graduates; but that has all passed away now, and we hail with satisfaction the appearance of those members of the fair sex who have the pluck and energy to encounter the dangers, trials, and weary toil of that noble profession which alleviates the suffering of man. Anyone who has had occasion to visit the Royal University during the past two weeks must have been struck with the fact that some six or seven ladies were amongst those who were seeking to qualify in the medical art; and all honour to those who have successfully stood the crucial tests applied to them and have passed the First and Second Medical Examinations. Great as are our advances, however, America is still in the van of progress, for we find that Dr. Caroline S. Rodgers, of Rochester, in the State of New York, has been appointed Examining Physician to the Female Department of the State Industrial School. This is the first instance of a lady physician being appointed in the State institutions, and marks an era in the history of the movement, "an' why for no," as the Scotchman says. There are, we regret to find, some pessimists who cannot see the matter in the light of fairplay, and to these we would direct a few words. We ask them to look at the various nursing institutions throughout the kingdom, and see the vast amount of good done by them; with what care and attention the members of these charitable bodies look after the sick; with what regularity and precision the medical man's orders are carried out, and we find a rapid change for the better has taken place, and the practitioner's efforts most powerfully supplemented for good. Then, surely, if the ladies are so successful in this sphere, how much more successful must they be when they have become skilled, qualified practitioners! With what tenderness and compassion, what gentleness and forbearance in treatment may we expect at their hands! Yet, even still in this enlightened age there are a few doctrinaires, a few dismal economists, a few erratic puerists who love to mumble the old platitudes and pride themselves on being consistent. Some will say our ladies have not nerve to perform surgical operations, and those who are able merely to do a physician's duty are only frauds. But if we look to the actions of those women in the past, who fearlessly, nobly, and bravely stood on many of our battlefields, and who tended the surgeons who performed the amputations and extractions necessary, have we not a convincing proof that this assertion must fall to the ground. We send missionaries to foreign lands to educate the heathen, and if

we look amongst these people we can find something for our lady doctors to do. Let us look at the Hindoo tribes, and what do we find existing amongst the higher castes? That numbers of women die without any medical aid or attention. It is the recognized rule (and we know how rigidly caste rules are carried out) that when the females of the higher caste take ill no medical man dare come near them, and if he does, the woman at once loses her caste, is degraded in her native society, and ends her miserable existence without care or attention in the nearest wood outside the city where she resided. The rule is sometimes so far relaxed as to allow the medical man to feel the pulse through "a hole in a thick curtain," which prevents him seeing his patient, for if he did, instant degradation would ensue. When we contemplate the vast numbers of these women who go to an untimely grave through want of medical treatment, does it not at once occur to us that here at least is a wide field wherein our lady doctors can exercise their tender, skilful care, if they are not permitted to do so at home. It is to be hoped that some of them will see their way to emigrate to foreign lands to exercise their healing art amongst these deluded tribes. Ample remuneration is given by these people, who are only too glad to obtain medical aid from lady doctors, for their caste rules do not prohibit one lady attending another during illness. Here then is a wide field, with an importance attached to it, second only to that of the messenger of the gospel who endeavours to point out the way of salvation.

The theory that a lady practitioner as mistress of a family would cause endless confusion is, we think, an untenable one. It is urged that the husband and family would not receive that care and attention necessary for the proper conduction of a household. We cannot agree with this. We see no reasons as far as this point is concerned, which might not with equal force be urged against the gentlemen. Our Irish lady medical students are holding their own against their sterner opponents. The fact of two ladies, Miss Anna L. Church and Miss Kate Maguire, obtaining places in an upper pass list at the Royal University Second Medical Examination speaks well for the ultimate success of these talented ladies.

Now that the public are beginning to recognise the fact that monopoly in this, as in other matters, is unfair, and are looking at it in a more manly light, we trust many of our lady friends will come forward and join the ranks of this noble band. Medicine is a progressive science of a Christian nature, and affords free exercise of the powers of those who are earnest, ardent, and intelligent seekers of the truth.

DEDICATED TO THE DUBLIN CORPORATION.

"Oh, wad the power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us."

To attempt to criticise the actions of that august body, the Dublin Corporation, is almost high treason; yet, in justice to ourselves, we must venture upon this forbidden ground.

Who, amongst our community, has not been thoroughly disgusted with the state of many of our leading thoroughfares during the past two or three months. Take for instance Dame street—operations for relaying the tram lines commenced

as far back as the first week in August—and let us see the progress made. From the Bank of Ireland to George's street corner has been finished, but from this point to the Corporation Hall the street is literally one broad mass of excavations. Day after day may be seen a complete blockade, existing at the George's street corner with imminent danger to the pedestrians who may have occasion to pass that way. Traffic has been impeded right along the entire street for nine weeks, and yet the work drags lazily along. The lower end of Dame street has for many weeks been a veritable "Ballysloughguttery" made ankle deep, existing for the comfort and convenience of foot-passengers. This is not all. Opposite the Leinster and Munster Bank the footpath is blocked up with some scaffolding material, and bad as the path was with mud, the case is now ten times worse for foot passengers, seeing they have to step out into the roadway, where they must choose the lesser of two evils—either risk the danger of being knocked down by some passing vehicle, or wade through mud and stumble over huge heaps of pebbles.

Leave Dame street and let us come up as far as Harcourt street and Harcourt road, and here a similar, if not worse state of things exists, and has been going on week after week. Two thoroughfares were blocked up for many a long day here also. At the Harrington street corner it is high impossible to get across without breaking or spraining some part of the body.

But bad as these things are, great as the perils to human life by these excavations, they are nothing when compared with the facts brought prominently before our citizens by the recent downfall of the house in Cumberland street, and the sad calamity connected therewith. There are hundreds of houses, we are told by an eminent authority, in a like condition, and daily the danger is becoming greater. But we need not be told all this! We can see it for ourselves. What better example can we have than that disgraceful structure opposite the Royal College of Surgeons—in one of our leading thoroughfares—where hundreds, nay thousands, pass daily, and which may at any moment topple over, hurling many instantly into eternity?

With all these appalling and astounding facts before us, we are led to ask, who is to blame? and for each and all of these disgraces, we hesitate not to say, it is the City of Dublin Corporation. For the excavations and blockade of our thoroughfares, because they do not require that the work should be promptly carried out; for the house danger, because the responsibility alone attaches to them.

Day after day passes, and yet no efforts are being made by this body to remedy any single one of these grievances. Meeting after meeting of the Corporation passes, yet not a finger is moved by this band of senators to abate these dangers, nuisances, and disgraces. Not even the fact that a human life has been sacrificed will move this august body. Day after day they waste their time discussing political matters, instead of attending to the wants and wishes of their constituents.

It would well repay our citizens to visit the Council Chamber when the Corporation is sitting. One naturally leaves it with feelings of regret and disgust. To see a body of men—capable citizens—sitting up there in an august state of laziness, moving a few formal reports, re-

ferring matters to committees, quibbling and squabbling over notices of motion and points of order, in themselves of no earthly use, is not a sight to inspire confidence or ensure respect. There they sit—one day agreeing on this point, the next disputing, waited hither by subjective emotions, thither by objective emotions, a living mass of antithetical antagonism, whiling away and wasting public time, and with what beneficial result? Absolutely none. We wish more of our citizens could see them; if they did a rapid change would take place in the constitution of this band of senators.

Can nothing be done to alter this state of things? Yes; there is one remedy. Let our citizens speak out with a firm, determined voice, and tell these gentlemen that they will not be trifled with any longer. Then if the existing state be not remedied—then, by all means provide new representatives. Hurl the present dead-heads from their pedestals of peace and power, and provide for yourselves citizens capable, conscientious, and trustworthy—men who won't increase by their own indolence your present burdensome taxes as your present representatives have done—men who won't make your city a laughing-stock throughout the Kingdom; but men who will discharge their municipal duties with the tact and gravity of gentlemen, and the thorough conscientiousness of upright and honourable men.

OLD MAIDS.

Of all places in the world, I never in my life met the equal of Dublin for "old maids!" It is simply swarming with them—in fact every second person you meet is an "old maid," or "lone girl," as this state is pathetically described by the people of Ulster. But this has by no means the depressing and debilitating effect upon one that such a continual *rencontre* with their kind in past generations would have undoubtedly had, for truly they were a cheerless and hopeless race in those times, and widely different in all respects from their representatives of to-day, who, *contrairise*, are the jolliest, liveliest, best-hearted old girls possible. "Doing good and distributing" to all around them with the most open-handed, open-hearted generosity, and in many instances are much preferable to their married sisters, being, for one thing, as a general rule, much neater and tidier in their persons and habits, and keeping their houses so that it is a real treat just to go through them and mark "the place for everything, with everything in its place," and also they so nearly always possess a much more liberal education, being free to continue a regular course of uninterrupted study which many never cease to pursue even when overtaken by old age, while, on the other hand, girls for the most part the minute they are married are so taken up with "the things of the world how, they may please their husbands"—that they tidy away their books, lock up their paintboxes, shut their piano, and forget their French with all possible speed, and occasionally even their English grammar! Not that I have a word to say against married women—far from it! All honour be to them for the gallant way they cheerfully devote themselves to a life-long drudgery, with hardly a hope beyond an endless course of darning! Although well aware

that I am digressing I cannot however yet leave them without another word of praise, and that is for their generous manner to their unsuccessful sisters, and the entire absence of the expression of scorn and contempt that half a century ago characterised that of the one who "has married" to her who "has married not."

But what we have most to consider is, not the amiability of the married women of the present day, but the cause of the transformation which has so surely and steadfastly been taking place in the entire nature and character of the "old maid" of the present, so that between her and the "old maid" of the past there now remains but little in common, for she judging by tradition was just the embodiment of bitterness, acidity, and all unaimable and unlovable qualities. For the solution of the riddle we have not far to seek—it lies mainly in the one word, "education." Women, Heaven be praised, are no longer brought up with the one hope, aim, and object of existence being to marry. No longer can such a pernicious training exist in the face of the advanced thought of these latter days, and I say again "Heaven be praised!"—for the misery it entailed, the natures it warped, and the lives it wasted are grievous to dwell upon.

The first step in the rational education of women was this disabuse of the notion that marriage is an essential, and that any girl who failed in accomplishing it was condemned to a miserable and degraded existence, with no hope, occupation, or interest in life, and with a blank, uncultured mind as her only companion, in a rayless emptiness.

That not more than a third of the women of of the upper classes in these "hard times" can be provided with husbands is now one of the acknowledged impossibilities, and it has also at last been discovered that in addition to a whole soul apiece (which was for a long time strongly combated by "the advanced") they possess "grey matter" to the full as great in quantity and quality as that which is enjoyed by their brothers, although bodily weakness continually sadly impedes the progress of such absorbing studies as can be safely indulged in by the stronger sex without restraint, but taking it all and all, the education of boys and girls is now pretty much on an average, and at all events the minds of the latter are sufficiently cultured to permit of their finding objects and interests in life to occupy them other than the dangerous and too often disappointing and demoralising employment of fishing for a husband. They are schooled to bear with nobility the pain of seeing others "taken," while they are "left," and, steeling their heart against the poison of jealousy, can afford to derive honest pleasure from the contemplation of a deep happiness which it has been seen best should be denied to them. There may seem, perhaps, something hard in this; but we may rest assured that such unselfish sympathy will never be suffered to go unblest.

L.

Sunday-School Teacher—"Now, boys, 'who shall inherit the earth?'" Little Johnnie (wise beyond his years)—"Please, mum, it's the Irish."

"The times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

TURFOMANIA.

We are a poverty-stricken people after all in this distracted country. Our best two-year-old racehorse won £1,380 this season, whilst England's champion of the same age, the Duke of Portland's Donovan, has captured close on £18,000 for his noble owner.

The Wards commence the chase of the deer on Saturday next, and, with occasional intervals for rest and refreshment, will merrily work till the 22nd of next March, when Fairyhouse Races will supply the drop scene.

Glorious Punchestown has been set down for April 2 and 4 of next year. Though far off, we shall watch its approach, and when it comes we will join the gay and festive throng. After we are surfeited with the doings on the plains of Kildare we will hie to Foxrock to participate in the meeting under the auspices of the Leopards-town Club.

When will they get a proper caterer for the refreshment saloon at the Curragh. The *Irish Times* calls upon the executive of the meeting to provide suitable luncheon for visitors who regularly patronise the reunions at the Short Grass. If turfites were to die when they consumed a peck of dirt, then patrons of the Curragh would be short-lived.

Captain Quin need not have fears for his lungs during the cold season. A sporting contemporary promises to locate an "outer hell" upon the chest of the Leopardstown secretary. This would be serious if suggested otherwise than in sport.

There is a certain bookmaker in Dublin who declines to pay over one of the races at the recent Listowel meeting. He says the thing was a "Plant." The man is not a Sage.

We know one of the noble army who was before the last race at the Curragh £130 winners. When the numbers went up for the Corinthian Handicap he planted a level £50 on Dictator, and followed it up by laying £60 to £40 on Mr Maher's horse. If anyone wants to properly raise the man's choler now all he need say is, "Have a bit on Dictator for the Sefton Steeplechase. Captain Maher is reducing to ride."

We have seen in the *Irish Sportsman* and *Irish Times* the total values of stakes won by owners of racehorses in Ireland in 1888. Messrs C. J. Blake and a patron of his stable, Mr E. Smithwick, head the list with a total of £1,380 each, and next in order comes Mr John Gubbins, with £100 less. Mr Gubbins, however, has won several races in England with his horses trained at Jousiffe's establishment.

We hear that Comeaway and Wild Rake may not be sent to Liverpool, and that Greek Girl will be sole representative of Mr H. Beasley's stable. Mr F. G. Gordon runs Battle Royal and Tragedy, Mr F. F. Cullen Queen of the May, and Mr M. A. Maher Dictator.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

The announcement of the death of Mr W. C. Johnston, of the *Daily Express*, was received with a feeling of profound regret by the Pressmen of the North. Whenever Mr Johnston's duties brought him to Belfast he was sure of a warm welcome. I think the last "big special" he had in Belfast was in the autumn of 1886, when he attended the Royal Commission which was to inquire into the cause of and if possible suggest a remedy against the recurrence of the disgraceful riots which rendered our town so notorious.

Miss Jennie Le Jellier and her Comedy Company are appearing the Town Hall, Portadown. Her programme includes "The Private Secretary," "The Octoroon," "Our Boys," "Ticket-of-Leave Man," "My Sweetheart," and "Muldoon's Pic-nic."

I see Mr C. Welley announces that another book of his interesting series will shortly be ready. It is entitled "Little Don," and is by Mrs James Martin, who as a pleasing writer is already well known to the Belfast public. It will be followed about the first of the year by "The Actor's Daughter," by Mr J. Shaw, whose former book, "The Golden Halcombes," proved such a marked success.

The Marquis of Hartington during his visit to the North was the guest of Sir Edward Porter Cowan. Sir Edward's hospitality is so well known that I am sure Lord Hartington's social experiences of the northern Athens will be of the pleasantest description.

The trials in connection with the alleged Belfast Insurance frauds are creating great interest here. This is of course natural, as all those concerned are well known in Belfast—two of the accused, Mr Mathews and Mr Dunlop, being members of the City Council.

I am glad to see Mr Henry Irving has been strongly upholding the dignity of the drama. I heartily agree with every word he uttered. It is not the drama proper to which exception is so often taken—it is the innovations from the music hall stage which of late years have so frequently crept into even our best theatres.

Under the management of Mr Nance the Belfast Street Tramway Company has been a marked success. To render the success complete, I would suggest that Mr Nance would send a few of his conductors to London for a short time, so that they might take a few lessons in courtesy from the bus conductors of the metropolis.

Among the pictures attracting most attention at Mr Rodman's Exhibition is Mr Charles Stuart's illustration of Tennyson's lines—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, oh sea!"

The whole scene is full of force and pathos, and the dreariness of the sea is well revealed. This picture has been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The art collection at the Free Library is attracting great crowds of visitors. It is open to the public every day from 10 o'clock till 3, and three evenings in the week from 7 till

9 o'clock, so that, as usual, those who have pictures at home and do not so much require to visit free exhibitions, are afforded the most favourable opportunity for doing so, while the working class, for whom, I suppose, the exhibition was mainly intended, can only go in on three evenings in the week for two hours, and on Saturdays from 3 to 5.

Considerable comment is being indulged in regarding the hour for closing the newsroom and library. It has been stated in the Press that the rule states both will be closed each evening at 9 o'clock. This hour is simply absurd. What opportunity can those engaged in business up till 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, as I regret to say many are, have of enjoying the benefits of this institution.

The hour for closing originally agreed upon was 10 o'clock, and, if I mistake not, this hour was printed in the first draft of the rules. I trust this hour may yet be adopted.

It is being advocated that now our free library is opened, we should have an athenæum, where those who are not of studious habits could find a pleasant place of resort. I trust this project, if entertained by our authorities, will not require so long to develop as did the free library.

Cliftonville Football Team came to grief on Saturday last, being defeated in the first round of the Challenge Cup ties by the Linfield Athletics, the latter team winning by three goals to nil. Cliftonville has had sad luck this year, not only losing five of their best men, but being drawn in two cup ties to play on the ground of the opposing teams.

Ulster has also "gone to sticks," and in the first round scratched to Distillery. It would have been much better to have played and lost.

OUR 'LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

The private view of the pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery on Saturday brought together a large concourse of artists and literati.

On these occasions there is great temptation to prefer the show in the rooms to the show on the walls, but less so in autumn than in the spring, when town is full of the *creme de la creme*, and the most startling novelties in fashion and *facon* are expected to make their *debut* at one of the private views.

Although on Saturday the rooms were fairly crowded, it was quite possible to accomplish an inspection with comfort, for the exhibits are not over numerous, and the west and east galleries are such splendid rooms that the fatigue so often experienced at Burlington House from defective ventilation is not felt here.

Most people have at some time in their lives dabbled in crayons, and when I was at school in Paris—I will not say how many years ago—pastel drawing formed part of the regular course of instruction. How very little such mild fribble prepares us for the perfection to which the art can be brought may well be imagined. But possibly the universal taste for the pastel drawing in France may in some wise account for the general superiority of French exhibition. At the

Grosvenor Gallery, with one or two exceptions—notably a couple of microscopic but well characterised sketches of Venice by Mr Whistler, a luminous "Drusilla" by Mrs Jopling (No. 15), and a clever, startling portrait, "Waiting" (No. 37), by Mrs Llewellyn—our Gallic neighbours carry away all the honours. "Waiting" is a very remarkable picture, representing a graceful lady clad in green from head to foot, against a green background. Each item of dress is fully defined; there is no vagueness of outline or confusion of detail; the whole is harmonious, if vivid and verdant throughout, unrelieved by tone of touch. Anent this clever composition I overheard a well known dramatic critic observe to a companion, "How would you like to be as green as that?"

If space permitted I should have much liked to tell of M. Fantin-Latour, the finished perfection M. Machard, whose subjects are occasionally eccentric—(witness a lady in a sheeny white satin dress, cut very low in the back, wearing a black fur boa and black hat!)—and the surpassing polish of M. Blanche. This latter artist has a portrait of Mlle. Bartet, of the Comedie Francaise, dressed entirely in black, wearing long black gloves, and crowned with a funny little black tuft. She is seated in a deliciously fluffy swan's-down cloak. The power and brilliancy of the picture are bewildering; but I wonder the patriotic artist and artiste did not recognise that they were mutually comforting posterity in the detested Prussian colours, black and white!

Among the on-lookers, Mr Boughton, A.R.A., always genial and generous, had something appreciative to say of most of the works; but I was told by the editor of a new and most successful ladies' paper (who hails originally from Dublin, and whose lecture on æsthetics made such a stir on both sides of the Atlantic) that among those striking specimens of French art the name of the greatest pastellist was still wanting—that of M. Deglas.

The ladies' toilettes were disappointing. Mrs Bernard-Beere made some sensation in a broad grey hat, trimmed with white cocks' feathers, a white boa *en suite*, and a grey silk dress innocent of the tiniest atom of improver. Mrs Burbohn Tree wore a sweeping cloth mantle of terra cotta, bordered with gold cord, and a lady of the *grand monde*, a beauty and an authoress, was garbed in a steely blue pelisse of strictest empire cut, fastened only by a band with two buttons just below the neck, which fell in severe folds to the hem of her dress. I am of necessity so much curtailed that I find I have omitted to mention, with many other important pictures, Mr Herbert Schmalz's "Tu Manu Domini"—a powerful representation of a girl-martyr bound to a stake, elaborated to the point of resembling an oil-painting rather than a pastel drawing.

The air is still full of personalities. The bomb-shell of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book having exploded, it is impossible to escape the universal topic. No element of sensation has been wanting, from the advance sheets printed surreptitiously to the "sporting" offer of Sir M. Mackenzie, to lay down £5,000 in order to try the issue of his dispute with Professor Bergmann in America.

Every newspaper, every salon descants on the subject, and interviewers are sent out on the war-path to keep the excitement alive.

Oh, the pity of it all! The ruthless unveiling of a brave man's sufferings, the petty squabbles

and endless recrimination, and all for what? "Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?" Can one agony be annulled, or one error retrieved by this wrangle of learned specialists and scientists, retorting on each other with the frankness of costermongers?

Sir Morell Mackenzie is so high in the confidence of august personages that I cannot understand why influence was not brought to bear upon him to ignore in the security of his own position, the gauntlet thrown down by the German doctors. Not all lies, assertions, and arguments will gain him one convert from the other side; and his own friends and admirers are naturally unconvinced by the opposition statements. For this reason I see no reasonable motive for the seizure of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book in Germany, any more than I see reasonable motive for our great specialist's threat to prosecute for libel the publishers of an English translation of Bergmann's reply.

It has been well said that we live in a time of transition, and it is difficult to tell from day to day what will be our next surprise; but when on two successive evenings we have an exclusively English play produced at one theatre, and an exclusively French play at another theatre, and find in the former all the cynicism, *equivogue* and unpalatable situations we are accustomed to associate with the latter; and in the latter, the simplicity, spontaneity, and healthy interests we have always claimed for the former, we are inclined to rub our eyes and wonder have we indeed got into the Kingdom of Topsy-turvydom.

"The Dean's Daughter," with which the St. James' reopened under the management of that clever actor Mr Rutland Barrington, is a repulsive play as to plot; but it is ably written, replete with epigrammatic sparkle, and was admirably acted all round. The reception was enthusiastic. It is rare indeed to find a first night audience so unexacting. Applause greeted the most cynical sentiments, which were surely a libel on the "modern life and manners" that the piece professes to portray, and a very unpleasant character was accepted as typical in the Dean of St. Aubyn's. This acceptance was probably due to Mr Barrington's careful toning down of the part, rendering its discreditable traits as little salient as possible. A comparatively new actress, Miss Nethersole, made a great hit, and received quite an ovation.

The Dean's daughter and her friends wore among them some very sumptuous dresses. In this respect the palm rests with Miss Caroline Hill, whose fire-stone shot silk in the first act, has been the talk of London ever since. An act later she is habited in white moire trimmed with straw and amber alternating. Mme. Lili, the modiste who is responsible for these creations, is a highly-connected Irish lady, who met reverses by dedicating her talents and energies to this worthy and successful issue.

In the body of the house the toilettes were almost equally brilliant. One that I much admired was in pale mosse tulle over merveilleux of the same colour, the pointed corsage was edged by soft folds of tulle in which single diamonds were plentifully besprinkled. The dash of colour, so dear to Mr Oscar Wilde, was supplied by an upright hairbow in deep wine colour with osprey feather, fastened in by a diamond pin.

Hair remains worn as high as ever, only the wandering curl at the back, from the top knot to the neck, is gaining in favour. A lady in one of the boxes had a let-in front of white satin, elaborately embroidered with pearls, to a dress of

olive velvet. It was very handsome, but inevitably recalled Queen Elizabeth in "The Armada" at Drury Lane.

For those who had attended the performance of the "Dean's Daughter" on Saturday night, it must have been like a breath of country air, green fields, and Arcadia to find themselves in company with l'Abbi Constantin at the Royalty. I have not yet seen this play, but in spite of a simple and quite undramatic story, it has made a great success in Paris. And who that has read the book will not rejoice to hear this? The character of the Abbe in its beautiful unconscious naivete and unselfishness endears him to us from the very first. The young officer, his godson, is a manly, honest fellow in whom we at once take an interest; the two sisters—with their touch of American daring—are charming, and a dash of contrast is thrown in by the Paris exquisite Paul de Lavardens, and Jeanne the *femme de menage*.

I hope all my readers who have not seen this clever healthy book, full of cultured writing and graphic description, will procure it at once for themselves and their daughters. It is pleasant to include the young people in this recommendation, but many of the best authors in France are emancipating themselves from the reproach that has long hung over them, and I would particularly direct my friends' attention to "Pecheur d'Islande," a powerful and pathetic story, by a writer who takes the pseudonym of Paul Loti.

As science advances we can never quite foresee what imbroglia it may develop, and the recent grave discussion between the French and Italian bishops as to the limits in efficacy of the telegraph and telephone are a case in point.

The phonograph has indefinite possibilities, and endless complications could be imagined in which it might figure as a *deus ex machina*. I present this idea to any intrepid writer of fiction willing to enlist so adaptable an accomplice.

The most recent news of Mr Edison represents him as declaring that the sewing machine is still "in its infancy." Now, when Mr Edison speaks his words are big with fate, and tempting visions of the cutting out and fashioning of a dress in a couple of hours by means of electricity flash before my dazzled fancy. Already we are seriously told of a sewing machine that can stitch, knit, and darn alternately; and then—by a readjustment of machinery and a transfer of pieces—can peel a potato, scrape a carrot, mince a veal cutlet, or beat up an omelette! This is in America, of course; but even here improvements have also been introduced, and many ladies now use their machines for braiding dresses, while this pretty fashion continues, either by the ordinary stitching on of braid, or in chain stitch, as practised so deftly by the German stall keepers at the Crystal Palace.

I am glad to hear on excellent authority that Irish poplin is to be voted "good form," a matter of congratulation to all who admire a really beautiful material, and one possessing the rare quality of wearing well. Nothing falls in richer folds than Irish poplin, and it is therefore peculiarly suited for the graceful plain skirts now deemed correct, moreover the softness and pliability of the material causes it to adapt itself well to the contours of the figure. When people complain that Irish poplin is expensive to purchase, they forget that no inferior quality is made and that a dress in this sterling stuff will last two of any other. Now this—considering the length of milliners' bills—ought to be a merit of some moment.

AMINA.

BARS AND CROTCHETS.

MUSIC RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

- 1.—"OUR DEAR OLD HOME" (song). Words and music by Michael Watson. Price 4s.
- 2.—"LOVE'S THORN" (song). Words by C. S. and music by Tito Mattel. Price 4s.
- 3.—"THE CROWN OF LOVE" (song). Words by Clifton Bingham and music by F. N. Lohr. Price 4s.
- 4.—"WHO WAS IT?" (song). Words by Fred E. Weatherby and music by Joseph L. Roedel. Price 4s.
- 5.—"LA CAVILCADE" (polka march). By J. Forbes Carter. Price 4s.
- 6.—"CARINA" (valse). By Ernest J. Reiter. Price 4s.
- 7.—"ALBUM FOR THE YOUNG" (two books), containing 40 short pieces for the pianoforte. By Ernest Pauer. Price 2s each.
- 8.—"THE BELLS OF ELSINORE" (a cantata for ladies' voices). Written by Edward Oxenford; music by Edmund Rogers. Price 1s 6d.
- 9.—SCHOOL SONGS—"THE HOLIDAYS." By F. J. Sawyer; edited by Frederic N. Lohr. "THE GIBBY" (for two voices). By ditto. "IT'S SWEET TO HEAR" (for two voices). By James T. Pye; edited by Frederic N. Lohr. "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" (for two voices). By J. F. Sawyer; edited by Frederic N. Lohr. "SWINE SONG" (for two voices). By Frederic N. Lohr. Price 4d each.
- 10.—"TWELVE ORIGINAL PIECES FOR THE ORGAN OR HARMONIUM." By Arthur Page F.C.O. Price 1s.
- 11.—"THE EDINBURGH MARCH" (arranged for the organ). By Herbert S. Oakley. Price 3s.
- 12.—"THE VIOLIN STUDENT—ROMANCE IN F." By L. Von Beethoven. Price 3s.
- 13.—"CANZONETTA" (for the violin with accompaniment for the pianoforte). By Alfred J. Dye. Price 3s.
- 14.—"FRÜHLING'S TRAUM" (impromptu for pianoforte). By Heinrich Lichner. Price 3s.
- 15.—"IM SCHÖNEN MAI" (idylle for pianoforte). By Heinrich Lichner. Price 3s.
- 16.—"ELFENTANZ" (for the pianoforte). By Heinrich Lichner. Price 3s.
- 17.—"LA CAPRICCEUSE" (for the pianoforte). By Heinrich Lichner. Price 3s.
- 18.—"LIEBES LUST AND LEID" (for the pianoforte). By Heinrich Lichner. Price 3s.

Messrs Patey and Willis, 44 Great Marlborough street, London, are the publishers of the first six pieces. The words of "Our Dear Old Home" are peculiarly touching, and the music to which the author has joined them is capable of retention and appreciation. The other three songs compete with each other in beauty of sentiment and exquisite music. The valse, "Carina," is particularly soft and taking, and will be a useful addition to the music portfolio. The polka march is within the range of the merest tyro, being easy of manipulation and of sufficient merit to become a favourite.

The world-famed music sellers, Messrs Forsyth Brothers, of 272A Regent Circus, Oxford street, London, has favoured us with the pieces numbered from 7 to 17. Needless to say, the publications of this firm are of the highest class, and by the exercise of keen managerial ability and foresight the publishers place each piece which comes from their press within the reach of even those of the most limited means. The "Album for the Young" is composed of simple pieces consisting of songs, vases, and polkas, easy of manipulation and catching in their airs. "The Bells of Elsinore" is charmingly sweet and tuneful, and, as a cantata, stands unrivalled as a pleasant exercise for ladies, and we hope many of our lady readers will procure the work. The "School Songs" are edited with striking success by Mr Frederic N. Lohr, who has procured beautiful and stirring words for his delightfully rousing and pathetic music. We advise all our youthful musicians to become possessed of this series, especially the "Christmas Carol," which will be a great favourite a few weeks hence. The organ pieces are each a welcome addition to the organist's repertoire, the "Edinburgh March" being fresh, vigorous, and, in the highest sense, pleasing. Those pieces devoted to the violin are simple, plaintive strains, and capable of easy comprehension. The pieces for the pianoforte numbered 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18 are worthy of study, and will prove a boon to most advanced students.

LA REVEILLE.

THE GAIETY THEATRE.—MISS MARY ANDERSON.—This clever and handsome actress occupies the boards of the Gaiety this week. Her repertoire ranges from Gilbert to Shakespeare. That fine old stilted melodrama, "Romeo and Juliet," is an admirable foil to "Comedy and Tragedy," Mr Gilbert's smart imitation of modern French tragic writing. "The Lady of Lyons" closes the week of Miss Anderson's engagement. A more artificial play than this was never written, but from a stagey point of view, it is said by experts to be the most effective on the boards. Miss Anderson has been greeted with full houses despite the doubled charges.

Mr Charles Wyndnam and Company, from the Criterion Theatre, London, where they have been performing Mr T. W. Robertson's celebrated comedy, "David Garrick," for over 370 nights, will occupy the boards of the Gaiety Theatre next week. This has been styled the London success of "David Garrick," and we are pleased to note that the prices will not be raised in consequence of the visit of this most talented company to Dublin, and we are sure the public will substantially appreciate true worth when presented to them.

QUEEN'S ROYAL THEATRE.—On Monday evening Mr Charles Majilton's company presented for the approval of the Dublin folk Mr J. W. Whitbread's successful drama entitled "The Race of Life." The house was crowded in every part, and those present were presented with a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. The drama may be regarded as one of the most sensational which has been produced during the present season, and the characters are played with a high degree of finish. In the first act we make acquaintance with two cousins, Frank and Robert Seymour. The former is a particularly good fellow—is in possession of the family inheritance, and is momentarily expected to become possessed of a beautiful bride also. The other is a scheming, heartless, and relentless villain, who considers no plot too deep, no crime too foul to commit in order to secure the coveted wealth of his cousin and the possession of his would-be bride. A supposedly previous wife is produced by Robert on the wedding day, thus separating the bride and groom, and laying the latter open to a charge of bigamy. The woman who acts this part is the other cousin's own lawful wife. Frank is sentenced to penal servitude, and thus we get a most realistic glimpse of prison life with its formerly attendant horror—the treadmill—in full working order. After the hero has narrowly escaped the gallows, "done his time" on the treadmill, and been almost milled to death, sunshine comes at last in a most pleasing and agreeable fashion. The play, although built on familiar foundations, is written in a peculiarly fresh, interesting, and exciting form, and the author is to be warmly congratulated on the result of his labours. The company of the Majiltons can always be depended on. Their stage specialities are practically untouched. The acting of the different artistes was of a decidedly superior kind, very much better than that usually seen. It would well repay a visit to see either Mr Charles Majilton as "Guespin," or Mr Arthur Ricketts as "Silas Sloggam." Mr C. Majilton shows marvellous powers as a contortionist and gymnast.

and Mr Ricketts, as "Sloggam," is literally immense, keeping the house in roars of laughter, repeated momentarily throughout the play. Mr Dan Clarke acted his part very creditably showing wonderful nerve in the part of the villain, when he realistically murdered his own wife and performed the same brutal outrage on his only son. The hisses of the audience was ample proof and testified his powerful histrionic success. In the hands of Miss Loyal Frere, Miss Isabel Armstrong, the heroine of the piece, received a most realistic portrayal. The other members ably sustained their reputation.

GRAND CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—Mr Ludwig, assisted by Mrs and Mr Beaumont, gave a splendid concert to a crowded audience last Saturday. To praise the world-famous baritone is an unnecessary task. He has unearthed some beautiful specimens of melody from the almost inexhaustible store of Irish folk music, and deserves a public testimonial in consequence. We give him our best and heartiest wishes for his tour in the States.

LITERARY AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—RATHMINES SCHOOL.—The little concert hall of Rathmines School was crowded at this entertainment. The boys, massed in the background, boisterously encored every item with automatic regularity. Professor Burke recited several pieces admirably, and Miss M'Guckin sang with considerable taste. The atmosphere was disagreeably heated from a series of unglobed gas burners.

POPULAR CONCERT.—COFFEE PALACE.—The concerts given in the Coffee Palace, Townsend street, on each Saturday evening, continue to be well attended. On Saturday evening last the hall was filled with an attentive middle-class audience, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate the first-class literary and musical programme presented. The entertainment opened with the quartet "From the Mountains and Hills" ("Bohemian Girl") which was followed by a pleasing list of vocal and instrumental pieces, as well as several readings by Mr J. Holloway, M.S.E.D. The trio, "I Naviganti," some humorous songs by Mr R. K. Philson, and piano-forte solo and selection of Irish airs arranged by Thalberg and performed by Miss Eva McClean were especially well received. The quartet, "Good Night, Be'loved" (Pinsuiti) brought the concert to a close.

ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.—The first grand public recital of this admirable association took place in the Leinster Hall last week, which was crowded to inconvenience. Many persons were standing both in the body of the hall and at the door. Miss Wayland gave a graceful rendering of the "Isles of Green," by Byron. But is not the clatrap heroic style of poetry out of date? We have a similar grumble to apply to "The Pickwick Trial," read by Chancellor Tisdall. This piece, besides being too long, is characterised by that tendency to burlesque of the old school of humour which disfigured Dickens's earlier writings. Mr Patrick Ward's recitation of "The Octoroon" was greeted with storms of laughter. The humour of Artemus Ward, depending chiefly on flighty spelling, is difficult to portray, but Mr Ward was most successful. Mr James Edgar was

good, and Mrs Ellis Cameron and Professor Burke admirable in the scene from "The Jealous Wife." The vocal items were merely passable.

Negro servant presenting a visiting card to his mistress :—"Mum, there's two of 'em waiting at the door." Mistress :—"Why on earth didn't you invite them in?" Rastus :—"Sartinly, mum; you didn't want two to come in on one ticket, did you?"

"What if I was one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things around, and kick like everything because the coffee is cold?" "John," responded his wife, "I should make it hot for you."

"Now, John," said his wife, as she was about starting for the country, "be careful about drinking ice water." "Maria," he repeated reassuringly, but unthinkingly, "I won't drink a drop of water while you're away."

A little fellow had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon, and said, "I couldn't find a switch, mamma; but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Smith, who is afflicted with a sore throat, has asked his friend Brown to examine it. Brown (peering down Smith's throat)—"On which side is the sore spot?" Smith (speaking with difficulty)—"On the left side." Brown—"Coming up or going down?"

Lady (at Sunday school)—"And what do you understand by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?" The head of the class—"The flowers in your bonnet, ma'am."

A LIFE AND LEG SAVED.

Dublin, July 5th, 1888.

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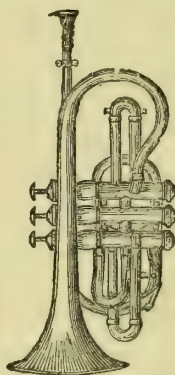
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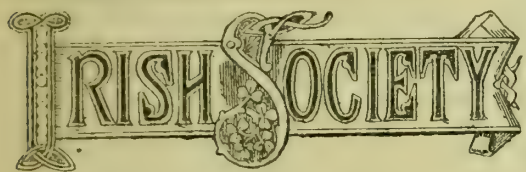
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WEEK ENDING 3rd NOVEMBER, 1888.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, visited the Royalty Theatre last week to witness the performance of *L'Abbe Constantin*.

The announcement that the marriage between King Milan and Queen Nathalie has been dissolved has come as a surprise upon the world, and the laconical wording of the circular despatch conveying the intelligence has been much commented on. It runs simply thus:—"Le divorce entre sa Majeste le Roi, et la Reine Natalie vient d'etre prononce-Mijatovic." It is said that Queen Nathalie on being apprised by the Metropolitan Theodosius that he had dissolved the union between herself and King Milan, telegraphed to that Prelate:—"I am informed of your decision. A marriage contracted in accordance with the laws of our holy Orthodox Church cannot be dissolved by a communication published in the official journal. Take note that I consider your decision as null and void, and without legal value."

The Empress Frederick has quite recovered from her cold. She visited the new Church of the Holy Cross on Tuesday with the Princess Victoria. Her Majesty was deeply touched when she came to the altar erected by the late Emperor and herself, and shed tears as she read the inscription on the black marble tablet commemorating the fact that the foundation stone was laid by the Crown Prince Frederick William, April 18th, 1885. Her Majesty and her three youngest daughters will leave Berlin for England about the 10th of November, travelling direct to Windsor. From England

her Majesty and daughters will probably proceed to Italy, not returning to Germany till the Villa Reiss, her Majesty's new summer residence in the Taunis Mountains, is ready for her reception.

Here is a picture of the Emperor William of Germany, taken from an Austrian paper:—"He is intelligent and eager for information; but he is noisy, talks loudly, and laughs uproariously; goes about with a large lump of wool sticking out of his ears, and seems unable to sit still for five consecutive minutes."

A marriage is arranged between Thomas George Best, R.H.A., of Red Rice, Andover, and Annie Liddell, only daughter of the late Mr William Tod, of Ayton, Perthshire.

The marriage between Mr Henry Buchanan Riddell, King's Royal Rifles, and Miss Mildred Buckworth will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Monday, November 5th, at half-past two.

The marriage of Mr Sebastian Snow and Miss Swabey will take place on November 8th at St. Thomas's Church, Exeter.

The marriage of Mr Edward Constable Curtis and Miss Elca Rose Alston will take place at St. Michael's Church, Chester square, on Tuesday, November 6th, at a quarter past two.

Mr Frank H. Dunphie was married to Miss Alice Morgan Reed, second daughter of Mr William Reed, of Onslow Gardens, on Thursday last at St. Peter's Church, South Kensington.

The marriage arranged between Mr Arthur H. Walrond, son of Sir John Walrond, Bart., of Bradfield, Devon, and Miss Marion Coleridge, youngest daughter of Mr W. R. Coleridge, of Salston, Devon, will take place in December.

The marriage arranged between Miss Power Lalor, of Long Orchard, County Tipperary, and Mr Burke, brother of Sir Henry George Burke, Bart., of Marble Hill, Loughrea, County Galway, will take place early in January, 1889, probably in the first week of the new year.

The marriage of the Earl of Lisburne and Evelyn, second daughter of Mr Edmund Probyn, of Huntley Manor, County Gloucester, was solemnised on Wednesday afternoon at St. Andrew's Church, Wells street. Owing to the recent death of the bridegroom's father, the invitations were limited to the members of both families. Mr Gilchrist Clarke acted as best man, and the bride was attended by her two sisters, the Misses Blanche and Charlotte Probyn. The Bishop of St. David's officiated, assisted by the Rev. Henry Miles. The wedding

party were received at Claridge's Hotel, Brook street, Grosvenor square, and shortly after the Earl and Countess of Lisburne took leave of their friends and departed on their wedding tour.

The marriage of Dr. Edward Stewart and Lady Philippa Fitzallan Howard took place on Thursday at St. John's Church, Heron's Ghyll. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Father Gordon, assisted by the Revs. Thomas Ottley and James Keatinge. The bride was given away by her brother, the Duke of Norfolk, and her sister, Lady Mary Howard, and Miss Stewart, sister of the bridegroom, were the bridesmaids. Dr. Pasteur acted as best man. Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot, Lady Margaret Howard, Mr James Hope, Mr and Mrs O'Connor, Mr and Mrs Stewart, Mr and Mrs William Stewart, Miss Maud Stewart, Miss Edith Stewart, and Mr Oliver were also at the ceremony. The wedding was a quiet one, only the near relations of both parties being present.

Harry Tandy Cannon, son of the late Mr Henry Charles Cannon, of Priorstown, County Louth, and Stillorgan, County Dublin, was married on the 23rd of October at St. Andrew's Church, Malahide, to Miss Emily Georgina Anna Elliott, youngest daughter of Mr John H. Elliott, of St. James's terrace, Malahide, and Gardiner's row, Dublin. The Rev. Robert Walsh officiated, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Stubbs, S.F.T.C.D., and the Rev. Richard Byrn.

The Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry, since their arrival at Wynyard, their seat in Durham, have been entertaining a large party of visitors, including the Duchess of Manchester, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, the Earl and Countess of Enniskillen, Lord Longford, Lady Randolph Churchill, Sir William Gordon Cumming, the Right Hon. J. Lowther, M.P., Captain Marshall, and Mr A Vane Tempest.

The Marquis of Londonderry reviewed the 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteers at Seaham Harbour on the 27th ult. At the same time the Marchioness of Londonderry opened a new drill hall and presented prizes to the volunteers.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne are expected to leave London for India on November the 17th. They will travel to Brindisi, and on the 19th embark on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Sutlej*.

Sir Richard and Lady Burton have left London, accompanied by Dr. Grenfell Baker, en route to Trieste. Sir Richard's health was much improved by his three months' sojourn in England. The Empress of Austria has sent Lady Burton a beautiful portrait of herself as a souvenir to mark her approbation of Lady Burton's works.

Edwards shipped last week, for New Zealand, a highly ornamental wedding cake, to grace the marriage festival of two young natives of Dublin who are about to unite their fortunes in that distant colony.

The Marchioness of Conyngham gave birth to a daughter at the Roxburgh Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 18th October. Lady Conyngham and infant are both going on most favourably.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., the youngest of the four nonagenarian baronets now living, entered his 93rd year a few days ago. He belongs to a very old Kerry family, and possesses a pair of gloves, worked in pearls, presented to his ancestor, Sir Anthony Denny, by Henry VIII. when he had the courage to inform his Majesty that he was dying.

The Hon. Charles Gore and the Countess of Kerry have left their residence on Wimbledon Common, to pay a series of visits to their friends in this country.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, has returned to Burhill Park, Surrey, from visiting Admiral Lord John Hay and Lady John Hay at Devonport.

The Earl of Limerick, Lord in Waiting, represented the Queen at the funeral of the Italian Ambassador.

Captain and Mrs F. H. W. Fetherstonhaugh have returned to Dublin from England, where their honeymoon was spent.

The popular A.D.C. to the Commander of the Dublin District, Major-General J. Davis, C.B., has taken Dollardstown, Clonsilla, a very charming residence, and from this conveniently situated mansion will follow the Wards and Meaths during the hunting season.

The Earl of Fingall is winning golden laurels as Master of the Meath Hounds. Horses, servants, and hounds are one and all said to be excellent, and good sport is expected in Royal Meath this season—if the League will kindly allow hunting.

Mrs Miller gave a nice little dance at her residence, Baggot Rath House, Sandymount, in celebration of All Hallows Eve.

Mrs Murphy's dances at her residence, Upper Mount street, come off on the 5th and 7th inst.

Mrs Henderson, of Sackville street, has issued a large number of invitations for her entertainment on the 9th inst.

Lord and Lady Sudeley were heartily welcomed on the occasion of their visit to Trogmore Hall, their Montgomeryshire seat, on Monday. They were met and presented with addresses by about 600 tenants and labourers. Lord Sudeley thanked them for their warm reception in a kind and sympathetic speech.

Mrs Gibson Black recently gave a very pleasant dance at her residence, Blackheath, Clontarf, in celebration of her daughter's birthday.

Mrs Ennis, of Claremount, Drogheda, gave a ball a few days ago. The music was excellent, and the refreshments, provided by that old established house, Edwards, of Dublin, were highly approved of.

Mr Arthur Moore, better known as Count Moore is about to leave Mooresfort, near Tipperary, and reside permanently in London. Mooresfort will be shut up and the large staff of servants, gardeners, and labourers dismissed. The Count will be sadly missed, as he spent a large income in the country, and was most munificent in his charities.

His mother left a large sum of money for the building of an industrial school for poor orphan boys near Clonmel, and this Institution, which affords a home to 130 little fellows, is mainly supported by him. It is in the hands of a religious order, "The Brothers of Charity," and it is most interesting to see these little waifs rescued from the gutter, tailoring, cobbling, knitting, and carpentering, while their chubby, smiling faces bear testimony to the excellence of the interior economy.

It is said that a young cadet has run away from the Royal Military Academy. He was so bullied for eighteen months that his life was made a burden to him. The poor fellow had worked very hard, and would have had his commission in February. Nothing has been heard of him except that he pawned his clothes and disappeared.

Colonel Sir Lumley Graham, of Arlington Manor, near Newbury, met an accident of a serious nature while hunting with the Craven Hounds on Saturday. While clearing a fence he fell off his horse, and having lost an arm in active service, the hook fixed to the false arm caught in the reins and he was dragged for a considerable distance, serious wounds being inflicted, but he is reported to be progressing favourably.

Two hundred of the children from the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick's Schools in Stamford street obtained free admission to the Irish Exhibition on Friday last. This charity is the representative of a society founded so far back as 1704 "by several noblemen and gentlemen, natives of Ireland, for the relief of the poor and distressed Irish in London." The children, who belonged almost exclusively to the poorest class, seemed thoroughly to enjoy their holiday, and particularly appreciated the pictures, which they studied with evident interest and admiration.

The Fancy Fair in connection with the Irish Cottage Industrial Society at the Irish Exhibition was opened on the 24th October and continued during the week. A number of ladies sympathising with the objects of the Society, whose main purpose is to provide work for necessitous Irish cottagers, were present, and for several hours took an active part in the sale of the articles displayed. The work done by these cottagers range from plain needlework to lace, rich embroideries, and Mountmellick work, and a very considerable amount of business was done during the day.

The Kingstown and Glenageary Lawn Tennis Club intend giving a grand subscription ball in the Town Hall, Kingstown, on the 16th inst. The names on both the ladies and gentlemen's committees include all the upper ten of Kingstown, and the dance is sure to be a success. To Mr Maguinness of the Anglesa Arms Hotel has been entrusted the catering, and no better man could be found. In our next issue we shall give further details of the tennis dance.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, held at 34 Rutland square West, on the 25th inst., Mrs Power Lalor made the gratifying announcement that one of the ladies resident in the home had been left a fortune of nearly £1,000 a year through the death of a relative.

On the 25th of October the anniversary of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars gave a very pleasant dance in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick street, to which were invited the officers, warrant and non-commissioned officers of the various corps composing the Dublin garrison. Dancing took place in two rooms, both handsomely decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flags of all nations, whilst the arms of England and the Union Jack occupied a conspicuous place. A picture of the regimental dog "Boxer," who went out with the 11th Hussars to the Crimea, was hung up over the door, and attracted much attention. Boxer was recipient of military honours from England, France, and Turkey. Supper, supplied by Mr Lovell, of Baggot street, was served in the small concert room, and was an excellent one, the decorations of the table being most effective. An attractive programme of dance music was admirably played by the regimental band. It was nearly the time for the milkman to go his morning rounds ere the last of the 500 guests took their departure.

A course of ten demonstrations in high-class cookery by Miss Todd will be given in the Kingstown Coffee Palace, 104 Lower George's street, on Thursday afternoons from 3 to 5 o'clock, commencing on Thursday, November 8. The fee is moderate, and the bill of fare, or rather the list of dishes, which Miss Todd promises to instruct her pupils in is varied, useful, and appetising. Here is an opportunity for young housekeepers and incompetent cooks to increase their knowledge and skill by a trifling outlay.

Mr Sackville Hamilton, R.I.C., is about to move from Clonmel to Dundrum as District Inspector, and will be succeeded at the former station by Mr H. H. Jones, from Fermoy.

The death of Sir Edmund Arthur Waller, Bart., took place at St. Helier's, Jersey, on Tuesday, at the comparatively early age of 42. He was the son of Sir Arthur, fourth baronet, by his second wife, Miss Guinness, youngest daughter of Mr Arthur Guinness, of Beaumont, Dublin. He was twice married, but leaves no son, and the baronetcy now devolves on his uncle, Mr Charles Waller, born in 1802, and married to Maria, daughter of Mr Nicholas Burgher, of Staten Island, New York.

The funeral of the late Lord Seaton took place on Saturday from the family seat, Beechwood, Devon, at the parish church, Newton Ferrars. The ceremony was attended by the present Lord Seaton, the Hon. W. Colborne, the Hon. Misses Colborne, General the Hon. Sir F. Colborne, and a large number of relatives and friends.

* *

A few nights ago 40 stalls were filled at the Savoy Theatre by the wedding guests of Sir Joseph Weston, Mayor of Bristol, who was formerly representative of that ancient city in Parliament. His marriage to Miss Annie Beloe took place at St Mary Abbot's, Kensington. After a sumptuous entertainment at Bailey's Hotel, Sir Joseph and Lady Weston left for Dover *en route* to the Continent, and the wedding party assembled in the evening at the Savoy, and fully enjoyed the joint production of Mr W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, in the "Yeoman of the Guard."

* *

On Friday afternoon as Pilot Cutter No. 1 was rounding the East Pier, Kingstown, the master, J. Riley, noticed a small boat with two gentlemen in her; they had their sail set, and were rounding the West Pier. Suddenly a squall struck her, and over went the little craft. With great promptitude James Riley and the two men on board the cutter went to the rescue, and succeeded not only in saving the lives of the gentlemen, but also in bringing the capsized boat safely into harbour. The gentlemen rescued were Messrs. G. T. Hughes and A. A. May, of the Queen's Bench office.

* *

Time was when in Dublin we had Parliamentary Debating Societies which educated the rising generation in social and political subjects, and as a general rule imparted the great principle of tolerance of each other's convictions, and preserved the amenities of good breeding. We have to a large extent lost these sources of instruction, which gave development to talent, and kept opinions in gentlemanly restraint; but we hear of an attempt to revive the institution, which under well-defined conditions would command the approval of all sections of the community. Great care would, however, be necessary in the enrolment of members, so as to ensure the exclusion of those who would embitter debate by illiberality of sentiment or indulgence in unworthy personalities.

* *

We confess to a feeling of regret that so clever a woman as Mrs Gordon Baillie should have utilised her natural talents so badly as to have incurred a sentence of five years' penal servitude at the hands of an English judge. Her career has been an extraordinary one, and although so far as is known she has never favoured Dublin hotel-keepers or merchants with her comely presence and her fraudulent cheques, yet a large number of our citizens have followed the public reports of her autocratic doings with genuine interest. Under different circumstances Mrs Gordon Baillie would have made a name of another kind for herself in the world, for all accounts agree that besides being lovely and clever, she was generosity and good nature personified.

* *

The steamboat contest between the two rival companies trading between Derry and Glasgow

is progressing in a spirited way. You can now travel by a first-class steamer from the Clyde to the Foyle for sixpence, and there is an immediate probability of its being reduced to threepence.

* *

Major Rogers, R. I. Fusiliers, has been appointed to the Adjutancy of the Armagh Militia, and Captain Jolliffe, Royal Irish Regiment, to that of the North Tipperary Militia.

* *

Captain J. Orr Ewing, 16th Lancers, succeeds Lord Fielding as extra A.D.C. to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

* *

A colonel of a cavalry regiment at Aldershot introduced a system into the regiment of collecting all the bones and scraps from the men's dinners and having them pounded down and boiled into soup with some preserved vegetables. The plan succeeded admirably for a time, and was copied by several other regiments, who thoroughly appreciated the extra ounce of nourishment thus squeezed out of the meagre pound of flesh. But one day as a subaltern was going round dinners, the men of his regiment rose in a body in room after room and requested that the soup might be discontinued. Pressed for an explanation, an old soldier at last told him that the men were in the habit of gnawing the bones after they exhausted the resources of their knives. "Not that I mind my own bones," continued he, "but them there, Smith and Jones, they chew their bones and their quids at the same time, and when you breaks them up the marrow is like a blooming Trichinopoly cheroot!"

* *

A class is about to be formed at Aldershot for the purpose of instructing officers in the subject of rations.

* *

We have all heard the story of the wily contractor in foreign parts who transformed goats into sheep by the simple expedient of stitching a sheep's tail to a goat's carcass. But even without this he could probably have easily passed the meat. How many of the officers who daily inspect rations could distinguish between, say, the forequarter of a cow that had died a natural death and the forequarter of a bullock that had been properly slaughtered? The contract price for meat in parts of Ireland is as low as 3½d, and the contractor binds himself to supply well-fed, prime meat. Unless he can supply a few dead 'uns in he can't make a profit. Let us hope that in the interests of poor Tommy Atkins the Aldershot class may be well attended.

* *

In order to qualify for flag rank, Lord Charles Beresford will have to serve afloat for six years out of the next seven. This will most probably necessitate his resigning his seat in Parliament.

* *

Rear-Admiral Lindesay Brine is named for the command of the Naval Station at Queenstown, now held by Rear-Admiral Carpenter. The latter will soon complete the regulation period of service, when the officer named will be offered the appointment. Admiral Lindesay Brine stands nineteenth on the list of officers of his rank, and got his flag not quite four years ago. As yet he has not had the opportunity of flying it.

Messrs Lauder and others who afford opportunity for the inspection of photographs in their halls are not perhaps aware that the privilege is being abused by a few contemptible fast young men, and aged *roues* who should know better, as a vantage-point from which to stare out of countenance ladies who visit the halls to examine the pictures displayed. The very looks of these parties are a downright insult to respectable ladies, and in one instance at least that has come to our knowledge one of these insolent cowards, who escaped by a narrow shave, merited personal punishment at the hands of a brother of the young lady whom he had insulted.

* *

Among this purient gang is a man—presumably he considers himself a gentleman, and would doubtless be offended if he were dubbed a cad—whose appearance, once seen, cannot easily be forgotten. Dressed in a suit of grey, he saunters along Sackville street to Westmoreland street on almost every afternoon, puffing a cigarette, paying passing visits to the photographer halls, and eyeing in a furtive manner every woman or girl who looks in. His impertinence is astounding, and the wretch is over sixty if he is an hour. Somebody's brother or husband will drop on him one of these days, and teach him that chivalry to ladies is still a characteristic of the Irish race.

* *

Houses in the squares are beginning to refill for the winter season, and more life will now be imparted to city society. This does not mean that our leading families are returning from the sea-side, that source of enjoyment having dried up with the close of August. There are many of them coming back from health resorts in England and on the Continent, and their presence will, we trust, be the means of putting a considerable amount of money in circulation here.

* *

Letters to the morning papers draw attention to the dangers attendant on the cleaning of windows in the squares, and it will be within the recollection of our readers that in recent years we have had several sad fatalities resulting from this most dangerous occupation—at least as it is practised in Dublin. By Act of Parliament women or girls are forbidden to clean windows on the outside, and that duty now devolves on poor and industrious men, who earn a day's pay while engaged on this work at the risk of their lives.

* *

It may be within the recollection of a good many that about a couple of years ago some of our city firms—we cannot just now recall the name—exhibited at the Royal Dublin Society's Show at Ball's Bridge a safety guard specially designed for the protection of life while parties were employed at window-cleaning. It was portable, and, being supplied in pieces, was easily put together to suit the size of any window required to be fitted. We believe that the Corporation have power under a bye-law to enforce a regulation of this kind, and if they do possess it not a moment should be lost in putting it effectually in force.

* *

Whatever complaints may be made against our leading Irish Railway companies, they one and all endeavour, so far as in their power, to keep money at home by getting their work done here. The workshops of the Great Southern and Western line at Inchicore are of sufficient extent and interest to attract all scientific strangers com-

ing to Dublin, and these visitors rarely leave the works without expressing the greatest delight at the perfection of engineering and mechanical skill displayed there. The Broadstone shops of the Midland Great Western, the Dundalk and Belfast works of the Great Northern, and the Grand Canal street factory of the Dublin and Wicklow line, all attest the ability brought to bear by these great companies in the manufacture of their engines and rolling stock.

The Great Southern and Western Company has, we observe, just given a contract for the execution of extensive works at Leopardstown station (not Foxrock) to Mr S. Worthington, of Dublin, whose reputation in connection with railway construction stands deservedly high. When completed, the station will be a vast improvement on the old arrangements at that important portion of the line.

On Monday, the 29th inst., Mrs Sweetman, of Roebuck Hall, Dundrum, gave a most successful ball, the first of the season. The house, which is admirably adapted for such an entertainment, was most beautifully decorated with flowers, graceful draperies, and brilliantly lighted. The gathering was both large and fashionable, and there were many pretty faces and lovely dresses present, notable amongst all two pretty dark sisters all in pure white, *debutantes*. One lovely pale pink silk dress was trimmed with breselles of moss velvet, and the skirt beautifully draped with choice lace. A black dress, with chatelaine of rosebuds, looked well; also a daffodil coloured crepe de chine, the body trimmed with violets. The hostess wore a lovely dress of rich broche. Liddell surpassed himself, and even the matrons had a good time of it listening to his delicious waltzes, &c.

Mr Kyrle Bellew, son of the late eminent Shakesperian reader, is a gentleman well known to Dublin playgoers, having appeared on frequent occasions here, and once with Mrs Brown Potter's Company. It may therefore interest a number of people in the city to know that Master Kyrle has recently received a terrible snub in New York, where he is at present sojourning, the outcome of which will, it is thought, be a duel.

This is how the affair came about. According to New York journals, Mr Potter has a handsome residence in a fashionable part of that city, where he and his wife resided since her last arrival in America from England. To this brown stone mansion Mr Kyrle-Bellew repaired, where he was cordially received, and remained for some weeks as a favoured visitor, he being Mrs James Brown Potter's leading man. Mr Potter belongs to a distinguished club, and he proceeded forthwith to introduce him to that select society with this result.

The Governing Committee without loss of time "sat on him," and they immediately thereafter intimated to Mr Potter an expression of their opinion that Mr Bellew's private character was of such a nature as to prohibit him from the society of gentlemen. His career in London was brought up in judgment against him, and a polite request was conveyed to Mr Potter that in future Mr Kyrle's room would be infinitely preferable to his company—in fact he was not to

bring him to the Club any more. Whether or not he is still a visitor at Mr Brown Potter's superb mansion does not appear.

Our remarks of last week on the necessity for an extension and remodelling of the Queen's Theatre in order to enable it to compete in accommodation with the Gaiety, and, in short, to give the citizens of Dublin a second first class theatre, which would break the back of monopoly and the system of double prices for very commonplace performances, have given rise to a considerable amount of comment, some of which has reached us in the form of communications from a number of esteemed correspondents whose letters we cannot possibly print, but we may say that they express wonderful unanimity as to the necessity for a theatre to compete with the South King street house.

The question is felt on all hands to be an important one, and at the outset we may be permitted to express our own opinion that if the matter be taken up in a thorough business manner, the enlargement of the Queen's can be easily accomplished. We made a slight mistake last week in suggesting that the extension might be gained on the eastern side of the theatre; but we have since been informed that the necessary space is at hand close alongside the present building on its western side, the two houses intervening between Messrs M'Kenzie's establishment and the Queen's being the property of the lessee and available when required.

The position, then, is this—We have a theatre and the space necessary to enlarge it, with a patent for the performance of musical and dramatic works of every kind, and the only question is—how is it to be accomplished? The present lessee, Mr Jones, has worked absolute wonders in the way of elevating the tone of his comfortable little house, and of rendering it so popular as to justify its being known as "the people's theatre." And the public know that Mr Jones may be safely entrusted with the conduct of a first-class house, feeling satisfied that in his hands they would be fairly and honourably treated, and that the healthy spirit of competition thus created would crush the life out of monopoly.

A majority of our correspondents suggest the issue of debentures to raise the capital necessary for the enlargement; but in a business matter of this kind we feel that we are not capable of advising. Debentures are not, however, unknown in Dublin theatrical history, and it is easy to imagine that what has been successfully done once may be repeated under still more favourable conditions. As a matter of fact it may be stated that by taking in the two houses referred to on the western side of the theatre, the seating accommodation of the Queen's would be made equal to that of the Gaiety. *Verbum sap.*

We are glad to learn that our remonstrances on the subject of the drilling of the Metropolitan Police at times when they were frequently fatigued from lengthened street patrolling, and which we addressed to the Chief Commissioner, have resulted in the relief of the men from that irksome and disagreeable duty. But while this

is a step in the right direction, it is painful to learn that in the C Division a certain amount of discontent still exists which we are sure only requires to be made known to Mr Harrel to have all reasonable complaints promptly rectified.

It is said that in this division there are several constables kept constantly on day duty, only doing six hours out of the twenty-four, while others have to do every second month of night duty and patrol streets, lanes, and alleys from 10 p.m. till 6 a.m., when, if they have made arrests during those hours, they must attend in the Police Court to prosecute, and it is alleged that frequently when they get away from the court, instead of being permitted to retire to rest, they are told to get ready for kit inspection.

We have heard a further complaint that whenever a vacancy occurs in the office, through the absence of a station sergeant on leave or being otherwise employed, the post for the time being is not given as, in the other divisions, to one of the senior sergeants, and as the office is considered much easier work than the streets, those passed over naturally feel annoyed.

We do not think it necessary to particularise all the other complaints that have reached us from this division. They are numerous, and if they are founded on fact, a very ready means of curing them would be found in placing the whole circumstances before Mr Commissioner Harrel, who takes a pride in the splendid body under his command, and who, we are satisfied, would not willingly or knowingly suffer injustice to be done to the humblest member of the Metropolitan Police force.

The heat-wave which visited Dublin and Ireland generally at the close of last week proved most distressing to invalids, and even to the robust the suddenness of the change was enervating. It landed us back in the month of July without the presence of the brilliant summer sun, and had it not been for the timely visit of a stiff sou'-wester the effects of the heat-wave would have been much more unpleasantly felt than they were. Meteorologists regard this wave as the forerunner of violent storms, but as yet none are reported by the *Herald* gentleman as having left America for the British and Norwegian coasts.

We are apparently in for a heavy succession of gales from southward and westward. Passengers by the mail boat Connaught from Kingstown on Sunday night say that in a long experience of cross-Channel journeying they have rarely experienced worse weather or more disagreeable chopping seas, while old stagers who would "scorn the idea, you know," were prostrated by *mal de mer*.

The Ringsend trawlers have been in rare luck for the last eight or ten days, thanks to the friendly winds from the southward and westward, and hauls of white fish have been weighty. But, strangely enough, consumers in Dublin have benefited little or nothing by this, and fish of the description mentioned have rarely been scarcer in the neighbourhood of Mary's Abbey. The explanation is that they have been sent to England as soon as landed, London and Liverpool getting the major portion of them.

Mr Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company will appear in Dublin next week with Mdlle. Ella Russell as one of the leading *prime donne*. This clever American girl would appear to have more than her share of the work of the productions through England, in consequence of the unexpected illness of a couple of the other great sopranos engaged by Mr Harris for provincial tours across Channel and for Dublin and Belfast. Last week Mdlle. Ella was obliged to sing the principal part in five different operas, and of course to attend a similar number of rehearsals, which is almost as fatiguing as the actual business of the night. Miss Russell, who was born at Cleveland, Ohio, and is both young and pretty, has been a *prima donna* since 1882. She may rely on a cordial welcome in the Irish capital.

* *

The Lord Mayor's Ball was decidedly a very mixed affair. There must have been about 900 persons present. The ball would have passed off very pleasantly were it not for the unsatisfactory arrangements with regard to the supper. As usual, the guests were admitted to the *salle a manger* in batches, and as soon as the room was filled a barrier was drawn across the entrance by two giant constables of the B Division.

* *

Never did two policemen perform an irksome and difficult duty with more good temper and chivalry than these men. A crowd of persons pushing and struggling to get to the front, and packed as closely as herrings in a box, pressed against the barrier, sometimes crushing the ladies in a most ungallant manner. The guardians of the pass had to exert their utmost strength to prevent the fort which they were defending being carried by assault. Appeals were made to them in vain; protestations were of no avail; they calmly and resolutely performed their duties, and successfully resisted the acrobatic efforts of some of the male guests, who sought to dive under the protecting bar. The constables, however, showed some regard for the feelings of the ladies by permitting them to enter the small vestibule outside the door of the supper room, way having been made for them by the gentlemen, but not till they had experienced a rather unpleasant time in the crowd.

* *

And when the doors were thrown open there was a rush into the supper room, where everyone scrambled as best they could to secure a place at the table. Numbers were kept outside the barrier for fully an hour. At the upper end of the general supper room was an inner chamber or sanctum sanctorum, guarded by a stoical servant. Those who were in the know, and managed to get into this apartment if they happened to come late, were liable to be disappointed. Persons who reached the select spot about 2.30 a.m. had ample evidence of the good things which had been provided for those who had gone before them. Unfortunate beings, they only arrived in time to be disappointed and to have their mouths made water by the testimony they saw around them. There was plenty to eat, but the drink was restricted to sherry and claret cup. It was no use to point to the fact that the centretable contained twenty-two empty champagne bottles, that the side buffet was littered with a dozen of those dead men, and that the adjoining tables were plentifully sprinkled with the glass jackets of "the bhoy."

Waiters were appealed to in vain for specimens of the sparkling nectar. One gany-mede was, after considerable pressure, fortunate enough to secure a bottle of the coveted liquor for four gentlemen who had patiently waited for its arrival, but "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," for at this moment the Lord Mayor's secretary, who had evidently just vetoed and put the closure upon the free action of the cellarers, entered the room. His eagle eye spotted the bottle of champagne from which the servant was about to remove the cork, and he laid an embargo upon it. He called upon the head wine-waiter for an explanation as to why his order had been disregarded, and directed him to march back to the cellar with the captured bottle. The astonishment of the four gentlemen who had thus been deprived of their drink may be easily imagined, more especially as a few minutes later the secretary participated in a bottle of champagne which he had brought in himself for the benefit of a few "fashionable democrats," who had just entered the room.

* *

The scenes in the cloak room on the morning when the guests were departing were of a lively description. There were four attendants in charge of the hats and coats of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor's guests, and in the morning these four men, although nobody interfered with them during the night, completely lost their heads, with the result that some gentlemen lost their hats, whilst others lost their coats. One gentleman lost a pair of boots which he had carefully rolled up in his coat, having found in their place a soft hat and a soiled handkerchief. And so on. It is to be hoped that at future gatherings in the Mansion House those in charge of the arrangements will show more consideration for the comfort of the Lord Mayor's guests, who had good reason to complain of last Wednesday's *fiasco*.

* *

The true foundation of social and national happiness is to be found in the home. Should the domestic hearth be the scene of infelicity, then the outward and inward life of its members resemble a turbid mass of water which every little change of wind makes furious. In business they become irascible, in social relations un congenial, and with scowling visage and soured heart they plod on through life's busy maze, a trouble to themselves, and spreading around them the infection of their dissatisfaction. How unlike the members of a well-regulated and happy household! Their influence at home and abroad never loses its power for good, and this influence is more apparent and of greater value when exercised by the female members of the family circle. Gentlemen, generally, in all matters pertaining to home give due deference to ladies, and in thus submitting themselves to the more tender and more kind guidance of their mothers, wives, and sisters, they procure for themselves and all with whom they meet a fountain of happiness and peacefulness which will not dry up as long as sympathy reigns in the human heart. Otway, the poet, paid this tribute to woman—

Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe in Heaven—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

Women in their nature, we are told by a capable writer, are much more gay and joyous than men. Whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile, or whether, as some have imagined, they may be a happier kind of sex in the very soul, we shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of woman, gravity is that of man. So this very vivacity, this happiness of soul, is the true well-spring of national and domestic felicity. Give a woman her proper place in a household, treat her with the respect due to her lofty position as manager of the home, and soon chaos, unhappiness, and discontent will flee away, and home will become the sweetest place upon earth. We have no sympathy, nor can we have any patience with that specimen of the human tribe who dubs himself "lord and master;" and we have always found it to be the case that it is the miserable, shiftless, mercenary man who aspires to a position of superiority over and above every other member of the household.

* *

These "lords and masters" are a detestable class—not content with their position and power in the outer world, they even invade the woman's special province and tyrannise over her in many cruel and harsh ways. Could a person imagine anything more painful than the demeanour and heartlessness displayed by the husband in the following dialogue between him and his hard-worked and poorly-clad wife?—Husband (just starting for town)—"Mr dear, here is a ten-pound note." Wife (hastily)—"Oh, John, I'm ever so much obliged!" Husband—"Which I wish you would give to the tailor for my new winter overcoat. He said he would send the bill to-day." And out marched this human monster with a leer and a grin making his features more hideous.

* *

These paragraphs have been suggested by a communication which we have received from a poor mother who seeks through our columns to ventilate a grievance which she declares is gnawing her very life away. We have the profoundest sympathy with the lady, but her letter unfortunately is altogether too personal to allow of publication.

* *

An occasional Rambler through the streets of Dublin will meet with many strange sights. No other city in the world can boast of a better or more elaborate panorama than that possessed by Dublin. Every street has its peculiar fascination, every corner its history. The streets of London are certainly marvellous, but they are devoid of charm; those of Glasgow are like the buildings of that city—long, narrow, and dull; whilst the streets of Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, further than evidencing a keen industrial spirit, possess no beauty to recommend them to the eye of an inhabitant or a stranger. Paris, that gay city of fashion and frivolity, the home of *beaute* and the resort of the *beau monde*, is the only city under the sun that can vie in any way with Dublin.

* *

Englishmen and Scotsmen may rave about our industrial inactivity, our want of energy, and lethargy; but if our industries have languished it has been because we have been commercially crushed by our bigger brother across the water. But although our industrial resources may be crippled and our prosperity as a nation clouded, yet all the battalions of the money-mak-

ing myriads could not crush out of the genuine, true-hearted Irishman his love of romance and his attachment to the land of his birth. This living affection buoys him up through vicissitudes of the most trying nature, and if on foreign seas or by the herdsides on an Australian ranche, visions of the streets and the familiar faces of the place of his birth will float before his mind's eye and suggest thoughts of home and kindred, of the sweet green isle over the seas. Such is the love of our countrymen for their native land, and its many pleasurable associations.

Lord Dufferin will die a Duke. The peerage which he inherits was an Irish barony created less than 90 years ago, and given originally to a widow. Lord Dufferin became Baron Dufferin in the peerage of Ireland in 1841. Thirty years later he was advanced to the peerage of the United Kingdom with the title of Viscount Clarendon and was made an Earl. He has now become a Marquis, after having received nearly every honour which can be conferred upon an administrator, except the Garter. The title of Marquis of Dufferin and Earl of Ava has caused some speculation. Ava is hardly known to the present generation. Nevertheless it is the ancient name of the Kingdom of Burmah. At the present time this village is, as far as its splendour is concerned, in ruins. Its magnificence has departed, and, so far as it stands to give a title, it might have been one of the poorest of Irish villages. Lord Dufferin's title was, however, chosen for him by the Queen, and he is so many things that one new addition will hardly disturb his mind. He is an Irish Baron, a Viscount, an Earl, a Knight in we know not how many Orders—in the Orders of St. Patrick, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, the Bath, and St. Michael and St. George. He has not only Oxford University degrees, but Irish University degrees, and degrees in the Universities both of the United States and Canada. He is even a Doctor of Oriental Learning of the Punjab University. Whether, therefore, he is called Marquis or Earl will matter very little to him. He must be tired of these distinctions, for the world will still continue to know him as Lord Dufferin.

We regret to learn by a Reuter's telegram from Pietermaritzburg, that Colonel Stabb, lately in command of the 32nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in this garrison, and who was recently appointed to the post of Justice of the Peace in Zululand, has died suddenly of heart disease.

It is officially announced that the Italian Exhibition closed on the 30th October, after having been opened exactly six months. Notwithstanding the exceptionally wet season, it has been visited by as many as 2,000,000 persons, and has proved quite as successful as its promoters ever imagined it would be, although, of course, had the weather been genial this attendance would have been much greater. It has been suggested that the Exhibition shall be reopened next season, and the proposal meets with much favour both in this country and in Italy.

Amongst the many risks that foot passengers in the Dublin streets are subject to, not the least is that of having their eyes put out by the vile habit many people have of walking with their

sticks or umbrellas under their arms, point upwards. This practice is extremely dangerous, and ought to be put a stop to.

The luck of the stage as a field for securing good marriages is becoming proverbial. Several of Miss Nellie Farren's Gaiety company have been left behind in Australia, where their good looks and general graces have provided them with wealthy husbands. Accordingly a reinforcement of thirty girls has just been sent out from London to join the Gaiety party at the Antipodes.

One of these days someone or other will be able to make a handsome fortune by taking burlesque actresses to Australia and imposing a heavy fine, which the husbands-elect would doubtless readily pay, upon every young lady who breaks her contract for the purpose of getting married.

Miss Edith Chester, who had scarcely made her *debut* on the stage when she retired to get wedded, has quickly returned to her first love, and has resolved to resume her profession. She has been selected by Mr Pinero to play "Sweet Lavender" in his comedy, which is now in the full tide of success at Terry's Theatre, London. Miss Chester will visit Dublin in due course.

The world is deeply interested in Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, who has nothing of the look of a great man about him. Though he is only 42 years of age he seems to be at least twelve years older, and his broad shoulders have acquired a decided stoop from long labour in the laboratory. He wears no beard, and has not always been particular to keep clean shaved, while his hands are as rough as a day labourer's. This wonderful genius confesses to an ardent hatred of dress clothes, and only dons them when he has no remedy.

It is not generally known that Mr Edison is very deaf. Edison was originally a telegraph operator, and his children by the wife of his youth were named Dot and Dash, after the familiar characters of the Morse alphabet. Dash and her mother have long since passed over to the majority, but Dot is now a handsome and vivacious blonde, not many years younger than the charming little lady who became Mrs Edison only three years ago. The lady was not a poor falcon girl, as has been erroneously stated. Her father is a large manufacturer in Ohio, but she never enjoyed as a girl the luxuries that are hers as a wife.

The late Mr Stephens, who died recently with such startling suddenness, on several occasions graced the stage of our Theatre Royal. He was a veteran actor, and a representative of the good old school now rapidly passing away. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Derby, in April, 1839. In 1854 he left England for Australia, and at Sydney built the Queen's Theatre. He has visited during his long and honourable career San Francisco, New York, and Calcutta, and since 1861 has appeared at all the principal theatres of London in characters from "Sir Peter Teazle" to the bamboozled old gentleman of farcical comedy.

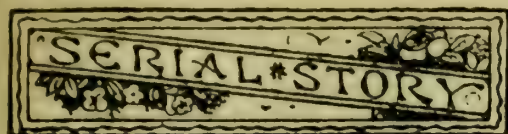
A perfectly new form of occupation for girls—or, at least, for one girl—has been invented in that inventive city, New York. A very beautiful girl has been engaged by a firm of milliners to be photographed, adorned in the various costumes with which they appeal to the taste of New York young ladies. There are complaints, it seems, in New York concerning the "woodenness" of the fashion plate illustrations, and so this young lady has been engaged to supply a novelty in advertising. She is photographed in ball dresses, in walking costume, in stately array, and in simple morning gowns. She plays tennis, she rides, and she skates that she and her dresses may be photographed at the appropriate moment, and she would seem to be having what young ladies of her nationality call a "good time," and to be well paid for it. Not a few Irish girls would be glad to work in the same way.

A clever American professor, who has been very successful in making mechanical figures, has just completed a figure for the Waterbury Watch Company that will beat almost anything of the kind ever attempted. It is the figure of a young man about five feet in height, dressed in a fine suit of clothes. In the upper left vest pocket is a Waterbury watch attached to a fine gold chain. The interior of the figure is a complicated network of wires, and by winding the figure is set in motion. The right hand, lying close to the body, is raised to the vest pocket, and the watch taken out and carried to the right ear, to give the impression that the young man is listening to the tick of the watch. In a moment the hand is brought down opposite the breast, and in a perfectly natural and life-like manner the figure looks at the watch as if to see what the time was indicated. The watch is then delivered back to the pocket, and the arms fall back into place. The wonderful mechanism will, we hear, shortly be placed upon exhibition.

A "Lady Guide Association" is the latest development of the *quasi*-philanthropic endeavours of the day to furnish "ladies by birth and education" with a means of earning a respectable livelihood. It appears that it is intended "to supply lady guides to families, visitors, or residents, and special hotel staffs to make all arrangements for those coming to London desiring to 'entertain' fashionably, to execute commissions, and make appointments with tradespeople," and generally to conduct through the medium of ladies the business transactions of visitors.

According to a New York contemporary, a new style of cane, which will be largely sought after by the dude element, has been put on the market, and is having a rapid sale. From the handle, for a distance of several inches, the interior of the cane is hollow, the lining being of porcelain. A gill and a half of whiskey or brandy can be poured into it, and a little rubber tube, artfully concealed, enables the possessor to sip or draw the contents at his leisure.

There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. A remedy which never fails is a pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear. It will give immediate relief.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

THE EXPRESS ARRIVES.

What sudden emotion seized him? He mounted the steps and knocked. The door was opened by a girl, who seemed startled at the wildness of his appearance. Yes, Miss Eva was in. Could he see her? He had a message (he said) from Sir Raymond Osborne.

He stepped into the hall. The girl went upstairs. He was seated on one of the oaken hall chairs, but rose as Eva, with her sweet smile and light costume, came running down the stairs.

She paused, looking eagerly at him, and said—

"You have a message for me, I believe?"

He was looking down at the floor, turning his greasy cloth cap in his hands. He looked up.

"Mr Ryan!" she exclaimed, stepping back.

"May I say a word to you?" said Ryan, humbly.

"Come inside," said Eva, walking into the room, where the lowered lights filled the corners with dark shadows.

"What is the matter, Mr Ryan?" asked Eva, standing timidly near the door, in case it might be necessary to escape. "Is it about papa's papers? I cannot tell you what a shock it was to us to hear you had taken them. I was so sorry, and tried to beg you off. What do you want with me? You are in great danger if it is known you are here."

"I want," said Ryan, slowly, "to look at you."

"To look at me?" repeated Eva, nervously. "I do not understand."

"I don't know why I should have come here," said Ryan, looking vaguely round the apartment, and then fixing his eyes on her face, beautiful even in its expression of fright. "Do not be alarmed. I would not hurt a hair of your head, lady. You see I saved your brother's life, and I saved your father's to-day. I have been wandering about," he added, drawing his sleeve across his forehead, as if to clear his puzzled brain, "wandering about all day, and I called here to look at you. You do not grudge me a look, lady?"

"I am afraid you are very ill," said Eva, gently. "Don't you think you should go home and see a doctor?"

"There is no home for me, never again, in this world," he said, leaning his hand against the door-post, "after to-night. But if I were to say to you I have saved your brother's life and spared your father's, will you save mine?"

"How can I save your life?" asked Eva. "Oh, I should gladly do so if it were in my power."

"You can do so—you only. If I were to tell you that I loved you deeper than my own soul, and ask you to leave this home and all your friends with me—forgetting I am only a poor man's son, and remembering I am a man that loves you—and come with me, I should live again. In the States they would not consider my humble origin a crime, and you might, in time, come to care for me."

There was silence. With his hands on the door-post he looked wistfully at her, and she, astonished and frightened at his words, had stepped back and gazed at him with widened eyes. Then she shook her head.

"Such a thing," she said, "is utterly impossible."

"It is!" exclaimed Ryan. "I knew it. I knew it all along. A madman's dream. Good-bye, lady. Good bye! good bye! good bye!"

He caught her hand and kissed it wildly, then rushed away.

The sky seemed to have grown darker. There was a sound like a whirlwind in his ears, then insane bursts of laughter, and voices all talking together. He was accompanied by a crowd of spectral forms, hurrying him

on faster and faster, and one dark figure looming along the sky, pointing the direction for his rapid footsteps.

His father's voice seemed to call him, then he heard his mother singing an old country song, and the "Protestant bells" rang and rang until the air seemed made of clanging metal. Scenes, long forgotten, rose with sudden and strange distinction before him, fading into one another as fast as he recognised them. The green meadows and hawthorn lanes, with a lark singing as it rose towards the light summer clouds; the boys chanting their lessons in class, in the Christian Brothers' school where he had learned to read, and the ring of children in Golden Close chorusing—

"Look to the east, love,

Look to the west, love,

Look to the very one

That you love best!"

Whatever was momentarily brightest in these views faded as he hurried on; and the spectral forms, closing in around him, shrieked and laughed into his face, whilst the great dark figure looming up along the sky had ceased to move, and pointed straight down from its shroud.

He had reached his destination, and the crowd of spectres had vanished. He stood on a path in the gloom of a railway arch in Seville place. At the far end glimmered a weak and flickering lamp. For a moment he stood alone. Then from the end where glimmered the lamp, the forms of several men flitted for a moment. Two of them retired into the gloom, and two advanced. He turned and faced them. The first wore a high hat, and fine clothes; on his white fingers flashed several diamond rings like sparks in the dark arch. Behind this man was another who, dimly seen, was dressed in canvas jacket and trousers, and wore a muffler round his throat.

The man with the diamond rings, halting before Tim Ryan, called out—

"Number Nine?"

"I am here," said Tim Ryan.

"You are a traitor!" exclaimed Number One.

"No!" cried Ryan. "So help me God you are wrong. I have failed to obey orders, but I am no traitor. I cannot kill him."

"You refuse," said Number One, "to execute the orders of Council?"

"I refuse. I cannot do it."

There was silence. Tim Ryan stood with bent head, grasping his coat with both hands. Number One, covering his moustache with his jewelled fingers, looked at the dimly-seen figure of the youth, and his nostrils seemed to palpitate. The man behind Number One stood with one hand resting on the slimy walls of the railway arch.

"Say your prayers," said Number One.

Tim Ryan fell on his knees, drew a crucifix from his bosom, kissed it, and for several moments looked up, his lips rapidly moving.

"Now then," said Number One, stepping back and allowing the man behind to advance.

Tim Ryan, tearing open his clothes from his chest, cried—

"Here, Joe. Here!"

"Wait!" cried Number One, seizing the man's arm.

"Listen!"

The sound of a train approached, and the railway arch seemed to tremble. The train came on. It crossed the bridge with a roar like thunder.

"Now!" shrieked Number One, as he released the man's arm.

There was a brief flash, and Tim Ryan lay upon his face, the crucifix grasped in his hand.

Number One, with both arms outstretched in an attitude poised for instant flight, bent down and watched the last convulsive throb of the body. In another moment he was gone, and the slimy water dropped from the silent arches upon the lifeless figure stretched upon its face.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE RINGING OF THE BELLS.

"ARE you Mrs Ryan?"

It was a police officer in plain clothes who spoke. He had entered, stooping at the low doorway, and addressed his question to little Mrs Ryan, who was seated on a low stool before the grate, an old wheezing bellows on her knee. She was kindling the fire for her breakfast, which was the only meal she ate since her darling Tim had left her. She wore an old

nightcap, the untied strings on her shoulders, and her grey hair fell unkempt about her face. On that face, as she turned it slowly round to reply to the officer's question, her sorrow had made many lines and wrinkles. The officer, though habitually of stern and immobile expression, gazed regretfully on her as she laid down the bellows, and rose with an expression of feverish eagerness.

"Yes, sir, I'm Mrs Ryan."

"Well, Mrs Ryan, you are wanted—"

"Oh, sir, I know!" she exclaimed, suddenly seizing him by the arm. "You've found Tim. I know you have. I see it in your face, Oh, God bless you. God bless you! I'll see me boy agen! And he'll be so glad to see his poor old mother, me Tim! I'll be with you directly, sir. I'll just put on me bonnet and shawl. I knew me boy would send for me at last. Yes; me Tim was always so good to his poor old mother. Sit down, sir, a moment. I won't detain you."

She hurried to the wall, where her bonnet and shawl hung on a nail, and began to attire herself in them, talking rapidly all the time. Her withered cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright, and some of the wrinkles were softened under the touch of her new delight.

"I dreamt of Tim last night," she said, tying her bonnet, and turning to smile at the officer. "I knew I'd soon hear something of him, for I dreamt of his funeral, an' dreams, you know, sir, go be contraires. An' so I'll dance at Tim's weddin', shure enough. Ah, he was always a good lad to me, sir. No one knows how good except meself. His heart was full of goodness."

"Mrs Ryan," said the officer, sternly, "you are wanted—"

"Ay, indeed," said Mrs Ryan, unheeding him, as she pinned her shawl, her fingers shaking with eagerness, "an' many's the long weary hour I've spent at that window there, morn, noon, an' night, waiting for his footsteps. Ah, God knows it was the weary, weary waiting! But I knew all along he'd come back to me—"

"Mrs Ryan," interrupted the officer, "you are wanted to ident—"

"I knew he'd come back to me," said Mrs Ryan, with a joyous chuckle, "for Tim was always the sober, steady lad, and wouldn't lay the finger of grief on his poor old mother's heart, not for a mint o' money. I'm ready now, sir; and oh, how I've longed for this hour, many and many a time. I'm ready sir. Neither bit nor sup have I cared to taste since me boy went away. Thank God, I will see him at last. Thank God!"

"Mrs Ryan," said the officer, slowly, "you are wanted at the station to ident— By G—" he muttered, turning his eyes from her face, "I can't tell her!"

"I'm ready, sir," she said, preparing to lead the way. "You'll excuse an old woman talkin', sir. But maybe you've had a mother yourself?"

"Ay, a good soul she was," said the officer, with a trace of huskiness in his throat. "Go on, Mrs Ryan, There's a cab at the door."

She talked all the way down the rickety stairs and in the cab, more to herself than her companion, who sat opposite in the vehicle, in a silence which had an air of gloominess.

The station was at the other side of the city. It was an autumnal morning, with a clear atmosphere and brisk air which had a foretaste of winter in its sting. Men and boys were taking down the shop shutters in the principal streets, and the cabs and cars rolled along, carrying passengers to and from the earlier trains.

When they reached the station the officer assisted her from the cab, and as they entered, she said—

"Let me see him at once, sir."

In the flagged apartment which they entered several policemen were standing, and others passing in and out from a doorway. At one side near the front entrance was an office in which were a sergeant, an inspector, and a superintendent.

There was a window in this office raised, and at it stood a young policeman speaking to the superintendent, who stood within. The officer accompanying Mrs Ryan advanced to this window, and, saluting, said.

"Mrs Ryan is here, sir."

The superintendent had a strong, resolute face, and a manner at once abrupt and businesslike. The young policeman stepped aside, and Mrs Ryan advanced.

"You are Mrs Ryan?" said the superintendent, with a keen glance of his grey eyes.

"Yes, sir," replied the little woman, curtsying.

"You have not heard of your son for some weeks?"

"No, sir. But the Lord be praised, I b'lieve he's here!"

"What was he like?"

"I beg pardon, sir?"

"What was he like?" repeated the superintendent in louder tones. "What height was he?"

"Well, sir, indeed I hardly know. I——"

"What was the colour of his hair?"

"His hair, sir? God bless you. Tim's hair was that black it was a sight to see. Proud I am, sir, of my Tim's hair. Its rale jet."

Several policemen were standing in a group at some distance listening to this colloquy. The superintendent suddenly looked at them, and they instantly discovered that they had business elsewhere. They began to move away.

"Mrs Ryan," said the superintendent, "a man was found murdered last night under Seville Bridge railway arches. Wethink it is your son. Come with me and see."

The superintendent was not destitute of human feelings, but he reserved them for his domestic circle, where a wife and five children gathered round him as if he were an ordinary man. In his stern, brisk manner he left the office and beckoned Mrs Ryan with one wave of his hand to follow.

"A man was found murdered!" that was the phrase which darted through her brain, sweeping away all thoughts and sensations, save of one of horrible anticipation.

The superintendent turned down a flagged passage, pausing to look back to see if she followed, and then entered a room on the right. A policeman who was standing at the door stepped aside and saluted. Mrs Ryan came in, with her mouth agape and her old eyes dilated and brilliant.

Neither man spoke for a moment, and Mrs Ryan stood looking from one to the other with the same blank look. Presently she turned her eyes towards the window which was opposite the door, and she clutched her shawl at her throat with a spasmodic motion of both hands. Under this window was a low bed, a plain metal bed with a mattress, and on this mattress was something covered with a sheet.

In the room, which was clean and boarded, there was no furniture save one chair and this plain bed with its mysterious burden. The window above was opened a few inches, and the fresh air of the autumnal morning entered.

The superintendent had walked slowly towards the bed.

He turned, and said, mildly—

"Come here, Mrs Ryan."

Adding no word of consolation or pity, which indeed was not in his duties, and which he knew would be wasted. As he spoke, he also beckoned to the policeman, who came forward. Mrs Ryan advanced, holding her shawl at the throat with both hands, and looking with voiceless wonder from one man to the other.

The superintendent turned to the policeman, and said,

"Remove the sheet."

Mrs Ryan still kept her dilated eyes on the superintendent. The policeman turned down the sheet, and there lay the corpse of Tim Ryan, the face and hands of waxen colour, and the dark eyes, though sightless for ever, seeming to stare fixedly up at the whitewashed ceiling. The head had been tied up so that the lips were closed, and the character of the face in its changeless repose was one of ineffable mildness. The left arm lay stiffly by the side, but the right was across the breast, and its waxen fingers rigidly clutched the crucifix.

Mrs Ryan had kept her gaze on the superintendent, but when the sheet was turned down, he said, pointing—

"Mrs Ryan, is that your son?"

She turned her eyes towards the bed, and then, with a shriek which chilled the nerves of these men, hardened as they were to scenes of horror, she cried,

"Tim! Tim! Me boy, me darlin' child!"

And, throwing herself upon the body, lay sobbing there.

Both men turned with a simultaneous impulse, and walked in silence to the door. Here they spoke in whispers on matters relating to the daily duties. All the time Mrs Ryan sobbed, and called upon her dead child to speak, to utter only one word to his poor old mother, to turn those sightless eyes and look at her if only for a moment; one word, one look was all she asked! Over and over again she uttered her semi-incoherent appeals, and kissed the cold face and stroked the black hair with both her hands.

At length the men returned. The policeman at a sign from his officer re-covered the face, and led Mrs Ryan away. She struggled, she protested, she begged for one more look at her "sainted child," but in vain. By-and-bye she became calmer, and let them lead her whither they pleased. A new expression had crept into her face, and a strange glitter into her eyes. She cried no more.

She was brought into another room where there was a fire and a woman making breakfast, and they gave her some tea and made her sit down, offering her their futile words of consolation. She drank a little tea, but ate nothing, and apparently heard nothing of their words of com-

fort, for she made no remark. She had the appearance of one who was listening intently for some expected sound, with parted lips and fixed eyes. Those who noticed her shook their heads, and after a short time ceased speaking to her.

An hour after she was brought into an office and asked some questions and signed her mark to an official document; apparently unconscious all the time of her surroundings. She was informed that she would have to attend the inquest next morning at 12 o'clock, but made no reply and seemed unaware of being addressed. They let her wander away then, and she sat in the outer room in a corner for some hours, with the same fixed look as of intent expectation of something about to happen.

During the day policemen and civilians passed in and out, most of them casting curious looks at her as they went by. About the middle of the day the woman who had been making breakfast brought her something to eat and spoke gently to her, but Mrs Ryan never touched the plate of meat and vegetables which was laid beside her on the form.

It was close on evening when at last she rose. The apartment was then deserted save by herself. She stood a moment, with the startled air of a listener, raised her finger, and then with a smile on her face passed out into the streets.

An hour afterwards as she entered Golden Close, she stopped, holding her shawl tightly at the throat with both hands, and looked up towards the sky with her mouth opened and a curious smile in her eyes. Yes, there they were ringing away, now seemingly hurling a storm of forte notes up against the sky, now fading away ever so far, until the merest tingle seemed to float into the dimmest distance. Up again, clamouring to the clouds, banging and clanging enough to shake the roofs off the houses, to startle the city with the joyous news how a daughter of the Queen was safely delivered of a royal babe.

"They're ringing for Tim," said Mrs Ryan to herself.

She smiled, and hurried through the entrance of the Close. Some neighbours who were standing about gossiping at their doors hushed their voices as she approached, and one person hurried forward to verify the strange rumours afloat in the Close concerning Tim.

"How is your son, Mrs Ryan?"

Mrs Ryan looked at the speaker with the dazed smile still in her eyes. Then she held up a finger to arrest the neighbour's attention, and standing in a listening attitude, said—

"They're ringing for Tim. Don't you hear? He'll be here by-and-bye. I must go up and get something for him to eat. He'll be tired, me Tim. They're ringing for him, ringing for me boy!"

The neighbours shook their heads, and stood looking after the little woman as she hurried into the open doorway and went upstairs. Some followed her and even stood outside on the landing, staring in at her. She seemed unconscious of their presence. She took off her bonnet and shawl, hung them up on a peg, then opened the window to let in the sound of the bells. She stood listening to them with her hand to her mouth, and pressed herself together with delight.

"He'll be here soon," she said. "Yes, I know. You're ringing for him!" she continued, shaking her grey head towards the bells. "I know you're ringing for me Tim. You always told me about him. And he'll be home now and want his dinner. Musha, and I haven't a plate laid yet!"

She took a clean cloth from the cupboard and spread it on the table. As she did so, she paused again, with her head turned towards the window to listen, the same smile of delight on her face.

And overhead they seemed to shake the rafters, and the very boards beneath her feet vibrated as the sounds came clamouring and tumbling in, terrific cascades of tones about her ears.

"That's right!" cried Mrs Ryan, whilst the neighbours at the door stared awe-stricken. "That's right, me bonny bells! That's the way to ring for Tim. More power to you. Ring louder. Faster now. Louder still. Ha, ha! There they go. Tim's coming home, Tim's coming home! Go on. Louder and louder!"

Her voice had risen to a frenzied shriek, and she stood before the window, her grey hair falling about her dazed face. But high as her voice rose, the bells rose higher, hurdling through the air the glad news before which all hearts were supposed to beat with joy.

"Go on!" shrieked the old woman. "All for Tim. Louder and louder!"

Suddenly the bells ended their wild revelry with one furious and thundering clang, all the bells together, and then ceased. There was silence. The group of neighbours at the door held their breath. Mrs Ryan stood in the attitude of listening, astonished at the sudden silence after so much uproar. The smile had left her face. She

turned and looked round, and gradually an awful expression of horror distorted her features.

"Tim," she shrieked. "Oh, God, he is dead!"

She flung up her arms with a wild gesture of abandoned despair and fell down senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ON THE HAZARD.

It had been raining all day, and still towards evening the rain came drizzling down occasionally and swept though the air at an oblique angle by the wind. The fading daylight was reflected in glittering surfaces from the flagged pavements, sides of pointed railing, slated roofs, and the waterproof cloaks and umbrellas of the few persons who hurried along the streets, with their heads bent to keep their faces dry. The channels on either side of the street kept a disconsolate melody all day long with the noise of muddy water rushing to the little gratings which in many instances became choked with mud and straw.

On the hazard in the centre of the street there stood two cabs. The first of these was a brand new vehicle belonging to Patsie O'Hara, who had covered both the top of his cab and the back of his mare with oilskin rugs. Behind, the Pride o' Kildare drooped its head to its trembling knees, and despite the old sack thrown across its haunches, the mare was drenched, a continuous cloud of steam rising from all parts of its body. On the box sat Mr Doyle with every available coat on and an oilskin cape besides on his shoulders, his hands up his sleeves, a sack over his knees, and the leaf of his hat turned down around his weatherstained face.

Standing below him, with one elbow leaning against the shaft of the cab, was Patsie O'Hara, who was talking eagerly, from time to time glancing up at the black face of the elder man.

Mr Doyle must have listened, because he made an occasional remark, but no proof of his attention could be obtained from his expression, his eyes being fixed on some imaginary prospect beyond the roofs of the most distant houses.

"Mind, I'm tellin' you now," said Patsie O'Hara, taking off his hat to shake the rain from it, "them well-dressed gents don't go hangin' after a carman's daughter for nothin'. I haven't a word to say agen Tess. She's a proper girl, Tess is. She's a bit proud, but I don't mind that. But there ain't anything agen her. I'm a plain-spoken chap, an' I say Tess'll go to the bad if you don't keep an eye on her. Mind! I don't believe there's a better girl in Dublin than Tess, but she's bound to get among a bad lot sooner or later."

"Ay, I can't luk after 'er," observed Mr Doyle, with his eyes still fixed on the distant prospect. "I haven't the time. Her mother ought to mind 'er."

"Tess doesn't mind her mother," said Patsie. "Tess is a young girl, an' must have her fling. I don't mind that meself, only it's got to end one way or another. I've tould you often," he added, reproachfully. "I'm willin' and ready to marry her, specially now I've a turn-out and a mare iv me own. Have you tould her that?"

"I have, of en an' of en."

"An' what did she say?" inquired Patsie, anxiously.

"Laughed," replied Mr Doyle, shortly.

There was silence.

Patsie took a turn up and down beside "the Pride," stamped his feet on the wet ground, and cracked his whip once or twice.

Mr Doyle sat, with either hand up the opposite sleeve, hugging himself to keep warm, his eyes fixed on the distant prospect beyond the wet roofs.

When the younger driver leaned again against the shafts, Mr Doyle growled—

"Why don't you spake to Tess yourself?"

"So I have of en an' of en," replied Patsie, gloomily.

"An' what did she do?"

"Run away!"

There was another silence.

A gust of wind whirled a tempest of fine rain across the hazard.

"Run away, did she?" said Mr Doyle.

"Ay, an' laughed."

"Laughed!" said Mr Doyle, with a meditative growl. "She likes a good laugh, Tess does. Hould up yur winkers, there! Steady, lass!"

There was not the faintest appearance of restlessness on the part of the Pride, which looked rather as if ruminating over the pleasurable release which dropping to pieces would bring from a world consisting mainly of scanty oats and wet barrels.

Mr Doyle, however, bending forward, caught the reins, and made a faint show of holding her in, but,

finding the reins extremely wet, rapidly concealed his fingers again up his sleeve.

Patsie remarked—

"If I cud get her in a place where she wouldn't run away!"

"I never knew the Pride to run away but wonst," observed Mr Doyle.

"It's Tess I'm spakin' of," said the other; and, clutching the shaft, he looked far away over the Pride's neck towards the long prospect of the thoroughfare, with its black shadows and interspersed patches of glittering reflections of the heavy clouds, which in turn here and there caught glinting shafts of the feeble evening light, his eyes dilated, and his rough brown cheeks grew pale, for far down he could see a smart little figure in a waterproof speeding along, coming in the direction of the hazard. She was too far to afford him a definite glimpse of her features, but Patsie O'Hara knew that bright step and trim little figure as well as he knew his own mare.

It was Tessie Doyle.

The two men spoke earnestly together, and the result of the conversation was that Mr Doyle alighted from the box, and proceeded to rub down the Pride with a wisp of straw, whilst Patsie walked aimlessly near his cab, taking off his hat to shake the rain off it, slapping his arms round his sides, stamping his feet, and even attempting to whistle, all these movements being intended to superinduce a sensation of self-possession prior to Tessie's arrival. The young jarvey was noted for his bravery and daring, yet he felt a foolish coward in the society of that little girl who came speeding towards them. He was remarkable for his cheerful spirits and bright conversation amongst the men of his class, yet when he saw Tessie Doyle his spirits fell to low gloom, and he experienced the most painful difficulty in associating five consecutive words together, so as to give them the appearance of ordinary sense.

When Tessie came alongside the hazard with her head bent—a handkerchief tied over her hat to save the scarlet feather from being spoiled with the rain—it was evident that she had no intention of recognising the existence of her father with anything more filial than a passing nod. But she was confronted by a figure which deliberately stopped the way, and looking up, she saw Patsie O'Hara.

"That yourself, Tess?"

Patsie pulled up the collar of his oilskin coat and looked at the sky as he spoke, as if some unusual phenomenon had become suddenly visible there.

"How are you, Patsie? Let me pass, Patsie. I'm in a hurry."

"You're always in a hurry with me," observed Patsie, looking reproachfully at his boots.

"Ah, go on, now. I haven't time to humbug, reely. Don't be annoyin' me. I'm reely in a great hurry, an' I'm wet through."

"You can shelter there," remarked Patsie, nodding towards his vehicle.

"But shure I don't want to shelter. Patsie O'Hara, you'll vex me if you don't let me pass. I wouldn't advise you to vex me now, for I'm in a bad temper as it is with the rain and the wet. Here, now, let me pass!"

"She's goin' now," called out Patsie, remorsefully, towards the hazard.

"Tessie!" was the reply, in a deep growl, from Mr Doyle, as he crawled from under the stomach of the Pride of Kildare, and stood looking at the grotesque rain patches on the houses behind his daughter.

"Musha, what d'you want?" cried Tessie, impatiently. "D'yiz think I've nothin' to do but stand here all day? Now mind, I'm tellin' you Patsie O'Hara, you'll be sorry for this. Mind now!"

And she shook her head viciously towards Patsie, who could think of no better rejoinder than to take of his hat and shake with a widesweep of his arm to knock the rain-drops from it.

"There's a new cab here," shouted Mr Doyle, hoarsely, jerking his thumb toward's Patsie's vehicle.

"There's a new cab there," repeated Patsie, mildly, to Tessie.

"It's his new cab," growled Mr Doyle.

"It's my new cab," said Patsie, apologetically.

"Come over an' luk at it," shouted Mr Doyle. "Hike! Back up. Ah, steady. Come over—"

"An' luk at it," finished Patsie.

Probably deeming it advisable to temporise with the two men, Tessie consented, and as she walked across, pulling up her dress and daintily picking her steps, she said to Patsie, who followed her, aimlessly cracking his whip—

"Mind now, I'll look at it to please you, but I can't stay. Nice time to invite me to inspect an oul' cab, 'pon me word!"

Mr Doyle opened the door, and Tessie, thrusting her head in, and still holding up her dress with both hands,

looked around the cab, at the matting, the velvet-covered seats, the roof, the windows.

"It's not bad," she said.

"Go in," said her father, pushing her; and Tessie, with the vague desire to feel the soft cushions after an hour's battle with the pelting rain, stepped in and sat down. It was so comfortable, so dry and cosy, that the little love smile returned to her lips, and she took off her hat, which was secured to her head with a long pin like a dagger, and proceeded to wipe her flushed and streaming face with a dry handkerchief, which, standing up and searching inside her cloak, she drew from the pocket of her dress.

"But supposin' someone wanted you now, Patsie?" she said, smiling at him as she fixed up her back hair.

Patsie was looking in at her through one window and her father through the opposite one.

"They might do without me," replied Patsie.

"I'm afraid I'm wettin' your nice new cushions, Patsie, with the rain off me cloak."

"Never mind, doesn't matter," said Patsie, faintly.

Mr Doyle gave him a look, which seemed to be made additionally expressive with a contortion of the left side of his face evidently suggestive of a wink.

As Tessie looked about her with a glee more child-like than her customary hilarity, Patsie cleared his throat, and when she glanced at him, said, hoarsely—

"They're all yours if you like."

"The cushions?"

Tessie opened her eyes.

"Ay, the cushions," replied Patsie, with a pathetic look, "an' the mare if you like."

"An' the harness," suggested Mr Doyle, growling across at him. "Put in the harness."

"The harness, too, iv coorse, An' the cab," said Patsie, speaking over his arm, which rested on the window.

"Three new rugs," added Mr Doyle, turning round towards "the Pride," more for something to say than anything else, and shouting, "Steady there. Hould up yur winkers."

"Indeed you may keep them all, Patsie O'Hara," said Tessie, with a toss of her head. "I often told you before, an' I think you ought to know by this time, I don't want any of that kind o' talk."

"Now, you hear," observed Patsie, gloomily, across to Mr Doyle.

Tessie put the dagger again through her hat and hair, retied the white handkerchief over the red feather, and rising, shook out her dress, and remarked—

"I'll go now."

At the same moment she pressed towards the door behind which stood her father.

"Steady, now," said Mr Doyle, looking at her and holding the door closed. "Patsie wants to spake wid you. You want to spake to her, Patsie?"

He roared the last words, Tessie blocking the way, and from the opposite side Patsie replied, more faintly—

"Ay, if she let's me, I'd spake dacently to her."

"Let me out, father," said Tessie. "I don't want Patsie O'Hara's talk. I'm sick and tired of it. I told him so of'en an' of'en, an' must get out now an' go about me business."

"See what he has to say first," said Mr Doyle, keeping the door still closed.

"Luk here, Tess," said Patsie, whilst Tessie kept her back to him, patting her foot angrily on the floor of the cab, and trying to wither up her father with her eyes.

"Luk here, Tess, I've got a mare iv me own now an' a cab, an' I was thinkin' of settlin' down, as they say, an' if you'd care to settle down wid me, why there y'are, an' it's done any time you like to name, all fair and square."

This was not, he knew, the best speech in the circumstances, but it was the speech he made.

"An' I tell you, Patsie O'Hara," said Tessie, turning round and momentarily flashing her eyes on him, he hanging his head sheepishly, "I tell you I wouldn't have you, an' I won't, not if you had fifty cabs. Marriage, indeed! Now, then, let me out, father. Let me out, I tell you, or I'll scream for the p'leece."

"Let her out, let her out," said Patsie, gloomily, as Tessie began to dance on the floor and tug at the door.

Mr Doyle, thus admonished, opened the door, and Tessie jumped out, and ran to the pathway, where she paused a moment to shake her dress; then, without looking back even for a second towards the hazard, but with her cheeks angrily flushed and her eyes glittering from the same cause, hurried away down the slippery pavements.

For the rest of the evening not a word passed between the two men.

Patsie O'Hara put a dry straw in his mouth, and chewed it as he stood beside his cab, with the fine rain whirling in gusts against his face, and Mr Doyle sat on his box, with his hands up his sleeves, and gazed immovably at

the distant prospect until night blotted it out, and the city lamps like strings of beads glittered along the gloomy streets.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE BENIGHTED RETURNS.

It was dusk when Mr Mannix proceeded along the Rathgar road, in serious meditation, his hands clasped behind his back. There approached him three girls arm-in-arm. The outer one, who was the tallest, had a bold air, a freckled face, and red hair.

Next her was a pretty girl, with a little smile lurking in the corner of her mouth. The third seemed a mere child, with fair hair, big blue eyes, and soft round face.

They stopped before Mr Mannix, barring his way.

"Well, what are you lukin' at?" cried the outer girl, Missie Connell, as Mr Mannix halted in astonishment.

"You'll know us the next time we see us!"

"Oh, dear," said Mr Mannix, uplifting his hands, "what a sad thing to hear from so young a girl!"

"Who let you out?" exclaimed Missie Connell, staring at him from head to foot. "Ay, now, where's your mother? G'lang, now!"

Tessie Doyle burst out laughing, and squeezed Missie Connell's arm to encourage her. Baby Bates smiled in her weak fashion because Tessie had laughed.

"Young girl," said Mr Mannix putting his umbrella under his arm, and hurriedly searching in his coat tails, "your conduct is shocking. Here, take this little book, and share its words with your two friends. May it do you good!"

Dragging the other girls with a jerk closer to him, Missie Connell looked down at the tract he held towards her, then, with a loud laugh, knocked it out of his hand; at which the other two girls also laughed.

"Go home," cried Missie Connell, "to yur mother, an' tell her you're no good!"

With a sudden sweep of her parasol she knocked his hat into the road, then ran with her two companions, laughing loudly. Mr Mannix, picked up his hat, brushed it, and, looking after the girls, slowly shook his head.

To be continued.

IN THE MORNING.

When you wake up in the morning

Who knows, who knows?

These clouds may all have lifted,
Into port your bark have drifted,
No more these cares perplexing,
Life's trials sore and vexing,
When you wake up in the morning.

Who knows?

No wakeful nights of thinking,
No more from daylight shrinking,
Or battling with life's fate,
Or weary days to wait,
When you wake up in the morning.

Who knows?

No more dreading what the morrow
Will bring of pain and sorrow,
Meanings no more perverted,
No heart chambers deserted,
When you wake up in the morning,

Who knows?

No more tearful waking, starting
At the faded vision parting
From the loved ones met in dreamland
The sweet smile and dear hand,
When we wake up in the morning.

Who knows?

Joyous may be the waking,
Loved ones our tired hands taking,
As we behold the treasure
Rapturous may be our pleasure
When we wake up in the morning.

Who knows?

Glorious surprised eyes meeting,
Music our glad eyes greeting,
Golden streets before us
Odours of blossoms o'er us,
When we wake up in the morning.

Who knows?

Entered the Land Immortal
Safe, safe within the portal,
Tear-dimmed our eyes be never
All trials past forever,
When we wake up in the morning.

Who knows, who knows?

MARGARET P. NORCROSS.

AN IRISHMAN IN JAPAN.

BY ANNIE BUTLER.

The doctor declared a sea voyage absolutely necessary for the complete restoration of my health, and I avowed my aversion to leaving my poor bones in a foreign land, but as physicians are *supposed* to know best, after all I was obliged to strike my colours and surrender.

Where to steer my barque was now the question? Not to "Erin's Isle" being located there already. Australia! I had a creeping horror of Australia. Didn't John Symons and Terry O'Donnell go there and die. Then there was Andy Bourke and a lot of poor fellows more. No, I'd never set foot on its shores. A bright idea! I might take a trip to Japan.

From earliest boyhood I had felt—had felt—well, ah—a sort of affinity to the Japanese. Their peculiar manners and habits being to me more interesting than those of any nation under the sun.*

I suppose it was all the same where I went—the doctor did not restrict me there, so as I kept out of swamps, miasmata, great cold, excessive heat, &c. &c. But, my lungs being threatened, I must make for a mild, healthful clime.

Was Japan mild? I felt rather in a fog about its climate. No matter! It must be good, for see how numerous were the Japanese, and their neighbours the Chinese, and could they thus "multiply and replenish the earth" if their climate was bad? Thus I argued, and the result was—Japan.

Reader, I was not rich, nor was I poor. Compared with Rothschild and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, I was poor. Compared with the thousand and one toiling for daily bread in our crowded cities, I was rich.

When my mind was made up (it never took me long to make it up, perhaps because I hadn't much) as to a certain thing, I always carried it out at once, so I began preparations, not that I was going to hamper myself with much luggage.

Stay! Would it not be a good idea to bring out some things to astonish the natives? I rubbed my nose, I rubbed my forehead, until both *shone*. Then I sat down and *reflected*. What would astonish the Japanese? At the end of an hour I gave up *that* conundrum.

Behold me, not many days later, sailing away *en route* for Japan. The weather at our start was very fine, but we had not been many days at sea when it blew a hurricane.

How that monster, sea sickness, must have chuckled and gloated over his victims in that his hour of triumph! However, I'm not going to inflict a detail of *my* sufferings from a visitation of the villian, suffice to say that till the wind abated and the sea grew calm I dared not leave my berth.

But a day came when the sun shone on water smooth as a sheet of glass, and as I stood looking into its clear depths, I experienced—I experienced—reader, I'm not poetical, so must give up trying to describe what I experienced.

We passed several vessels, some homeward, some outward bound, and touched at several ports, but nothing there was worth recording, until we sighted the dominions of the Yaikoon, or Japanese Emperor.

* Of course "First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea, my own darlin' green island" excepted.

The impression I got in Nippon and the neighbouring isles of Japan was that they resembled huge centipedes—if you could imagine one curving through 600 miles of latitude, and from 50 to 200 of longitude in width—as Nippon does. The numerous legs represented by capes and tongues of land projecting into the sea, forming an endless succession of fine bays and harbours.

Then rock and mountain seemed everywhere, one in particular rising higher over the rest, I guessed to be Fusihamma, "the matchless mountain," on the summit of which the Japanese warrior priest Sin-fuh expired ever so many centuries ago. Peace to his ashes!

If Japan is not better since then, it is, at any rate, older, and that's something. Though when I'm landed and look about me I feel inclined to think old Time has stood still for them.

A picture of any state in our quarter of the globe drawn 200 years ago would hardly be recognisable to-day; but it is not so with Japan. The Japanese of to-day are just the same people of hundreds of years ago. The very cut of their garments is unchanged, they shave the tops of their heads and brush up their back hair as in the sixteenth century.

My luggage is, for the present, stored in a building answering, I suppose, the purposes of custom houses in other lands, and with my companions *du voyage* start on an exploring expedition.

I have only two companions, and, strangers in a "furrin" land, we naturally agree to stick close together, until the time comes for the return of our ship to the port of Yeddo, to pick us up, with other (more profitable) merchandise.

It's lucky one of our number has been in Japan before, and understands their lingo tolerably well; and better still, he is able to make them understand him. He is a German, and his name Hans Winterhalter.

The other of the trio is a son of Caledonia, called Alec Macdonald. He has very strong opinions about "Bonnie Prince Charlie," of ballad memory, and inclined to say with the old Scotch lady, who heard him dubbed "pretender"—"Pretender, forsooth! and be d—d to you."

Winterhalter steered for an inn, and as we passed along, I could not help being struck with the extreme cleanliness, order, and gay humour that everywhere prevailed.

The police (they have police in Japan) wear a parti-coloured attire like that of our pantomime harlequin. Winterhalter informed me it had its origin from the time when the then Emperor had settled a knotty point in dispute amongst the different religious sects in Japan. It seemed each held the devil to be of a colour of their own, but the Emperor ended all further controversy by declaring the devil to be all colours! So it is to be presumed the harlequin dress of the Japanese policemen is to remind all strangers from the paths of the law that the representatives of the many-coloured one will have them unless they mend their ways.

The houses are just like in style to the one depicted on our dear old-fashioned "willow-pattern" delph, which is so familiar to every man, woman, and child, the inns and post-houses consisting of two or three tiers or storeys. There are no windows in Japan, the overhanging porch serving to shield the front apartments from sun and rain.

When we came to the inn we were to put up

at, because Winterhalter had been there before and knew the host and hostess, he introduced us. Mine host was the usual type—oblique-eyed, bald-crowned, with a sulky expression that he strove very hard to convert into an amiable one, and failed.

Mine hostess was once fair to look upon, before she plucked out her eyebrows and blackened her teeth. Her voice was soft and pleasing; but you take one look at the black gulf scored across her face, and you never look again. I heard afterwards she had thus to disfigure herself for some caprice of her husband's. Hear that, Irish wives, and thank your stars you are not mated to Japanese!

With sundry apish bows and grimaces, we were shown into the common sittingroom, clean, airy, and as comfortable as any room could be without tables or chairs.

Macdonald looked blank; I looked ditto. He nudged Winterhalter, and asked—

"What are we to sit on?"

"Why, on the mats," replied the German, pointing to the coloured mats lying about everywhere, which, in my ignorance, I fancied were for the same use we put them to at home. However, "Live and learn," &c.

After we had squatted, the spirit nearly moved me to stand up and outdo the speech of the three Tooley-street tailors by saying, "We, the people of Europe!" &c.; but I reflected that my noble burst of oratory would be lost on all save my two companions, and I was not certain they would appreciate it, so I restrained the mighty torrent.

A meal was served us consisting of piles of rice as white as snow, surrounded by a multitude of little made dishes in which fish generally prevailed. Then we had a roasted rock-cod, a most delicious fish, flanked by such curious sauces as would puzzle all the pickle manufacturers who ever lived to decide what composed them.

There was an abundance of rice-beer, or sakee, the constant beverage of the jovial souls of Japan. A lacquered bowl, two chop-sticks, and wooden spoon are our dinner *impedimenta*.

Macdonald and I watch Winterhalter and do as he does. First he pulls some fragments of fish asunder, dips them in the sauce, and conveys them to his mouth with his spoon. The chop-sticks are also brought into requisition, and he drinks sakee from the bowl.

Strong, coarse-flavoured tea is served in quaint cups scarcely larger than thimbles, and over this we "hob-nob" to each other, to the surprise of our shadow, a Japanese functionary who follows us to report what we say and do.

At first I seriously thought of shying something at the fellow's shaved crown, but Winterhalter, reading my resolve on my speaking countenance, told me not to attempt to take any notice; it was law.

"Law for their own folk, but not for us," I growled.

The German shrugged his shoulders.

"Strangers have a great attraction, I suppose, and they have a laudable desire to imitate and excel us if they can."

"Excel! Come now, that's going it a *little* too strong," I replied, sarcastically.

"They are in advance of us in some things," he said. "Why, the Gobelin tapestry could not be compared to many of their works of embroidery."

(To be concluded next week.)

OUR SHOP GIRLS.

Life is a very difficult thing to nourish at the best of times and in the best of circumstances, and frequently the most robust and richest succumb to the struggle. It is only within recent years that we have begun to realise that there is such a thing as the science of society, and that its development, movements, and progression is due to laws as fixed and remorseless as those which govern the position and revolutions of the solar system. Many who recognize this declare that any interference with the conditions of any portion of the community is an offensive tampering with the eternal laws of nature, and these wise persons safely remind us of the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest. But we must recollect that this law, instead of merely acting as a bolster to the *laissez faire* philosopher, is a powerful weapon in the hands of those who work in favour of a better system in various cases. If a system is bad it dies out. Left to itself it dies slowly. Assaulted it dies more rapidly. The *laissez faire* theorists, in fact, habitually divide man from nature.

It does not occur to them that man is also nature, and the culture of ideas of such weakness is sufficient proof that the *laissez faire* school will themselves die out and thus demonstrate the Darwinian law in a manner most uncomfortable to them.

Of all systems in this city demanding direct interference from the community, probably that which oppresses the ordinary shop girl is the worst. We do not now refer to the employes of the monster establishments, but to the unhappy girls who stand ten, and sometimes twelve hours per day behind the counters of some of the small drapery shops in this city. Their employers are usually persons of narrow, grasping minds, and of sensibilities inhumanly stunted in the interests of their purses. The young girl, perhaps straight from her country home, where she possessed freedom of movement and fresh air, is plunged into the black abyss of shopkeeping, in some cases giving one or two years' labour for nothing, and in most cases dying prematurely of overwork and want of fresh air. We can conceive of no position more horrible, more ghastly to contemplate, than the young girl with fresh feelings and sensitive character, placed, from hour to hour, under the remorseless surveillance of the narrow-minded employer, who is resolved to coin her life into shillings for his own benefit. We hear that slavery is abolished. But where? In the Southern States of America and Jamaica. It is not yet abolished in the city of Dublin, that European metropolis with its Lord Mayor and purple-clad councillors and its enlightened population. It is said that girls are not coerced into becoming shop hands. Most assuredly they are! Society must have shop hands, and takes care that it has them. No man is coerced to work. But if he does not work he starves. The shop girls in some of the small shops of this city are being slowly assassinated. They work an average of ten hours per day, without exercise, and devoid of the amount of fresh air necessary for the sustenance of healthy life. Frequently some of these girls—many by education and refinement of

feeling "ladies" in the best sense of the term—have to walk home in the early hours of the morning to snatch a few hours of slumber before returning again to the slavery of the counter.

Quite recently the shopkeepers unanimously agreed to close at the following hours—Every day except Saturday at 8 p.m.; on Saturday at 10 p.m. This was, at least, a step in the direction of enlightened humanity. We have now become aware that there are traitors to this agreement, who remain open from 10 to 15 minutes over the time they signed for, so great, so ravenous is their insatiable greed for gain.

For the sake of fifteen minutes' sales they break faith with their fellow-citizens. But their ingenuity does not end there. There are some shops where customers slip in through a side door and can make their purchases up to the hour of midnight. We do not envy customers the possession of goods bought at the expense of the lives of the poor girls who are forced to wait upon them. No man deserving the name, no woman of self-conscious womanhood, should rest until this condition of things is erased from our social life. For our part we shall not cease to throw the search-light of publicity on these doings until they cease, and upon the slow system of girl murder in our midst until our shop-girls are better protected by the State, which grows rich by their poverty.

A VISIT TO GUINNESS'S BREWERY.

To those who have not had the privilege and pleasure of a visit to the James's Gate Brewery a short description of a run through it might not be uninteresting.

Arriving at this gigantic concern, the largest of its kind in the world, I was shown into the reception-room to await the arrival of the guide. Whilst waiting I was fortunate enough to obtain some particulars with regard to this establishment.

It was founded in the year 1759 by the ancestors of the present chairman, Sir Edward C. Guinness, Bart. Up to 1825 the trade was almost local, but about that time the firm started English agencies, which rapidly increased. About 1860 Guinness first exported in large quantities outside the United Kingdom, the Irish trade at the same time also rapidly increasing. The brewery estate, which in 1860 was only four acres, has since the extension to the river Liffey increased to 40 acres. The three ingredients used by the Messrs Guinness in the manufacture of their stout are malt, hops, and water, the water supply being taken from a canal in Co. Kildare. The hops are brought from England, Germany, and America. The malt is all made from barley.

The guide having now arrived, I accompanied him on a tour of inspection, passing first through one of the offices into the main yard on the upper level. This level contains two breweries, fermenting-houses, vat-houses, stables, hop stores, malt store, and grain-drying stores. The middle level consists of malting and grain silos, whilst its lower contains the cooperage, wash-sheds, shops, filling department, &c. The ascent from the lower to the higher level is by a spiral tunnel travelling in a circle 132 feet

in diameter, thereby getting a gradual incline without going outside the brewery area. Here and there throughout the brewery may be seen numerous lines of rails, with miniature trains loaded with hops, liquor, &c. running to and fro.

The vats which store the liquors are of enormous size, being some 25 feet high and 28 feet in diameter. These are 150 in number, and are supported on stone-built foundations. They are capable of holding upwards of 90 million gallons of stout, and the hooping which goes round them, if stretched out and placed in a line, would reach the enormous distance of from Dublin to Brighton. It is one of the principles of this establishment to make the most of the various matters connected with the business on the premises, and this course has been duly followed out with regard to these vats, which were all made by the firm's workmen on the premises. From these vats mains run to the filling premises where the liquid is transferred into casks by an ingenious contrivance. Formerly the person filling the casks and barrels had to wait for some considerable time until the froth had subsided ere he could completely fill the vessel. Now, however, this is entirely obviated by means of a second tube through which froth passes into a receptacle prepared for it. The saving both of time and labour by means of this arrangement is enormous. The rollers and elevators which are on the higher level can lift over 1,000 barrels each per diem.

The mash tuns or kieves are eight in number, and are to be found in No. 2 brewery. They are cast iron vessels fitted with copper covers. The liquor or wort passing from these to under back, from whence it is pumped by eight sets of pumps of very fine workmanship, made by Mr William Spence of this city. They are capable of pumping 92,000 gallons per hour. The liquor of worts is then run into the coppers (of which there are nine, holding from 600 to 800 barrels each) where hops are added, which imparts a somewhat bitter flavour and preserving quality. When fully boiled, the wort runs into the hop-backs, and then to the pumps whence it is conveyed to the refrigerating rooms, where it is cooled to a requisite temperature for fermentation. An interesting feature in this process is the cooling by vertical corrugated refrigerators which cool with great rapidity, and heat the water inside, which is then utilised for other purposes. After this the liquor then passes to tuns for fermentation. These tuns are 27 in number, some of them holding 90,000 gallons. In these vessels the specific gravity is taken by the excise officers, who have an office in the brewery. Some idea of the enormous sum which this firm contributes to the Revenue may be gathered from the fact that the duty in 1887 exceeded £1,400 per day. The malt store is capable of storing 1,000,000 bushels. It is built on a novel system, the bins, 126 in number, being octagonal and formed with brick walls nine feet thick. This store was designed by Mr W. W. Wilson, M.I.C.E.I., the chief engineer to the company. The building is 100 feet over ground, and 17 feet under, and is, perhaps, the largest store of its kind in existence.

The stable, where 150 horses are kept, is a model of perfection for neatness and cleanliness. Over each horse's head on the wall is printed his name, and the year the animal came to the firm.

Having inspected the cooperage works and

the filling department, I was conducted to the sample room, where the attendant in charge placed before me the various samples of liquor, viz., single stout, double stout, foreign, and export, and having tested these I was conducted to the quays where the barges of the firm, which are some nine in number, were being filled with the stout for exportation, and thus concluded a most enjoyable and instructive visit. L.

CITIZENS' DEFENCE COMMITTEE

According to the necessities of the time, a group of ratepayers representing the principal townships met the other day to form a society for the protection of the interests of the community. This we consider historic. We think too highly of human nature to call corporations and town councils vicious names. Individual men, as a rule, are not bad; but they frequently get entangled in pernicious systems, and act with the same automatic independence as the cog-wheel in a machine. The Dublin Corporation, for instance, was devised with the great object of having a council directly representative of the citizens, and devoted to the development of local affairs. The citizens not having time to mind their own business and the general affairs of the community, naturally deputed the latter to the care of public men. The Corporation received the power of taxation, and in this power lies the chief germ of danger. As long as the citizens permit the raising of the rates the rates will continue to ascend. The period of the formation of corporations and town commissioners was apparently one of Arcadian innocence, characterised chiefly by a childlike confidence of man in his fellow man. It was then the public man arose as distinct from his private fellow-citizen—arose not because he was more intelligent and virtuous than his private fellow-citizens, but because public affairs were the logical necessity of aggregate social life, and had to be set apart. The mistake our ancestors made was in supposing that a man could attend to public affairs as well as his own private affairs. This is evident from the fact that he who desired to be a public man appealed for the suffrages of the community on the plea that his philanthropic feelings were so powerful that they overflowed the boundaries of private life and invaded general reserves of society. The man, in fact, who was elected as a public man received his diploma because his fellow-citizens felt assured that his superabundant energy could attend to their affairs as well as his own. Now, no man can devote himself to the affairs of the community and his own affairs with equal success. One interest of the two must suffer; and the interest most likely to suffer as a matter of logical sequence is that of the public, because the affairs of the public are almost invariably opposed to the self-aggrandisement of the private citizen. Besides, to ask a private citizen engaged in his own business to attend to the affairs of the community is to in-

sidiously sap his self-respect and honesty. Look at the dilemma, for instance, in which a member of our Corporation who holds gas shares—we take a supposititious case—is placed, when asked to vote for electric lighting. He must either side with the party of progress, adopt electric lighting and lose money on his gas shares, or oppose the progress of the community in his own private interest. This, of course, is merely an imaginary case. The gas shareholders in the Corporation oppose electric lighting, no doubt, from conscientious doubts of its efficiency. Then take another equally imaginary case. Suppose there is a certain lot in a township which is an eyesore to the progressive, a series of vegetable and fruit stands, for instance, in a fine thoroughfare. Suppose a commissioner of this township buys up this lot, and then uses his influence to force the Council, of which he is a member, to buy up the lot for the good of the community. Suppose the Council agree to this, the result is that the commissioner must sell at a loss or gain; if he loses, the ratepayers gain, and if he gains, the ratepayers lose. Of course, the natural tendency of such a commissioner is to sacrifice his own prospects for the good of the community. They always do, these virtuous public men!

Practically, therefore, by selecting business men we place ourselves at their mercy, and grow poor in order that they may grow rich. We consider that public business should be a profession like that of a doctor or barrister, and public men paid regular salaries from the rates, with the condition that their time should be devoted to public business. This is the logical solution of the problem. It is absurd to pay Government officials who attend to certain public business, and to suppose that other men who have to attend to public business equally important should give their services for the childish honour of the post.

Under the present system the public deliberately offer every inducement to dishonesty to members of corporations and town councils, and are then astonished when they hear of jobbery and corruption. As we have said, we do not blame individuals, but systems; and we may add that we blame the public more for not reforming these things.

In the old days, before the birth of modern science, and its consequent increase of responsibilities, it was, perhaps, rational enough to have public men performing public business without salaries; but these good old times have gone by, and all their fine old systems are simply obtrusive remnants which become more offensive the longer they are allowed to exist in the midst of communities whose lives, thoughts, and habits are entirely different to those of bygone generations. We hail, however, the advent of the Citizens' Defence Committee as a notable sign of the awakening of the public to the pressing necessities of social matters which are, after all, the most important in modern life. We do not know the particulars of the new programme, but no matter how few they will give any body of conscientious men a good life full of hard work.

Abuses throng around us, thick as snowflakes, and not half so poetic; the poor and the oppressed in all classes of life, are vaguely appealing in the darkness for help; tyranny and despotism are crimes not by any means confined to crowned heads or governments, and there is infinitely more slavery from day to day in this civilized city than there was in the whole collection of the Southern States before the war.

TURFOMANIA.

The racing season in Ireland has terminated, and in England is rapidly drawing to a close. To the list of past events has been added the Cambridgeshire and the two last big races of the year yet undecided are the Liverpool Autumn Cup and the Manchester November Handicap. For the former contest Ireland will have a representative in Ashplant, the property of Mr John Gubbins and trained by Jousiffe. Reve d'Or is nicely treated; but I fancy whatever Captain Machell goes for will about win.

I am told that all Ireland were on Bismarck for the Cambridgeshire. It was hard lines on Mr Johnny O'Neill, as the horse would have won a distance from home. On the morning of the race Mr O'Neill telegraphed to a friend in Dublin, "Am standing Bismarck alone." Few imagined that such an eventful career was before the son of Pride of Prussia—Fleada, when he was sold to Mr C. W. Bagge, of Mallow, as a yearling for 43 guineas at Sir Charles Coote's sale. Mr Bagge later on parted with the colt for £400, and he has now found a new owner at a large figure.

He had backed Bismarck at thirty-threes, twenties, tens, and sixes. Sad and lonely, he was seen on Tuesday night singing—

A LAMENT.

I wander where the Liffey rolls
Her waters to the sea,
Far off the midnight tocsin tolls,
'Tis nothing now to me.
I care no more to take my rest,
I heed not kith or kin,
For life to me has lost its zest
Since Bismarck failed to win.
Oh! lay me where the lilies blow,
Beside some happy stream,
Where I may hear its waters flow
And think the past a dream.
Existence can no pleasure give
Since I have lost my tin,
And I no longer care to live
Since Bismarck failed to win.

Borris is not one of the pleasantest places on earth when the rain falleth. The meeting is in the hands of a painstaking and competent executive; but as long as they hold their reunions over the present course it will not be as successful as it ought to be. Apart from the exposed situation of the track, the course is about the worst I have seen in a lengthened experience save that at Fermoy this year. Twists and turns, hills and hollows do not permit of the best horse winning. Let the Borris people in the interval between this and next October go in quest of a more suitable tryst, and give me no opportunity for growling when next I visit them.

At Borris we had one more proof of the uncertainty of racing. Victrix at the weights was, in private, 21lbs. in front of Eva, and on the strength of this the Messrs Cullenbacked Mr Bagge's mare. In the actual race Victrix was one of the first beaten, and Eva, upon whom her connections had not one sixpence, won very easily. There is no use in congratulating Mr P. A. Kirk—I beg his pardon, Captain Kirk—for this title he has lately earned by his distinguished services with his regiment.

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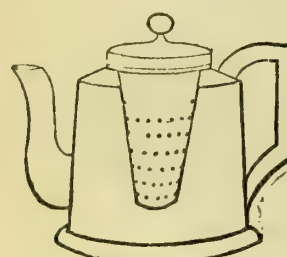
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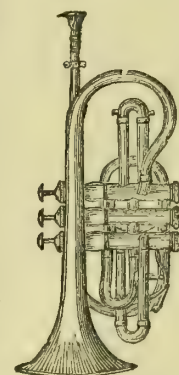
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WEEK ENDING 10th NOVEMBER, 1888.

The Queen has been enjoying, during the past week, her daily drives at Balmoral. Her Majesty goes out regularly twice a day, before and after luncheon. She is often accompanied by the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Miss MacNeill and the Hon. Ethel Cadogan have been in attendance, and the Hon. Marie Adeane has arrived as Maid of Honour in-waiting. The Countess of Erroll, and Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie have taken their departure, and on Wednesday Dr. James Reid arrived at the Castle.

Another of the Queen's most trusted servants died on Monday last, aged 68—Mr John Robert Hudson, Gentleman Porter to her Majesty. He entered the service when a youth, of King William IV., and had been employed at Windsor Castle for 53 years.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Sir C. Teesdale, was present at the football match "Canadians v. Swifts" at the Kennington Oval. He also visited the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters. His Royal Highness witnessed the performance of "Mamma" at the Court Theatre, and the performance of "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket during the past week.

The Duchess of Albany, who received on Saturday the very sad intelligence of the death of her mother, the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, drove over immediately from Birkhall

to Balmoral and, having taken leave of her Majesty and the Royal Family, left for Germany, attended by Fraulein Von Biedel and Sir Robert Collins.

Princess Helene of Waldeck and Pyrmont died on the 27th of October at Arlosen, in her 58th year. She was daughter of the late William Duke of Nassau, and married in 1853 the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. She was mother of the Queen of the Netherlands, as well as of the Duchess of Albany, and leaves, besides two other daughters and a son, Frederick, hereditary Prince of Waldeck.

The Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, the Duke of Nassau, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, were present at the funeral of the Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, which took place on Wednesday.

The Princess Mary Adelaide, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria have arrived in London from Clyne Park, Swansea, where they had been paying a visit of a fortnight's duration to Mr Graham Vivian.

Further particulars concerning the accident to the Czar's train, prove that the Emperor and Empress had a miraculous escape. The flooring of the saloon car in which their Majesties were travelling gave way. The Grand Duchess Olga was thrown out. The Grand Duke Michael remained for a few minutes beneath the debris, but both were unhurt. The tremendous violence of the shock which this carriage received, and the great danger to which their Majesties were exposed may be imagined from the fact that a servant who was handing a cup of coffee to the Emperor at the time, and his Majesty's dog, which was standing close by, were killed. "Te Deum" services were held in the churches throughout Russia, and also in the Russian Chapel, Welbeck street, London, to give thanks for the escape of the Czar and Czarina.

The three children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have left England to join their parents in India. General Sir John M'Neill accompanies the young travellers to Bombay.

It is now definitely settled that the Empress Frederick of Germany will, should nothing unforeseen happen, arrive in England on the 17th inst. on a visit to the Queen.

There will be quite a concourse of royalty at Berlin next January, on the occasion of the Emperor William's 30th birthday. The Emperor of Austria, and the Kings of Italy and Denmark, Belgium and Saxony, are expected, also the Prince of Wales, and the hereditary Princes of Russia and Italy.

We hear that the Emperor William has not given up his idea of visiting Spain, and will go there next spring.

An amusing story is going the rounds just now of Italian society. During the Emperor William's visit to Rome at one of the State dinners at the Quirinal, the Emperor, finding, it is supposed, the monotony of the stiff etiquette insupportable, vented his pent-up spirits in pinching the Prince of Naples, who sat next him, under the table to such an extent that the future King of Italy could not refrain from uttering an exclamation, at which the Emperor burst out laughing. The other Royalties followed suit, and in a moment the rigid formality was broken.

Since the announcement of the divorce it has become a matter of discussion whether the Queen of Serbia will be able to retain the title of Queen.

Queen Nathalie's personal fortune consists of a property situated in the South of Russia. A few years ago she sold the greater part of it, realising about £120,000. She then deposited two million and a half francs with Rothschild in Paris.

The Queen received £2,000 every year, and when residing on the Continent a monthly allowance of £1,000. It is believed that King Milan will offer her an annuity for life, but it is not probable that she will accept it.

A magnificent ball was given by the United Service Club at Simla in honour of the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin. Over the dais was the Irish motto "Cead Mille Failthe," while on the programmes was the word "Cerleabradh" (farewell.) The guests of the evening passed up through a double line of their hosts, while the band played the National Anthem. Many of the ladies' dresses had been specially ordered from Paris for the occasion, and altogether it was one of the most brilliant entertainments that has ever taken place at Simla.

The marriage of Mr William Middleton and the Hon. Winifred Mary Fitzalan Howard, youngest daughter of the late Lord Howard of Glossop, was solemnised in the Oratory, Brompton, on Tuesday last, at 11 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Best, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Bernard Vaughan and Sebastian Bowden. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Lord Howard, was attended by two bridesmaids. A very fashionable assembly witnessed the marriage, including the Duke of Norfolk, the Ladies Mary and Margaret Fitzalan Howard, Earl and Countess of Loudon, Lord Herries, Lady Adeliza Manners, Hon. F. Foley, &c. The wedding breakfast was given at Lord Howard of Glossop's mansion at Rutland Gate. Early in the afternoon Mr and

the Hon. Mrs Middleton left for Rosslyn Hall, Torquay, where they will pass their honeymoon.

* *

A marriage was solemnised on the 10th of October at Christ Church, Simla, Punjab, between Michael William Fenton, B.A., Bengal Civil Service, Under Secretary to the Punjab Government, son of the late Mr Samuel Fenton, J.P., of the County Wicklow, and Laura Harcourt, third daughter of the Hon. G. R. Elsmie, Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, and Member of the Legislative Council of the Governor-General of India. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Lahore officiated, assisted by the Rev. T. F. Dale, M.A.

* *

On the 30th of October, at Lindula Church, Ceylon, Thomas Bromhead Butt, eldest son of the late Colonel Butt, 79th Highlanders, was married to Alice, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Bovill, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

* *

A marriage will take place before Christmas between the Hon. Rev Edward Lyttleton, assistant master at Eton College, and Miss Caroline West, daughter of the Rev. the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

* *

A marriage will shortly take place between Captain Redmond Gordon, 15th King's Hussars, son of Major-General Gordon, C.B., and Clarisse, youngest daughter of the late Captain Reynolds, of Ramslade, Bracknell.

* *

The marriage between Major W. S. S. Bisset, Royal Engineers, C.I.E., and H. M. La Touche (May), daughter of Colonel William P. La Touche, will take place at the Cathedral, Bombay, on November 20.

* *

An engagement is announced between Mr Thomas Snow, eldest son of Mr Thomas Maitland Snow, of Cleve, Exeter, and Edith, third daughter of Mr Frederick Banbury, of Shirley House, near Croydon.

* *

The wedding of Mr W. H. Campbell, youngest son of the late Mr W. H. Campbell, of Valparaiso, and Miss Campbell, eldest daughter of the late Mr J. D. Campbell, of Tacna, took place at St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, on the 5th inst., at 2.30 p.m.

* *

The marriage of Mr John Hurleston Leche and Miss Donaldson-Hudson will take place on Tuesday, the 13th of November, at St. Peter's, Eaton square.

* *

It is arranged that the marriage between Mr C. L. Orr-Ewing and the Hon. Beatrix Ruthven, is to take place at Hamilton on the 5th of December.

* *

The marriage between Captain A. J. W. Allen, the Buffs, and May, eldest daughter of Sir John Hudson, will take place at Quetta early in January.

Early in February the marriage of Captain John M. Piercy, Dorsetshire Regiment, eldest son of the Rev. J. M. W. Piercy, of Shawston, Leicestershire, and Miss Ida Croke, only child of the late Commander Croke, R.N., will take place.

* *

The marriage will take place this week in Limerick between Mr Vere Hunt and Miss Tillah Edith Bredin, only daughter of the late Mr William Bredin, of Castlegarde, Pallasgreen, Co. Limerick.

* *

A marriage is arranged between Colonel Harrison Trent, late Inspector-General of Musketry, and Mrs Stoughton, Owlpen, Gloucestershire, and of Ballyhorgan, Co. Kerry, widow of the late Thomas Anthony Stoughton, Esq.

* *

A marriage of great interest took place in Paris on Tuesday. It was that of Mdlle. Marcella Boulanger, who became the bride of Captain Driant, General Boulanger's aide-de-camp. It is understood the bride's mother did not approve of the marriage, and remained with her eldest daughter at Versailles. The general's house was beautifully decorated, and the guests were received in the room where the wedding presents were displayed on several tables. It would be impossible to enumerate them, but they comprised an immense number of costly jewels, diamonds, pearls, &c., artistic articles of all sorts, and a considerable quantity of elegant lace. Exactly at noon the bride and her father proceeded, amid a scene of tremendous excitement, to the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, which, during the religious ceremony, was crowded to excess. Mdlle. Boulanger looked rather pale as she walked up to the altar. She is a handsome blonde, and bears a striking resemblance to her father. Her wedding dress was of white moire antique, with a long train, and looped up at the sides with cream-coloured satin. The corsage was trimmed with orange blossoms. During the service "Une Priere a la Vierge" was exquisitely sung by M. Melchisedec, and at the conclusion the nuptial benediction was pronounced by the Abbe Deglaire, Arch Priest of Bennes. After the wedding breakfast the newly-married couple proceeded to Versailles and visited the bride's mother. From seven o'clock in the morning till late in the afternoon the Rue Dumont d'Urville, where the general's house is situated, was crowded with interested spectators, and occasionally, the enthusiasm becoming more intense, the cry of "Vive Boulanger!" was shouted from one end of the street to the other.

* *

A fashionable marriage took place on Tuesday afternoon at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. It was that of Mr A. Molyneux Berkeley Gage (the Buffs), third son of General the Hon. Edward Gage, C.B., and Miss Ethel Marion Lysaght, second daughter of Mr John Lysaght, of Springfoot, Gloucestershire. Viscount Gage was best man to his cousin, and the bride was attended by eight bridesmaids. The service was fully choral. The Rev. J. W. Hardman, assisted by four other clergymen, officiated. After the ceremony Mr and Miss Lysaght held a reception at the Alexandra Hotel. The guests invited included General the Hon. Edward and Mrs Gage, Viscount Gage, Viscount Gort, Lord Sherborne, Sir George and Lady Bowen, Sir George and Lady Foley,

Lady Clifford, Sir C. and Lady Crawford, &c. At four o'clock the newly-married couple started for Folkestone *en route* for Spain.

* *

The marriage between Lieutenant-Colonel J. Whitton, Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Eva, youngest daughter of Captain Percy L. Harvey, D.L., of Kyle, County Wexford, will take place on the 5th of December.

* *

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to confer the honour of his patronage on the Gregg Memorial Gymnastic Club, who are the present holders of the *Irish Times* Challenge Cup. We are also informed that the club has received an invitation from the National Physical Recreation Society of the United Kingdom to enter for the National Challenge Shield, which will be contested for about next January.

* *

During the present month of November the fourth annual exhibition of the Hand-Painted Card Society will be held in Dublin, under distinguished auspices so far as lady patronesses and an influential committee are concerned. Among the former is her Serene Highness Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who for a long time has evinced great interest in the progress of the Society, which, it may be mentioned, is producing quite a number of promising lady artistes in this beautiful profession.

* *

The Countess of Meath, whose work in connexion with the procuring of open-air recreation spaces for the children of the city in conjunction with her philanthropic husband is well known and appreciated, is also a patroness of the Hand-Painted Card Society, which has the benefit of the active sympathy of the Countesses of Kingston and Kenmare and other leading aristocratic ladies. The committee is a highly influential one, and what is better even than influence, it is a practical working body having the great advantage of Mrs Power-Lalor's personal supervision.

* *

Messrs Raphael Tuck and Sons, the eminent London publishers of Christmas and New Year cards, offer three prizes of five guineas, three guineas, and two guineas respectively, with two extra prizes of one guinea's worth each of their best cards published this year, to be competed for at a competition in connexion with the Exhibition, the prize cards, with copyright, becoming the property of Messrs Raphael Tuck and Sons.

* *

On the forthcoming occasion a Lace Exhibition will be held, this being in charge of Mrs Power-Lalor, and the exhibits will include needlepoint, flat and raised pillow and net laces, crochet and tatting. Any of our fair readers desirous of entering will be supplied with all the necessary information by dropping a line to Mrs Power-Lalor at Long Orchard, Templemore.

* *

With reference to the competition in hand-painted cards, it may be of interest to state that all exhibits must be entered in one of the following sections:—1, hand-painted cards; 2, publishers' prize competitions; 3, paintings on wood and ivory; 4, paintings on china, glass, and terracotta; 5, designs for fans; 6, screens.

Amateur theatricals are to be held in the Town Hall, Kingstown, on the 5th and 6th of December, in aid of that deserving charity "The Maternity Society." The pieces selected for presentation are "The Happy Pair" and "Meg's Diversion." Many well-known amateurs both ladies and gentlemen, have promised their assistance, and it is expected that the Viceregal party will honour the performance with their presence.

There was one very startling costume at Leopardstown Races—a scarlet Connemara cloak made of Galway flannel, a huge black felt hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, and an ostrich feather boa sweeping the ground.

We are glad to see that Mr Michael Gunn has in a measure recovered from his recent illness. Accompanied by Mrs Gunn he has returned from London to his residence, 69 Merion square, Dublin. We offer Mr Gunn our hearty felicitations on his convalescence.

Lord Carlingford, owing to delicate health, was unable to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs Edward Hamilton, which took place on Saturday at Kingstown.

November has come in badly. Wild, gusty weather and rain-storms of icy coldness are most unwelcome visitors to the badly-housed and worse fed poor who are so numerous among us. We do not in this connection refer to professional mendicants who are never hungry, and who follow a calling which returns them an income larger than that of an ordinary mechanic. Our sympathy is for the struggling poor who are bravely endeavouring to retain the shelter of their humble rooms, and to keep themselves and their families out of the Unions.

And this brings us naturally to the subject of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society, which for close on a century has been the medium of relieving the necessities of these deserving people in Dublin without the slightest regard to religious denomination. That is their leading principle, and to it they owe during all the long years of the Society's existence the liberal support of the men of all creeds and parties in the city. In sustenance of it the Protestant and Catholic clergy work in united fashion, with the result that those who are dispensers of its bounty are rarely obliged to refuse relief for want of funds.

The recipients of this assistance are not by any means mendicants. Far from it. Occasionally the industrious head of a household may be temporarily out of work or the breadwinner may be prostrated by sickness, and at such a season a little timely assistance keeps the home from being broken up and the family obliged to seek the refuge of the Union. The list of contributions to the funds of the Society includes the names of our foremost citizens, and as the calls on its resources at the approaching Christmas time will be weighty, it may be fairly hoped that the contributions of the benevolent will be generous. The various churches always do their duty in this matter.

Miss Maud Gonne, who, together with Miss Ida Jameson and a few friends, gave a splendid concert on Saturday night at the Ancient

Concert rooms, is the daughter of General Gonne, who commanded the troops in Dublin, and succumbed to typhoid fever in the Royal Barracks.

Many Dublin people will hear with great pleasure that it is understood that G. H. P. Carter, Esq., Sergeant 4th Dragoon Guards, will shortly get his commission.

Mr Parnell has been suffering greatly from indigestion. This great man often lunches on a cup of warm water and a biscuit.

Colonel H. M'Calmont, C.B., and the officers of the 4th Dragoon Guards have most generously presented to the sergeants' mess a beautiful silver cup, which bears the following inscription: "Carbine Challenge Cup. Presented by the officers of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards to the sergeants' mess."

The Earl of Mayo delivered an interesting lecture on Saturday in the Town Hall of Naas, on the subject of "Sport in South Africa."

Sir Henry Selwyn-Ibbetson has been going on most favourably since the operation he underwent on the 19th ult. There is every reason, therefore, now to look forward to a complete and speedy restoration to health.

The Right Hon. Spencer Bulkeley Wynn, Baron Newborough in the Peerage of Ireland, died on Friday morning at Glynlivon, his seat in Carnarvonshire. He was born in 1803, and married in 1834 Frances, daughter of the Rev. Walter de Winton. He had retired from public life for some years owing to blindness. He is succeeded in the title by his grandson, William Charles Wynn.

Lady Whitworth is giving to Darleydale, Devonshire, under the will of her late husband, Sir Joseph Whitworth, an institute for education and recreation and a hospital. The total expenditure is estimated at £25,000.

Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick and their family have arrived at Heath House, Hampstead, from Invercauld, their place in Scotland, where they have been passing the autumn.

The Earl of Aberdeen has arrived at Haddo House from Belgium. He and Lady Aberdeen will leave Haddo in a few days for the South.

Sir John Pope Hennessy will not leave England to resume his duties as Governor of Mauritius until the 1st of December, and he will return again to this country in June next year.

The death of Mr J. Harvey Lewis, of Kilculen, occurred last week at Monte Carlo. The remains were brought to England for interment, and the funeral took place at the Brompton Cemetery. Mr Harvey Lewis, who was in his 77th year, for a long period represented Marylebone in Parliament.

Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill have arrived at Dunraven Castle on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Dunraven. Lord Hartington joined the party for a few days last week.

Lady Mary Shelley and Miss Shelley, after paying a series of visits to their many friends in Ireland, have returned to Windsor.

Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish left Lisamore Castle about the middle of last week for Convamore on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Listowel.

Madame Le Roy, mother of the Duke de Abrantes, who has just returned from a long tour in Asia Minor, is now preparing for another yet more arduous and difficult. This time she intends to explore Persia, and not only the principal cities, but those desert and almost unknown regions where one dare not venture without a staff of explorers.

An Athenian Croesus, Mons. Singros, who has already spent £32,000 in works of charity and public utility, is now expending £60,000 on the erection of a new theatre, which he has presented to the Queen of Greece, and which will bear her name. It will be inaugurated at the end of November, on the occasion of King George's Jubilee and of the National Greek Exhibition.

Rubenstein has commenced his course of musical literature at St. Petersburg, and even the professors of the Conservatoire attend his lectures. Besides explaining the style of the different masters in various epochs, he plays the compositions himself. So last year the gifted pianist performed no less than 1,302 pieces by 79 composers.

On the 20th of this month Madame Clara Schumann will celebrate the 60th anniversary of her artistic life, and will perform the "Concerto" composed by her husband at the first concert of the Musco at Frankfurt.

Major-General J. Davis, C.B., relinquishes the command of the Dublin District in January next on completion of his time of office. His successor has not yet been named, though rumour and club gossip have given the appointment to many. Captain F. H. H. Fetherstonhaugh, the Cameronians, will, when his chief retires, rejoin the staff of his Excellency the Marquis of Londonderry as an extra aide-de-camp.

The Lawn Tennis Club of Glenageary and Kingstown will give a ball on a grand scale in the Town Hall of Kingstown on the 9th inst., the tennis club committee and the ball committee including some of the best names in the premier township. The tickets will be limited to 300—just a nice number to ensure that the enjoyment will be thorough, and that there will be no crush. The railway people are assisting in a practical way and for the convenience of parties in the city attending the ball a special train will be despatched from Kingstown for Dublin, calling at intermediate stations, at a quarter to 3 o'clock a.m. on the 10th inst.

The members' conversazione of St. John's Society took place in the Hall, Sydney Parade, on Tuesday evening, 30th ult., and passed off agreeably. Messrs. W. Davidson-Houston and Ernest Jacob deserve special mention among those who assisted in the entertainment for the amount of ingenuity they displayed in the production of the art department, as also Mr Abbott who exhibited a table of curios, many of which

he brought from a considerable distance. Miss Ada Phillips contributed two pianoforte solos with her accustomed ability, and Mrs Pollard was successful in her recitation of "Shemus O'Brien," although another political item rendered by her would have been a happy omission from the programme of such an entertainment.

* *

The members of the Bray Boat Club opened their new premises at Quinsborough terrace on Thursday evening, the 1st inst., with a very successful smoking concert, which was numerously attended, and all present enjoyed themselves much.

* *

The movement originated by a considerable number of grocers in various English towns to do away with the time-honoured custom of giving Christmas boxes to their steady customers has not extended to Dublin, and indeed, so far as we have heard, with the exception of Belfast, nothing of the kind has been mooted in Ireland. Even in the Northern city it is only being partially adopted, and it is not believed that at the last moment it will be put into practice at all.

* *

Grocers and other purveyors in England may be in a position to adopt a course of this kind, but we hardly think that its adoption in Dublin would conduce to the benefit of the shopkeeper. After all, the seasonable compliment is not a big thing to the recipient, who has probably been leaving £150 a year with a particular tradesman, nor does its value make a serious inroad on the shopkeeper's profits made out of his customer during the preceding twelve months. Besides, the little hamper cements friendships, and generally secures the recipient's custom for another year.

* *

We do not, therefore, think that Dublin tradesmen will estrange their customers by departing from a practice which has become an institution among us. They know their business better, and after all that can be said about it it is only a friendly recognition at the great festive season of the good relations subsisting between the providers of the public and those who enable them to carry on their trade and to prosper by it. Somehow or other we manage these things better in Ireland than they are apparently about to do across the Channel.

* *

All Hallow's Eve was almost universally celebrated by the residents of Dublin and the neighbourhood. Small family parties, merry dances, burning nuts, telling fortunes, finding the ring, &c., were enjoyed by rich and poor alike. The display of "bracks" and plum cakes in some of our leading confectioners' shops was a tempting and most gratifying sight. The city is rapidly filling, and there is a promise of a good winter season.

* *

We will soon have a stiff stand-up fight before the Board of Trade over the application of the Corporation for a provisional order to enable them to light portions of the city with electricity. We may as well recognise at once the fact that this is the light of the future, and that the days of gas are numbered so far as the illumination of the principal thoroughfares of the important cities and leading towns is concerned. In its earliest days

it was unreliable and uncertain, and not a few instances are on record in which assemblies which were brilliant with this magnificent illumination were suddenly plunged into Cimmerian darkness by the sudden extinguishment of the electric light.

* *

All this, however, is largely changed, and the "electric" does its business quite as steady as gas, and much more effectively. The proposal to light the streets of Dublin with it is bound to be strenuously opposed by the Alliance Gas Company, whose revenue would be seriously injured thereby, and they will probably do this on the double ground that they are at present lighting Dublin well enough for all practical purposes with gas, and that if the electric element must be introduced they should be given the job, as they have an establishment in full blast in Hawkins street, with opportunities for developing and extending it.

* *

We think we may venture on the assertion that, so far as the citizens are concerned, they are not unduly laden with prejudice in favour of the Alliance Gas Company getting any additional powers for the lighting of Dublin. The company is a huge monopoly, and they not use it for the advantage of the citizens. Quite the other way, most people will say. Their dividends are up to the statutable figure which their Act permits them to declare, and the surplus they usually devote to the extension of their works instead of to a lowering of the price of gas.

* *

On the other hand we have the example of the Belfast Corporation before us; and what do we find there in the matter of the lighting of the city? Why this—that the Northern Corporation supply their citizens with light at a cheaper figure than is to be found in any other part of Ireland, and as low as the standard in a good many of the most favourably circumstanced towns of England, even those convenient to coal mines. Whether or not the Dublin Corporation would be enabled to give us the electric light at the figure we now pay for gas is a question we need not now discuss. Authorities on the subject say they can do it more cheaply, and in any case they are endeavouring to get the necessary permission to buy it.

* *

Who says this is not a go-ahead age, even here in easy-going Dublin? The Loop Line project is right enough, and in the course of another year we will have trains in full flight careering over the Liffey to and from Westland row. The freshness of that enterprise has worn away, and we have now the very latest thing in the form of a proposal to run an elevated railway from a point in connexion with the Loop Line somewhere near George's quay right down the Southern side of the river to the Kingsbridge.

* *

From an engineering point of view the thing is not impossible; but the citizens, we fancy, will think twice, and even thrice, before they consent to a project of this kind, which would utterly destroy the views of D'Olier street, Westmoreland street, and Sackville street, and render life in residences along the quay route unendurable. It is a generally admitted fact that New York has been horribly disfigured by the introduction of elevated railroads, and in referring the proposal to connect Westland row and Kingsbridge in

this fashion to the Loop Line Committee, the Corporation may be regarded as having given it the *coup de grace*.

* *

There is a general conviction growing amongst good people, including even bishops, that novels are not at all the sort of reading that reasonable beings can afford to neglect, and it would be well for wicked people if they read them also. If they did so it would be impossible that after writing compromising letters they should dry them on a blotting-pad instead of using sand or putting them before (or better still) in the fire. If we have read one novel in which by help of a lookingglass villianry has been discovered by this means we have read fifty, and yet only the other day before Mr Justice Butt this imprudent practice—which revealed the one word, "darling"—has been the cause of a decree nisi with costs and the custody of the children.

* *

No lover of art should omit seeing the splendid picture, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," of Mr Woodall, R.A., which is now on view at Messrs Cranfield's gallery. What at once strikes the observer is the unconventional type of face in the principal figure. And yet it is the typical Jewish face at Jerusalem, whither Mr Woodall went in search of his model. The sober simplicity of the scheme of colour, the manipulation of the arms, the blending of profound spiritual expression with the features of a commonplace form of face, render this picture one of the most striking of modern works of art. In its noble simplicity, its fine sense of masterfulness, and the touching story of the grouping, it is infinitely superior to the semi-mystical and clatrap style of Sir Noel Paton.

* *

It will be a great relief to our readers to learn on what seems to be trustworthy authority that the great African explorer, H. M. Stanley, was alive and well so recently as last November. That is several months later than the last news of him previously received, and the circumstances under which he was journeying when left by the Arabs who have brought the news to Zanzibar torbid surprise that he has not since been heard of. Pushing, and sometimes fighting his way through swamps, occasionally halting for days from illness, and at other times from lack of supplies, the veteran traveller was progressing at the rate of only a mile or two a day. The Arabs themselves have only just reached the coast with the news of the white man, and it may evidently be months or years before Stanley emerges into civilised regions. But to know that less than a year ago he had not been either massacred, deserted by his men, or succumbed to disease is, so far, good and hopeful news.

* *

An officer serving with the Black Mountain Expedition, which may now be regarded as successfully terminated, calls attention to the numerous instances which occurred during the campaign of officers finding themselves compelled to defend their lives with their revolvers. On one occasion while Surgeon Deakin was attending to a wounded man a sudden rush was made on him by two of the enemy, but he shot them both before they could reach him. Now, how many officers could have done this? Every officer proceeding on active service provides himself with a revolver. How many ever use one, or are capable of doing so effectually should occasion arise?

We plume ourselves in Dublin on our culture, and we are apt to give ourselves airs when our claim to this distinction is disputed by Irishmen in the provinces; but in the matter of knowing how to walk the streets so as to avoid awkward and unseemly collisions with each other, with all their consequent apologies and inconveniences, we, Dubliners, high and low are the veriest children traversing the thoroughfares without the smallest knowledge of the right method of navigating them.

* *

Everybody has an experience of his or her own on this subject, and the citizens are few and far between who have not some time or other got into somebody else's way, causing embarrassing stoppages and frequently annoyance. Take the case of a couple of people meeting suddenly in a thoroughfare in which there may be at the time a crush. No. 1 will move to the right or left to permit the other to pass, and No. 2 immediately makes a movement in the same direction, leaving them both as they were before. Another dart on the opposite side brings them again face to face, and it is only after a series of adroit manoeuvres they are enabled to extricate themselves from their ridiculous position.

* *

And this all arises from the obstinacy or ignorance of pedestrians who will not accustom themselves to take the right-hand side of the paths they traverse, but will continue to make the confusion of the streets in this respect worse confounded. But perhaps the greatest nuisance among those who use the footways is the smart individual who goes at the pace of four miles an hour, and who rarely looks before him, having his attention invariably fixed on something or other on either side of the street while his body is being propelled at the speed mentioned.

* *

Over and over again collisions ensue from this cause. The position is this:—A man proceeding down Sackville street is going in a northerly direction. He turns his neck so as to fix his eyes on the western side of the thoroughfare while he careers along at headlong speed. A crash is inevitable—he must collide with something or somebody, and then he and the opposing obstacle are brought to. A case of this kind occurred on Friday afternoon in the thoroughfare mentioned, whereby one of these foolish walkers "ran into" an elderly gentleman who was carrying a valuable vase, and, knocking it out of his grasp, it was smashed into fragments on the footway. The offender had £3 to pay for his eccentric style of using the streets, and he will probably know better next time.

* *

Dublin coal merchants are behaving fairly well as times go. They have not as yet fixed twenty shillings as the price of best Orrell, but there is no knowing how quickly the period may arrive when this will be so. Happily several of the more important colliery proprietors have come to terms with their miners by acceding to the demand for an advance of ten per cent. in their wages, and by this course they have to a large extent obviated the possibility of a coal famine during the coming winter.

* *

But the concession of ten per cent. involves, it appears, only an addition of fivepence per ton to the wages of the miners, and some explanation would seem to be necessary of the circumstances

that within a month in Dublin we have been favoured with a graduated series of advances in quotations amounting in all to two-and-sixpence on the ton. Now in all fairness this should not occur. Merchants here say that freights have made a startling upward bound, but nearly all our importers are owners of the vessels, steam or sail, bringing coal to the Liffey, and the question of freights cannot consequently affect them.

* *

How shocking is the way in which those horrid men stick by one another oppressing the other sex. The sheriff in the famous case of the lady *versus* her lover and his tobacco has confirmed the judgment of the deputy against her; and she has not only lost the bridegroom, but the solatium she had expected to get out of him in the way of damages for breach of promise. When she flamed out with, "You must choose between me and your cigar," she overrated her attractions, or depreciated those of the modest weed. Where she made a still greater mistake was in not understanding that with such an imperiousness of will, tobacco was the only thing that could have mitigated her to any husband.

* *

We suppose ladies with tempers are not much given to reflection, or else this consideration ought to have great weight with them. So far from objecting to tobacco, they, above all women, should do their very best to encourage the practice of smoking. The non-smoker shrinks from such brides in terror, but the smoker, confident in his resources, in the possession of an anodyne that will console him under all outbursts, is courageous even to foolhardiness. In objecting to tobacco, these ladies throw away their last chance.

* *

Leopardstown in one way at all events progresses, and that is in its charges, for at the last meeting 3/- per head was charged for luncheon instead of the 2/6 of the previous one. Why the extra sixpence? The majority of those attending race meetings don't want the menu of a dinner at luncheon. They have neither the time nor the inclination to make a heavy meal, to go through courses of soup, fish, entrees, joints many and varied, sweets of all kinds, cheese, and fruit from many lands. A modest two-shilling luncheon served at a buffet on both sides of the members' luncheon-room would pay the management better, accommodate more people, and give more general satisfaction. The new tea rooms are pronounced a success, tea, cream, cake, attendance, all good, and the charge, sixpence, is extremely moderate—but no doubt pays. So much for the upper ten; but what about those who pay for admission to the course, but whose slender purses forbid them entering the precincts of any stand, much less that sacred to the ladies and gentlemen decorated with the gorgeous badges of the Club. Absolutely they may starve and thirst for all the stewards care. Not a spot where even a glass of water is procurable for man, woman, or child. The example set at glorious Punchestown, Fairyhouse, or Baldoy is apparently too plebeian for those who are steering the Leopardstown ship on to the rock of public disapproval, where inevitably it will be shipwrecked. Why not have marquees erected on the course, where sandwiches, etc., and porter could be bought at a moderate price as on other race courses? The pangs of hunger are equally felt by the man who can only afford to pay his shilling for

admission to the course, as they are by the classes who can squander their money in "The Members' Stand." If Captain Quinn is not too self-opinionated, he would do well to think over our suggestion before the next race meeting, which takes place, we understand, on St. Stephen's Day.

* *

Many, and loud, and deserved were the complaints as to the approaches to the stands at the last meeting. Those who drove were in momentary dread that the springs of their vehicles would break, so deep were the ruts, and so soft the road—whilst the warm crushes male and female had a *mauvais quart d'heure* traversing the dismal swamp lying between the railway station and the haven of rest, "the Members' Stand." A cinder path would remedy the latter evil—the former will cost both money and labour; both should however, be done before the end of next month, *coute qui coute*.

* *

A singular case of curing a kleptomaniac has (says the *Era*) just come to light. The plot of Mr Mark Helford's new farcical comedy hinges on a certain Lady Blair's propensities for "annexation," and the complications caused by her husband in trying to effect a cure by engaging another kleptomaniac as a companion to his wife, hoping that Lady Blair will be so shocked at the other's pilfering that she will abstain from theft herself. This little scheme has now been tried in real life with most beneficial results, as will be seen by the following letter received by the author:—"London, N.W., Sept. 29th.—Mark Melford, Esq.—Dear Sir—My wife was for years a kleptomaniac. I say 'was,' because she has now been weaned from the terrible malady that has been the curse of my married life. And the cure, my dear sir, is due entirely to you. You wonder what I mean? I'll explain. I visited the Strand *matinee*, when 'Kleptomaniac' was first produced in London, to see if it was 'life-like,' as I considered that my past pleasant (?) experience constituted me a competent judge. Forgive me in saying that to me the play was a little too realistic, but your theory of a cure struck me at the same time as novel, if not practicable. For a whole week I thought of nothing else, yet hesitated to adopt it till a fresh 'annexation' (don't you call it so) of my wife's settled the point. Despairing of obtaining a genuine kleptomaniac for her companion, I persuaded my niece to play the *role*—having previously arranged with some of our tradesmen—with the result that my wife, disgusted with the pilfering of her niece, has for the last two months been free from her infliction. And all this I owe to you. You have restored my dear wife to me, and made my life a happy one. Accept my warmest thanks and sincerest wishes for your success and happiness.—Yours, &c.—F.J. P.S.—I inclose a £20 note as a slight acknowledgment of the service rendered."

* *

An ingenious American bootmaker, who wished to advertise his wares, constructed a pair of boots with the words, "Buy boots from J. Brag" worked in bristles on the lower soles. Above were false wooden soles containing reservoirs of ink, which was allowed to percolate slowly through the bristles. Equipped in a pair of these he leisurely strutted about the pavements, silently but surely proclaiming his merits to his fellow citizens.

We do not think there is anything in the world more delightful to the eye of the average man of to-day than the vision of a nicely-dressed woman. Nothing tends so much to brighten up a man, be he young or aged, than a beautiful woman neatly and tastefully dressed, and we are pleased to see that the god of fashion has this season produced some of the most charming and becoming of costumes for ladies of all ages. The neat little seal-plush jackets are exceedingly beautiful, and suit almost any complexion. They are very popular, as is evidenced by the number of ladies we meet attired in them.

According to the *Season*, an excellent paper devoted to the world of dress and fashion, black dresses are still very fashionable for small dinner parties at home and abroad. The skirts are of peau de soie, trimmed with long fringe and worn under redingotes of Pekin faille or plain silk. A chemisette of self-coloured or embroidered tulle, or a plastron of passementerie answering the fringe give a very tasteful affect. Ruches of coloured silk either pinked out, unravelled, scalloped, or vandyked at both edges, are used for ornamenting the hems of elegant dress skirts.

Mrs Leach, in her practical "Family Dressmaker," declares that woollen dress materials, with striped and fancy bordering, are among the new dress goods; these make up most effectively with the heavier make of goods. A very simple style is adopted, the borders being arranged in a straight line from the side. For tall figures the border trims the draperies at the foot, reducing the length of the skirt. Braided costumes are very much in favour, but as it takes a considerable time to accomplish any design of importance, our readers will be glad to know that all kinds of braiding can now be purchased ready for use, in most of the fashionable colours, the appearance being that of braiding done by hand. Two to three inches wide may be used for the fashionable borderings, panels for the sides of skirts, and complete sets for bodices, either as vest, revers, or simply collar and cuffs. The Directoire set consists of pocket-pieces, gauntlet ruffs, revers, and collar.

We noticed in the windows of several of our leading drapery establishments the other day a rich display of these goods. We should advise ladies before purchasing their winter materials to make a good round of these houses and see for themselves what is most suitable for them. The mistake made by many ladies is the purchasing of material on the spur of the moment without taking time to consider whether such will suit them or whether when made up the costume will harmonise with their complexions. Ladies should remember that to ask or receive the opinions of the vendors of these materials is not *infra dig* or lowering in the slightest degree. They have had experience in the art of dress and dressing and their opinions ought to be treated with respect and consideration.

For young girls in town terra-cotta is a warm, comfortable colour, which keeps its good appearance a long while and does not show dirt. We recently saw a neat dress of soft woollen material of this tone which had been made as a full overdress, cut low like a pinafore, filled in with a

tucked yoke of beige-coloured silk. It was fully gathered at the waist, and through these gathers an inch-wide ribbon had been threaded. Below the waist again were some 20 rows of gathering; a sash at the back, the sleeves matching the yoke of beige silk.

The popularity of belts and sashes has again brought blouse bodices into favour, but on account of their loose shape they only suit children and young girls. Short, or rather round bodices are much worn, and the becoming fichu and bretelle trimmings, as well as broad revers, generally worn with the double-breasted fronts, are deservedly becoming very general. Old jacket bodices can be worn as short waists without any alteration, by simply fastening the skirt and then the belt firmly over the basque part.

Last week in that prince of ladies' papers, the *Queen*, much space was devoted to the description of the sanitary fur hats which have just been brought out. They have plenty of ventilation, and there can be no doubt that they are healthy wear; moreover, the shapes are exceptionally becoming and picturesque. Furs are specially prepared for children, such as squirrel, chinchilla, white fox, lamb, and Mongolia. For millinery and trimming, soft silks in terra-cotta, olive greens, and cream are used.

With reference to our remarks in last week's issue regarding social and home happiness, a fair correspondent who sympathises with our opinions writes:—The experiences of many observing persons has satisfied them that the chief sources of family friction are, on the part of the husband, a domineering disposition; on the part of the wife, frivolity, and of both together selfishness or want of consideration. All these are faults of undeveloped natures. Sometimes these faults are reversed; it is the husband who lacks depth and character and the wife who rules with a rod of iron. Strange that the ruling person never realises the pall he or she casts over the household; but so it is. There can be no real happiness where there is no liberty. One of the two is driven to deception or prevarication through fear of the ill-temper of the other. If there be not a cyclone, it is a sour, gloomy sky or a sulky drizzle. There is no courage left to "speak the truth plainly" because the truth would cost too dearly, no matter with what a kindly spirit it may be uttered. For the want of self-discipline and culture of the feelings the peace of the household may be ruined. Not only so, the offending parties become unhappy wretches since, to use the expressive words of another writer, "selfwill has a hard time of it when it comes into impotent conflict with the constitution of things."

A correspondent sends us the following story, for the truth of which he vouches. One evening last week he was proceeding down North Frederick Street, and as he came to the corner of Gardiner's row, his way was barred by a cab-horse, which seemed to be engaged in a determined effort to frustrate the designs of its driver. The Jehu whipped and admonished the animal, but without avail. Calmly and placidly did it stand there pawing the rough pavement with one of its front feet. This peculiar conduct of the horse directed our correspondent's attention to its fore leg, with which there was evidently something the matter. On looking down he observed that

the horse's shoe was loose, and on understanding the reason of the animal's obstinacy our informant interestingly watched its proceedings. Paw, paw, paw, click! The shoe was off, and on went the animal, relieved of the obstacle which hindered its progress. Search for the missing shoe was, in the darkness, useless; but it is to be hoped that some antiquated philosopher secured it and nailed it to the door of his domicile.

If old horse-shoes bring luck, as traditionary and legendary lore tell us they do, we hope the cast-off shoe will bring to its fortunate possessor's life some of the wisdom of the poor cabman's old horse. Indeed, this study of animal instinct set us at thinking of how superior to many of the human race around us was this old horse. It no doubt felt that danger, difficulty, pain, and perhaps life-long misery would be the result of trying to hobble along with such an impediment to its free action, and with wonderful wisdom it determined to rid itself of the incubus which tormented it. We hope many of our young men readers will study the philosophy of the cabman's horse and follow its noble action in getting rid of anything, no matter how trivial, which bars their entrance into a life of usefulness and respectability—a life unimpeded by evil propensities or actions.

We are glad to perceive that the fund organised for the benefit of the family of the late lamented treasurer of the Irish Journalists' Association, Mr William C. Johnston, is rapidly assuming respectable proportions. Although it is only a couple of weeks since the fund was started, it amounts at present to, we understand, a handsome sum, and little difficulty is anticipated in bringing the fund up to £1,000, which will enable a most estimable lady who has been suddenly deprived of the bread-winner of the household to provide for her helpless young family.

The munificent donation of Sir John Arnott to the fund (£100) has challenged universal admiration of the noble-hearted knight's generosity. But this splendid gift will still more strongly redound to Sir John's honour when it is known that not only was Mr Johnston never in his employment, but that the proprietor of the *Irish Times* was totally unacquainted personally with the deceased gentleman.

The Loan Fund Board of Ireland is not so well attended to by those for whose benefit it was called into being as it should be. There are many districts throughout the country in which its assistance would be of infinite value to struggling farmers, artisans, and even labourers, who do not seem in many instances to be aware that such an institution is in existence, lending State money on easy terms of repayment, and, while conveniencing large numbers of industrious persons, benefitting the small towns and villages to which its operations extend.

We know of no more deserving fund than that annually subscribed in aid of the Dublin Hospitals, and as the young football philanthropists announce their match for Saturday, the 10th inst., let us hope as many of our readers as possibly can will patronise it at Lansdowne road ground, where, no doubt, first-class play will be observed and a needy and humane charity strengthened.

SERIAL STORY

PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—Continued.

THE BENIGHTED RETURNS.

Mr Mannix reached Miss Cavanagh's cottage, and knocked. The door was opened by Rose. She was of an habitually cheerful mood, but when she saw him she was seized with a sensation of melancholy.

"Is your mistress in, Rose?"

"No, sir. She's out. But she'll be back soon."

Mr Mannix entered, thoughtfully.

"I shall wait for her," said he. "Come here, Rose."

The girl, accustomed to obey, closed the front door and followed him into the room.

"Rose," said he, "you seem a good girl. I have often wished to speak to you of solemn things. Life seems to have charms for you. But think, my child, how at any moment these rosy cheeks may wither, this healthy form may be delivered up to the worms—the worms, Rose, which will eat—"

He had taken off his gloves, and laid his hand kindly on hers. Either the sudden shock of his cold fingers, his gloomy words, or both, affected Rose strangely. Since his appearance she had been choking back a tendency to burst into tears. She now turned from him with an hysterical shriek, and rushed downstairs. She continued to scream below. Mr Mannix sat down on the sofa, which he grasped with both hands, and sat listening to this unexpected outburst with fixed and staring eyes.

In this attitude he remained for several moments, when he stood up and walked to the window. The tramcar on the road had stopped, and Miss Cavanagh descended, carrying her parasol and a bag. Rose was still alternately laughing and shrieking. Mr Mannix rushed into the hall, stooped over the bannisters, and called out—

"Girl, stop that noise! Stop, I say. Here's your mistress."

Whether Rose heard him or not, she shrieked and laughed still louder as Miss Cavanagh knocked.

Mr Mannix opened the door. Miss Cavanagh gave a little start of surprise when she saw him, but smiled, and entered.

"You, Mr Mannix! How kind of you to—Good gracious what is that?"

A peal of shrieks intermingled with hysteric laughter interrupted her. Mr Mannix had closed the door. Though he had smiled when she entered, his face was white, and his fingers trembled as he thrust them through his beard.

"I fear," he said, gently, "your servant is somewhat hysterical. I had been here merely a few moments when she was seized with a sudden fit, and I—"

Another series of yells from Rose startled Miss Cavanagh, who at once ran downstairs, and, throwing her parasol and bag on the kitchen table, knocked at the girl's room. Rose had locked herself in.

"Rose—Rose, I say. Open the door, girl, this moment."

There was a sudden silence, and Rose unlocked the door and stood with reddened eyelids and trembling figure before her mistress. Miss Cavanagh entered, closed the door, and, seating herself on the servant's bed, said.

"What's all this about, Rose?"

"Oh, mam, I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"That man, mam, talking of worms, and—and corpses! An' he wanted to kiss me."

"Mr Mannix want to kiss you? Rose, you are dreaming."

"No, mam, I wish I was. I call the saints—"

"Never mind the saints," said Miss Cavanagh, untying her bonnet. "You have never told me a falsehood yet

Rose, but I fear—you girls, if a man looks at you—well, dry your eyes now, and don't let me hear any more nonsense. Make me a cup of tea, Rose, I am worn out."

"Yes, mam," said Rose, following her mistress into the kitchen. "But oh, mam," she added, as she placed the kettle on the fire, and turned her face as her mistress was leaving, "he's a horrid man, an' I hope he'll soon go."

Miss Cavanagh made no remark. She went upstairs and found Mr Mannix quietly turning over the leaves of an album. He rose as she entered, saying—

"I hope your girl is better? How sad that one so young should be subject to these sudden attacks."

"Yes, she is hysterical," said Miss Cavanagh placing her bonnet on the sofa, and sitting down. "Won't you be seated, Mr Mannix?"

He looked at his watch.

"I fear," he replied, "my time is limited. I have to visit a poor friend who is dying. Ah, death is a serious thing!"

"It is indeed sad," said Miss Cavanagh. "to contemplate the poor, either living or dying."

"Yes, yes. I know what it is to be poor. I have been poor all my life—poor in wealth, but rich in peace. You, Miss Cavanagh, have been blessed in a twofold sense. You have the riches of this world—"

"Riches of this world!" said Miss Cavanagh, with a little laugh. "I assure you, Mr Mannix, I can scarcely manage to live, I have the baker's bill to meet to-morrow and I don't know where it is to come from."

"Why, I thought," said Mr Mannix, "or rather, that is to say, your nephew told me—"

He paused suddenly and coughed, as he held his beard.

"I was under the impression you were unacquainted with the struggles of poverty. Ah, well—it is good for the chastening of the spirit. Poverty is a stern but true teacher. But I fear I must be going. Good bye, Miss Cavanagh. God bless you!"

She accompanied him to the hall door. When he was gone, she stood in the hall, her hands clasped before her, and, looking thoughtfully down, shook her head.

She went downstairs and had tea. After this meal she sent Rose to bed, and sat before the kitchen fire, enjoying the heat and the pleasant sensations following an agreeable meal. The lamp burned on the dresser, and a large black cat sat beside the fender, washing its face. Rose, in the little room was saying her prayers, and Miss Cavanagh listened to the droning of the girl, the heavy ticking of the ponderous, old-fashioned clock in the corner; the purring of the contented cat, and the intermittent rustling of the fire as it gradually collapsed. Miss Cavanagh felt inclined to slumber, began to nod, starting suddenly when her head drooped, and looking with a wide-awake stare for a moment at the fire, until she began to nod again. She thought Mr Mannix was reading prayers, and, having finished, walked down the aisle kissing hands to the ladies in the pews. He had approached her with his arms open, when the Bible fell from the pulpit, and began bumping over the tops of the pews. It bumped so loudly that Miss Cavanagh started, rubbed her eyes, and, looking round with a start, saw Rose staring, with frightened face from the door.

"Oh, please, mam, I think that man has come back. Shure you won't let him in at this hour? There, mam, he's knockin' again!"

A loud rat-tat was heard at the hall-door, and Miss Cavanagh, as she realised that the knocking had been proceeding for some time, jumped up, brushed down her dress, and began to comb her grey hair with both hands. Rose, in the meantime, had thrown on a cloak, and now ventured, still with startled face and timid manner, into the kitchen. She clasped both hands and looked imploringly at her mistress.

"Oh, mam, for the love o' the saints, don't let him in!"

"Silence, Rose! Don't talk to me like that," said Miss Cavanagh boldly; then, in a faint voice. "Lend me your candle, Rose, till I see who it is."

Rose fetched the candle and presented it with shaking hand. Miss Cavanagh, commending her safety to Heaven, left the kitchen, Rose following her to the kitchen door and remaining there in an attitude and with the expression of affrighted attention.

It was not without a disagreeable consciousness of the obtrusive pulsation of her heart that Miss Cavanagh laid the candle on the hall table, and approaching the street door, called out—

"Who's there?"

"It's me," replied a voice, as faint as her own.

"Who?" exclaimed Miss Cavanagh.

"Me, Fred Gilhooly," was the reply in a smothered voice. "Aunt Cavanagh let me in for to-night. I've no place to sleep. I've been shut out. I only ask a night's lodging, and to-morrow I'll work a passage to America."

Miss Cavanagh interrupted this recital by opening the door, and closing it as her nephew stepped into the hall.

As she lifted the candle from the table and held the light over him, she thought that she had never seen her nephew present so pitiable a spectacle. His unshaven face expressed the profoundest misery, his eyelids blinking rapidly in the light over his round, staring eyes. His clothes, torn at elbows and knees, were daubed with dust.

He held his hat, crushed shapelessly, between his hot hands, and putting the rim to his mouth held it between his teeth as he gazed mournfully at his aunt.

"Come inside," said Miss Cavanagh, walking before him, candle in hand, into the sitting-room.

"Are you there, mam?" came in a loud whisper up the stairs.

Miss Cavanagh, having seen her nephew seated dejectedly on the edge of the sofa, went back to the hall, and called out,

"Go to bed, Rose. It's only Master Fred."

She then re-entered, and seated herself near her nephew, surveying with some severity his bent head and crushed attitude.

"Well, Frederick," she said, at length, "this is a nice state of things. What has happened?"

He glanced up at her, looked down at the floor, and delivered a deep sigh.

"I was robbed of some papers, and Mr Fitzgerald dismissed me. It wasn't my fault, and he knew it. Yet he dismissed me. I went to my lodgings, and was locked out by the savage woman who owns them. All the world is against me. No one wants me. I have no right to be alive. My existence seems to be an offence to the public. It only remains, Aunt Cavanagh, for you to tell me to go."

"It is not likely," said Miss Cavanagh, indignantly, "that I should order my own flesh and blood out of the house, however badly you have behaved, Frederick. At all events you have no designs against me like others."

"Oh, aunt," cried Fred Gilhooly, throwing himself on his knees, and sobbing with his hands over his face, "I knew you were good as gold. It's all up! I don't care what becomes of me. I don't deserve kindness from you, aunt. Better tell me to go. Kick me out!"

Placing her hand on his shoulder, she said—

"That will do, Frederick. You are nobody's enemy but your own. Sit up now, and be a good boy."

He rose, whimpering, and sat down with his head turned aside, rubbing his eyes from time to time with his sleeve.

"You look tired, Frederick," said his aunt, kindly, "and hungry, too, I daresay. Will you have something to eat?"

"I'm not hungry, aunt, thank you; but I'm weak. If you had a drop of anything in the house, anything that would revive me—"

"I have some good smelling salts," said Miss Cavanagh, searching for her pocket.

"Smelling salts? I'm not a girl, aunt. Never mind. I thought, perhaps, as you suffer from rheumatism, you might have a drop of brandy somewhere as medicine. It's a good thing," said Fred, looking up at the ceiling, "for rubbing the skin with."

"Perhaps I could find some," remarked Miss Cavanagh, rising, and going to the cabinet, her nephew following her with eager eyes.

She produced a decanter with a small supply of brandy, and placed it with a glass on the table beside him.

"Now, Frederick," said his aunt, reseating herself, "I hope you will turn over a new leaf after to-night."

"As many as you like, aunt," observed Fred, drinking a glass of brandy and smacking his lips.

"One will do," replied Miss Cavanagh. "If I am to assist you I must have no further wildness. Now, let us consider carefully. What would you like to do?"

"Aunt," answered Fred, feeling his pockets for his pipe, "if you don't mind I'd like a smoke."

"You mustn't smoke here," said his aunt, severely, "whatever you may do in the back garden. I am sorry you are so fond of tobacco."

"I can't help it, aunt. I can't give it up now. If I could afford it I'd keep a little tobacconist's shop. There's a lot o' money to be made out o' that business."

Having finished the brandy, and feeling secretly in his pockets, and discovering his pipe and some tobacco, he was restored to good spirits.

Miss Cavanagh, with one arm across her chest and the tip of her forefinger supporting her chin, reflected in silence for several moments.

"It might not be a bad venture," she said, at length. "Anything would be better than your present life. If you set up a little shop and were married my mind would be at rest."

"Ay," assented Fred, "a handsome girl ud sell any amount o' cigars!"

"There's Maudie Miller——"

"Who's she, aunt?"

"That nice girl in Donnybrook, you remember?"

"Oh! now I recollect," said Fred, putting his hand to his forehead, "She broke the record in Sunday school. A nice girl. I like her and she likes me. I'd soon teach her the cigar business, aunt. She's a pretty, engaging way—I remember now. Sell any amount o' tobacco."

"Well, if you are a good boy," said his aunt, rising, "I may set you both up in business. But you must learn how to be serious, Fred. Now, you may go out on the hall-door steps and have your smoke while I make a bed for you on the sofa. You'll have to sleep here to-night."

Before Fred went out to enjoy his smoke, he put his hands on his aunt's shoulders and kissed her on both cheeks. There were tears in her eyes as she bustled about preparing his bed.

He in the meantime lounged against the railings on the steps outside the hall-door. His pipe was in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, and, as he looked up at the stars through a cloud of smoke, he smiled and said softly to himself—

"Hurrah there, Fred!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

PARENTAL GUIDANCE.

MR MILLER was seated beside the diamond-paned window in Roscblom Cottage, Donnybrook. The leaves were turning brown and falling from the trees. The tramcars passed up down outside the front gate. He had returned from a protracted tour in the northern counties, and was devoting some moments of meditation to the family affairs of his children. He was growing more careworn, stooped, and his hair was becoming altogether grey.

It seemed to him a phenomenal circumstance that his daughter, Maudie, reared under the wings of the local Sunday school, should have developed such a strong affection for a man of the habits of Gilhooly. As he thought of this he saw a ripe apple drop from a tree into the mud. The climax of its existence had been reached that moment. Curious, indeed, that a young girl should fall instantaneously in love! But he must stamp it out. That was plainly his duty. His daughter might fall in love, but it must be with a man of whom her father approved.

Tea was served later on, the children sitting round in comparative silence, chilled by the atmosphere of their father's habitual gravity.

When the meal was over and he alone, he went to the door and called Maudie, who was downstairs.

She came in slowly, with pale, downcast face. Her father, seated in his arm-chair near his writing-desk, looked up, and was astonished at the traces of grief upon her face.

"Come here, Maudie."

Maudie came over to him, and at once burst into tears.

He said nothing, but watched her curiously. Then, when the outburst was exhausted, drew a chair over and told her to sit down.

"Is it true," he said, gravely, "that this person, Gilhooly, has been making love to you?"

She had never told a lie to her father, and rarely to anyone else, and this habit of truthfulness now triumphed.

"Yes, sir," she replied, blushing vividly.

"How long has this been going on?" asked Mr Miller, looking thoughtfully at the fireplace, his face averted.

"Since he came here with his aunt."

"What! Did he make love to you the first time he met you?"

"Yes, papa."

"I don't like that," said her father, sternly, "True love never begins in that way. It's a plant of slow growth. I don't like these sudden fits of love, my girl. Tell me how did he make love. Did he put his arm round you?"

"Ye-es, papa."

"And kiss you."

"Ye-es."

"And you allowed him to do so?" exclaimed her father, facing round in his chair. "Maudie! Is it possible?"

"I couldn't help it," said Maudie, her lower lip

trembling, and tears rising in her big brown eyes. "He did so suddenly. I was very angry."

"Yes, very angry, no doubt, but I'll venture to say you allowed him to do it again. Tush! What a child you are. Do you call this love? Why, child, this man is only making a fool of you. He is amusing himself with you. He love! Those men don't love. I will not have it. I shall put a stop to this."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Maudie, alarmed at his vehemence, "he says—he says——"

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says," faltered Maudie, "that he loves me, and never loved anyone until he knew me. He has said it a hundred times."

"Ay, and no doubt swore it," said her father, bitterly. "Why, a fellow like this will swear that a hundred times to as many women in a week. What are such oaths to a man like that? He lives to amuse himself. I know them, these swaggering, egotistical fellows, without a particle of thought for anything or anybody outside themselves—selfish to the backbone! I'd rather see you in your grave than made love to by such a man."

"You do not know him, papa. If you did," said Maudie, proudly, "you would know that he is incapable of telling a lie."

"You silly fool," said her father with a scornful laugh, "do you think I have been fifty-seven years in the world and not know the stuff such men are made of?"

"He is different from others," said Maudie, sulkily.

"It seems so to you," returned her father. "What experience have you? I will not have you know him. How often have you met him?"

"Only five times, sir."

"In secret?"

"By accident. I was walking on the Dodder and he met me there."

"And now, tell me this," said her father, bending anxiously towards her. "Has he spoken of marriage? Consider well, Maudie. Try and recollect. Has he ever spoken of marriage?"

"It is so soon, sir——"

"So soon?" exclaimed her father. "Here is a man professes to be madly in love with you and has never mentioned marriage. Has he never mentioned it?"

"No, papa," replied Maudie, faintly, "I don't recollect."

"Exactly. Oh, I see now what is to have girls without a mother! You may leave me, Maudie. Remember," he added, as she stood up and half-turned towards him to receive his parting words, "I forbid you ever to have anything to say to this man again. You are not to speak to him if you meet him, not even to know him. You may think me hard. But the time will come when you will see that I am right and thank me when you are older."

She made no reply. When she went out of the room, and was mounting the stairs, she said to herself—

"Everyone is against him—everyone hates him!"

As she muttered these words, her face became hard, and her brown eyes assumed a defiant glitter.

It had been her little dream to marry Mr Gilhooly, and to spend all the wealth of her sweet love reforming him. She had heard of such cases, men of questionable habits becoming members of their local church council, under the influence of that clinging, ivy-like affection which flourishes in the tender heart of woman. She even knew of the case of a man who, as a bachelor, had been extremely irregular in his habits, but who, after marriage, actually became a member of the Corporation, a total abstainer, and was making a fortune out of several public houses. Where other wives have succeeded why should Maudie fail? Did her father allow any person to dictate to him in matters of love? Why should she—because she was a woman—hold her affections at the disposal of an outsider, even though he was her father?

CHAPTER L.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

THE night was dark, and rather cold. It was about ten o'clock, and there was a lull in the streets preceding the hour when theatres, music halls, and public houses would pour forth their crowds. A cab drove up to Mrs Denison's house. On the roof of the vehicle were a large trunk and portmanteau. The driver, having pulled up his horse, jumped down and opened the door. There alighted Miss Adelaide Denison in cloak and hood, and her maid. Miss Denison went up the steps towards the door, whilst the driver proceeded to take down the luggage under the direction of the maid.

When the door was opened Miss Denison entered, leaving her maid to pay the fare and look after the lug-

gage. The man who opened the door was a strange servant who disputed her right of entry until she gave her name, when he touched his forehead and seemed astonished. As Adelaide passed through the hall she observed that it was littered with boxes, trunks, and portmanteaux. She went upstairs, entered the drawing-room, and looked around. The lights were lowered, the pictures and furniture covered with holland, the window blinds taken down, and their place supplied with large sheets of brown paper. As Adelaide, with her hands tightly clasped before her, looked around at these ominous signs, she had a sensation of mingled indignation and despair. At this moment Mrs Denison entered the room.

"Mother!" exclaimed Adelaide; but she remained where she was, and made no further display of greeting.

"Is it possible?" said Mrs Denison, when she had recovered from a start of surprise. "What brings you here, Adelaide?"

"I have been brought here," replied Adelaide, bitterly, "by letters from some generous friends informing me that you were about to commit a foolish act, but I do not, I could not believe them."

"I do not understand you," said her mother, striving to be dignified, despite a certain nervousness. "To attribute foolishness to a woman of my age is an extremely hasty proceeding, I think."

"Of course I do not believe them," exclaimed Adelaide, approaching her mother, who was standing stiffly under a chandelier. "At your age, mother, I dare not—why, you have dyed your hair!"

It was true. Her mother's hair, formerly silver-grey, was now the colour of an undecided yellow.

"What are you talking about, Adelaide?" said Mrs Denison, pettishly. "Upon my word, your theatrical life certainly has not improved your manners."

"Oh, mother," cried Adelaide, seizing her mother's hands, "this thing is not true. I cannot believe it. I know it is not true, because——"

"Because?" repeated her mother, as she paused.

"Because you never wrote to me about it."

"And you expected me," said Mrs Denison, "to consult your wishes, when you deliberately went on the stage against my consent! Really, Adelaide, you are a little too exacting."

Though speaking with some scorn, Mrs Denison trembled at the uncomfortable nature of her situation. Adelaide looked up into her mother's face, and her own grew white.

"Then it is true, mother?"

"What is true?" asked Mrs Denison, impatiently.

"This awful marriage?"

"Let go my hands, Adelaide," said her mother, angrily. "You are positively offensive. Your theatrical life has certainly not improved you in any way. If I choose to marry Mr Gordon that is no affair of yours. You never permitted me to interfere in your concerns, and I certainly shall not permit you or anyone else to interfere in mine. 'Awful' marriage!" she added, drawing herself up proudly, and looking down at her daughter, who, with her hood fallen back from her face, and her hands clasped, sat down on a chair, and fixed her eyes sorrowfully on the carpet.

"And when?" asked Adelaide, faintly—"when is it to take place?"

"It, as you are pleased to term my marriage with Mr Gordon," said Mrs Denison, gathering up her skirt, "is to be solemnised to-morrow morning. I will not ask you to come; it is a private ceremony; but I shall make no objection if you are pleased to attend."

"Oh," exclaimed Adelaide, shaking her head mournfully, "if my poor dead father could only see——"

"How dare you mention your father at such a time?" exclaimed Mrs Denison, angrily. "Your remarks are in the worst possible taste."

Mrs Denison swept from the room, and Adelaide sat in the dim light, with her face bent and drawn as if in pain, her hands rigidly clasped together on her knees. By-and-by, sighing deeply, she rose and slowly went away. She paused on the landing to look at the familiar ante-chamber with its glimpse of the conservatory, which she had not seen for so long a time. Her busy stage career, with its restless events, heart-burnings, and triumphs, seemed like some unquiet dream, as she slowly entered the ante-chamber, and made her way into the conservatory. Here she looked around and noticed how during her absence plants and flowers had been neglected, the vines overhead growing wild and tangled, and the shrubs allowed to stand with their withered leaves on the stalks. Here also the place was faintly illumined with a lamp-shining in the far corner between the blossoms of a mass of heliotropes. The front part of the conservatory from the door was brightly illumined from the lamps

in the hands of the statues standing in the recesses of the antechamber.

Adelaide went about looking at the plants, touching them here and there, plucking a few withered leaves, and shaking her head at the general air of desolation.

She had her back turned towards the door, when she became conscious of what was to her the despicable perfume of a cigar, and turning round she clearly saw, in the glare of light which fell across the threshold, the form of Mr Reginald Gordon—he seemed older than the mere lapse of time warranted—entering unconsciously with an absent air.

As Adelaide stood in the shadow watching him, she saw him now for the first time without his society expression, noting, with a start of terror, the pallid face and deeply-knitted brows, his eyes with an inward glare of introspection gazing into space.

"Mr Gordon!"

The moment she spoke, he did not pause in his advance, but his face instantaneously settled into the calm self-possession she had known in past years. Nevertheless she had noticed that, at the unexpected sound of her voice, he had started as if with an involuntary shudder, and he had raised his right hand as if to thrust it into the bosom of his coat.

"How strange," he said, "to find you here. When I last heard of you, you were enchanting the operatic public of Manchester—that is presuming that in that vile city of mud and cotton factories there is such a thing as an operatic public."

He smiled pleasantly, though she had refused his proffered hand, and had merely bowed slightly. There was a chair near him, and he leaned his arms on the back of it, facing her, and, taking the cigar from his mouth said—

"I hope you do not object to smoking."

"I have no objection to you smoking," replied Adelaide, standing in the dim corner surrounded with the neglected plants, the tangled vines drooping from the roof almost to her head, the lamp burning behind her in the midst of the heliotropes.

"I have but lately taken an interest in cigars," he observed, "and do you know, I find the effect wonderfully soothing? My life requires something of a soothing nature. I have lived, since I have seen you last, in a perpetual fever. And you, also. Do you not often wish you could discover some desolate nook in some corner of the world, undiscovered, perfectly quiet and, at the same time, free? To be away from mankind, with their strummings and fevers, their electric lights, and politics, never to hear the city bells, but only the song of some wild birds, and the ripple of a mountain rivulet. You see I grow sentimental. Strange to be yearning for solitude on the eve of a marriage morning."

"And so you have decided to marry my mother?" said Adelaide, bitterly.

"Don't you think it time for me to settle down?" he observed, still lazily leaning on the chair, and allowing the white smoke to curl slowly upwards amongst the green foliage of the vines. "I am no longer a very young man. It is time to think of becoming fixed, and attending seriously to the sober duties of everyday citizenship. Your mother is not a young and frivolous girl likely to obstruct a man in serious matters. And I shall not be in danger of growing jealous. I do not propose to imitate the Fitzgerald programme."

There was silence. Adelaide, who had not taken off her cloak, advanced towards him, the hood still lying back on her shoulders, her face pale and stern.

"You marry my mother," she said, "for her money. That is evident to me, and to the world."

She had crossed the centre of the floor, and stood before him, and the glow of the outer lamps fell upon her flushing eyes and pale, quivering face.

"I know it," he returned, gazing with unrestrained admiration at her.

"You are a mere moneyhunter," she said, in low, scornful tones. "You are content to decoy an old woman into marriage for the sake of a few paltry pounds, then to hasten her death by neglect, so that you may be free to spend her money on your pleasures. What do you call such conduct? In what does it differ from highway robbery? In what from common murder?"

"Murder?" he repeated, his eyes assuming their introspective glare.

"Yes, murder," said Adelaide, losing her self-command. "The besotted wretch, born in ignorance and vice, who never knew any higher life than the gin shop, he murders his wife in a drunken fury, and is hanged. But you—you, the educated gentleman, accustomed to good society and the fine arts, you are not so coarse as to strike a woman with a hatchet. Oh, no! You have a subtler method. Domestic neglect, refined insult, delicate sneers. Yes! I know my mother will die shortly after her marriage, and I know that you will have murdered her, whatever the world may think."

"This is very interesting," said Mr Gordon, knocking the ashes off his cigar against a flower pot, "I never attended a rehearsal before. Well?"

"You are not a man," said Adelaide, "I tell you so now to your face. I tell you so now, alone with you here, and seeing as I do now, that look of cruelty in your face. You would strike me if you dared. I tell you you are a coward."

Gordon looked away from her. She was drawn to her full height, her side turned towards him, glancing at him over her shoulder, with her head drawn back and her face expressive of the intense scorn which trembled in her voice. He looked away from her to hide the desire he felt either to catch her in his arms and kiss her, or strike her down at his feet. The dark blood had crimsoned his brows as she spoke, and it seemed for a moment as if he would cast his self-control aside and let his wild passions riot as they pleased. Next moment when he returned and looked at her he appeared at ease, and said, softly—

"There is one way of preventing this marriage."

"I refuse to bargain with you," she returned. "If you have not sufficient manliness to prevent it, you shall not win my assistance."

"There is only one way," he added, rising from his recumbent attitude in the chair, and holding out his hands. "Become my wife. I have loved you ever since I first met you. You can make what you please of me."

She recoiled from him with a look of horror. There was no mocking in his tone—he seemed in earnest. Without speaking, she was about to leave, when her mother appeared at the door of the conservatory. Adelaide, rushing to her, seized her by the arm, and pointing back at Gordon, cried,

"Mother, look! Do you see that man? That man there—he has this moment asked me to marry him. Ha, ha! Yes, mother, the man you think loves you."

"What are you talking about, child?" said Mrs Denison, holding back Adelaide by the shoulders and looking into her disturbed face. "Are you mad?"

"I fear," said Gordon, smilingly advancing, "her long journey has somewhat upset her mind. She is probably unconscious of what she is saying."

"Mother!" cried Adelaide. "It is true. I swear to you. You will believe me, your own child. Mother, have nothing to say to this man. He is dangerous. Avoid him!"

"Really, Adelaide," said her mother, releasing herself, "your conduct is incomprehensible. Positively insulting!"

Gordon took Mrs Denison's willing hand in his, and kissed it.

"My love," he murmured, "my own Henrietta!"

Mrs Denison drooped her head on his shoulder, and Gordon put his arms around her.

For a moment Adelaide, standing on the threshold, looked back, and met Gordon's malignant smile, now perfectly undisguised, as he gazed over her mother's head.

With a moan of terror, Adelaide fled down the stairs and out of the house.

CHAPTER LI.

"ADELAIDE."

MR Henrikson sat in a well-padded armchair before the fire. Oscar Munro was playing at the piano. The curtains were drawn, and the shutters closed, and the autumnal wind whistled pathetically in the streets. There was a shaded lamp on the table and two candles in the piano brackets, and the red glow of the fire fell across the old musician as he sat with his legs outstretched, his forehead resting on the tips of his fingers, gazing dreamily at the glowing coals.

Oscar Munro was playing very softly, and the music seemed to attune the old man's thoughts to retrospective musings, in a saddened and sober mood. Now childhood faintly outlined with the gentle mother's face, patient underevery provocation—that he could recall her to ask her forgiveness for many little misdeeds, so long forgotten and now so distinctly seen! His rough boyhood, full of shoutings and horseplay, and the long funeral on the bleak winter's morning when they told him that his mother was dead. His early manhood with its ambitions higher than the star spaces, and his little romances, illustrated with locks of hair, golden, auburn, and black, heart-burnings, jealousies, raptures—

"A lady wishes to see you, sir!"

The old man started from his reveries, and followed the servant to the hall, leaving Oscar Munro alone.

As he descended the stairs he saw, seated on a hall chair, a woman muffled in cloak and hood. She rose as he left the last step, advanced, threw back her hood, and, disregarding the presence of the servant behind, threw herself into Mr Henrikson's arms with a sudden cry of

"Maestro!"

"No. It's not—it can't be—why, bless my heart," exclaimed Mr Henrikson, holding back her face to look at it under the light of the great hall lamp. "It's the little artist! In the name of all—come in, come inside here to this room. Upon my word!"

He put his hand on her shoulder and she, half laughing and crying, was piloted into the room off the hall, and thrust down into a seat.

"So, madam! you've come back? Want some more lessons, eh? Want to scale your voice? How is that high C you could never climb up to? Bless me, this is a surprise. And that puppy upstairs, he—"

"Is Mr Munro upstairs?" she asked, looking up.

"He is, indeed, and, strange to say, he has at last composed something people will listen to. His concerto for violin and piano has been played in London, and Joachim, who saw the score, says there is something in it. There's fame for the puppy! Something in it. Up to the present everything he wrote had nothing in it. Well, madam, what brings you home?"

As he leaned against the table behind him, he noticed by the light which entered from the hall—the lamps in the room not being lit—that on her pale upturned face, framed in its scarlet hood, there was the rounder outlines of more mature womanhood, and at the same time traces of care about her mouth and dazed eyes.

"I am resting," she said, with a smile, "resting, maestro, after many months of hard work."

"Yes, I have followed your career," he returned. "Followed you, madam, from town to town. What a blessing the daily Press is! And success accompanied you everywhere."

"So people tell me," she said, modestly.

"Aha, as if you didn't know. You must be told, poor child. You are such a simple little thing, you see, you don't know whether you are successful or not until some wise person tells you. When I read of those bouquets in Glasgow—ah!"—he began to walk up and down, pressing his hands together—"I said to myself, 'I taught her! I taught her!' Do you know, madam, that those bouquets were really mine?"

"I know it, maestro. I have never forgotten. When I sing well—as I do sometimes—I always say when I come off, 'the maestro would have been pleased with that!'"

"Do you say so?" cried the old man, pausing before her with a light of rapture rekindling his faded eyes.

"I do," she replied, looking up at him. "I always think of you. And when they dragged my brougham home, I kept saying to myself, 'If the maestro could see his little artist now!'"

There was a pause of silence.

He had taken her hand, and was looking aside. There were tears in his eyes, which he did not wish her to see.

"You do think of the old maestro, then," he said, softly, "even in your triumphs?"

"Indeed I do."

"I am repaid," he said, after a pause, and, releasing her hand, he spoke in a brighter tone. "Well, dear child, how is it you are here to-night?"

"Ah, you must know," she replied, hastily. "My mother—you must have heard all. What is to be done?" She had risen now and put her hands on his arm. "Can nothing be done to prevent this terrible marriage?"

He shook his head, his hand on his lips, his eyes bent on the ground.

To be continued.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah me!

What will the mother do,

With never a call to button or pin,

Or tie a little shoe!

How can she keep herself busy all day,

With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,

Another "good-by" to say,

And the mother stands at the door to see

Her baby march away;

And turns with a sigh that is half relief,

And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,

When the children, one by one,

Will go from their home out into the world,

To battle with life alone,

And not even the baby be left to cheer

The desolate home of a future year.

She picks up garments here and there,

Thrown down in careless haste:

And tries to think how it would seem

If nothing were displaced;

If the house were always as still as this,

How could she bear the loneliness?

AN IRISHMAN IN JAPAN.

BY ANNIE BUTLER.

(Continued from our last.)

"Bah! booh!" I cry, and instantly our shadow screws up his eyes, and makes a note, which he follows by several others as I sing the well-known lines—

"Who had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?

An Irishman all in his glory was there,

With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green!"

Down was jotted that portion of the immortal melody, to live for ever in the archives of Japan, though, alas! so mutilated as not to be recognisable to its nearest and dearest. No matter! There it stands.

I soon find out that the reporting or spy system is the great mainstay of the Japanese Government. Fancy every man responsible for someone else's good conduct and obedience to the law—taking notes of his neighbour's acts, and his neighbour taking notes of his! But custom reconciles all things, and those directly interested do not seem to consider it irksome or inconvenient.

Rank and office in Japan is hereditary, and the old feudal system of Western Europe still exists in a great measure in that powerful empire. There is no rough, strong-handed justice in Japan as in China; but there is a finer, subtler way of managing matters. Beggars there are; but begging appears to be a lawful institution, not an unpleasant occupation. They are cheerfully supported out of the surplus of their neighbours, and might sing, "We are jolly beggars all." But the sweetest little beggars I saw were young pretty girls not more than 15 or 16, in robes of simple patterns, confined round the waist by broad scarfs, which scarfs, being tied in bows, hang down behind, and serve to give a finish to the toilet that, from a lack of many undergarments or even a dress improver, might otherwise be remarkable.

Their black hair was gathered under a broad hat, from under the rim of which they scattered shy smiles and glances broadcast. It struck me it would be a thousand pities to cut their hair in fringes *à la* lunatic, and put the little darlings into flannel petticoats.

The third day of our sojourn we met a group of these fascinating sprites.

"Who are they?" Alec and I eagerly inquire of Winterhalter; and the German laconically replies, "Music-singers." And sweet droning little ditties they chanted for the great representatives of Ireland, Scotland, and "the Vaterland."

"Why don't you clap, Winterhalter?" said Alec, pettishly.

"Two fools are enough to one party," growled Hans. "You will have to pay for your raptures presently."

So we had. But what man would grudge a few coins to such pretty little mendicants? Certainly not your humble servant.

During our exploring expeditions we met with nothing but courteous treatment, and I launched out into praise of the seemingly affable disposition of the Japanese. Hans gave a dry laugh as he answered, "You have up to this seen only one side of the picture; but let me tell you if they are angered, especially in the heat of drink, you might as well try to reason with tigers as with them. They will stop at nothing in their fury."

I had reason to remember his words later on. Then I only laughed, and called him a "west-winder."

By the way, they have a law—all honour to it—against gambling. Listen to that, professing Christians, and blush! Avarice is detested, but the people are industrious and persevering. In some parts the very mountain sides are cultivated, terraces being formed, and sown with grain or pulse. We had a jolly time in the rice field; but the way the harvesters did eat rice at their meals was a caution. As the elder Weller remarked about the tea-drinking young lady, they "swelled wisely."

Outside the cities, in what we call the suburbs, are pretty houses called "tea houses;" but sakee and other intoxicating beverages are sold as well as the "cheering cup." It was one of these identical "tea houses" brought our Japanese visit to an untimely end.

We had trotted about a good deal, and, feeling tired and thirsty, made for a house where Winterhalter called for something with an outlandish name. The host, a down-looking villain, served us with a very bad grace, seemingly anxious we should not remain long. As we sipped our mixture two natives entered. They were accompanied by a sailor—a weather-beaten man about 55; and how my heart bounced and banged when this jolly old tar exclaimed in the richest of brogues, "Arrah, be aisy; yiz aren't goin' to Japan me." Talk of the delight experienced on hearing Patti or any other singing celebrity trill their sweetest lay. It was nothing compared to what I felt as the dear accent of my native isle sounded on my raptured ears! Talk of two travellers suddenly meeting in a desert. Their delight was a trifle compared to mine as I rushed forward and gripped the fin of the astonished salt.

"Erin-go-Bragh!" I yelled irrelevantly.

"Och Moses! He's from th' ould counthry!" cried the sailor, squeezing my hand until I winced. "Wan o' th' ould stuff an' no mistake. Here's your good health, avick. But, be jabbers, I've nothing to drink t'ye wid."

"That's soon remedied," I replied, laughing, and signalling to Winterhalter to order some liquor.

The sailor's two companions now began to chatter with great volubility.

"What are they jabbering about?" I asked the German.

"I cannot understand all," he replied; but they seem to threaten your countryman."

"Let them!" I ejaculated fiercely; and the blood flew to my knuckles as I doubled up my fists.

At this point a female came in, and as feminine curiosity is Japan as in Ire—ahem—she stared ker very hardest at us all, particularly at Alec.

"Your bonnie yellow locks have made a conquest," I whispered to him.

"Nonsense!" And he laughed as he looked at the Japanese.

"See that man's face?" said Hans, indicating mine host.

I looked, and never before beheld such a diabolical expression on the human countenance.

"He's jealous, and means evil," went on the German.

The words were hardly uttered when the beetle-browed dastard suddenly bounded at the female and dealt her a savage blow right across the face. Now, I ask could Celtic blood stand that?

Before he could tell where he was, Macdonald and I had dealt out two "sledgers," and lo!

the landlord was occupying the position of Billy Barley in Dickens' tale.

An exclamation of pain from Alec made me turn my attention on him, and to my horror I saw blood running from either his side of his arm, I could not tell which.

"One of the devils has stabbed me," he said faintly.

Wheeling around in a frenzy of excitement, I beheld Winterhalter and the sailor belabouring the would-be assassin, whose long knife lay on the floor beside him. His companion and the woman were nowhere to be seen. The easy-going Hans was roused at last. Fire flashed from his eyes. The stabbing business had been too much even for him, and he bestowed a bump on the native's cannon-ball-like head that left him still for a time.

"We must fly for our lives," he said quickly. "The other fellow will bring assistance."

Hastily all our handkerchiefs, including a red affair of Jack's, were bound round poor Alec's wounded shoulder, and, supporting him on either side, the sailor bringing up the rear, we soon left the scene of combat behind.

I believe we owe it to my countryman that we finally escaped, as he led us by a way not generally known to strangers, and Winterhalter was certain we were pursued by the road we were supposed to have taken. Poor Macdonald was very weak when we reached our inn. Indeed, he had almost to be carried part of the way. We said nothing of our adventure, not deeming it quite prudent. Fortunately Hans was well skilled in surgery, and never travelled without a regular medicine chest, instruments, &c., so he bandaged and dressed Alec's wound, and administered a draught to allay fever and produce sleep.

"I wish we could get out of this cursed place to-morrow," I exclaimed, feeling I had got a surfeit of Japan.

"We must wait for our ship," replied the German, shortly.

"Don't wait," said Jack. "Just come down wid me to mine. Shure isn't she goin' afther t'other wan, an' can't yez boord yer own craft when yez reach port?"

"The very thing," I cried joyfully.

Winterhalter thought a moment. "Will your captain object to it?" he asked.

"Object to it? Arrah, it's proud an' happy he'll be. Shure, isn't he a Munsther man."

This was a clincher, and off went Jack bearing a letter to his captain, explaining our situation. Before the day had fairly dawned he was back, and with him a posse of jolly tars to assist us with our belongings.

The jolting of the sort of palanquin in which Alec was conveyed to the vessel sodisturbed him that fever came on, and for some time he was in a precarious condition and under the care of the ship's doctor.

We found our craft at the place we expected, and with genuine regret parted from our friends, Jack especially.

We had a fine passage home, but it was only on sighting Ireland's lovely Eye that I remembered why I had been induced to take a sea voyage.

Truly the doctor who fancied me an invalid must have been raving. A fellow who could eat, drink, sleep, and fight when occasion required.

I danced on getting back to dear dirty Dublin, and never have I had the remotest desire to see a doctor since.

The End.

OUR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

THE NIGHT LECTURES.

Some years ago whenever a respectably-dressed young man was encountered after dark staggering through the streets he was inevitably termed a medical student. Whenever street lamps were smashed, windows mysteriously broken, or knockers wrenched, these outrages were placed by an aggrieved public to the debit of "these medical students." In fact, some years ago the most inexcusably disreputable class amongst the citizens were named the medical students. We do not mean to assert that they were as black as they were painted, but we honestly admit that their moral complexion was, at all events, of an indigo hue. But times have changed.

It is no longer considered a necessary demonstration of manhood to get drunk and pawn every available article for the purpose. A nobler conception of manhood, and a more intelligent conception of the dignity of civilised citizenship, whilst uplifting society in general, has not allowed the medical students to remain in their former condition. We no longer look upon the medical students as a disgrace to the community, but, on the contrary, view them as a band of youthful scientists preparing for a profession which, aiming at the alleviation of human suffering through every means devised by the profoundest exercise of the highest human faculties, may be termed the noblest profession amongst men. The medicine man, half priest half impostor, who attended on the savage tribal communities, has developed into a man who is the servant only of the most rigidly calculated results of the purest researches of logical reason, and who, passionless and penetrative, confronts the new forms of disease and the multitudinous physical evils which are evolved from the complications of modern life. With the sphere of the medical man in its scientific circle we have nothing to do. There they must congregate alone, and discuss, according to their methods, their various theories and experiments. But when the medical man steps, ever so little, beyond the sphere of his science, he becomes an ordinary man like ourselves, and must be content to be treated from the commonplace standpoint of social utilitarianism. When the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons undertake to arrange their educational system in a manner which conflicts with any body or any one of the community, they are at once open to the criticism of the publicist. It may be said they know their own business best. But when their own business intrenches on that of others, the others are equally entitled to express their views. When the Fellows of the College of Surgeons lecture, demonstrate, and examine, they are supreme—they are beyond the criticism of the journalist. But we do not hesitate to say that specialists, not alone of science, but in every department of intellectual activity, have a tendency to narrow-mindedness on questions outside the special line

of work to which they devote their main strength; and we may therefore logically assume that, generally speaking, specialists outside their own sphere are ignorant and prejudiced.

The continuous exercise of the faculties in one direction weakens the mind in other directions, and men like Sir Isaac Newton or Mr Darwin would probably commit frightful blunders if called on to legislate concerning the poor laws or the municipalisation of ground rents.

The general public have a good-natured desire to consider a man who is intellectually brilliant to be equally resplendent on every facet of his mind. This generous conception is not justified by facts. The most successful investigator of the obscurest of physical problems is not always above the social weakness which hankers after a carriage and pair and a house in Merrion square. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find a wonderfully able scientist toadying to persons who are socially notable, but intellectually beneath contempt. Take, for instance, Sir Morell Mackenzie, who abjectly abases himself before the shade of "Frederick the Noble," as if there were not thousands of humble persons as nobly and patiently bearing equal sufferings every day around us. Now, it is absolutely necessary to remind the public of these facts, in particular view of the recent discussions of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons concerning the night lectures. Our readers will recollect that the system of night lectures was devised to meet the necessitous case of young men who were anxious to become students, but were engaged during the daytime in business. We need scarcely point out that the recruit who is most likely to adorn the ranks of medical science is he who possesses such enthusiasm and love for medical studies as to sacrifice to them the few hours which remain to him after a laborious day. If there is one class more worthy of encouragement, more worthy of every possible compromise, more worthy of our admiration, it is the young men who are willing to sacrifice such brief leisure to the arduous study of medical science. The day students are as a rule the sons of well-to-do people. They are asked to do nothing but work at their chosen studies all day, and their parents usually provide the fees. We wish them every success, but we decline to have them selected as a chosen medical caste, possessing a monopoly of the medical profession, whilst the young men who are willing to work at night and to pay the fees out of their own hard-won earnings are repudiated and treated as outcasts. We wish no slight to the day students, but for our part, we would be inclined, if ill, to place great reliance on that medical attendant who had gained his position by a stern fight against antagonistic social circumstances.

Bearing in mind our assertions concerning the tendency to social weaknesses amongst specialists, we have no hesitation in stating that the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons have no moral right to legislate in this matter of the night students. It is a question to be decided by the community, and if the professors refuse to abide by the decision of the community other professors can take their places, or even if the ridiculous unwritten laws of professional etiquette debarred this alternative, society is not at the end of its resources. Some means would be found whereby this most admirable ambition on the part of the night students would achieve consummation. We know of no monopoly more

likely to react perniciously on society than a medical monopoly, and we greatly misjudge the intelligence of our fellow-citizens if they allow such an evil to be nourished in their midst. The Council are ready to produce statistics to show that the night system is a failure, statistics which will undeniably prove that a large percentage of the night students fall out, and that on the whole the system results in pecuniary loss to the Royal College of Surgeons.

What their statistics will not show us is that the professors are unwilling to compromise concerning the pecuniary resources of the night students, that they are unwilling to abate their pound of flesh in the matter of fees, and that they insist on a young man who, perhaps, earns a small salary behind a counter, placing his £150 down before he can take out his diploma.

We can well understand that the night lectures have resulted in a pecuniary loss to the College. But there is another pecuniary loss they leave out of their calculations, and that is the loss to the students. It is monstrous and unjustifiable to demand from the struggling night students the same fees as those paid by the day students, who are in more favourable social circumstances.

Naturally, under such grinding conditions, many an unfortunate enthusiast must drop off when it is a question between a diploma and starvation.

If the professors were as true to their duties as citizens as they are to those of their professions; if they placed the general cause of science above their own personal pecuniary advantages, they would adopt a scale of fees for the night students, and be contented with a smaller percentage of gains for lecturing, in deference to the necessities of their poorer fellow-citizens. As we have said, it is the Council's duty, in a matter of this kind which intrenches on the social life of the community, to legislate in an enlightened and philanthropic manner, with due consideration for the wishes of the general public. We can assure them that the general public warmly support the system of night lectures, and the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons will rise higher in the public estimation if they adopt a lower scale of fees for the night students, and refrain from exhibiting a tendency towards making medical and surgical science the monopoly of a social caste.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HUMAN HAIR.

The question has often been asked—whence comes all the human hair used by peruke and wig-makers in these countries, and thinking a few notes in connection with this important industry would be interesting to our lady readers we paid a visit to the well-appointed establishment of Mr George Lucas, No 6 Suffolk street, Dublin, and elicited from him the following facts.

The greatest portion of the imported hair comes from France, Italy, and Spain, and is of a dark brown colour. A smaller quantity comes from Russia, Prussia, and the Northern countries, which is fair coloured. All white hair is bleached by a very difficult process which extracts all the colouring matter. Upwards of £500,000 worth of raw hair is received into England every year, supplied by Continental countries. China yields coarse black hair which

is only suitable for wigs and for theatrical purposes, the climate having a good deal to do with the quality of the hair. The convents in Ireland frequently send large quantities of hair. These tresses are far superior in quality to any received from abroad, owing to the great care given to them by their owners before entering the communities, and this hair fetches the best prices in the market. Manufactured hair goes through a careful process of cleaning and carding in a machine fitted with needles which comb and clean each individual hair.

There is a great demand for fair hair in consequence of its scarcity, and this fetches a long price; and it is not perhaps so generally known as it should be that ladies shed their hair by neglecting the scalp and omitting to clean it properly from dandruff. The new colour for faded or grey hair is brown (*foucee*), which is in great demand in London at present; and the latest invention (which may be seen at Mr Lucas's in Suffolk street) is a net made of fine human hair, woven so admirably and artistically that the natural skin of the head shows through, almost defying detection. Mr Lucas, who is 30 years established in Dublin, holds the appointment of Court hair-dresser and perfumer to the Lord Lieutenant and the Royal Family, and manufactures wigs from first to last on his Suffolk street premises, doing at the same time a large business in every branch of this industry. He has besides a magnificent saloon for haircutting purposes, elaborately fitted up, which is well worthy of a visit.

DUBLIN SKETCHING CLUB.

The exhibition of pictures now on view at the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth street, will repay all lovers of art, and particularly those who take an interest in the formation of an Irish School of Art, distinct and characteristic in itself.

The Amateur and Artists' Society have amalgamated with the Sketching Club, and the exhibition consists of the selected pictures of both societies, the pictures "illustrating subjects chosen for work at the club meetings and excursion sketches." The collection of this year is a marked advance on that of last year, and it is evident at a glance that the committee of selection have judiciously raised their standard. This standard should rise higher and higher every year. It is infinitely more good-natured than wise to keep the standard so low that the most careless and mediocre amateur may not be disappointed at being hung; it is obvious that a policy of this kind tends inevitably to the deterioration of art, and is disastrously opposed to that which the committee should have at heart—the formation of an Irish school, racy of the soil.

For years past our native artists have been unaccountably satisfied to be dragged ignominiously at the tail of the British school, and those who revolted against the degradation have drifted out to sea touching at all coasts—France, Italy, and Holland, but steering clear of their own native land.

And what is the result? The complete annihilation of Irish artists in the European mind. Is

it not a matter of obvious logic that an artist will paint better what he sees around him than the scenes of foreign places which he observes either in a fleeting visit or purely in imagination? Even if Ireland was a country destitute of the picturesque in natural scenery and of characteristic interest in its inhabitants, there would still be no excuse whatever for the want of an Irish school of art. One of the most vigorous and most attractive schools is the Scottish, which has obtained world-wide reputation, and no man can say that the natural artistic resources of that country are superior or more interesting than our own. But take Holland, a flat and uninviting land, with its commonplace population and grey skies. What school is more famous or more admired than the Dutch school, both of figures and landscape? And why? Because the Dutch artists lovingly devoted themselves to the objects around them, and did not despise these things because they were native. It seems absolutely necessary to place these remarks constantly before our native artists, because until they devote themselves to what is around them—the skies, the fields they see every day, the beings they pass in the streets or observe on the roadside—they will never rise to the dignity of a concrete individuality and assuredly never attract the notice of the world. We are happy to say, however, that we observe this year an increased tendency towards native subjects, but none of our artists have as yet produced a work to which we could point and say, "This is an Irish masterpiece, and the beginning of a new era of art." Many of the artists are Dubliners, yet, with one exception, there is only one scene characteristic of this city. The many differentiated characters of the streets, the political gatherings, the everyday life of the streets have not been touched. Yet if an artist could stand apart from the stream of life and divest himself of the fatal prejudices of localism, he would see at any hour and on any day scenes and characters which, if he could faithfully portray, would render him immortal. These remarks are verified by the exception to which we allude—No. 239, "Below the Custom House, River Liffey," by J. N. Bolton, which is one of the best, perhaps the best picture in the entire collection. Again, there is faint indication that our artists are attracted by the social life of our own time, and hence a remarkable paucity of modern "Interiors." Surely modern drawing-rooms are not devoid of artistic interest or modern life of domestic episodes? On the whole, however, we are glad that this exhibition is a decided advance, and the tendency healthy and local. Next week we shall begin a careful examination of the best of the pictures in detail.

TURFOMANIA.

Leopardstown Autumn Meeting closed the Irish racing season. Successful though the wind-up affair at Foxrock was, I cannot help deploring that the management of the Club should have fought with those who, at the outset were their best friends. What attracted the 40,000 persons who patronised Foxrock course last August? The favourable reports of the racing correspondents of the Dublin journals. What kept the people away last week, I need not say. If the

promoters of Leopardstown think that they can get on without the assistance of the newspapers, they labour under an egregious mistake. Properly managed, the Club should prosper, and be as profitable an institution as either Sandown Park or Kempton, but discourtesy to some owners and trainers, and snobishness to journalists will not bring about this end.

Not a single accident occurred over the steeplechase track, which has been pronounced the best in Ireland. The stiffest fence is that situate behind Captain Quinn's house, and the horse that negotiates this obstacle without making a mistake is entitled to a hunter's certificate.

Mr H. S. Croker has greatly improved as a starter. His efforts with the red flag were generally successful at Leopardstown, but in the Club Handicap when the ensign was dropped Helmsman was a long way in the rear, and could never make up lost ground. On the other hand, King of Diamonds got a big advantage, and was never caught.

Mr E. F. Hewison was heard to say at Leopardstown, "I don't know who Mr Bagge is." For his information I may say Mr C. W. Bagge is one of the most popular sportsmen in Ireland. He was for two years the master of the Duhallow Hounds, and at one time was the proprietor of Bismarck. We suppose Mr Hewison will ask who is Bismarck.

No one felt surprised when they saw in the *Irish Times* the announcement that an investigation was to be held into the running of Louisa in the Leinster Steeplechase at Leopardstown. I think the Stewards treated Shanahan very leniently in merely cautioning him. Either the boy is guilty or not. The finding of the stewards is—"Not guilty, but don't do it again."

After all Shanahan has been censured for what scores of others have done with impunity during the past year at meetings in the West of Ireland. If Mr C. J. Blake, unobserved, had been at Listowel the other day he would have had his eyes opened by an extraordinary performance.

The Leopardstown Stewards have ruled once and for all that the Press representatives shall not enter the reserved enclosure at Foxrock. If they got members' tickets to-morrow the race reporters would not enter the place.

This is the handicap of a friend—
THE CIVILITY STAKES.

		st.	lbs.
R. M. K. Waters	...	12	7
E. F. Hewison	...	9	7

Betting—100 to 1 on Waters, who won in a canter.

Mr Rodey Miley is engaged in painting Wild Rake for Mr R. D. Jameson.

Mr J. D. Wardell is unfortunate. He paid £400 for Ashleaf, who broke his fetlock joint and was destroyed last week.

I never stated Mr Wildman rode an artistic finish on Battle Royal.

Is it true we will read at next Leopardstown Meeting the following—

NOTICE.

The members of the upper ten
May freely enter here,
All gallant military men
Acquainted with a peer;
To leaders of society,
To Nimrods of the Bar,
To swells of each variety
These gates shall stand ajar;
But no plebeian journal
To this heaven shall gain access,
For we place a bar eternal
On the Members of the Press.

At any civic potentate
We would not draw the line,
The merchant or the magistrate,
The eminent divine,
The R.I.C. inspector,
The trainer from Kildare,
The railway Co. director,
Least of all the ladies fair.
But in case our condescension
Should be carried to excess
We will draw the line we mention
At the members of the Press.

The butcher and the baker's man
Of course can enter here,
The father with his caravan
Of children in the rear,
The sailor from the ocean blue,
The fiery-faced hussar,
The nymph avec a beau or two
Our pleasure cannot mar.
For exclusiveness we're zealous,
And we're eager to express
Our abhorrence for those "fellahs"
Ye sept Members of the Press.

We do not raise objections
To doctors or T.C.'s
Or to those who are connected
With verbose Q.C.'s.
But we wish it to be clearly
And distinctly understood
That a man who is a journalist
Can come to nothing good.
So those who stand without this gate
Need look for no redress,
For "our members" don't associate
With Members of the Press.

This week attention will be directed to the Liverpool November Meeting, where Dictator will win the Hurdle, Queen of the May the Sefton, Battle Royal the Hunt Steeplechase, and Fullerton or Ashplant the Cup.

TURFOMANIAC.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

The ancient pageant of the 9th November is destined probably in time to become as unimportant a function as the commemoration of the celebrated Gunpowder Plot, which precedes it by a few days.

Whether this be arrived at through the great municipal changes so often talked about, or in consequence of the excellent example of the Lord Mayor-elect in divesting the procession of the ridiculous circus element, may not be demonstrable, but the result is equally beneficial. In these days of universal education our population is too sophisticated to look with awe and wonder on emblematic figures in gold paper and foil, swaying on the top of a rickety tricked-out waggon, in feeble caricature of Peace and Plenty—constantly, too, in sad need of umbrellas.

Even the young children—the only credulous spectators left—are now-a-days so serious-minded that the necessary holiday from school is as likely not to be asked as granted.

But when, as in the case of Mr Alderman Whitehead, this exclusion means a saving of £1,000, to be devoted to the purpose of charity, the sympathy of all will be ensured to so promising an opening of a mayoralty. Then for the consolation of sight-lovers it should not be forgotten that Messrs Tangers provide gratis a brave display of their whole company—horses, riders, elephants, and gigantic gilt cars drawn by sixteen horses at least, in all provincial towns and London suburbs in the spring.

The scheme for establishing an Association of Lady Guides in London (which must not be confounded with the Travellers' Aid Society, an excellent institution in full working order) seems in a fair way of success. Miss Davies, the energetic projector, with whom I had a conversation a few days ago, speaks confidently of the progress already made. The plan is very extended, for it aims not only at relieving travellers and visitors from all anxieties and difficulties on arriving in a strange city, but also at supplying congenial and remunerative employment to distressed gentlewomen. I think we must all have experienced (ladies especially) the awkwardness of finding ourselves strangers in an unknown locality. The hotels that friends have recommended to us, or where we have engaged rooms by letter, may not always suit us; we have a general idea of what we want to see, but no understanding of distances or neighbourhoods, and much money is spent and valuable time wasted for want of a little organisation. The services of a lady guide would be inestimable under such circumstances, and what is true for individuals would be equally true for a party. London is such a wilderness that I can conceive use for a Londoner of a lady guide for a day's sight-seeing, and the value to country cousins coming up for a few days should be incalculable. In addition the Lady Guide Association would be prepared to correspond with intending visitors, and a whole programme could be arranged beforehand. Miss Davies' address is 5 Lauderdale road, W. There is something very fascinating to me in this proposed occupation, and I should greatly enjoy doing cicerone to any intelligent party of foreigners or provincials. I would not have them miss a visit to the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, under the experienced baton of Mr Manus, of which the thirty-third series has just begun. These concerts are one of the great features of our winter season, and are well supported by the local gentry, who are otherwise somewhat disdainful of the treasure house in their midst. Unfortunately the distance from London is great, but the pretext to drive out *via* Peckham and Dulwich to take luncheon in one of our prettiest suburbs is difficult to resist, and the musical treat that invariably follows is often unequalled by any concert-room in London.

Admirers of Mr F. H. Cowen's songs (and who can be aught else to the composer of "It was a Dream") will be glad to hear of a new one, "Years," quite worthy of his name, but somewhat serious in subject. In a lighter vein and thoroughly telling is "Happy Three" by the veteran composer, Roedel.

Mr Hamish M'Cunn, who has sprung into fame lately for the purity and magnitude of his themes and his grasp of orchestration, has brought out a charming song, "I'll tend thy

Bower," full of musical fire, and remarkable for great originality of accompaniment.

The forthcoming School Board elections are beginning to rouse ladies to the fact that all those who are ratepayers will have a vote in the election of members, and all who have no vote can canvass or interest themselves for a worthy representative on so grave a subject as the management and education of the young generation.

Signs of approaching Christmas are visible in the toy-shops, and dolls of irresistible fascination decorate the windows. A very beautiful feature in connection with this activity is the competition established by a prominent contemporary for supplying dolls to the little inmates of the London hospitals, and the impetus thus given has led to doll shows and doll bees in different directions for charitable purposes. New toys tend mostly to take artistic and mechanical forms, but I am quite sure that there is never any toy so popular in the nursery as the battered wooden horse or defaced, unkempt dolls that weathered many storms and "braved the battle and the breeze."

Various oddities from Japan have lately reached us in the toy line. Japanese children seem to have a strange fancy for miniature skeletons in every imaginable attitude, and funny books of fairy tails and adventures, generally dealing with the miraculous transformations of birds and animals, are very popular. After reading to a dear little boy of four years old one of these stories, which interested him greatly, I asked him next morning if he had dreamt of "Monomaha" at which, after a moment's hesitation, he raised his big blue eyes to mine and said solemnly, "I have not yet learned how to dream!"

Now that the significant bell of the muffin man, and the closing in of daylight, warns us that afternoon tea is an institution not to be trifled with, I am rejoiced to see how universal the anti-tannic system of infusion is becoming. When first a kind and gracious friend sent me an "infuser" for placing upon a breakfast or a tea cup the apparatus had not been extended to the tea pot, which I deem a great advance, since it transfers its merits from one to many.

My attention has lately been drawn to a very useful design—Bean's patent—in the form of a miniature urn with infuser fixed in the top, and below a tap for withdrawing the tea. It is not generally known that the much reviled muffin is, in reality, a far more wholesome morsel to eat with tea than any kind of cake, on account of the liberal quantity of butter it absorbs—fatty substances tending to counteract the deleterious effect on the nerves produced by tea.

An adjournment to a theatre after a wedding continues to be a fashionable "finish" to the event of the day, and a brilliant party occupying two rows of stalls anticipated only by a couple of evenings finding themselves in company with the Princess of Wales and her daughters at the performance of the "Yeoman of the Guard." Our Royalties (the Queen always excepted) are diligent patrons of the drama and most public amusements, but the climax was surely reached last week when the Princess and Princesses travelled from Sandringham in Norfolk and back in one day to witness Professor Baldwin's farewell ascent from the grounds of the Alexandra Palace previous to his quitting our shores for Australia. The Prince was also present and personally complimented the successful aeronaut. In the evening H.R.H. attended a first night performance of a new

burlesque at the Gaiety entitled "Faust up to Date."

A correspondent in Paris writes me of the futile attempts made to prevent the marriage of Mdlle. Boulanger being used as the occasion of a political demonstration—vainly, as we all know, for the admirers of the General mustered in force, and, in spite of police opposition, surrounded and cheered their favourite, both going to the church and on his return. The bride's dress was in white moire antique, caught up at the sides and train with ivory satin ribbon. I cannot quite fancy this combination. The two shades scarcely blend, and if contrast were aimed at, it was too definite. Madame Boulanger did not attend the ceremony. She is said to disapprove of the match, and has moreover the excuse of delicate health—a perfectly valid excuse, for Mme. Boulanger's absence from the scenes of her husband's triumphs is due to the fact that she is an undoubted invalid. She is also credited with resenting her husband's devotion to the Theatre Francais and the occasional gallantries which rumour imputes to him. The ovation he has received on this occasion leaves no doubt of his continued popularity—a popularity difficult to understand of a man who has never achieved anything, and in a country where, it is said, ridicule kills. This, one would have thought, he had earned when "pinked" by the portly M. Floquet, or when dubbed hero of the *Cafe-Chantant*. But for once the people have condoned this absence of prowess in a "militaire"—an inconsistency only to be accounted for by the restless spirit, ever demanding change, which so sadly characterises La Belle France. M. Boulanger is far from being a rich man, but he is backed up—so the story goes—by the gold of a well-known millionaire (of other than French nationality) who will rule supreme should "le General" ever come to the front.

Such a charmingly laid table as I saw the other evening at a *petit diner entime!* Only seaweed, gathered and pressed by the daughters of the house, but so complete and fanciful in arrangement that it might have been intended for a banquet of "the nymphs that dwell beneath the wave." A quaint block of white coral constituted the centre piece, into which was ingeniously inserted a tiny light—of the "child's night lights" genus. Feathery *cheveux de frise* of seaweed wound round this centre, and spreading branches trailed their delicate tracery on the damask, or rested, forming fantastic lattice work, against the domes of fairy lamps. It was exceedingly pretty—an original and graceful embellishment, within the reach of all.

The secret for making the delicious bon-bon known as "Nougat de Montelimart" has been imparted to me, and as it is an excellent addition to dessert and not difficult of achievement, my readers may care for the receipt. Dissolve in a delicately clean saucepan one pound of honey. Stir occasionally as soon as it comes to the boil, and let it cook until on withdrawing a small quantity it will crack easily as soon as cold. Then add two whites of eggs, well beaten to froth. Draw to the side of the fire and continue stirring. Let it boil up until it again thickens; then throw in half a pound of blanched and dried almonds (be particular that they are well dried before the fire or in the oven), and when thoroughly mixed spread to the thickness of one and a-half inches on a sheet of confectioner's wafer, or, failing this, letter paper buttered may do; cut it into finger

lengths before cooling, and stand it aside to get cold. It will keep any length of time. AMINA.

LA REVEILLE.

ITALIAN OPERA, GAIETY THEATRE.—The fact that the present company at the Gaiety will sing for twelve nights in the language of Italy constitutes the chief explanation for assuming the title of Italian Opera. Mozart and Wagner, two Germans, Gounod and Bizet, the Parisians, figure largely in the programme as composers; and amongst the vocalists are American, Scottish, Russian, and Irish names. There could scarcely be a better company or a better programme, and we anticipate a successful run for Mr Augustus Harris's venture. At the same time we are conscious that with the rise of theatrical competition in this city the tax of double prices must inevitably disappear.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—On Monday night Miss Mabel Hayes' company commenced a week's engagement at this house in J. W. Whitbread's latest drama, "True to the Last." The plot runs, like most works of a melo-dramatic character, on the old familiar lines of villainy for a time triumphant and virtue exposed to unmerited persecutions and sufferings, culminating as usual in the utter discomfiture of treachery and vice, and teaching a moral which the wickedly-disposed would be all the better of applying. The dialogue in point of terseness and evenness of diction is far ahead of the ordinary run of dramas of this kind, while the situations are telling, and several of them actually startling. Among the latter is the portrayal of a coal pit on fire, the descent to the blazing mine being one of the most realistic scenes witnessed on the Dublin stage for a long time. Most of the characters are really well represented—notably that of "Jack Hardy" (Mr James W. Poole), "Philip Houston," the villain (Mr H. W. Varna) and "Tom Boozle" (Mr T. H. Solly). Miss Mabel Hayes plays the part of "Lena" gracefully; and on the whole Mr Whitbread may be fairly congratulated on the success of "True to the Last," which was fully testified to by the hearty applause bestowed on it by a full house on the opening night. On next Monday evening and during the week the management announce "Hands Across the Sea," a piece not hitherto produced in Dublin.

GRAND CONCERT OF IRISH MUSIC, ANCIENT CONCERT ROOMS.—This concert, in aid of the City of Dublin Hospital, was given last Saturday before a crowded and cultured audience. The condition of the concert hall is disgraceful. The platform, which could be made exceedingly attractive with the assistance of a broom and some taste, was encrusted with dust, and was adorned with two decrepid shrubs in broken tubs. The hangings on the window were cheap and ragged, and the walls sadly in want of painting. The owners of this concert hall will not serve their interests by presenting it, at the beginning of the season in such a state. The concert was undeniably successful. We are glad to find a growing tendency to discover and cultivate native music. The Dublin Quartet Union sang admirably, and have improved considerably since last season. Miss Maud Gonne was strikingly statuesque, attired as Erin with long white robe and green shawl; she has a voice of pathetic timbre, and her posing was original and picturesque. Her recital of

"Emmet's Death" was listened to by the most critical and cultured of Dublin audiences with profound attention, and was most deservedly applauded. Dr. Tisdall, a great representative of another school of reading, recited "Shemus O'Brien," and responded to an enthusiastic recall. Mr Melfort d'Alton, whom the newspapers would probably style "a rising young tenor," sang "Savourneen Dheelish" very artistically, and, being encored, gave "Believe Me if all, &c.," with even better effect. He is becoming wise enough to dispense with those little theatricalisms through which he used to reveal his romantic soul last season. He is clever, enthusiastic, and deservedly popular. Mrs Dowd's selection of Irish airs on the harp was one of the best items. This magnificent instrument has been unaccountably neglected of late years. Miss Frederika Taylor sang several songs in an unobtrusive, cultivated manner; and Mr Charles Kelly was perfectly at home in "Father O'Flynn." This concert was unique for one interesting circumstance—it was conducted, and admirably conducted by Miss C. M. Taylor, Mus. Bac., our distinguished fellow-citizen.

THE MALAHIDE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—The annual general meeting of the Malahide Lawn Tennis Club was held at the Secretary's residence, 4 Killeen terrace, Malahide, on Thursday evening, the 1st November—Mr John Godley, B.L. in the chair. The minutes of the last general meeting having been read and confirmed, the meeting proceeded to elect committee and officers for the year 1888-9. Having first passed a vote of thanks to the retiring secretary, Mr W. H. Maunder, for the energetic manner in which he had worked the club during the past season, and for the satisfactory financial position in which the club now is owing to his exertions, the President and Vice-President were re-elected, and Mr W. H. Maunder was re-appointed Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, and the following were elected unanimously as the new committee men—John Godley, B.L.; John Henry Russell, B.L.; Wm. H. Russell, Thomas Robertson, and H. Tandy Cannon. We may add we are of opinion that the new committee, all of whom are ardent tennis players, will work admirably together, and still further improve the position of the club by seconding the secretary's efforts in every way; and we understand that there is every probability of the tournament which used some years ago to be held annually at Malahide, being held under their auspices in the summer of next year.

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.—GEORGE LUCAS, Court Hairdresser and Perfumer, 6 Suffolk street, Dublin. The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saloons are the most central, commodious, cheerful, and best ventilated in the city. C. Lucas, Practical Hairdresser and Ornamental Hair Manufacturer, by special appointment to the Royal Family and successive Lord Lieutenants. Inventor of the Toupet to hide thin partings, grey hair, and bald places. No hairpin required to keep it in its place. Made on invisible hair-lace foundation to any size or shape of the head. G. Lucas, who can be consulted free on all conditions and treatment of the hair, is assisted by a numerous and efficient staff of experienced hands, including Parisian artistes specially retained for the attendance of Ladies. Hairdressing Saloon also at Shelbourne Hotel. Charges most reasonable for first-class attendance.—[ADVT.]

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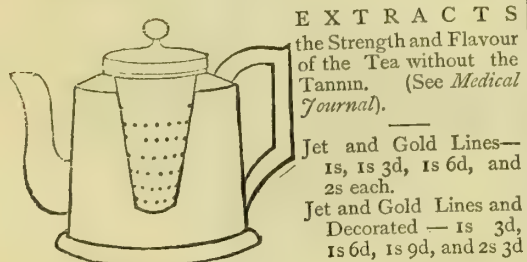
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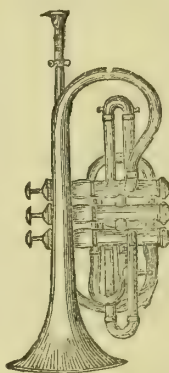
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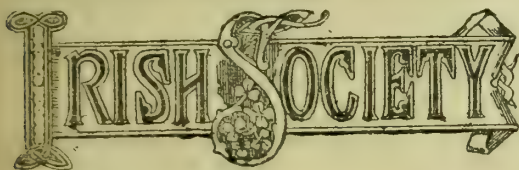
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WEEK ENDING 17th NOVEMBER, 1888.

EDITOR'S NOTICES.

NEW STORIES.

With next week's issue Mr M'Nulty's "Phantasms of the Streets" will come to an end, and the Editor has much pleasure in announcing that he has secured the sole right of publication in Dublin of Baring Gould's new story, which competent critics have declared to be the best tale yet produced by this popular and versatile writer. The opening instalment of Mr Gould's new story will appear in the first number of our Second Volume in January next. Until then arrangements have been made with several local authors of repute by which we shall be enabled to publish a series of short, crisp stories, the first of which, "A Ring and a Life," by R. Wogan MacDonnell, will be commenced next week.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The printers are now busily engaged "working off" the Special Christmas Number of IRISH SOCIETY, and we hope to have it completed and ready for the public on Monday, November 26, 1888. It will contain four specially written stories, one of which extends to 23 chapters; fireside games and pastimes, anecdotes, legends, facetiae, poetry, &c., &c., together with a specially-composed Waltz by a Dublin gentleman of well-known musical ability, entitled

"IRISH SOCIETY WALTZ," which will no doubt be a popular feature of our first Christmas Number. Agents and others are requested to furnish their orders without delay to

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The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, the Hon. Marie Adeane, and Miss M'Neill, drove on Friday to the Glassalt Shiel and took luncheon there, returning to Balmoral in the afternoon. Her Majesty's stay in the North is drawing to a close. She will leave for Windsor by special train on Thursday, the 15th, and, travelling all night, will reach London early on Friday morning.

Miss Henderson has been appointed to succeed the late Mrs Henderson as housekeeper at Windsor. The salary is £112 per annum, and there are besides numerous "perks" and privileges. When the Emperor Nicholas stayed at Windsor in 1844, he presented £500 and a magnificent diamond ornament to the housekeeper, a large sum of money to be divided among the servants, while the lords-in-waiting and equerries received richly-chased gold snuff boxes.

The Prince of Wales celebrated the 47th anniversary of his birth on Friday at Sandringham, the customary rejoicings taking place on the estate. The labourers were entertained at a dinner at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Three hundred sat down to the repast. Towards the end of the repast the Prince and Princess, with their family and guests, paid a visit to the dining hall and were received with the heartiest demonstrations.

A county ball was given at Sandringham in the evening, a very large assembly responding to the numerous invitations. Among the many guests stying at Sandringham are the Duc d'Aumale, the Count and Countess of Paris, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Countess of Dudley, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Count Gleichen, Prince Louis Esterhazy, Mr and Mrs Adrian Hope, &c.

The anniversary was celebrated in Dublin by the hoisting of several flags, and in London in the customary manner, salutes being fired at the Tower and Horse Guards Parade. Many of the West End firms and most of the theatres and clubs illuminated at night.

The Emperor of Germany met his mother, the Empress Frederick, at Bornstedt, near Potsdam, on Tuesday, and examined the plans for the mausoleum of the Emperor Frederick, beside the

Friedenskirche, at that place. The building, having been approved by the Emperor, as head of the Royal Family, was commenced the next day, and it is hoped that it will be finished in twelve months. The Emperor's coffin, which is still in the sacristy, will shortly be removed to the chapel, where the remains of his two deceased sons are deposited. By the desire of the widowed Empress, photographs taken of the Emperor after his death are no longer to be exposed in the shop windows for sale.

It is now settled that the Czar will pay his return visit to the Emperor William at Berlin in the month of May. At a subsequent date the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy are expected.

The Italian Crown Prince is ere long to be betrothed to Princess Clementine, younger daughter of the King of the Belgians.

The Queen of Portugal, her second son, the Duke of Oporto, and a numerous suite, arrived in Paris on Tuesday night from the South of Germany. Her Majesty is travelling *incognito* under the title of the Duchess of Ginmaraes.

Queen Nathalie, writing to her friend, Princess Urusoff, repeats that she considers the divorce pronounced against her the height of injustice. She pardons the metropolitan Archbishop Theodosios, who, old and feeble, feared exile like his predecessor. The letter concludes thus—"Milan had in me at one time an affectionate wife, in the future he will have an implacable enemy, who will not pardon his infamous conduct. I intend to retire to the Court at St. Petersburg, where I have been most courteously invited by the Czar. Milan may now fear the vengeance of an unjustly outraged woman. I trust to the sympathy of the Servian people, who will not be slow to perceive in Milan a despot and a vile tool of the Austrian Government. The Servians will not be able to restrain from driving him from his throne as he deserves."

It is said that the King of Greece will visit Berlin next autumn, and that the Emperor William has promised to go to Athens to be present at the marriage of the Duke of Sparta and the Princess Sophie of Prussia.

Prince Henry of Battenberg left London on Thursday for Darmstadt on a visit to his father, the state of whose health is causing some anxiety.

The Betrothal of Archduke Leopold Salvator with Donna Bianca, Princess of Bourbon, only surviving daughter of Don Carlos, took place on the 31st October at Vienna. The Archduke is a son of the Archduke Karl Salvator and Archduchess Maria Immaculata, daughter of the

late King Ferdinand of the two Sicilies. On his father's side, Archduke Leopold belongs to the House of Tuscany, and was born August the 21st, 1866. He holds the rank of Captain in the Austrian army. Princess Bianca was born in Gratz, September the 7th 1868, and is therefore now 20 years of age.

The newly-elected General Harrison, is the twenty-third President of the United States. He is the grandson of President Harrison, in whose house he was born in August 1833. "Ben" Harrison, as he is familiarly called, was educated at Cincinnati school, and afterwards at the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, after leaving which he studied law. He married in 1853 Miss Carrie L. Scott, daughter of the Rev. A. W. Scott, of Oxford, Ohio, and has two children. In 1862, after the early reverses of the Federal troops, he obtained a lieutenant's commission, and, leaving his lucrative business, went into camp and within a month led to the front 1,000 men. He remained with Sherman's army till the close of the war, and was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne spent several days last week at Alnwick Castle, as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. Eleanor, Dowager Duchess of Northumberland and a distinguished party were also invited during the stay of her Royal Highness.

The last works of art ordered by the Emperor Frederick were four colossal figures in sandstone, representing the Art of War, the Natural Sciences, Jurisprudence, and History. They will shortly be put in their place on the roof of the Old Berlin Palace, hitherto unadorned.

The marriage of the Emperor of China, Kuang-Su, will be celebrated the 27th of the first month of the 15th year of his reign, which will be the 26th February, 1889. The Emperor is 18 years of age, and appears to be gifted with great activity of mind. Every morning at four o'clock he receives his ministers for the purpose of compiling and signing State papers, and afterwards the great functionaries of the Empire whom he questions on local affairs. After these audiences he goes into his Cabinet, which he does not leave except to review the troops of the palace. The name of the future Empress is To-Te, which signifies "Excellent Virtue." She is 17, and is the daughter of the Duke Tsao, brother of the reigning Emperor.

The marriage of Mr Francis A. Molony, Royal Engineers, and Miss Catherine Grigg, daughter of Mr Grigg, of Heathfield, South Devon, took place in parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on Thursday afternoon. Mr Bernard Ward was best man, and the bride's sister her only bridesmaid. The wedding party were afterwards entertained in the walnut rooms of the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar square. Later in the afternoon Mr and Mrs Francis Molony left on their way to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The marriage took place on the 7th inst. in Cappamore Church, County Limerick, between Vere Hunt, Esq., J.P., and Zillah Edith Bredin, only daughter of the late William Bredin, Esq., J.P., of Castlegarde, Pallas green, County Lime-

rick. Owing to a recent bereavement in the family the wedding was quite private. The bride was married in a grey tailor-made gown, handsomely braided in silver, and a grey and silver bonnet to match, and carried a large bouquet of rare exotics. She was given away by her step-brother, Hugh Massy O'Grady, Esq., 107th Royal Sussex Regiment. Her presents were numerous and handsome, comprising jewellery, plate, furniture, &c. &c. In the afternoon the happy pair left for Dublin en route to England.

A very fashionable assembly on Tuesday afternoon witnessed the marriage of Mr Edward Constable-Curtis, second son of Captain Constable-Curtis, of the Hall, Great Berkhamstead, and Elca Rose, eldest daughter of Sir Francis B. Alston, K.C.M.G., of the Foreign Office. The ceremony took place in St. Michael's Church. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr Henry Constable-Curtis. There were six bridesmaids, and the service was partly choral. The Dean of Winchester, uncle of the bride, officiated, Sir Francis Alston giving his daughter away. After the ceremony the wedding party were received by Sir Francis and Lady Alston at their residence in Eccleston square. The company included—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria of Teck, the Turkish Ambassador, Lord Savile, Lord Truro, Sir George and Lady Dallas, Lord Terence Blackwood, Lady Boston, Sir Percy Anderson, &c. At four o'clock the newly-married pair left for Italy.

The marriage of Mr Reginald Francis Knollys, son of Colonel Knollys, and grandson of the late General Sir William Knollys, K.C.B., and Annie, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Davidson Kemp, of Chigwell, Essex, was solemnised on Thursday, October 18th, at St. John's Church, Bellize, British Honduras.

Mr Trevor Griffith Boscawen, of The Cumbers, near Whitchurch, is engaged to Miss Lilian Bellers, youngest daughter of Colonel R. B. Bellers, of The Grove, Worcester, and Bacton Manor, Herefordshire. The marriage will take place on the 18th of December.

On Wednesday, the 21st of November, Mr Roderick Mackenzie and Miss Maud Higginson will be married at the Parish Church, Marlow, Bucks, at a quarter to 1 o'clock.

Mr Chamberlain is now on his way to America in order to marry Miss Mary Endicott, daughter of the American Minister for War. The wedding will probably take place on the 15th inst. The bride and bridegroom, after a short wedding tour, will return to England before Christmas.

The marriage arranged between Captain W. G. Raleigh Chichester, 3rd Battalion The King's (Liverpool) Regiment, of Runamode, County Roscommon, and Miss Smith Pigott, will take place the end of November.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort and the Misses Wilson-Patten have arrived in Belgrave square.

Mr and Miss Rath left Kingstown on Tuesday by mail steamer, en route for Baritz, where they will spend the winter.

Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, it at present residing at Ford Castle, Northumberland.

The Earl and Countess of Kilmorey have returned from England to Mourne Park, their seat in County Down.

Lord and Lady Lismore visited the Marquis of Waterford at Curraghmore before leaving for England.

A chrysanthemum dance under distinguished patronage will take place at Kingstown at the end of the month—probably on the 27th inst. Lady Rachel Saunderson, Lady Grace, and many other leaders of society are interesting themselves in this venture.

Mrs Geoghegan, Pembroke road, will give a dance this week.

Mrs Hayes, of Merrion square North, has issued invitations for two evening parties, which are to take place this week.

Mrs Murphy, Upper Mount street, gave two enjoyable balls last week. The arrangements were perfect, and Liddle contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the evening.

Under the auspices of the Dublin Sketching Club a smoking concert was given on the 7th inst. in the Exhibition Room of the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth street, and a most enjoyable evening was spent looking at the pictures and listening to excellent music, both vocal and instrumental. The committee of the Sketching Club entertained their guests most hospitably.

On last Friday evening there was held in the Town Hall, Kingstown, a private subscription ball which had been arranged by a number of the best known families residing in the neighbourhood. The dance, it may be said at once, passed off in every way with all possible success. It was in the strictest sense of the term a private subscription ball; and invitations could only be obtained from the committee. The large hall where dancing took place had been transformed from its usual rather crude nakedness to a scene of beauty by the skilful decorations of flags and evergreens, the *tout ensemble* being simply charming.

The orchestra was arranged with great taste, there being displayed ferns, exotics, and other plants, which had a pretty effect, as also had a stand of tennis racquets and balls in the centre. The Gloucestershire regimental band was heard for the first time in Kingstown, and made a most favourable impression, the music, which was well selected, being of the newest description. The refreshments and supper, supplied by Mr Maguinness, of the Anglesea Arms Hotel, were excellent. About 200 guests were present, and the first ball given by the Kingstown and Glenageary Lawn Tennis Club proved a most enjoyable and successful one. Several of the gentlemen members of the

Tennis Club acted as stewards, and were indefatigable in their efforts to look after their guests.

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The costumes worn were fresh and pretty, white being the colour chiefly adopted by the younger ladies present. A white moire dress looked well, also a brown tulle over pink silk, and trimmed with clusters of pale pink roses. There was a very pretty black costume, the skirt being composed of watered silk and black lace. The body was trimmed profusely with jet, and a soft green silk sash fastened round the waist completed this pretty toilette. We may also add that sleeves were worn with this dress, which is quite a novel departure now-a-days. Sashes were worn with nearly all the smart dresses, some the same colour as the rest of the attire, and others in striking contrast, such as white with black, brown with pink, &c.

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We are pleased to hear that Sir George Owens, who has been seriously ill, is progressing towards recovery.

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The remains of Miss Florence Mabel Toole, the only daughter of Mr J. L. Toole, were interred on Friday at Kensal Green Cemetery. A large number of sympathetic professional friends were present. Amongst the senders of wreaths were the Countess of Londesborough, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Mr Irving, &c. The death of this young lady in her 22nd year was a truly sad event. She was engaged and would have been shortly married to Mr Justin M'Carthy, M.P.

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His Excellency Sir Henry Arthur Blake, the newly-appointed Governor of Queensland, is well-known in Ireland. He served in the Irish police as a sub-inspector and afterwards was a Resident Magistrate. He married the eldest daughter of the late Mr and Mrs Bernard Osborne, of Newtown-Anner, County Tipperary. Lady Blake's sister is the Duchess of St. Albans.

* *

Mrs Featherstonhaugh, of Roundtown, met with a serious accident in Dublin on Wednesday afternoon. She was driving, and the horse tripped and fell heavily. Mrs Featherstonhaugh was thrown over the fallen horse, and sustained a very severe wound at the side of her head.

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Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, private secretary to Lord Dufferin during the whole of his Viceroyalty, will remain on in India, holding the same appointment under Lord Lansdowne.

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A sad accident occurred at Woolwich on Wednesday, the 7th November. Colonel Buller, commanding the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, was returning from London by the last train, which reaches the Dockyard Station shortly after midnight. On reaching his destination Colonel Buller seems to have got out of the door furthest from the platform, and endeavoured to cross the line. Unfortunately an engine passing at the time struck him and killed him on the spot.

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Colonel Ernest Manningham Buller was the youngest son of Sir E. Manningham Buller, of Dilhorne Hall, Staffordshire. Of his five brothers, four held commissions in the army. Deceased

was aide-de-camp to General Lord Chelmsford at the battle of Ulundi, and held the appointment of Quartermaster-General at Malta from May, 1882, to June, 1885, when he obtained the command of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. He was unmarried.

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The Rev. the Earl Mulgrave has been ordered complete rest by his medical adviser, and has gone on a visit to Mr Mitchell Henry, Kylemore Castle, Galway.

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A most successful ball was held at the County Clubhouse, Carlow, on Friday night, and was largely attended by the *elite* of the county. All the arrangements were carried out in the most perfect manner. The ballroom was tastefully decorated with choice flowers and foliage plants. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until an early hour in the morning. Amongst those present were:—The Lady Mabel Fitzgerald, the Lady Nesty Fitzgerald, Sir Thomas and Lady Butler and Miss Butler, the Right Hon. Henry and Mrs Bruen, Miss Lily Bruen, Miss Helen Bruen, Miss Connolly, Mr and Mrs Henry Bruen, Mr E. Bruen, R.N.; Sir Charles and Lady Burton, Miss Burton, and Miss G. Burton, Major Rochfort, R.A.; Mr Hall-Dare, Miss Hall-Dare, Mr and Mrs Engledow, Colonel Knox, 85th Regiment; Miss Bolton, Major and Mrs Deane Tanner, Miss Deane Tanner, Mrs Hardy, Major Alexander, Capt. Alexander, R.A.; Mr G. Alexander, Miss Payne-Townsend, Miss Alexander, Mr James Alexander, Capt. Forbes, R.N.; Mr and Mrs M'Clintock, Capt. Fowler, A.D.C.

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In our paragraph in last week's issue with reference to the picture "For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven" on view at Messrs Cranfield's, Grafton street, the name of the painter appeared as Mr Woodall in place of Mr Goodall, who was elected a member of the Royal Academy in 1863.

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A correspondent at San Antonio writes as follows:—In your issue of Oct. 6th a paragraph appears stating that outrages similar to those recently committed in London were perpetrated in San Antonio about five years ago. On careful inquiry I find that no such diabolical murders were committed here at any period of its history (of course we are not exempt from ordinary crime) and in justice to the good reputation of San Antonio, I ask you to publish this letter. I would also add that instead of being a "small town," this place is a flourishing city, of some 50,000 inhabitants, supplied with every modern convenience, as high pressure water, gas, electric light, telephone, and splendid street car or tramway system; is also a station on three of the principal railroads in the South West; and contains many fine buildings, including three first class hotels, and last, but not least, not a few former citizens of dear, dirty Dublin.

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On Monday night, October 29th, the annual "harvest home," took place at the Albert Model Farm, Glasnevin. There were upwards of 300 persons present. The officials of the establishment did all in their power to make the occasion an enjoyable one. Dancing was kept up with a good spirit all through the night in a spacious hall which was gaily decorated with brilliant lights and evergreens. The bright costumes of the many ladies present contrasted well with the more sombre ones of the opposite sex,

which only added light and shade to make the picture more perfect and pleasing to gaze on. The supper was partaken of at the usual hour, 1 o'clock, to which all did full justice. During the night there were songs and recitations given by most efficient amateurs for the amusement of those present. On the whole the affair was altogether very enjoyable, and the company separated at 6 o'clock next morning, perfectly satisfied with their night's pleasure. A word of praise may also be given to Mr May, who presided at the piano-forte with his well-known usual ability.

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On dit that Turin intends to follow the example of Spa, and that a Beauty Show is being seriously contemplated, which would be held in the beginning of next spring. As yet, however, no decided arrangements have been made.

* *

Lovers of the music of the composer of "Il Trovatore" are thinking of celebrating Verdi's 50th year of artistic life by a Musical Jubilee, and a performance of his first opera in 1839. The great maestro completed his 75th year last month.

* *

The directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company, have, *mirabile dictu*, determined to shed over the whole of the platform at Kingstown Railway Station, instead of only the 80 feet as at first proposed. This is a step in the right direction, public opinion having prevailed against the niggardliness of the "one per cent. Company."

* *

We wonder that it has never occurred to the directors of this company that it would be cheaper to raise the sea wall at Blackrock a few feet, than to be employing a gang of men clearing away sand and repairing the permanent way every time that a gale of wind blows from the East or North-East. A number of the Directors live along the line and pass Blackrock Station bi-daily. It must be apparent to them if they think that "a stitch in time would save nine," in other words, a few feet of masonry or even a boarding, if stone and mortar be too extravagant, would put money into their pockets in the long run by preventing the constant mischief done by the sad sea waves when in an angry mood.

* *

The latest military invention is the "position finder." Its importance may be estimated by the fact that the Government have paid to the inventor, Major Watkin, Royal Artillery, no less than £25,000 for the reservation of the right to use it, a larger sum than Lord Wolseley received for his services in the first Egyptian Campaign. The "position finder" enables an observer stationed in some commanding position, distant, if necessary 10 or 12 miles from the sea coast, to control absolutely the fire of each and every gun in, perhaps, three or four heavy batteries on that coast.

* *

For instance, at Portsmouth the officer in charge would be stationed, probably, at one of the forts on the Portsdown hill, and would be in electric connection with Gilkicker, Monckton, Southsea Castle, and Lump's Fort. The moment a ship comes in sight her bearings are taken and her course laid down on a chart. This is effected automatically by a pencil, which

records the motion of the observer's telescope. Unless this course is a very erratic one, in a few minutes a fairly correct guess can be made at the exact spot where she is likely to be at a given moment. Instructions are then telegraphed to the batteries, and all the guns are laid on this particular spot, having been, of course, previously loaded. By a most ingenious arrangement the laying is effected without the object or point aimed at being even seen by the men working the guns, and the exact position of each gun is recorded electrically on a dial in the observatory. All the guns having been laid, if the ship passes within a few yards of the spot calculated on, the observer touches a button, and, if he so wishes, bang go all the guns simultaneously, and she is probably a total wreck in an instant. In the case quoted the pressure of that little button would explode quite a ton and a half of gunpowder, and hurl over nine tons of iron with almost absolute accuracy at a vessel which entered the Solent. In the event of the ship altering her course, a fresh point is selected and the laying of the guns altered accordingly.

In reference to the statement which has recently appeared as to the purchase by Sir Edward Guinness of the Savernake estate, the *Morning Post* has received authority to contradict it, and declares such a statement to be utterly untrue and quite devoid of foundation.

Colonel W. J. Carden, Chief Paymaster in Ireland, is under orders to embark for foreign service early in February next, his destination being either Barbadoes or Gibraltar. No more popular Chief Paymaster has ever held the reins of office in Ireland, and his departure is regretted by a large circle of military and civil friends. The name of his successor has not yet transpired.

Dublin is now pretty full, and there is a consequent stir in the fashionable world. This can be accounted for by the array of provincial aristocracy drawn to Dublin by the Italian Opera and by the great gathering of landowners which was held last week. Latterly it has been the custom of many country families to winter in Dublin, and this year we learn that there will be no diminution in the number of our visitors. Hostesses are busily preparing their lists, and many afternoon tea parties, dinner parties, and balls are on the tapis, the only regret being that Viceregal festivities are few and far between. It is too bad that our representatives of Royalty do not more generously fulfil the duties of their high office. Of course we deeply sympathise with the Marchioness of Londonderry; but, all the same we should like to see a little more life at the Castle or the Viceregal Lodge.

A correspondent writes as follows:—The general question in dancing circles in Dublin is, "What has become of the dancing men?" Most of the male specimens one now meets are simply "fledglings" and pitiable conversationalists. At a recent dance the ladies were doubly in the majority, most of whom sat with their chaperones the whole night. At this very dance we are aware the good hostess invited all the officers of the regiments stationed in Dublin, and, although all the regiments sent acceptances, but two or three men of the entire lot turned up, and those only in time for supper; and, as

they were apparently not dancing men, they lounged about the corners the remaining part of the night. With all due respect to Dublin ladies, we think they make a trifle too much of military men; financially or socially they are not as some ladies think, to be placed above professional men, and as to asking a whole regiment to one's house, not one of whom is an acquaintance, is indeed a rather questionable proceeding, and would not be heard of anywhere outside of poor Dublin. We would suggest to ladies who are about giving dances to ask each of her lady acquaintances to supply her with the names of a few gentlemen friends known to be dancing men and socially desirable partners. We find this plan to have worked admirably in several enjoyable dances last season. Dublin undoubtedly contains eligible bachelors in abundance.

The Earl of Lucan died on Friday evening last at the advanced age of 88 years. Several good anecdotes of his lordship are in existence, and a correspondent favours us with the following incident of the Crimean Campaign, which perhaps is nearly forgotten by this time:—Lord Lucan was chief in command of the Cavalry in the Crimea, and it was he who sent an A.D.C. (Captain Nolan) with a verbal order to Lord Cardigan to take a battery of Russian artillery at the head of the Balaclava Valley.

Lord Cardigan asked Captain Nolan was he quite certain of the accuracy of the order, and having said he was, Lord Cardigan, at the head of 600 light cavalry, charged into that valley of death, leaving 400 men on the field for a worthless advantage of spiking a few guns of the enemy. That famous charge is a matter of history; but it is not generally known that Lord Cardigan was a nephew of the Earl of Lucan, and that in the event of the death of the former (who was unmarried) the property would revert to Lord Lucan's son. However, Lord Cardigan escaped without a scratch. Not so, however, his uncle, who only escaped being tried by courtmartial by the death of Captain Nolan, who was, we believe, the first man killed on the occasion. Lord Lucan also positively denied having sent the order, therefore the matter was allowed to pass over.

Kingstown has many grievances, but it is a remarkably enlightened township, and however strongly we may write on it, we are actuated solely by a disinterested desire to see its numberless resources bravely and exhaustively developed. We do not believe that we can assist Kingstown or any other township by flattering it into a lotus slumber of self-complacency. We leave that to those of its friends whose timidity and good-nature constitute one of its dangers. We wish to see Kingstown as large, as populated, and, collectively, as wealthy as Dublin, and we see no reason to prevent its present inhabitants from making it so. All they require is to work harmoniously together, and sink differences of all kinds in the common interest. Of course, we do not expect perfection from Kingstownians, and we shall now give an example of a case where private interests might be obliterated in this common cause.

The inhabitants of Haigh terrace have hitherto had the right of entry to the gardens of the Marine Hotel, with the key of gate, for the sum

of one guinea per year. A short time ago a robbery was committed at the Marine Hotel, a gentleman's portmanteau being stolen, and no trace found of the culprit save a ladder left outside, probably left there to throw the police off the scent. Now, why should the manager of the Marine Hotel cancel the right of entry and possession of the key to the inhabitants of Haigh terrace because a gentleman's portmanteau was stolen from one of the hotel rooms? This must be his reason, because we cannot suspect the enlightened manager of one of the grandest hotels in the Kingdom to be jealous of the fact that there are some houses in Haigh terrace which take summer lodgers. The fact that the Haigh terrace lodgings may possibly be taken at lower rates than those of the Marine Hotel could not, we are convinced, have actuated the manager in suspecting the terrace of harbouring the person who stole the portmanteau.

We do not think Herr Schmidt is acting wisely in this matter. He has by his action already forced some persons to leave Haigh terrace who found themselves debarred the pleasure of entering the Marine Gardens by a private gate; and, moreover, by keeping this gate locked, he forces the dwellers to take a roundabout road to church, which was easily accessible when the key of the gate was available. Is this generous on the part of Herr Schmidt? Is it even logical? Have the persons who have left Haigh terrace taken up their abode in the Marine Hotel? If not, what has Herr Schmidt gained in the interest of his shareholders? Nothing. On the contrary, he injures his business from the fact that he makes himself unpopular with many inhabitants and visitors, a result which must react sooner or later on the business he has at heart. Now, we are sure Herr Schmidt is actuated by the best of motives; but we are equally certain that his method is erroneous. Haigh terrace is now an extremely respectable block, but, deprived of the advantages we have mentioned, it is liable to sink to a third-rate row of lodging-houses. Will the proximity of a third-rate row of lodging-houses benefit the Marine Hotel? Will it not rather injure it? We commend these reflections to the meditations of Herr Schmidt, and assure him of our certainty that the dog-in-the-manger policy never benefited anybody, least of all the manager of a great hotel.

Advantage is likely to arise to the medical students of Dublin from the important mass meeting of those young gentlemen in the Concert Room of the Rotundo on Monday evening last, when they assembled to consider their position as affected by the scheme recently adopted by the College of Surgeons for uniting the Carmichael and Ledwich Schools with that of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The whole subject is exciting great attention among the medical profession in Dublin, and sharp divergences of opinion on the subject are expressed, Sir William Stokes, Dr. Randon Macnamara, Dr. Myles, Dr. Lentaigine, and many other surgeons of eminence are dead against amalgamation, while the President of the College of Surgeons, Drs. Kidd, W. Thomson, Mapother, Corley, Fraser, Thornley Stoker, Stack, and other leading physicians strongly favour the project.

We have something for our friend, Mr Toler, to look after, and a matter of importance, too. It is with regard to the fruit supply of Dublin, a good deal of which is in a bad way, and dangerous to the public health into the bargain. On public grounds we ask the attention of our Inspector of Food to the subject, feeling satisfied that if any one can rectify what is wrong in this respect that man is David Toler.

The case stands this way. Fruit, native grown and imported, is sold by auction in Anglesea Market, and, of course, the bargain, such as it is, goes to the highest bidder. Our present complaint is with regard to apples. They are put up for sale in barrels, and no one bidding for the lot has any idea, good or bad, of the articles they are purchasing. The top lot looks right enough, luscious, fragrant, and rosy; but what about the middle and bottom contents of the barrel? As a matter of fact, what between the packing and the fermentation engendered thereby, fully one half of them are tainted and dangerous as human food. The people who buy them must take them as they get them, and dispose of them, too, as best they can, to the very great danger of human life at this season.

Go into any fruiterer's and order a dozen of these American or Canadian apples, and see if you have not more or less of them soft, bruised, and spongy, with decay running through every part of them. Will anyone argue that fruit in that condition is wholesome? We fancy not, and what Mr Toler seems called upon to do is to visit the Anglesea Market at the auction hour in the morning, and compel the wholesale people to expose the contents of every barrel they offer for sale, and so ensure that nothing but sound fruit will get into consumption, for, of course, no sensible trader with his eyes open will invest his money in the damaged article.

We endeavour at all times to keep our lady readers *au fait* with the prevailing fashions across the Channel, and note the following new items which we have selected from some of the leading fashion journals:—Terry velvet is again being much used for trimming. The Russian mantle, with long over sleeves reaching to the edge of the garment is the favourite this season. Absinthe is one of the colours of the season. A silk and velvet dress of this tone is allowed to be exceptionally beautiful. In the fashions just out there are no absolutely new colours, but there are a great many new and very pleasing shades. Two of the most fashionable stuffs for visiting toilettes at present are serge of a fine soft diagonale texture, and silk, either shot or striped. Immensely wide brims, bordered with ostrich feather trimming and low crowns, enveloped in feathers, are the most fashionable in felt hats.

Plush, although it will not be worn so much as last winter, is still in demand. Some kinds of plush with a deep pile is in many instances taking the place of fur. A redingote properly arranged is extremely fashionable for evening wear, with plush collars to the open bodice, and handsome drop trimming. Parisians are using black ribbons on light dresses; they certainly relieve the monotony, but in a rather pronounced manner, and it is not a fashion likely to take generally. Half-long mantles of a visite or Duchesse shape have long panels in front, and

are trimmed with mirabout or thick ruches or sarsnet, rep or faille fringed out at both edges. Sashes are worn in a variety of ways—knotted behind rather low, in front brought quite high up to the chest like a corslet, or crossed narrow behind and brought round to the front or side to tie.

The umbrellas of the season are remarkable for the quaint carved sticks with which they are accompanied, mounted with silver. The variety in these is one of the minutiae of the toilette which people who dress well seem to consider worth much attention. Fans are used larger than ever; a good many are made of peacocks' feathers, which are both pretty and effective. The newest are made of gathered gauze, light as butterflies' wings; the gathers are fastened at the top of each stick of the fan with little bows. The charmingly becoming Marie Antoinette fichus are now made of white taffetas with a ruching of pinked-out stripes of the same silk, instead of the hitherto seen muslin edged with lace. The ends are crossed in front, and, instead of being tied in a bow, are only loosely knotted together. The great change effected in the general appearance of dresses this season proceeds principally from the fact that the tournure is quite done away with. No more steel circles, no more starched appendages at the back of the waist; just the smallest little cushion to serve as a transition between the enormous pouf that was the fashion last year and—nothing at all.

A very tasteful mantle called the Letitia, is a nondescript pattern, between the "Bonnefemme" cape and redingote. It is of dark green gros-grain silk, lined with old-gold satin, and trimmed with dark green plush. It is made tight-fitting like the redingote, but with loose double fronts like the cape. These fronts are edged with plush. The collar and belt are also of plush. A recent wedding dress in London of a widow was of a chaudron-brown velvet and silk, trimmed with tea-coloured canvas inter-threaded with gold. There were large canvas buttons, and hemmed frilling of broad soft muslin fall over the silk vest at the throat. A bridal dress for a younger bride was made of white moire, trimmed with English point. The three-quarters long train was quite distinct from the skirt. Volant cachemire is the name given to a double-width French serge of a light navy colour. The total width of border is 23 in.; the lower part is a rich scroll in cashmere red and yellow, 10 in. wide; then comes the plain navy for 7 in., above being two narrower bands of the cashmere embroidery, 2½ in. wide each, separated by a band of navy. For trimming the bodice these narrow bands can be cut away as cuffs and collars.

A very stylish redingote in matelasse is made to open straight in front over a long tight-fitting velvet paletot; the sleeves are of velvet and the full pleated skirt at the back, and the garment is finished off with pelerine sleeves of fine passementerie. Plain coloured cloth is also extensively used, both for mantles and jackets, and, fur is employed as a trimming in combination with passementerie on mantles, and with braid on jackets, with loose fronts showing a braided waistcoat.

Ball dresses promise to be very light and pretty this year. The plain waterfall, or more truthfully, balloon skirt is considerably modified, and the trimmings of tulle ruches interspersed with

flowers or sprinkled with petals of flowers, are perfectly charming. Rosettes and bows of satin ribbon are largely used, and nearly all evening dresses are finished off with wide sashes. For quiet evenings there are skirts of Valenciennes lace at two guineas, gracefully draped with ribbon.

One of the first public dances of the season took place on Tuesday, November 6th, in connection with the Tritonville Lawn Tennis Club. The committee is to be congratulated on the success of the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the guests. Among so many pretty dresses it is really difficult to fix on any especially remarkable, but a few certainly caught our eye, and they were perhaps the plainest in the room, their very plainness giving them a distinguished air which some of the more elaborate lacked. One of these was a pale sage green cashmere, slightly trimmed with folds of silk on the low pointed bodice. Another was a terracotta cashmere with a low cut plush bodice and silk sash to match. A black lace dress trimmed with a handsome wreath of brilliant flowers and bows of scarlet ribbon was also very effective.

There were some very pretty white silk and muslin dresses, which are perhaps, after all, the most suitable for young faces and slight figures. It is really impossible to say anything new about the capital playing of the Gasparro Brothers. The supper (supplied by Mr Harrison, of Henry street) was well served and well attended in the drawingroom upstairs, and was duly appreciated by even the most ethereal of the visitors. We were almost forgetting the decorations of the ball room. The walls were draped with flags of many nations, combined with tennis rackets, fastened with the club colours, cardinal and white, kindly lent by Messrs Elvery. The club is indeed to be congratulated on the success of its dance, which, however, was only to be expected, seeing that "all its sons are noble, all its daughters fair."

Who that looks forward to writing for the public (writes our esteemed correspondent "M. B. N.") thinks what an onerous task he has undertaken. How different are the tastes to be pleased, how various the information required; how difficult the originating of any novel idea since there is indeed "nothing new under the sun." Something to catch the eye is needful, like Millais' picture of the little boy blowing bubbles in Pear's soap advertisement; something to excite the imagination, like the want of a shadow in poor Peter Schliernihl; something to touch the heart, like Hood's "Song of the Shirt." But it is not given to everyone, however solicitous, to dispose of these three requirements with such-like felicitous ease, and of those who do succeed in reaching the hearts of their fellows it will generally be seen that they have found their way there over a path where the stones are rough, and that it is those whose experience is wide, who have discovered the direct road to sympathetic comprehension of the feelings of others.

Considerations such as these will make the wise pause before venturing to impose their personality through the medium of the Press on others, and will, perhaps, cause some of undoubted ability, and more with latent talent, to suppress their desire to win the approbation of

the world at large by externalising the thoughts surging through their brain, and thus obtaining some mitigation of the severe discipline necessary for our education. Even in the case of genius—perhaps more often here than elsewhere—there is a timidity, a refined humility, a beautiful self-conscious modesty, which stands, as it were, veiled, shrinking from the effrontery of appearing on a platform before thousands of prying eyes, and unshrouding the sacred tabernacle of the heart to lay it bare in all its beauty before the unsparing gaze of inquisitorial judges.

* *

And there are yet further reasons for reticence—viz., the ignorance of inexperience, the distrust of untried powers, the want of the sound habit of custom. These probably act with even greater force than the former ones in restraining what might otherwise prove “the pen of a ready writer,” and it is for the encouragement of such an one that we point the following story, which is from the lips of an Oriental scholar—Major-General Arthur Phelps, of the Bombay Infantry.

* *

Once upon a time there lived a sultan who was a great boaster. He had several hundred wives, amongst whom one reigned supreme. To her he was never tired of repeating, “There is no one in my kingdom can shoot an arrow with such unerring certainty as I; not one man can ride half so well; who is there can hurl a spear an equal distance with me?” and so forth; to all of which she invariably replied, “Sire, practice makes perfect.” The King at last got very tired of hearing such negative praise from his consort, and there came a day when he flew into a rage and ordered that she should be degraded from her rank and expelled his dominions. But no sooner was she gone from his court than he began to sigh for the loss of her society, and by the time two or three years were gone by he suffered from the last stage of *ennui*.

* *

Thus it happened that one day, seeking to divert himself from regretful thoughts, he went hunting with some of his courtiers, and presently started a fine deer, which bore off rapidly before him. Being better mounted than any of his party, he soon distanced them in pursuit of the animal, and at last found himself alone in a glade which opened out of a vast forest, at the upper end of which he perceived in the distance a palace with a long flight of steps leading up to the door, and drawing nearer in order the better to reconnoitre it, he saw a magnificent woman emerge from a woodland path close by and ascend the steps of the palace carrying a large bull on her shoulders, apparently with the utmost ease. “Hello! my good woman,” cried he, “How come you to be able to carry that monstrous animal up the stairs?” “Please your Majesty,” said the dame, turning round and disclosing to his astonished view the face of his discarded but ever-lamented wife, “Practice makes perfect. I carried him when he was a calf.”

* *

The following pathetic story is told by a Nice correspondent of an English contemporary:—“A lady who went to visit her mother’s grave was astonished at finding that all the beautiful flowers she had brought the day before had disappeared. Just as she was leaving the cemetery she noticed a woman of the lower orders, with pale face and eyes red with weeping, approach the tomb and take from it the single pot of

chrysanthemums that remained. Hiding it under her apron, she quickly made off. The lady followed, and saw her putting the stolen flowers on a child’s grave. The woman, on being questioned, confessed her impious theft, and begged for forgiveness. It happened that the lady herself had lost a dearly-loved child, and she was so touched with the mother’s grief, that instead of denouncing her, she ordered the little grave to be in future furnished with flowers at her own expense.”

* *

No matter how long an Irishman has lived out of his own country, no matter if he speaks English with as correct an accent as the ancient Athenians spoke Greek, he is some time or other sure to betray his nationality by perpetrating what is known as an Irish bull. The simplest example of the bull is the well-known conversation between a housemaid and her mistress. “Mary, is there a fire in the drawingroom?” “There is, ma’am, but it’s out.” A more elaborate form of bull is to be found in a celebrated speech made by an Irish member in the House of Commons, when, referring to some political intrigue of which he had got wind, he said, “I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; but I will nip it in the bud.” A case came before a London magistrate last week in which the plaintiff charged the defendant with attempting to shoot him. In the course of the cross-examination the defendant’s counsel asked the plaintiff, “What did you do when you heard the shot?” “I threw myself down on my face to let the bullet pass over me.” “In fact you made a cowardly bob out of the way?” “Well, if I did, wasn’t it better for me to be a coward for a few minutes than a corpse for the rest of my life?”

* *

One more example, which comes from Tipperary. A gentleman who had been absent from Ireland for many years was revisiting the part of the county where he was born. He met a man on the road, and, pointing out a certain house, said, “Who lives there now, Pat?” “The widow Fogarty, your honour, but she’s dead.” “And when did the poor woman die?” “If she was alive next Saturday she’d be dead a month, sir.”

FROM COVER TO COVER.

ELOCUTION.*

We recollect reading some time ago the experiences of a junior reporter who, at a public meeting in an important provincial centre, represented, together with two experienced stenographers, a newspaper of no mean pretensions. It happened that when the junior’s turn of duty came a local magnate, verbose in speech and pompous in manner, proceeded to address the multitude. The young reporter, desirous of displaying his ability and performing his part with credit alike to himself and the journal which he represented, took, as he was directed, a *verbatim* note of the magnate’s speech. On the appearance of the journal next morning the speech was eagerly read by the great man’s supporters, who considered it one of magnitude and depth, but great was their consternation when they found it composed of ridiculous platitudes, inane arguments, and various quotations in Latin, French, and German—languages of which they knew the speaker did not understand a word. The

* * * Burke’s Class-book of Elocution.” Price One Shilling. Dublin: Weldrick Brothers. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

reporter being called on for an explanation, declared that the printed speech was exactly similar in platitude and phrase to that which reached his ears on the previous evening. The result was that the young man’s services were dispensed with, although the fault was not his, but the speaker’s, whose pronunciation was so imperfect that it was impossible for an educated man to understand what he was talking about. Now, observing that the cultivation of speech and pronunciation is an almost lost art amongst us, Professor Burke has come to the rescue with a concise, cheap, portable class-book, containing a short and easy exposition of the principles of elocution, which we hope our readers, old and young alike, will procure and carefully study. Correct and fluent speech is of the utmost importance to every individual, and more so in this metropolis of mixed nationalities, where the peculiar *patois* of so many countries mingles with the pure speech of the better classes. Professor Burke’s efforts to raise up in our midst a band of young men and women elocutionists cannot be too highly spoken of, and we hope he will succeed in making the desire to accomplish correct pronunciation and fluent speech universal. In short, in the words of Milton, we trust he may—

“Give elocution to the mute, and teach
The tongue not made for speech to speak His praise.”

UNDER CURRENTS.*

No more interesting study could be suggested to the lover of romance than that of a picture where the under currents are fascinating and mystical. In every family circle—yea in every individual life—there is that below the surface, hid by the veneer of education, etiquette, or expediency, which the man or woman is most careful to defend against the glare of publicity or the taunts of the vulgar. In families of the upper class there are stored in the archives of memory histories of bygone troubles which in the present become mysteries that cannot be explained to the inquisitive meddler. Even amongst those of humble origin and unpretentious surroundings there are under currents, whose force at times, in some unaccountable way, brings to light a life’s story of wrong patiently endured, or perhaps it may be the origin of some hideous undiscovered crime. No matter, however, in what way the subject of under currents is looked upon, each reader of this column must admit that in his or her life there has been and are some things which, under no circumstances, would they permit to become public. Therefore the clever author of the three volumes now under review displayed a degree of skill and acumen beyond the ordinary novelist in securing a title for his most accomplished work, which will no doubt arouse in the minds of the readers of modern fiction an immediate desire to become possessed of the secret under currents in the life of Mr Dysart, whom the author represents as a callous, hard-hearted old man. The story, from the opening page to the concluding one, is pure in tone and graphic in description. The sympathetic language in which the author clothes the peculiar love story of Vera and Seaton, and the happy, careless, youthful loves of Tom and Griselda, makes the entire story one of fascinating interest, possessing a moral which we hope will not be lost upon its numerous readers. The typographical and binding arrangements are excellent.

* * * “Under Currents” (three vols.) by the author of “Molly Bawn,” &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo Place.

SERIAL STORY

PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF
MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER LI.—Continued.

"ADELAIDE."

"Gordon," he said, "is without doubt the blackest villain that ever walked the earth. And to think that he should have composed the libretto of my sacred cantata!"

This seemed to him an anomalous phenomenon, and he indicated his surprise by staring at Adelaide.

"But can *nothing* be done?" exclaimed Adelaide. "Can we not by some means—surely there are some means of preventing my mother making a fool of herself?"

"You see," observed Mr Henrikson, after a thoughtful pause, "your mother is of age, my dear."

"Of course," said Adelaide, impatiently.

She began to think that the maestro's intellect was waning.

"Well, then, you see you can do nothing. Unless—have you seen her?"

"Yes; this evening—an hour ago."

"And appealed to her common sense?"

"Her common sense?" repeated Adelaide, bitterly. "She has no common sense—never had. My mother was always weak and conventional, although she prided herself upon mental robustness. Besides this man—I cannot name him, this Gordon—has her completely under his influence."

"The marriage takes place to-morrow morning," said Mr Henrikson, musingly.

"Yes. Can we do nothing?"

"My dear child, do not fret yourself. If you cannot prevent it, accept the inevitable in your own brave way. I do not see how it can be prevented. It is very sad."

Adelaide sat down on a chair, and became gloomily meditative. He stood near, with one hand resting on a table.

"You will want something to eat?" he observed, after a silence.

"I want nothing to eat, thank you," she replied, "but I shall ask your housekeeper to give me a bed for to-night if you have no objection."

"Certainly, my dear," said the old man. "Mrs Hopkins will make you comfortable."

"You see," observed Adelaide, looking down at her boots to hide a blush, "I would not sleep under my mother's roof in any case. That man—I—I am ashamed to tell you, maestro."

"Dear child," said the old man, very gently "you have been travelling and are tired. We can converse to-morrow. Come now and I shall hand you over to the tender mercies of Mrs Hopkins."

"But I must tell you," said Adelaide. "You are the only being in the world I could tell it to. That man this evening, before I had been twenty minutes in my mother's house, asked me to—marry him. He would marry me, you understand, instead of my mother. Me—yes, instead—. If I were a man," cried Adelaide, rising, with a sudden burst of hysteria, "I should—I should have stretched him dead at my feet!"

"Come, come," said Mr Henrikson, "you are worn out with travelling. Mrs Hopkins will—"

"Oh, maestro," she exclaimed, bursting into tears and resting her face on his shoulder, "it is such a terrible dream. My mind is giving way."

"Pooh, don't be child," said Mr Henrikson. "Remember you are a woman. For that man—let me assure you that I have heard on good authority that there is hereditary insanity in his blood. You see he is more to be pitied than you are. It is not the same as if you were insulted by a rational man—it is quite different. Come, come! That's right. Dry your face or Mrs Hopkins will want to know what's the matter with you. The abominable rascal," he added to himself.

He felt her shivering spasmodically, her teeth chattering as if with cold, and he rang for Mrs Hopkins. That old lady, in stiff mob cap and apron, with a large bunch of keys tied to her waist, appeared and received her orders. She had a kind face, and knew Miss Denison since Adelaide's childhood.

Mr Henrikson followed them both upstairs, and Ade-

laide paused on the landing and looked with an inquiring face at Mr Henrikson. The door of the drawing-room was partly open, and inside Oscar Munro was singing, in a voice of trembling pathos, Beethoven's love song, "Adelaide."

Mr Henrikson looked at Adelaide and smiled, but she seemed more inclined to cry, and he bade her good-night and told her to hurry after Mrs Hopkins, who was waiting for her on the stairs above. He stood and looked after her. The light from Mrs Hopkins' lamp showed him the lithe figure now wearily ascending, one bare wrist thrust from under the velvet cloak, with the white shapely hand clasping the bannister, and the face, once girlish and bright with changeable humours, now that of a tired and world-worn woman. She observed him standing looking after her, and for a moment the old smile which brightened all her face and made her eyes brilliant, looked down at him like a ray of light through the mist of many years. He shook his hand at her, but next moment seemed worn himself with trouble, as he entered the drawingroom.

"Well sir," he said, as he sat down in his arm-chair before the fire, "you are not aware that you had an audience listening to your 'Adelaide.'"

"No," said Oscar, turning round on the stool and laughing. "I am sorry to hear it. My vocal efforts are intended solely for private consumption."

"She said something like that," observed Mr Henrikson, bending forward to get at the poker.

"She said. Whom do you mean?" asked Oscar, rising and coming towards the fireplace.

Mr Henrikson poked the fire, and before replacing the poker looked round at his young friend, and replied—

"Miss Denison."

Oscar put up his hand and recoiled a step.

"Miss Denison?" he repeated, and looking round with rather a frightened air. "Is she here? But no. It is impossible. It is one of your painfully laborious practical jests, the humour of which is never visible to any eye save your own. I have studied you carefully for years, sir—in self-defence—and I have no hesitation in saying that this is the worst joke you ever perpetrated."

"Very good," said Mr Henrikson, reclining back and putting the tips of his fingers together. "Very good, young man. It would be a pity to disturb such phenomenal self-satisfaction. Miss Denison, then, is not here. I have not been speaking with her, and she has not gone upstairs to bed under the efficient guardianship of Mother Hopkins."

Oscar, as he sat down in a chair on the opposite side of the hearth-rug, stared, his mouth being open, at Mr Henrikson.

"But it is impossible," he said. "She was at Manchester and on tour when I last heard from—I mean of her—"

"Therefore when she told me," said Mr Henrikson, "a few moments ago that she has left Manchester she must have been telling a deliberate falsehood. Yet she was always very wonderfully truthful," he added, musingly, "for a woman. However, when she comes down to breakfast in the morning I shall confront her with her falsehood."

"What falsehood?"

"Why, insisting on saying she is here when *you* say she is in Manchester. Either of you must be making a mistake, and you know what a wild notion it is to suppose that Oscar Munro could err."

Oscar turned and looked at the fire as if it was a new phenomenon in physical nature presented to him for the first time.

"It is not possible!" he ejaculated, turning again.

"Precisely. I shall accuse her of it in the morning," observed Mr Henrikson.

"What on earth brought her home?" exclaimed Oscar, feeling his cheek with the tips of his fingers, as he looked at the pattern of the hearthrug.

"Eh?" said Mr Henrikson. "Oh, then you admit she is here? Come! That is kind of you. She will be very glad, no doubt, to find that she is not labouring under a mistake."

"Of course, what am I dreaming about," said Oscar, slapping his knee and looking brightly up. "Her mother's marriage, to be sure! I am sorry," he added, after a pause, "she should have heard me sing, particularly that song of all others. She is sure to take it to herself."

"She has done so. She said—"

"What did she say?" asked Oscar, bending eagerly forward.

"She said you seemed as great a fool as ever."

"She did not say that," said Oscar, rising and walking up and down, jingling the coins in his pocket, and tossing the hair from his eyes. "She is incapable of such rudeness."

"Well, it wasn't intended for you, you see," observed Mr Henrikson.

"No matter. Even to you Adelaide Denison would never use such words."

"Then I'm a liar?" said Mr Henrikson.

"You are, sir," replied Oscar, with an air of infinite respect.

"Puppy!"

That was all the rejoinder Mr Henrikson made. He took up the poker again and plunged the heart out of the fire. The flames shot upward for a second, but the fire was nearly exhausted. Mr Henrikson looked at the clock on the mantelpiece and yawned. It was past midnight.

"I wouldn't for a thousand pounds," exclaimed Oscar, who was wandering about the chairs in a feverish reverie, "that she had heard me sing that song."

"Nor for ten thousand," observed Mr Henrikson, "if you heard her comment on your vocalism."

"Why?" exclaimed Oscar, roughly. "What did she say?"

"She said," replied Mr Henrikson, looking up at the ceiling, "that if the hyena in the Zoological Gardens, and a nocturnal tom-cat set up a duet it would be a heavenly melody compared with your voice."

"I condemn you out of your own mouth," cried Oscar. The idea of Miss Denison talking of tom-cats! Pah!

"Very good. You may now go home," said Mr Henrikson, "unless you are anxious to deprive me of a night's rest. Look at the clock, puppy. Come! Away you go!"

"Hello, I'd no idea it was so late," said Oscar, as he looked at his watch. "I am sorry for keeping you up."

"Oh, no, you're not. It never entered into your head to consider me until I mentioned it."

"Well, good night, sir."

Oscar had seized his coat from some corner, and stood with it over his arm as he extended his hand.

The old man looked up kindly at him, shook hands, and said—

"Good-night, my boy. Take care of yourself."

Oscar left, and when he found himself out in the street he stood on the pathway looking at the upper windows, several of which were alight, and saying very softly to himself—

"I wonder which is hers?"

CHAPTER LII.

FOR HER CHILDREN'S SAKE.

MRS FITZGERALD was better. She was strong enough to attend to her household duties, but they were not performed with her former interest. She was still pale, and moved about like a woman who had said her last farewell to happiness. Eva had organised a children's party to please Hettie, Bernard, and little Nora. The drawingroom was devoted to the children, who enjoyed themselves with dances, charades, tea, and supper. A few elderly persons sat apart contemplating the juvenile scene, and exhibiting unusual good taste in refraining from interfering with the games of the children. The room was lit with chandeliers, the globes of which were covered with red shades, throwing a tint of the same colour over the place. There were also candles in the piano and on the mantelpiece. A tree covered with gaudy presents and fairy lamps stood in a tub in a far corner and was an object of the deepest curiosity. The supper table was spread in the ante-room, and prettily decorated with flowers and plants. Eva was busy at the piano playing a quick set of quadrilles. She was dressed in white with a sash of delicate ruby. Apart from the children and the few elderly people sat Mrs Fitzgerald, a faint smile on her pale lips, her eyes occasionally brightening when she caught sight of her children in the changeable sets.

When the quadrilles were finished Hettie ran over to her mother, and leaned against her.

"You are tired, my love," said Mrs Fitzgerald, caressing the curly head.

"I am a little; but you look so tired, too, mother," said Hettie, gazing up wistfully at her mother's drawn face.

"I shall be all right soon," replied her mother. "By-and-bye," she added to herself, in a low voice.

"Here's papa at last," said Hettie.

Mr Fitzgerald, dressed in evening clothes, entered and looked smilingly around. He seemed endeavouring to appear pleased as a matter of courtesy. When he looked towards his wife, with Hettie reclining against her, he became grave, even stern. He crossed the room, and said sharply to Hettie—

"Run away, Hettie, and amuse yourself."

Hettie, rather frightened at his manner, turned from him, and looked questioningly at her mother.

"Go, my love," said Mrs Fitzgerald, gently pushing her.

Hettie slowly walked away.

Mr Fitzgerald stood near his wife. He did not look at her—he was looking towards the groups of children moving here and there under the tinted light—but she looked at him.

"Do you not wish my children to be near me," she asked.

"Are you interested in my wishes," he returned, with a contemptuous smile.

"No. But I am interested in my own children,"

"I cannot dispute the fact that they are yours," he observed.

Her pale face grew crimson, and she rose, facing him, grasping the top of the chair with one hand and pressing the other against her bosom. Her eyes were unusually bright.

"I leave them to you," she said. "The children whom I love I leave to you. Cherish them as I have done."

"You had better make no scene here, madam," he said, having glanced nervously round at the distant guests.

They stood together in this quiet corner undisturbed for the moment by the continuous laughter or restless movements of the children.

"You fear a scene? Yes," she said. "I can understand that, from a man who never had the courage to broach his suspicions to his wife's face. I make you a present of your suspicions. I say now to you good-bye for ever. I have borne your insinuations long enough. I shall bear them no longer."

She gathered her skirts together, and walked past him and out of the room, leaving him smiling towards the children, who were now busy waltzing to Eva's music. He stood smiling where she had left him, but in that smile there was no trace of pleasure.

His wife had not faced him, had not spoken like a guilty woman. That might have been, however, the most conclusive proof of all. He was accustomed to criminals. He knew that some of the worst were those who could assume the aspects of saints. After all, what were his tangible proofs? Half-a-dozen letters written in a disguised hand, and the general gossip of society. He had been busy with the Ballycashel case, and had not investigated the authenticity of their reports. He had expected his wife to make a statement in answer to his insinuations.

Supposing after all his suspicions were unfounded, and his wife the victim of a jealous conspiracy woven out of a mere flirtation! Why, then, if this were true he deserved—and he admitted to himself—to be placed in the dock. It would be pleasant enough at some other time to listen to the bright waltz, and watch those circling children alert with rhythmical motion and playful life; but if his wife had left him now, and she innocent—to commit suicide—women were strange beings—so impulsive!

He would go upstairs to his study and look over those letters. It was time to investigate them.

He went upstairs. He entered his study and sat down before his writing table. From a drawer he took a package of letters tied with red tape. He untied them and spread them before him. The chandelier above his head threw a dim light, but enough for his purpose. He had closed the door. Behind him the top part of the window was down, the night air being warm. The soft breeze gently wafted the white curtains about, and as they moved now and again, gave a glimpse of the moon. Here he sat alone perusing the anonymous letters. Though the door was closed, he heard from time to time the subdued sound of music and children's voices in the drawingroom below.

There was a knock at his door. He looked up. A servant announced a visitor—a woman.

She came in with a black shawl around her head, with a stealthy footstep. He sat back in astonishment, and his hand groped for the revolver in his desk. He connected this woman's appearance with the Ballycashel moonlighters. She was tall and shapely in figure, and the hand that grasped the shawl at her throat was white and well-made. She looked hurriedly about, and with her own hand shut the door.

"What do you want? Who are you?" asked Mr Fitzgerald, rising to his feet, the revolver in his hand.

"Do not be afraid, sir," she said, with a short laugh. "You know me, I think."

She drew the shawl from her head, arranging it loosely about her shoulders. Her head was bare, but in the pale proud face he recognised Helen, the servant maid.

"Yes," he said, reseating himself, and putting the weapon aside. "You are Mr Gordon's servant. What do you want with me? You had better hurry, for my

time is precious."

She had approached to the table, on which she placed her outstretched hand, and with the other pointed to the letters before him.

"I came, sir," she said, her voice shaking with suppressed emotion, "to tell you about those letters."

Mr Fitzgerald sat back in his chair and opened his eyes at the girl's white scared face. He thought her insane.

"These letters! What have these letters to say to you?"

"Oh, a great deal, sir. You need not look at me like that. I am not mad, though, God help me, I have had enough to put me in an asylum. I wrote those letters, sir."

"You—what? I did not catch what you said—"

"I wrote those letters, sir."

There was a sob in her throat, and she caught her breath, turning her face aside for a moment to conquer her emotion, and he observed her hands trembling.

"Be careful of what you say," he observed, as calmly as he could. "Perhaps you do not know what these letters contain. Whoever the writer, he or she shall answer for their statements in a court of justice."

"I do not fear a court of justice—I fear nothing now," she said, with a hard laugh. "Look, sir, I swear to you I wrote those letters. Not of my own accord—oh, no, do not believe that—but because I had to do so. He made me. It was he dictated them and taught me to disguise my writing in all ways. I have had a good education, sir, and once taught in a school. It was he who dictated all these letters, because your wife had jilted him, and he had sworn to be revenged on her. You do not know him, sir. No one knows him—no one knows of what he is capable—but myself."

"Of whom do you speak?" said Mr Fitzgerald, bending towards her with a steadfast look.

"Of Mr Reginald Gordon. There is not one word in those letters which he did not conceive in his imagination. They are cruel lies. He had nothing to prove against your good wife, and forged lies when he could find nothing against her. I do not ask you to forgive me, sir. I am ready after to-morrow to pay the penalty. I do not deserve your forgiveness, nor your poor persecuted wife's. Perhaps if you knew my history, if you knew the influence that man had over my mind, you might forgive me. But I do not ask it. I think it would be impossible for you ever to forgive these things, after what you must have suffered. Leave me free until after to-morrow—he is to be married to-morrow—leave me free until then, and then do with me what you please."

She had drawn close to him, and stood appealing with her hands stretched towards him, and on her writhing face—now bloodless with agitation—a look of intense suffering.

He sat watching her in silence for several moments. He felt like a man in a dream. The subdued sound of music and children's voices, singing and laughing, crept upon his ears during ever pause in this woman's disjointed words.

With her dark clothes and white face she might be a creation of disordered imagination. He pressed his hands together, looked down at the letters, and looked up at her again.

"Is this true?" he said, in a low voice. "Are you ready to swear it?"

"By all that is most sacred," she exclaimed. "Oh, sir," she cried, sinking at his feet and burying her face in her hands, "forgive me if you can. I did not wish to do it. I have suffered too."

The violent sobs seemed to shake her from head to foot, and still she held her hands clasping her face.

"And why should you not be delivered into the hands of justice, at once?" he asked sternly, pushing aside his chair, and contemplating her.

She rose to her feet, tearless and passionate.

"Because he is to be married to-morrow. You do not understand. You will know all after to-morrow. I have my debts to settle with him. Do not stop me. I have come here of my own free will. His crimes are greater than you think. Arrest me now, and I shall never open my lips against him. I say no more."

She gathered her shawl about her face, and left the room before he could collect his senses.

He drew his chair to the table, on which he placed his elbows, and supported his puzzled face on his hands. He no longer heard the sound of music and voices, for, though the children's party was now at the zenith of its enjoyment, his thoughts crowded so fast upon him, and his emotions were so agitated that he was unconscious of his surroundings. The one predominating reflection in his disturbed mind was that he had made his wife's life and his own miserable with false suspicions. He was filled with bitter self-reproach and the old love for his

wife, long stifled by jealous misgivings, rose again with increased tenderness. How long he sat in reverie he could not tell. Hewas roused by hearing the rustle of a dress on the stairs, and a short cough by which he recognised the voice of his wife. He started from his seat. He left the room and stood on the landing, looking down.

He saw his wife below, dressed with bonnet and shawl, apparently intending to carry out her threat of departure. She was standing at the door of the drawing-room, grasping the handle, and listening with bent head to the children's voices within. He descended and put his hand on her arm.

"Geraldine!"

She started back, stood erect, and looked coldly at him.

He noticed traces of tears on her face.

"Geraldine," he said, humbly, "I have something to say to you. I have learned to-night how erroneous were my suspicions. I must ask your forgiveness. Geraldine, my love, forgive me!"

"Your repentance comes too late," she said, with emphatic scorn. "Do you fancy I can forgive in a moment the torture of months? You can never wipe out my sufferings—never!"

She turned sternly away, and began to descend the stairs.

"Geraldine," he exclaimed, following, "where are you going?"

She paused, her hand on the bannister, and glanced back.

"That is no longer your business," she replied. "From this night forth I cease to be your wife."

"Geraldine, do not be mad! You are vexed, and you do not know what you do. Come back!"

She made no further remark, but continued to descend.

For one moment with startled eyes he watched her; then, suddenly rushing to the drawingroom door, he opened it, and cried—

"Hettie—Bernard—come here!"

At the mention of her children's names, Mrs Fitzgerald paused on the landing below, and placed her hand on her bosom.

There was a cessation of the music and voices, and Hettie and Bernard, with astonished faces, came running out.

"See," exclaimed Mr Fitzgerald, pointing, "there is your mother. Go to her and ask her to remain with you. Do not let her go. Geraldine, you will listen to your children. Not for my sake, my dear, but theirs!"

They ran down to her, unable to understand why they were wanted, but knowing from their father's manner and their mother's appearance that something was wrong. They clung to her dress, and looked up with their strained childish faces.

For a moment she rocked as she stood in the endeavour to conquer her emotions. Then, sinking on her knees beside them, she clasped them both to her bosom, and burst into a passion of tears.

"She will stay," muttered Mr Fitzgerald, as he entered the drawingroom and closed the door.

CHAPTER LIII.

MY MOTHER IS SAVED!

MR HENRIKSON remained an hour alone, meditating in his arm-chair before the fire after Oscar's departure. Adelaide's misery was reflected in the strain of sadness woven through his thoughts. When he began to feel sleepy he lit a small lamp, turned out the gas, and, with the small lamp in one hand and a stick in the other, limped slowly up to bed.

His room was underneath that occupied by Adelaide. When he went up he was surprised to hear her walking restlessly about the floor above. However, he went to bed, still listening to her footsteps. When he was gradually falling asleep, her footsteps began to mingle with his dreams like the faint tapping of an orchestral drum.

In the morning when he went downstairs to breakfast he was not surprised to find her white and tired. She said little, but in her eyes he noticed his little artist's grateful recognition for the heroic attempts he made to cheer her with jocose conversation. The task of striving to be amusing with a person justifiably miserable was almost as difficult as composing a sacred cantata. The orchestra of Adelaide's meditation was tuned in a minor key. As they sat at breakfast, Adelaide striving to drink a tiny cup of tea, Oscar Munro made his appearance. He looked so astonished at the sight of Miss Denison that his histrionic talents rose in the estimation of the old musician. Adelaide smiled sweetly but sadly, as she stretched her hand towards him.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked Mr Henrikson, cracking an egg. "You don't often honour me with a

visit at this hour. Of course I am glad to see you, and feel flattered at your coming to see me. Have you had your breakfast?

"Oh yes, thank you," replied Oscar.

This was untrue. He had been too anxious to meet Adelaide to wait breakfast, and indeed, had not slept all night thinking of her.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" asked Mr Henrikson, contemplating him gravely over a cup as he raised it to his lips.

"Nothing, thank you," replied Oscar, nervously looking about. "I forgot a song—I think it must be somewhere near the piano."

"All your music is there, my boy," said Mr Henrikson, nodding towards the piano. "I hope you'll find your song."

Oscar turned the music over in search of the mythical song. At the same time he was wondering by what device he could secure a few moments in the society of Miss Denison. She had spoken merely a few words to him, and did not seem astonished or confused with delight at his appearance. Mr Henrikson continued to talk, addressing Miss Denison; and Oscar, in silence, turned over the music.

At length breakfast was over, and Adelaide rose to go upstairs to put on her walking costume. The hour of the marriage had been fixed for 12. It was now half-past 10. Mr Henrikson followed her to the door, which he opened, and as she passed through, said gently—

"You have no objection to Munro going with us?"

"Oh, none," she replied, blushing as she turned away.

In a short time she came downstairs, looking, in her tight costume and large hat, the loveliest and sweetest of women in the eyes of Oscar Munro; her air of sadness adding an additional and peculiar charm to the face which readily dimpled to every evanescent shade of emotion. She went out, accompanied with two men, and they entered a cab and drove to her mother's house.

When they arrived and alighted they saw Mrs Denison's close carriage standing at the door, and, at some distance away a cab, with several men and a woman with a black shawl about her head. The front door was open, and there were several trunks and portmanteaux labelled "Euston" in the hall. A group of servant women stood at the far end of the hall talking in whispers, and from their appearance it was evident they awaited the speedy descent of bride and bridegroom. A footman was busy placing labels on the luggage.

Mr Henrikson glanced at Adelaide's face as they went upstairs. He took her hand.

"My dear," said he, "try and be calm. You cannot prevent it."

"I know, maestro," she murmured, "I can only appeal to her."

In the room looking on the garden, with its windows of large plate glass, they found the bride and bridegroom. Mr Reginald Gordon was standing looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth. Near at hand a large travelling overcoat was thrown over a chair, and beside it a hat box and umbrella. Mrs Denison, attired for travelling, was seated, nervously buttoning a glove. She looked up and grew very pale when her daughter entered.

Adelaide at once hurried forward and, kneeling at her mother's feet, attempted to take her hand, looking at her with strained eyes.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "will you hear me for the last time? Do not marry that man. Give him your money since that is what he requires, but do not marry him!"

Reginald Gordon turned round, and contemplated Adelaide with a grim smile. He took no notice of Mr Henrikson or Oscar.

"Adelaide," said Mrs Denison, with dignity, "you forget yourself strangely. Is it possible you can suppose yourself a better judge of my affairs than I am myself?"

"But, mother—"

"Let my hands go, Adelaide. Recollect, I appealed to you about your own determination to go on the stage, and you know with what success. I am equally determined. I beg of you not to make a scene."

"But, mother, one moment. You will listen—"

"I know my own affairs best," said Mrs Denison, rising. "Reginald, I am ready."

Mr Gordon smilingly stepped forward and offered his arm, which Mrs Denison took. She was pale and agitated, but erect and proud. She bowed very slightly to Mr Henrikson and Oscar, who stepped aside to allow them to pass.

At that moment there was a commotion on the stairs. Mr Reginald Gordon, who had been smiling in his triumph, turned ghastly pale, and released his arm from Mrs Denison's grasp.

"Here?" shrieked a woman's voice. "He is here."

Quick. Take him!"

Helen entered as she spoke, tearing her shawl from her wild face, and pointing with trembling hand at Gordon. Three men rushed in from behind her.

"Where is he?" cried one, looking at the several men.

"There!" shrieked Helen, still pointing, as Gordon recoiled from her with a hunted and scared expression. "Seize him quickly or he shall defeat you. You do not know how clever he is. Ah!" she exclaimed in a delirious voice, as two of the men seized Gordon by either arm, and forced him back towards the window as he struggled against them. "Hold him firm. He has a tiger's strength—yes, and a tiger's heart. 'No,' she went on, advancing with enraged face, both her hands clenched at her sides. "You will not be married after all. You thought I was fool enough to believe your oaths, Mr Reginald Gordon, you fancied me a child, did you, to be tricked into being your dupe, now—"

"Stand aside, woman, and hold your tongue!" said the third man, Detective Sheridan, from the Lower Castle Yard.

Detective Sheridan, advancing, laid his hand on the shoulder of Gordon, who now stood very quiet, but ghastly and silent, and said, as he touched him—

"Reginald Gordon, I arrest you for the murder of Timothy Ryan on the thirteenth of August."

Mrs Denison uttered a loud shriek and fainted at her daughter's feet. Adelaide knelt to attend her, and of what followed she had only a confused recollection.

As the detectives were leading Gordon from the room he suddenly wrenched himself free, and, turning, rushed to the window, and with one fierce bound went bodily through the large glass pane, falling into the garden beneath on his hands and feet. In a second he was up and swiftly running towards the wall at the far end of the garden. The detectives, not daring to jump, rushed pell-mell downstairs, and entered the garden through a lower door. They caught a distant view of Gordon poised for a second on the garden wall. He turned his white face towards them and grinned horribly. He then disappeared, one of the detectives firing his revolver towards him, more from disappointed rage than with the hope of hitting him.

Helen was wild with baffled wrath at his escape. She was in the garden hounding on the officers of the law with fierce taunts as they ran towards the wall.

In the room Mrs Denison still unconscious, had been placed on a sofa. Oscar was standing aghast and speechless. Adelaide was reclining on Mr Henrikson's breast, whilst he patted her shoulders.

"He has escaped, my child," said the old man, "but—"

"Yes, I know," whispered Adelaide, smiling through her tears. "But my mother is saved!"

CHAPTER LIV.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

MAUDIE Miller had been sent to business. She was at first to serve a term in the stitching department before being placed behind a counter to attend customers. It was at a "monster" establishment, and the stitching room was upstairs.

Maudie was bewildered for many days by her new change in life. She was confused by the continuous bustle, the strange faces, the hurrying of people, the varied stocks of goods around, above and beneath her, and the constant traffic of customers in the great shop department below. She sat with three other girls, behind a counter, at the head of a great staircase which was accompanied all the way up with lines on which hung numerous garments for sale. Bending over and looking down, she could catch a glimpse of the counters in the shop departments, where men and girls were busy all day, unrolling goods for display and sale. Over these counters ran cash tramways.

There were many other girls in the stitching department distributed in groups, and the noise of their machines and chatter confused Maudie's suburban mind.

It is true, people were kind to her, and many smartly-dressed young gentlemen, employees of the establishment, seemed to take an interest in her; but for some days she could barely stitch aright owing to bewilderment.

Afterwards she began to see and hear more distinctly, to recognise faces, and to apportion sounds to their proper origin. The first persons who grew individualised to her were her three companions. They were Missie Connell, Baby Bates, and Tessie Doyle.

One day Maudie, who sat at the corner of the counter, heard a strangely familiar voice below. She rose, and bending over, looked down into the shop, and recognised Fred Gilhooly purchasing a stud. At this sight Maudie

blushed and sat down, but immediately stood up again to have another look.

"What's up with you?" asked Tessie Doyle, observing her companion's agitation.

"Nothing, oh, nothing," replied Maudie. "Only someone I know."

She sat down, but again rose and stooped over.

"Let's have a look," said Tessie, who jumped up, and, putting her arm round Maudie's neck, looked over.

Fred stood in an easy attitude at the counter, on which his arm rested. His hat was on the back of his head, and he was softly whistling as he stared about at the young lady attendants, whilst the particular style of stud he required was being hunted through an hundred specimens. He did not glance up towards the stitching department.

"Is that the fella you know?" asked Tessie, nodding down.

"Yes," replied Maudie, tremulously.

"Why, that's only Fred Gilhooly. Do you know Gilhooly?"

"I do," answered Maudie, startled, and turning with a red face. "Do you?"

Tessie looked astonished at her agitation, and said, coolly.

"Well, I used to know him, but I dropped his acquaintance. I don't like him. I used to, but I don't now."

Maudie turned to look down again, but Fred, having secured his stud and paid for it, walked away, lifting his hat and bowing to the young lady behind the counter. Maudie sighed deeply as she sat down.

Tessie pursued her stitching in silence, but continued from time to time to glance askance at her companion, who, having furtively wiped her eyes, began to talk rather incoherently about different matters.

"You must come out and have tea with my sister and me some evening," said Maudie. "It will be so nice. I'm sure you'd like the fruit trees in blossom—I don't mind his not looking up, still—a pretty name our house has, 'Rosebloom Cottage'—it's all over, but—will you come?"

"I don't mind if I do," replied Tessie, amused at the other's distraction. "It'll be funny, I suppose. But we're goin' to the Salvation Army this evenin'. Aren't we, Missie?"

(To be concluded next week.)

REJECTED.

Serenely in high-seated pews

The well-bred congregation sit,

With peace of mind that only comes

From coats and gowns of perfect fit.

To them the preacher tells a tale—

An old, old tale, yet ever new;

And as he draws Time's curtain back

A well-known picture meets their view

The tale is of the one great Life

For thirty years in humble shade;

The picture shows the little shop

Where Jesus worked at Joseph's trade.

"Oh, pride," the preacher cries, "bow down

Thy lofty head, and meekly stop

By the poor door where David's Lord

Works day by day in Joseph's shop.

"Christians, you glory in his death,

You wet his cross with grateful tears;

But are you mindful of the Life,

The quiet Life of thirty years?

"Oh, think upon this toilsome Life,

This legacy of manhood true,

And bring some gift of loving work

To Him who gave Himself for you."

The sermon o'er, the preacher stands

Still surpliced on the vestry floor,

He lifts his thoughtful eyes, and lo!

A white-robed figure at the door.

It is no angel from the skies

Only a young girl fair to see

"Oh, sir!" she cries, "I have one gift

For Him who gave himself for me.

"I have a voice, I've been well taught,

And now it is my heart's desire

To consecrate it to His use,

Oh, will you have me in your choir?"

The preacher sadly shakes his head;

"I fain would grant your heart's desire,

And yet I must refuse, because

My choir is an exclusive choir.

"My child, I must refuse," and here

His consecrated eyelids drop

"I cannot have you in my choir,

Because your father keeps a shop."

L.A.C.A.

THE CROWN OF THE ROAD.

When the streets of the city were handed over by the ever-willing Corporation to the Tramways Company, it was on the agreement that the latter were to keep the streets, or that portion used by them, in repair. Little did the ever-willing civic fathers dream of the Frankenstein they were creating by the surrender of the public property. It is not necessary for the citizens to peruse Victor Hugo's "History of a Crime," or Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," to realise the state of Parisian thoroughfares during popular revolts. The chief streets of Dublin are disfigured now as a normal condition, with barricades of paving stones, metal chains, dark lanterns, and melo-dramatic-looking watchmen who glare from their sentry boxes like the citizen sentinels of the Commune. The citizens are prevented crossing their own streets, and must slink round the tramway chains, and stumble over the tramway paving stones, and assume a deferential attitude as they slink by roadside engineers, and melo-dramatic watchmen lest they be denounced for interfering with the wholesale monopoly and the divine rights of the supreme council who misdirect the affairs of the company. Like all despots, royal and civic, these gentlemen are reaping the harvest or the unpopularity which they have so assiduously sown. They are running the customary race to the precipice which awaits all public companies which are not directly controlled by the public. We are not surprised to hear that their funds are not reaching the level of their anticipations; and if they travel at their present rate on their chosen line of unpopularity, they will soon become an unpleasant dream of the past. The Act of Parliament which gave this company power to run their lines, was passed with apparent carefulness, but the ingenuity of a body of men who are determined to be unpopular was equal to evading what was the evident sense of the act.

This Act states that the tram lines must be laid level with the road, a most necessary injunction, seeing that there is other vehicular traffic besides that of trams in the city. But the company refuse to acknowledge any traffic but their own.

According to their enlightened notion of the rights of their fellow-citizens there must be no vehicles and no horses save their own in the streets, and if people disregard this philanthropic view, and persist in having vehicles and horses of their own the company clearly make their policy to obstruct them to the extreme limit of human ingenuity. Now, mark how this public company interpret a plain act of Parliament. It is true they obey the strict injunction to lay their lines level with the road, but the paving setts surrounding and intervening between the lines are invariably higher than the road level, offering an insufferable obstruction to all traffic but their own.

Practically, there is no limit to the height which these paving setts may be laid, and the Tram Company lay them at the level which best suits themselves. Of course it is obvious that the fairness of the Act intended the term "lines"

to include the paving setts, but as the Act now stands the company claim to be within their legal right, and have not been slow to take advantage of it. Some time ago the Corporation, anxious to preserve the streets at a proper level for the collective vehicular traffic, offered to take the paving into their own hands in certain instances. This offer was accepted by the Tramways Company, whose funds, we are given to understand, are not in the most flourishing condition, and the Corporation agreed to accept payment by easy instalments to suit their convenience.

The company, however, seem to have relented on further consideration, and withdrew their consent to the considerate proposal of the Corporation. The result is that there are several thoroughfares—notably James's street—where the operations are suspended, the paving setts being heaped up in a condition of storage, awaiting the result of a lawsuit which must inevitably ensue between the Corporation and the Tramways Company.

In this matter the Corporation are assured of unanimous public sympathy. They made a most generous offer to the Tram Company in the general interest of the public, and this offer, at first accepted, is, on second thoughts, rejected—arguing a most unbusinesslike wavering in the council of the company.

We are unable to fathom the policy of the United Tramways Company. They have the streets in a chronic state of repair, and expect the public to use cars which shake the passengers over the unsettled paving like a Russian *droschy*.

There may be something subtly transparent in a policy of this description; there may be something inexplicably generous in the treatment of the Corporation who, when they were about to start their hazardous enterprise, generously presented them with the streets, but for our part, we see in those movements, merely habitual obtuseness of men who are ready to go any lengths to fleece the public in the interests of shareholders. We need scarcely say that we do not approve of this company having a monopoly of the streets. This state of things could not have happened if the Corporation consisted of paid officials freely elected by the citizens. Until this occurs we may be assured that private interests will continue to clash from time to time with the interest of the public.

OUR GOVERNESSES.

There is, we are glad to say, a somewhat more healthy feeling now coming into existence amongst the community, generally speaking, with reference to the position or status of the governesses who educate the children of the higher classes. In past times we were sometimes accustomed to hear complaints of a more or less serious nature made by this body of ladies on their general treatment by those families in which it was their lot to labour and toil for the benefit of the rising generation. Now these complaints are dying out; yet from some quarters they still reach our ears. Now, let us examine for one moment the position, the education, and the treatment of governesses. If we take up their position what do we find? Simply this, that this body of ladies are recruited from the best ranks

of society. In all save a few instances they will be found to be the daughters of clergymen, the members of large and at one time wealthy families, or ladies possessed of property which in many instances, and owing to various causes, has deteriorated so much in value as to leave no alternative for those whom it formerly supported but to go forth into the broad world and endeavour to assist their already inadequate and overstrained incomes. Now, let us take the educational and teaching powers of these ladies, and we find without exception that they are a talented and painstaking body. Now-a-days we find that by their own indomitable perseverance they in many instances have successfully combated for and received university degrees. We find them talented in all arts which go to make up the perfect woman—in music, in literature, in art. They spare no time, they spend their last farthing in obtaining all the singular requirements necessary for their calling. In refinement none are more perfect, developed as it is in natures prepared by associations which cannot fail to inculcate those higher graces and refinements which we so much admire in the gentler sex. Their style and bearing are alike graceful and dignified. But when we turn from these reflections and consider their treatment in the families in which they labour, we find with regret in many cases it is not such as to merit respect, much less be considered adequate to their position and standing.

How seldom do we find the governess of the family placed on a par with the other members. How seldom do we see them take their place at table with those who employ them; and do we not find in some instances their presence barely tolerated? To those who thus treat them we have a few words to say. Is it for your children's benefit that you treat their teacher with a haughty dignified air, with that painful solemnity by means of which you impress on your children that the governess is naught better than a paid servant? If you consider it so, then we think it is wrong. How, we ask you, can your children respect and love—for these are the two cardinal points each governess who aims at success seeks to obtain—the person you almost scorn. Your children cannot be taught to respect her unless you do so. We all know the keenness of perception of most young children and how soon they recognise the difference. It should be the aim of every mother to make her governess—at least for the time being—on a par with the family. Thus will the children grow up to respect her as they do their mother. Out of respect will come admiration and love. Then will the tasks be performed with greater vigour and freshness. It will be a labour of love, and not diurnal drudgery out of which no beneficial result can ensue. You will add to her comforts. Recollect if she through untoward circumstances has been compelled to go to your house to earn her livelihood it is no reason why you should make her position untenable. She, like yourself, has come of an honourable family. The difference lies in the fact that fortune has favoured you, while its face has been hidden in her case. Recollect it is no disgrace for her to go out into the bitter, relentless world, in all probability to support not only herself, but her mother and sisters. We think many will see it in this light; we hope they will. The change can easily be made. It requires no sacrifice, no lowering of position, but the reverse. By doing good to

others we do good to ourselves. We are inculcating the refined and golden trait of charitable feelings, and adding to our virtues by such acts. Let us, then, treat these persevering, energetic, and noble women as they deserve—as our co-equals in station, not as our slaves. We shall relieve by our action many of the painful yearnings of conscience, perfect and supplement our teachers' efforts, assist our children, and bring just and laudable credit on ourselves as benevolent and charitable humanists.

"THE BURLINGTON."

A HIGH CREDIT TO DUBLIN.

No traveller or tourist taking Dublin in his rounds ever thinks of leaving it without paying one or more visits to the famous "Burlington"—a restaurant without a rival anywhere for everything that constitutes perfection in the largest as in the minutest detail of its magnificent resources and management. With a preface such as this, it seems quite superfluous to state that this model establishment is situated in St. Andrew street, and we mention the matter not for the information of the citizens, with whom the "Burlington" is a household word, nor yet for the benefit of ordinary travellers who come frequently among us, but simply for the purpose of introducing strangers unacquainted with the city to a perfectly unique hostelry where they will be served as they never have been served before, let them have travelled where they may. New Yorkers assert that Delmonico's is the finest restaurant in the world, a title disputed by Londoners, who claim for Evans's that distinction; but in asserting for the "Burlington" that it is quite on an equality with either of these, and in many important respects infinitely superior, we feel that we will be borne out by the evidence of thousands who have patronised this house time after time, and whose testimony of its superiority is in black and white in the books of the establishment. Some of their names are given at foot of this article, and among them will be recognised not only well-known members of the aristocracy, but travellers who have journeyed "from China to Peru," and whose experience of English, Continental, and American places of high-class entertainment is sufficiently extensive to render their opinion of the "Burlington" a matter to which importance may fairly be attached.

Its unique character is apparent on all sides. Beginning with the cellars, which are stocked with wines of the rarest vintages, whiskeys of brands and ages but seldom enjoyed at social boards, the famous Montebello claret of 1874, and liqueurs of every description known to the connoisseur, we stand amazed at the enormous stock which Mr Corless has here provided for the exigencies of his business—a cellarage very much larger than that attached to the largest hotel in Ireland, and perhaps only equalled by one in London. Indeed it is only quite recently that Mr Corless attracted crowds to his establishment by a spectacle as novel as it was interesting, this being the entire occupation of the greater part of St. Andrew street with a multitude of hogsheads, barrels, cases, jars and bottles, containing liquors of the choicest kinds which he was about depositing in his spacious cellars. On the ground floor of the establishment is the luncheon and grill-room, whose management is entrusted to a competent chef.

This important section of the famous restaurant is admirably arranged. The settings are simply splendid, and rivet the instant attention of the visitor. The second apartment is the oyster saloon, off which are the famous American bar, the cigar store, and the proprietor's office. This American bar is one of the curiosities of the "Burlington" and of Dublin, as here may be obtained no less than 36 varieties of "long" Yankee drinks and 53 short ones, with a number of "hot ones" and "prairie oysters" thrown in. These varieties are all of Transatlantic origin, and must be tested to be appreciated. They include, "cocktails," "flips," "rum and honey," "stone fence," "eye-openers," "Memphis punch," "John Collins," "corpse-reviver," "rattlesnake," "pick-me-up," "Tom and Jerry," and a great many more whose names are suggestive of American alcoholic concoctions. The wines are supplied from the wood, and the various casks indicate and guarantee their brand and age.

One of the most important additions to the resources of this famous establishment is the new dining-room for ladies and gentlemen, which is on the first floor upstairs, and can be entered by two doors, but the principal entrance is from St. Andrew street. This has been in use since the year 1884, at which time five different firms of Dublin contractors were employed day and night during the month of August in the work of transforming the National Discount Company's premises, purchased by Mr Corless, into a luxurious series of festive rooms, rejoicing in rich mellow tints of decorative art. The gilt arabesque dado, the central shades to harmonise with splendid pictures in rich and massive frames, the brilliant mirrors to reflect bright faces, selected exotics and cool ferns—everything, in short, to charm the eye and give a keener zest to appetite, surrounds the visitor on all sides in this fairylike apartment. This sumptuously-fitted dining-room is some 60 feet long with proportionate width, and is reached from the street by a magnificent walnut staircase, the handsome doorways giving an index of the beauty to be found within. In the doors are large centre-pieces of stained glass, with figures emblematic of the days of chivalry—knights in armour and barons in mail, with cuirass, helmets, &c. The floor is of oak, laid diagonally, and is both a costly and elegant piece of workmanship. Opposite one of the doorways is a massive brass enclosure, in the centre of which is a pure white Corinthian pillar, handsomely ornamented at the top, and on each side is a life-size piece of statuary representative of some member of the heathen mythology, and very handsomely designed. Surmounting a massive Irish oak mantelpiece is a superb mirror, and the tile settings with which it is bevelled correspond with the object on which it rests. Four stained windows of brilliant design light this noble apartment, whilst close to the statuary is a valuable oil painting by a distinguished artist, purchased by Mr Corless at a very long figure indeed. The dining-room is further embellished with stucco plasters having ornamented caps and medallions. At both ends of the room are small tables for private parties, while the large one in the centre is used for the *table d'hôte*. The dining-room is furnished with a silver grill and carving-press, and at any hour of the day hot joints can be served up here with all the "fixings" in profusion. As the diners discuss the *menu* the grand orchestration gives out its delicious melodies, the most catching airs from all the favourite operas being rendered. Mr Corless

has further extended his accommodation for the service of his patrons, as on the next floor he has added a private room of considerable dimensions for dinners, luncheons, or meetings, this being a departure which was much required, and which has resulted in a gratifying success. The billiard-room is a feature of the "Burlington," its perfect furnishing being the theme of general admiration, and, like all other parts of this wonderful establishment, artistic taste in the surroundings is its prevailing characteristic.

What Americans think of our "Burlington" will be gathered from the following brief opinions culled from a couple of Philadelphia journals of recent date. The *Evening Item* remarks:—"Americans visiting Dublin invariably visit Mr Corless and partake of his hospitality, which is always Irish—generous and splendid. Indeed it is proposed to open a house in Philadelphia, to be called the 'Burlington,' with a fine wine house adjoining, like the admirable establishment of Mr Corless in Dublin, and which has won for him the proud title of 'Le Duc de Montebello,' which he wears like one of Nature's noblemen from Galway." And the same journal adds—"When Mr Corless comes to Philadelphia it is intended by many of his 'on the wing' acquaintances to eat him and drink him as long as he lasts. Mr Corless is the toast from Dublin to Galway, just as much as he is from Valencia to Philadelphia. A gentler and kinder heart beats not in any bosom." Not less complimentary and flattering of our great restaurant and its management is another journal published in the Quaker City—the *Sunday Item*—which pays the following tribute to Mr Corless's success:—"Of the 'Burlington,' Dublin, Ireland, Colonel Fitzgerald writes that the general business outlook is encouraging. Gentlemen from France, England, Scotland, and all parts of Ireland are constantly visiting Mr Corless. The 'Burlington' is a famous resort for the best in the city, as well as for esteemed gentlemen, the *litterati*, and, indeed, the foremost people for miles round. Many go to Mr Corless for the famous Montebello and his rare claret, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere, and thousands of American citizens boast of their acquaintance with the great Corless, who is proud of being known as a Galway man."

And so on. Indeed we could easily multiply instances in which the Dublin Burlington is referred to in terms of the most flattering kind by London and English provincial journals, which regard it as an ideal establishment in every sense of the term. Its high character and usefulness have been borne testimony to during the Vice-royalty of the Earl of Carnarvon, by the leading citizens of Dublin, including among them five members of the Judicial Bench, who signed a memorial to his Excellency from Mr Corless praying an extension of the time allowed by law for carrying on business up to 12 o'clock at night, the additional hour being asked for solely in the interest of the citizens themselves, with what result it is unnecessary now to mention. The condition of the Irish Capital at the present moment and for many a day past with regard to opportunities for refreshment of a good class after the city clocks strike eleven is, we have no hesitation in stating, nothing short of a disgrace to our boasted enlightenment and civilization. In this respect Mr Corless's magnificent establishment, which reflects honour on the Irish enterprise of its proprietor, is placed exactly on a par with the meanest and the rowdiest "public" within the area of the Circular road, so far as the impera-

tive order to close at eleven o'clock is concerned, and honest public opinion will beat us out in declaring such an exercise of authority to be a downright and positive shame. Let us see how it affects society among us, and we cannot perhaps better illustrate its mischievous working, with the uncalled for inconvenience it entails on respectable citizens, than by a reference to the plight in which parties attending the Italian Opera just now find themselves on the conclusion of the performance, which is reached about eleven o'clock. Many of the audience live at long distances from South King street, and with their lady relatives and friends would naturally require refreshments after a lengthened seat in the theatre before returning to their homes. The "Burlington" is there, spacious and splendid, with every requisite for their accommodation; but authority says—"No, you cannot be supplied after eleven with supper in Mr Corless's, as he is bound to close when ordinary public-houses shut." This, we take leave to say, is both illogical and unjust, and would not be tolerated in any other capital in the world. It is but a few days since his Grace the Duke of Abercorn personally complimented Mr Corless on the superb arrangements of the "Burlington," and this perhaps may count for something with "the powers that be." But, after all, it is a question very much more for the citizens than for Mr Corless, and it is for them to make their wishes and their wants known in the proper quarter, where the remedy should be applied without any appearance of pressure, and the concession granted in a generous and ungrudging spirit. What the respectable classes attending theatres, concert halls, and other places of amusement in Dublin want is the opportunity of being provided with supper and other refreshments up to half-past twelve a.m. as in London, or up to midnight at least; and it is as certain as anything can be that in the hands of Mr Corless the privilege would not be abused.

The following names of some of the patrons of this restaurant, as taken from the Visitors' Book, will show the character of the establishment:—

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.
 Prince Gustav of Saxe-Weimar.
 Earl Spencer, K.G.H., &c.
 Earl and Countess of Rosse.
 Earl and Countess of Wicklow.
 Marquis of Drogheda, K.P.
 Marquis Conyngham.
 Earl of Dalhousie (the late).
 Lord Norton.
 Viscount Powerscourt.
 Earl and Countess of Donoughmore.
 Baron de Robeck.
 Lady Cloncurry.
 Lord Louth.
 Lord and Lady O'Hagan.
 Lord Wallscourt.
 Countess of Mayo.
 Captain Honourable M. Bourke.
 Lady Adelaide Taylor.
 Earl of Arran.
 The Honourable Misses Gore.
 Lord Inchiquin.
 Lord Porchester.
 Viscount Mandeville.
 Lord William M. Compton.
 Lord and Lady Castletown of Upper Ossory.
 Lord Massereene and Ferrard.
 Lady Margaret Compton.
 Lord George Fitzgerald, Carton.
 Baroness Prochazka.
 Earl of Huntingdon.
 Baron Poltsoff.
 Lord Frederic Fitzgerald.
 Lord and the Hon. Mina North.
 Marquess of Lansdowne.
 Duchess of Leinster.
 Lord Charles Fitzgerald.
 Count F. de Montebello.
 Count de L'Endres.
 Count de Villarmoe.
 Viscountess Mandeville.
 Lord Pakenham.
 Countess of Bandon.
 Mr and the Hon. Mrs Brooke.
 Mr and Lady Annette La Touche.
 Hon. James Birney, U.S. Minister to the Netherlands.

Hon. B. H. Burrowes, late U.S. Consul.
 Hon. John Henry Loftus.
 Hon. Captain Plunkett.
 Hon. Mr Pearson.
 Hon. H. Fitzpatrick.
 Hon. T. Fitzpatrick.
 Hon. Francis Daring.
 Hon. Mrs Fitzpatrick.
 Right Hon. Ion Trant Hamilton, P.C.
 Sir Robert Paul, Bart.
 Sir Richard Power, Bart., J.P., D.L.
 Sir R. and Lady Palmer.
 Sir Roderick Cameron.
 Sir Richard Kane.
 Sir George Ribton.
 Sir Arthur Hay.
 Sir George Moyers, LL.D.
 Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller.
 Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart.
 Sir George Paget, K.C.B.
 Sir Charles Cameron.
 Sir John and Lady Lister-Kaye.
 Sir Reginald Barnewall, Bart.
 Sir Richard Martin, D.L.
 Sir Henry Chichester.
 Mr and Mrs F. C. DuBédat.
 J. S. M'Leod, Esq., R.M., and Miss M'Leod.
 Mr and Mrs Wolsley Markham, R.M.S. Penelope.
 Somerset Maxwell, Esq., D.L.
 John Pollock, Esq., J.P., Lismany.
 Dunbar Barton, Esq.
 Vesey Lawson, Esq.
 Mr and Mrs J. D. Rosenthal.
 Percy LaTouche, Esq.
 Henry J. Dudgeon, Esq., J.P.
 Mrs Cornwallis West.
 J. K. M'Adam, Esq.
 Shackleton Hallett, Esq.
 Ernest de Mattos, Esq.
 Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.
 Alderman and Mrs Clamptett, Waterford.
 A. A. and Mrs Marcorobier.
 Mr and Mrs Harold Engelbach.
 Wm. Forbes, Esq., M.K.F.H.
 Inigo Jones, Esq.
 Mrs Hely Hutchinson, Seafield.
 J. J. Murphy, M.D., Harcourt street.
 B. W. Cawthorne, Esq., Bath.
 M. Vernon, Esq., Savage Club, London.
 Mr and Mrs Tatham, Manchester.
 Alex. M'Alister, Esq., F.R.S., Cambridge.
 J. Stopford Taylor, Esq., M.D., Liverpool.
 Mr and Mrs Kennedy, Killiney.
 Rev. A. W. Clamptett, M.A., London.
 Mr and Mrs Hodgins, R.S.Y.C., Southampton.
 Mr and Mrs Martin, London.
 H. L. Jephson, Esq., London.
 J. E. Hargreaves, Esq., J.P., Kendal.
 J. Edgar Pemberton, Esq., Birmingham.
 John Kendal, Esq., London.
 Captain and Mrs Charles, London.
 John L. Sullivan, Boston, Mass.
 Harry S. Phillips, Montreal.
 Nat. Browne, Omaha.
 D. Cunningham, do.
 John Worthington, Esq., Capetown.
 J. M. Mendez, Buenos Ayres.
 J. B. Stocking, Esq., U.S.A.
 H. C. and Mrs Putnam, do.
 J. Amory Jeffries, Boston, U.S.A.
 W. A. Nickeson, do.
 John J. Peakin, do.
 Major and Mrs Blannin, Melbourne.
 Edward M. Finucane, New York.
 Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne.
 Rev. J. E. Stephens, Melbourne.
 J. H. Hobson, Paris.
 Amano Kozico, Japan.
 Rev. T. Fitzpatrick, Boston, U.S.A.
 Martin Reeder, Berlin.
 Mrs Parnell, New Jersey, and Avondale, Wicklow.
 Miss Bessie Byrne, New York.
 J. H. Markham-Rae, Esq., C.E., Bermuda.
 Henry B. Higgins, Esq., Melbourne.
 Colonel C. H. Ashton, Washington, U.S.A.
 Mrs E. M. Kemp, New York.
 Charles L. True, do.
 Judge Campbell, B.O.S., and Mrs Campbell.
 F. W. Latimer, Esq., Calcutta.
 Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.
 Herbert Gladstone, Esq., M.P.
 P. O'Brien, Esq., M.P.
 T. M. Healy, Esq., M.P.
 T. P. Gill, Esq., M.P.
 J. J. Clancy, Esq., M.P.
 F. C. Packard, Esq.
 Madame Julia Gaylord Packard.
 Madame Neilson.
 E. E. Carrette.
 M. R. Gunn, Esq.
 Mrs Edward Terry.
 Colonel Mapleson.
 Madame Maria Roze Mapleson.
 Madame Sinico.
 Major, Mrs, and Miss Clifford, Ashfield, Wexford.
 Colonel Luttrell, R.B.
 Major-General and Mrs Staples.
 Captain and Mrs Peacocke.
 Colonel A. E. Bowen.
 Lieutenant-Colonel F. Townshend.
 Captain Henry Howard.

Colonel and Mrs Chambers.
 Captain and Mrs W. Rynd.
 Captain R. F. and Miss Rynd.
 Captain de La Poer Beresford, R.E.
 Colonel and Lady Isabel Clayton.
 Colonel Paton, 24th Regiment.
 Captain and Mrs A. O. Wortledge.
 Colonel Grogan Graves.
 Major-General and Mrs Chaplin.
 Captain Segrave, J.P.
 Captain and Mrs Slacke.
 Cecil J. Johnson, Commander R.N.
 Major Howard Brooke, Castle Howard.
 Colonel Alfred E. Turner, D.M.
 Captain W. H. Darbey, A.D.C.
 Colonel Colville Frankland.
 Lieutenant Luttrell, A.D.C.
 Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Pratt Saunders.
 Lieutenant-Colonel E. T. Evans.
 Colonel Colin Campbell.
 Major Byrne, A.D.C.
 Captain and Mrs Andrew.
 Colonel Horace Stopford.
 Major-General T. Talbot.
 Major T. Bell.
 Captain R. O'Brien.
 Captain Mulville.
 Bernard Parker, Esq., Rifle Brigade.
 Herbert Charlton, Esq., M.D., R.D.G.
 M. H. Seagrave, Esq., 3rd R.S.F.
 M. E. Spring, Esq., 24th Regiment.
 Lieutenant Murray McGregor, 2nd R.D.F.
 F. B. Newland Esq., Army Medical Staff.
 E. D. Renney, Esq., A.D.C.
 Major Parry Okeden, 18th Hussars.
 Major Malone.
 Colonel Rich.
 Edward Hartoph, Esq., A.D.C.
 M. A. St. John, Esq., The Buffs.
 Major Butler, Carlow Rifles.
 Lieutenant Alfred Anderson, R.N.
 Countess Cowper.
 Col. Fitzgerald, Proprietor "The Philadelphia Item."
 Mr J. J. and Mrs Murphy, 18 Harcourt street.
 H. E. Hudson, Esq.
 Cyril H. E. Lambert, Esq., Beaupark.
 Mr and Mrs Campbell Johnstone, Phoenix Brewery, London.
 Lord Greville and Hon. Camilla Greville, Cloughagh, Mullingar.
 Mr and Mrs M. Davitt, Killiney.
 Sir Henry Cochrane and Lady Cochrane.
 General Dormer.
 General Davis.
 W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland.
 Clement H. R. Macartney, Filgate, Louthstone, Balbriggan.
 Hon. W. J. O'Brien, Ex M.C., U.S.A. } August 13, 1888.
 Mrs W. J. O'Brien.
 F. Dames Longwood, Geywood.
 N. G. Mitchell-Innes, London.
 Lord Powerscourt, 15th September, 1888.
 Charles J. Dashwood.
 R. Wogan M'Donnell, Esq.
 Mr and Mrs Arthur T. C. Cowie, Oxen, 15th September, '88.
 Colonel A. S. Magregor and party.
 Prince Frederick Saxe-Minzen.
 Bernard, Prince of Saxe-Weimar, Duke of Saxony, 24th September, 1888.
 Sir Fenton Hort, Bart.
 Major Lindsay, Hon. Mrs Lindsay, and party.
 Countess of Granard and Viscount Forbes, Castle Forbes.
 Mr and Mrs W. M. Laffan, New York, U.S.A.
 Mr Michael Laffan, Blackrock.
 Mr and Mrs W. N.
 Princess Louis de Rohan and maid, Austria.
 Mr and Mrs Landers and party.
 Sir Craven Goring, Bart., Sussex, 20th October, 1888.
 Lady and Miss Goring.
 Colonel and Mrs Sheppy Greene.
 Princess Helene de Rohan, 20th October, 1888.
 Stephanie, Princess de Rohan.
 John Rock and John Joseph Rock.
 Lieutenant-Colonel Tuinell Oakes and party.
 The Hon. V. Monk.
 The Hon. Mrs Monk, Waterford Lodge, Carragh.
 His Grace the Duke of Abercorn.
 Sir Samuel Hayes.

SIGNOR DE ANNA AT HOME.

Signor Innocente De Anna was found at home in Morrisson's Hotel. In private life, as on the stage—with the exception of his part in "Rigoletto"—this world-famous artist presents the appearance of an extremely well-moulded figure, his bearing unconsciously dignified, his manner refined, self-possessed, and unaffected. The features of his face may, without exaggeration, be described as handsome to a degree unusual amongst men. A certain effeminate softness blends with the resolute self-containment characteristic of a man possessing a strong and superior form of individuality. His eyes are of

that deep brown which at times appears black; his complexion is of the healthy sallowness indicative of the Southern European; his mouth is mobile and sensitive, and his black hair surmounts a broad white forehead.

Our conversation was conducted chiefly in French, though Signor De Anna's knowledge of English is not by any means so limited as, with that modesty so characteristic of him, he seems to imagine.

"I was born in Venice," said Signor De Anna, "in the year 1852. I am therefore, 36½ years old. My singing master was Eugenio Pizzolato, and my master in the art of music Giuseppe Arpesain, both of Venice. I made my first appearance as an operatic artist in 1873, when I sung in the operas, "I Lombardi," "Traviata," and "Isabella Daragona." Throughout my career from that time to this I have sung in 72 different operas. I have travelled over most of the world. In 1884 I made my first appearance in America in company with Madame Patti and Signor Nicolini."

Signor De Anna here produced his book of newspaper cuttings—a volume which is an invariable and indispensable property of all public persons—and pointed to the critiques of the American Press. These critiques were written in a strain unusually enthusiastic, and contained not only portraits of Signor De Anna, but sonnets written to him by some of the most distinguished poets of the States. In this volume were also numerous excerpts from Italian papers, mainly consisting of translations of English critiques, showing the deep interest which the publicists of his own country take in the career of this distinguished artist.

"I presume you prefer Italian Opera, Signor?"

"Oh, most assuredly. I do not like Wagner," exclaimed Signor De Anna, emphatically shaking his head. "Oh, no, not at all. No melody—nothing! I could say so much about Italian Opera," he added, thoughtfully, "but I shall not. Better silence. Yet it is so dreadful to see some—English, American, French—sing the Italian Opera. I will not name any artiste—no. But the poor art—Italian! The manner in which some do pronounce my language!"

Here Signor De Anna gave an amusing imitation of the pronunciation of Italian peculiar to some foreign artistes, and despite his amusement, he seemed to suffer from his experience of the mispronunciation of the beautiful language for which he has a profound affection.

"When do you propose going to Brazil, Signor?"

"That I cannot tell. There is no time fixed at present. The opera "Lo Schiavo," in which I am to appear in Brazil, has been specially written for me by M. Gomes. I have, however, arranged with Mr Augustus Harris to have it produced next year in Covent Garden. If you have time I shall show you plates of scenery and costumes, which I have just received from M. Gomes."

"My time, Signor, is at your disposal."

Signor De Anna left the room, and shortly returned with a large number of plates of the new opera, representing the scenes and costumes of characters, designed in water colours. The scenes are superb, laid altogether in the open air, the palms, lakes, and distant Brazilian hills forming a most original and picturesque series of stage pictures. The Brazilian costumes likewise form an unique element, and the opera will no doubt afford great scope for the famous

abilities of Mr Augustus Harris in the matter of stage presentation. Signor De Anna takes the principal part—that of "Ibere," the slave—his costume necessitating bare chest and arms.

"You will observe," said Signor De Anna, laughing as he pointed to his own costumes, "it will not do to present this opera in London during cold weather. Of necessity I have arranged with Mr Harris to have it produced in the month of July."

"I suppose you have one favourite opera, Signor?"

"Oh, I have plenty. My favourite operas are "Ernani," "Wilhelm Tell," "L'Africain," "Favorite," "La Bal Masque," and "Marie Derohan."

"And now, Signor, may I ask if you like the Dublin public?"

"Like them?" exclaimed Signor De Anna, with a look of astonishment. And then, in a manner and voice of the deepest feeling, "They are so kind, so generous, so sympathetic. They understand, and they have the feelings here." The Signor pressed his hand over his heart. "Ah, yes, I do like the people of Dublin *beau-coup*!"

It is unnecessary to assure our readers of the greatness of Signor De Anna as a vocalist. But Signor De Anna is more than a great singer. He is a great actor as well. The intense enthusiasm with which he endeavours to render his impersonations, his complete self-abnegation in the interests of his art, and the marvellous absorption of his mind in the various studies of his profession make Signor De Anna the most typical operatic artist of the present day.

TURFOMANIA.

We were a merry, though seasick crowd crossing over to the Liverpool Meeting, which occupied four days of last week. A strong affection the Irish racegoer has for Aintree, and I don't believe I ever saw a larger muster of Irishmen at Liverpool at a November meeting. From beginning to end the proceedings were most interesting, and I can say in truth that during the acts and between the intervals we had capital sport; but alas! no one from this side of the Channel made money.

We all commenced badly, for did we not to a man plunge on Dictator for the Hurdle on the opening day. A bad beginning we made, as Mr Maher's timber topper was beaten like a hack. It was doubtless a one-horse race, as old Gonfalon was in the best of humour, and virtually finished alone. I was astonished at the poor performance of the son of Arbitrator—Pinnacle, but subsequently learned that he pulled up lame after the race.

Most of us set a-planning to get back our losings, and we pinned our fate to the expatriated Irish filly Coolshannagh in the County Plate. Fifty yards from home the unnamed son of Barcaldine—Chaplet, collared our supposed good thing, and, wearing her down, won by three parts of a length.

Thus far we were going real bad, and if Theophilus had failed in the Nursery it would have been the case of the last straw to many. By the shortest of heads Captain Jones' colt snatched the race from the Kelpie, and as the early birds got sixes, the Irish division were on excellent

terms with themselves. Tragedy ran unbacked in this race, but she is a lot behind the winner. Pericles doubled our Theophilus' money, and with heavy pockets we returned to our hotels.

We had no representative in the Sefton Steeple-chase on the second day, but in the Liverpool Nursery we had, as we foolishly thought, the certainty of the meeting, Waterfall by name. It could not lose, were the words on everyone's lips, and sheer weight of money brought Mr James Daly's filly down to 6 to 4 in a field numbering a dozen runners. Well, it did lose, and with Waterfall's defeat went the Niagara of the Hibernians' gold. Sad at heart and light in pocket, we sought the train that took us to the busy city.

Thursday morning found Ashplant *hors de combat*, and then Bismarck became all the rage. Like Moses who saw the promised land and was not permitted to enter, Mr J. O'Neill saw riches before him; but he could not grasp them. Let us hope we have seen the last of this disappointing horse. Battle Royal ran like a good colt, and with an E. P. W. or an H. B. in the saddle would have done better.

I regret to learn that Royal Meath, a likely candidate for Grand National honours, has gone seriously amiss. In fact, his case is said to be hopeless.

The St. Stephen's Day affair at Leopardstown will be a boon to Dubliners. If the executive of the club act wisely they will adopt the suggestion of the *Irish Times* and make the tariff for admission to the grand stand so moderate as to permit all pleasure seekers to frequent the picturesque course.

From South America comes news of the defeat of St. Mirin and Gay Hermit, who were sent out from England last year. Bismarck will join the unlucky pair soon, and if his owner would take out with him that *bete noir* of backers, Mellifont, we would all rejoice.

The principal race to be decided in the near future is the Manchester November Handicap, and should the Cob, Savile, and Selby be found amongst the acceptances, one of the trio should win.

TURFOMANIAC.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

Chrysanthemum Shows break out simultaneously in every direction. The beautiful Palace at Sydenham, the Westminster Aquarium, and each public park has its display. Of these, in the order of merit, the Regent's Park, with its Botanical Gardens, stands—as of scientific right—in the van; and even in suburban greenhouses private gardeners enter the competitive arena with new specimens or fresh varieties.

But second to none—and unquestionably the most popular—is the Chrysanthemum Show in the Temple Gardens. To this the public can enter from the Embankment, and, on the first

day especially, a queue may always be observed before the door of each conservatory.

Very brilliant and dazzling is the flood of colour within. When we remember the unpresenting little pompons of our youth these great shaggy Japanese flower globes, that increase in size every year, look like another creation. Relationship seems difficult to trace between the prim, mathematical aster-shaped chrysanthemum of which the stiff points radiate out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and these unconventional Japanese blooms with their velvety frayed appearance. Both species are brought to great perfection, but popular taste seems to incline in favour of the Japanese variety, although perhaps, the disciples of decorative art ought to combat this conclusion. White in each variant shows the finest results this year; but a splendid red-brown Japanese plant—glowing, as it were, with inward fire—will be best remembered. It bears the romantic name of the "Island of Pleasure," a translation, doubtless, of some picturesque eastern title. We northerners are far more practical in our nomenclature.

It must be confessed that the Chrysanthemum Show at the Temple has an additional attraction about it to which none other can lay claim. This annual exhibition is the invariable excuse for an invasion of the historic domain, sacred to the majesty of legal consultation, for the pleasant diversion of a bachelor's tea. Entering by the Strand side, under one of the original gateways, a proper sense of the old-world surroundings comes upon us. Most of the Temple blocks have been rebuilt, it is true, and the gardens are all new, but much of the early character is retained, and it was my good fortune to form one of a party the other day, in some delightful rooms at King's Bench Walk, a well situated terrace in this interesting quarter. Here, seated in a fine bay window, commanding a grand undisturbed view of the river, complete peace and tranquility reigned supreme. It seemed impossible to believe that the ceaseless roar of the Strand was within two minutes' reach, so infinite was the quiet, so perfectly placed the scene. Almost might we have fancied ourselves back in the Tudor days, watching for the coming and going of stately barges, bearing bespangled courtiers, or even the Virgin Queen herself, towards the landing place at Whitehall.

It is a little tantalizing to ladies to find how admirably their bachelor friends manage these little teas. How fragrant and hot is the beverage, how fresh the cream, how delicate and crisp the muffins! Many personal interests and idiosyncrasies stand revealed in the furnishing and decoration of these cosy chambers, and scraps of chit-chat on past and present "cases," known only to the inner brotherhood, constantly crop up in conversation within this stronghold of the law.

In rivalry with such attractions we have the constant reopening of picture galleries for the winter season, and in a fog as black as Erebus the President and Council of the Institute for Painters in Oils received their friends for their private view. These splendid rooms are remarkable for the admirable arrangement of skylights; but on the 3rd, artificial light was inevitable, and was unfavourable to the pictures—a very fine collection—and to the dresses. In spite of the weather, a goodly crowd of fashion-

ables and artistic people put in an appearance, but colours were practically indistinguishable, and in costumes only a few rich plush and arabesque-patterned mantles showed up well.

Since hearing the modest announcement that a young lady from America, Miss Strong by name, professes to enter the lists in rivalry with Rosa Bonheur, I felt desirous of seeing that greatest of living animal painter's latest work. This is exhibiting at M'Lean's gallery, and is called, "Pasturage in the Pyrenees." A herd of cattle are grouped on the summit of a cliff in life-like attitudes, against a clear sky. Shrubs and brushwood dot the landscape, the beautiful patient cows are a marvel of finish, and a sturdy dun-coloured bull looks out at us with defiant eyes. On the whole I prefer this picture to the other by this gifted artist, which is on view at the elegant little Hanover Gallery. It represents a flock of sheep after a long day's march, footsore and huddled together, approaching their journey's end. The canvas is disappointingly small after the bold expanses we generally associate with this great painter, but the evening light falling aslant the faces of the tired sheep shows a marvel of delicacy and power. In other respects the landscape looks too solid and Dutch in expression to be quite pleasing; still the touch of genius is there as ever, and it remains to be seen whether the ambitious lady from Frisco can compete with this sacred fire.

The latest American "big thing" appears to be the lady with 300 dresses and accessories *en suite*. Much pity has been expressed for Mrs Layton for the weary amount of time she must of necessity spend in choosing, fitting, and changing; but from a lady's point of view I feel much more inclined to commiserate the absolute impossibility of the 300 garments being all fashionable together.

It is true that "our Mary" is reputed to travel with no less than 1,500 dresses, but then she also is American, and a theatrical wardrobe is not required to be subservient to the variations of fashion.

In the case of Mrs Layton, suppose she changes her costume six times a day—and surely no treadmill penance could require more—it would take 50 days to wear each of her dresses only once—that is to say, that even at this rate she could not go through her wardrobe twice in a season, and during that season—dreadful thought!—might not new inspirations be developed by talented milliners, which Mrs Layton should perforce adopt, leaving a proportion of the 300 an unused incumbrance and dead weight upon her hands. For my own part, no pang of envy disturbs my serenity at the description of this huge accumulation of clothes.

AMINA.

LA REVEILLE.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—The lessee of this popular theatre deserves the thanks of every playgoer in Dublin for the rich treat he has this week provided for them in Henry Pettitt's admirable drama, "Hands Across the Sea," with respect to which we have only words of warmest praise to offer—commendation for an excellent play splendidly rendered, and genuine admiration for the beauty of the mountings. Most of the company appeared here last year in George R. Sims's

popular drama, "In the Ranks," and their reception on their reappearance has been of the most cordial character. No one who has the opportunity should miss seeing "Hands Across the Sea," a drama which has drawn crowded houses in every city in which it has been represented, and the Queen's has proved no exception to the rule prevalent elsewhere, as the Brunswick street house has been crowded each evening since its first production on Monday night. It will be withdrawn after Saturday evening to make room for the ever-welcome "Shaughraun," which will be produced by Mr Charles Sullivan's combination company.

GRAND ITALIAN CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—A large, almost crowded audience, assembled to this concert last Saturday afternoon. All the artistes were received with considerable favour, and the programme was of a high order, but stereotyped. Vocalists, as a rule, have certain concert items outside which they rarely travel. We need not particularise the songs, most of which were rendered in first-rate style. The sensation of the concert was the appearance of the Russian artiste, M. Winogradow, who sang most beautifully the romance Russe, "Blagoslowlaig," a singularly sad, pathetic melody. M. Winogradow may be assured of the best favours of Dublin audiences. His voice is exceedingly rich in tone, and his phrasing very artistic. We hope that at the next concert the band or chorus or both will be able to attend to relieve the monotony which attends a long series of efforts by even the greatest of soloists. Signor Romili's accompaniments were too noisy.

KINGSTOWN CHORAL SOCIETY.—We are glad to find that strenuous efforts are being made by Kingstown amateurs to resuscitate this society. It is an absolute necessity for Kingstown musicians during the winter and spring months. Mr Telford has been offered the conductorship, and it could not be in more efficient hands. We guarantee his abilities to be equal to the occasion, and we pledge this journal to give every support towards the formation and encouragement of this admirable society.

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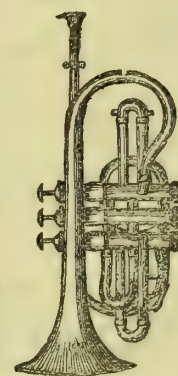
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WEEK ENDING 24th NOVEMBER, 1888.

The Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, with Prince Alexander and the infant Princess of Battenburg and Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, arrived at Windsor Castle on Friday morning, having travelled all night from Scotland. Her Majesty took her usual drive next day.

The Princess of Wales left Marlborough House on Saturday for Flushing to escort the Empress Frederick to England. The Queen went to Port Victoria to meet her Imperial Majesty, and returned with the Royal party to Windsor Castle, which was reached at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon.

King Christian's Fete has been celebrated with much enthusiasm at Copenhagen. His Majesty has received innumerable presents, and the illumination of private houses and public buildings was continued for two nights with splendid effect. The Princess of Wales and her daughters left Denmark on Thursday for England.

The Imperial Family of Austria have gone into mourning for six months in consequence of the death of the Duke Maximilian, the Empress of Austria's father.

The Empress Frederick, previous to her departure for England, went to Potsdam with her

three daughters, and spent some time in silent devotion beside the Emperor Frederick's coffin.

The new Viceroy of India, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Marchioness, accompanied by Captain and Lady Florence Streatfield, left Victoria Station by the 8 o'clock Continental train on Friday evening for Brindisi, where they join the Sutlej for Bombay. A large party of friends and relatives assembled on the platform to bid his Excellency and Lady Lansdowne farewell. Amongst those present were—The Duchess Dowager of Abercorn, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marchioness of Blandford, the Marquis of Hamilton, Lord Frederick Hamilton, Lord Ernest Hamilton, the Hon. Charles Gore, and many others. His Excellency's daughters had already embarked on board the Sutlej for Brindisi. Lady Lansdowne received many beautiful bouquets before the train started.

Mr Joseph Chamberlain's marriage with Miss Mary Endicott was solemnised privately on Thursday last at St. John's Church. The day was dark; there was a heavy rain, with a driving wind. All the invitations to church were verbal, and to protect guests who had no cards seats were numbered and assigned to them by name. The church was at no time crowded. Invited guests included the President, high officials of the Government, and the relatives and intimate friends of Mr and Mrs Endicott. All the prominent military men in the city were present, with their families. The officers were in full uniform. There were no floral decorations. President Cleveland and the other wedding guests were in their seats before the arrival of the bridal party. The quaint little church was lighted up to counteract the darkness of the storm without. There were four gentlemen ushers but no bridesmaids.

It was only a few moments after two o'clock when the bride appeared, accompanied by her father. She wore a grey travelling costume, and walked down the main aisle of the church, quite self-possessed, her usually bright complexion a trifle dimmed, but her appearance having all that dignified charm of manner so well known in Washington society. Mr Chamberlain, in faultless morning dress, entered the church alone, and presented himself at the altar-rail as the bride and her father made their appearance. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. A. Leonard, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Franks, of Salem, Massachusetts. At the close Mr Chamberlain and his wife walked out of the church together, and were immediately driven to Endicott House, where friends and guests joined them at the wedding breakfast. The mansion was profusely decorated with flowers from the White House conservatory. On all sides there were great vases filled with roses. In response

to the personal congratulations of President Cleveland at breakfast, Mr Chamberlain spoke briefly, and showed much feeling.

The bridal presents were very elaborate, chief among them being a cheque for a substantial sum from her grandparents, Mr and Mrs George Peabody; a diamond and sapphire necklace from her uncle in London; a diamond and sapphire crescent for the hair; a pair of diamond and sapphire bracelets, and a diamond ring from Mr Chamberlain; and a diamond crescent from her father. The bridal trossieu includes seven dresses, made by Worth, of Paris; and, following an old Puritan fashion, the parents have added an extensive supply of *lingerie*, daintily embroidered. The old Puritan custom absolutely provides for household linen of the best quality as part of a bridal outfit.

On Thursday forenoon the marriage of Mr Edmund Fitzlaurence Dease, J.P., second son of the late Mr James Arthur Dease, D.L., of Turbotston, County Westmeath, to Miss Kate Mary Murray, eldest daughter of Mr Maurice Murray, D.L., of Beech Hill, Cork, was celebrated, by permission, at the Oratory attached to Beech Hill, the residence of the bride's father. Mr Edmund Fitzlaurence Dease is a gentleman of high position in the County of Westmeath, where he is very generally popular, and takes an active interest in field sports. His family is much looked up to by both rich and poor in the vicinity in which they reside. He has chosen as his bride a young lady of many personal attractions, who is greatly esteemed in Cork by a wide circle of friends, for her amiability and kindness of disposition. She is the daughter of a gentleman largely identified with the trade of the city, who is well known for the liberal support he gives to charitable institutions, and for his active co-operation in any movement set on foot for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. The union is one that has in every respect taken place under the happiest auspices.

Miss Murray was given away by her father; the ceremony and Mass being celebrated by the Right Rev. Monsignor Neville, Dean. She was accompanied to the altar by the following ladies who acted as bridesmaids—Miss Georgie Murray, sister to the bride; Miss Hackett, cousin to the bride; and Miss Dease, and Miss Lily Dease, sisters of the bridegroom. The best man was Mr Edmund Dease, junr., Rath House, Queen's County, cousin to the bridegroom. Herr Gmur performed on the organ, with much taste and feeling, a selection of sacred music during Mass, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March afterwards. The bride was married in her travelling dress, of blue cloth, trimmed with silver fox, with muff and boa to match. The bridesmaids wore grey cloth, trimmed with beaver, and had muffs to match, the present of the bridegroom. The mother of the bride wore a black velvet dress with

lavender panels and bonnet to match, and the mother of the bridegroom was attired in a grey satin dress and bonnet to match.

* *

The assembled guests, besides those already mentioned, were—Mrs Dease, of Turbotston, mother of the bridegroom, and his sister, Miss Madeline Dease, Mr and Mrs Fitzgerald, Mr Edmund Dease, Miss Dease and Miss Mary Dease, of Rath House; Lady Hackett and Miss Sugrue, Lord Justice and Mrs Naish, the Rev. John O'Leary, Mrs Dease, Mr Wm. Dease and Miss Dease, of Celbridge Abbey; Mrs Harding, Mr and Mrs Mangerton Arnott, Mr Charles Meade Harvey, Captain Morris, R.A.; Mr Daly Murray, Mr John Murray, 14th Hussars; and Mr Fitzmaurice Murray. After the marriage had concluded the guests were entertained by Mr and Mrs Murray at a sumptuous *dejeuner*, provided by Mr Leech in good style. When the *dejeuner* had concluded photographs of groups of the wedding party were taken by Messrs. Guy, of Patrick street. The bride and bridegroom soon after left for the 2.10 mail train *en route* for London amidst the hearty good wishes of their numerous friends. The presents were numerous and costly.

* *

On Thursday last the marriage was solemnised at St. Marks, North Audley street, of Mr Fitzroy Cole, of Heatham House, Twickenham, and Amy, eldest daughter of the late Mr Arthur L. Tollmache, of Bellincor, King's County, Ireland. The bridegroom was attended by Colonel Myles Sandys, M.P., as best man. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr Arthur Tolle-mache, of Ballincor and attended by her cousin, the Hon. Richard Bethall, as page, and by eight bridesmaids. The service was fully choral. After the ceremony Mrs Tolle-mache received the wedding party at 34 Hill street. Over 100 invitations had been issued, and included the Countess of Dysart, Lady Huntingtower, Lord and Lady Westbury, Lord and Lady Sudeley, Mrs Campbell of Islay, Sir George Douglas, &c. At half-past four Mr and Mrs Fitzroy Cole started for Hastings. *en route* for Naples and Egypt.

* *

William Wilfrid Webb, Surgeon, Bombay Army, second son of Francis Cornelius Webb, M.D., F.R.C.P., was married on the 23rd of October at All Saints' Church, Ajmere, Rajputana, to Anna Claire, second daughter of Major-General Archibald Tisdall.

* *

The marriage of Mr Stuart Robinson, 14th Hussars, and Gertrude Hay, daughter of Major-General A. R. Lempiere, late R.E., of Collingwood Mount, Farnborough, will take place in January.

* *

An engagement is announced between Mr Arthur D. Cripps, youngest son of Mr H. W. Cripps, Q.C., of Beechwood, Marlow, and Miss Georgina A. Hotham, second daughter of Mr Frederick Hotham and the late Rev. F. Hotham, Rector of Rushbury, Shropshire.

* *

The marriage arranged between Captain Hugh Wodehouse Pearce, of the East Surrey Regiment, and Ada Gordon, daughter of Mr Walter Scott, D.L., of Adelaide Mansions, Brighton, and of Goldielea, Kirkcudbrightshire, N.B., will take place in January.

The marriage between Captain John G. Musters, Inspecting Commander of Coastguards at Malahide, and Miss Manders will very soon take place.

* *

A marriage is arranged between Mr Greville Douglas, son of the late Sir Charles Douglas, K.C.M.G., and Lady Margaret Browne, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare.

* *

The marriage of the Master of Palworth and Miss Buxton, eldest daughter of Sir T. Fowell and Lady Victoria Buxton, will take place next week at Waltham Abbey.

* *

The marriage of Captain Gilbert Blake and Miss Mabel Stewart will take place December 12.

* *

The marriage between Mr Raleigh Chichester and Miss Edith Smith Pigott will be solemnised on the 29th inst.

* *

A marriage will shortly take place between Lord Moreton, eldest son of the Earl of Ducie, and Ada Margerette, eldest daughter of Mr Dudley Robert Smith.

* *

A marriage is arranged between Captain Harry Arnold Armitage, 15th (the King's) Hussars, son of the late Mr Armitage, of Birkley Grange, near Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, and Kate, youngest daughter of the late Mr Henry Unnin, of Broom Cross, near Sheffield, West Yorkshire.

* *

The marriage of Miss Ella Crosse, daughter of Colonel and Lady Mary Crosse, and Mr Thursby will take place on the 27th inst. Colonel and Lady Mary Crosse have arrived at their residence, Grosvenor Gardens, for the event.

* *

The marriage of Walter Blake Butler, Captain 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Clara, youngest daughter of the late Mr Cornelius Creagh, of Dangan, County Clare, took place on the 18th inst., at the parish church, Quin, county Clare. The Rev. F. Butler, assisted by the Rev. D. Corbett, officiated.

* *

A marriage is arranged to take place between Mr Greville Douglas, son of the late Sir Charles Douglas, K.C.M.G., and Lady Margaret Browne, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare.

* *

It is stated that a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Charles O'Hara, Esq., of Annamore, Roscommon, and Miss King-Harman, the heiress of the late Colonel King-Harman, Rockingham. This alliance would have the effect of joining the two largest properties in the West of Ireland.

* *

The eldest daughter of the exiled Don Carlos, recently betrothed to the son of the Archduke Leopold Salvator, possesses a most comprehensive catalogue of Christian names. Blanche de Castille, Marie de la Conception, Therese, Francoise d'Assise, Marguerite, Jeanne, Beatrice, Charlotte, Louise, Fernande, Adelgonde, Elvire, Ildefonse, Regine, Josephe, Michelle, Gabrielle, Raphaëlle.

The breach of promise case brought by Miss Phyllis Broughton against Viscount Dangan will not be heard before January. The Solicitor-General has been retained on behalf of the fair plaintiff, while Sir Charles Russell will appear for the noble defendant.

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The Chrysanthemum dance at Kingstown is now definitely fixed to take place on Friday evening, the 30th November. The committee of management comprise the same names as those who last winter carried out so admirably the private subscription dances that proved so successful. It is intended that the "chrysanthemum dance" shall be perfect in all its details. The decorations are to be superb, the floor is an admirable one for dancing; the supper has been entrusted to a caterer who has invariably given satisfaction, and last, but not least, Little's famous band supplies the music. The price of tickets has been fixed at ten shillings, and the number is strictly limited.

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The following is the committee of the dance:—The Lady Rachel Saunderson, the Right Hon. Mrs Hare, Captain the Hon. R. Hare, R.N.; the Hon. Mrs Plunkett, the Hon. Mrs Crofton, Captain the Hon. F. Crofton, R.N.; Lady Grace, Sir Percy Grace, Bart.; Mrs Head, Mrs Shapland Sandy, Shapland Sandy, Esq.; Mrs Browne, Mrs Armytage Moore. Tickets can be obtained (by voucher only) at Cramer's, Westmoreland street.

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A grand ball was given in the Courthouse Nenagh, on Thursday last. Parties from Dublin and Limerick were present, together with a numerous company of local gentry, who thoroughly enjoyed the dancing until the grey morning light came stealing over them. The dresses of the ladies fair were in excellent taste, and displayed much of the costumier's ingenuity and skill.

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The Annual Chrysanthemum Show was held in Clonmel on Tuesday, and although the exhibits were not on the whole as good as last year, still they were very meritorious. Altogether some hundred stands of blooms and about the same number of plants were sent in for exhibition. The principal competitors for the prizes were Mr F. Clibborn, of Anner Park, hitherto known as the champion "mummer" of Ireland; Mr R. de la Poer, of Kilcromagh; Mr T. Phelan, of Spring Gardens; and Mr A. Malcolmson, of Minella. The interest mainly centred in the competition for the silver challenge cup presented by Mr R. de la Poer for the best collection of 24 blooms. This he had the satisfaction of winning himself, with a truly beautiful stand comprising no less than 19 varieties.

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In the Dublin Show on Thursday Mr de la Poer was again successful, taking two first, one second, and two third prizes.

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Great progress has been made in the culture of chrysanthemums during the past few years. These plants produce their flowers at a time when others are very scarce. Annuals are all dead and perennials asleep for the winter. They present a rare variety of colour, form, and size, and are not difficult to grow in the ordinary way. Of course the enormous blooms which appear in the exhibition stands are the result of much care and attention. Only one bloom is per-

mitted to mature on each stalk, and that one is fed and washed and curled, and, in fact, generally tended with as much devotion as an only child. The long succession of wet weather this year interfered seriously with the production of really perfect blooms, most of those exhibited showing slight discolouration, the result of damp.

Mrs Dunn, 42 Upper Mount street, gave a small dance on Tuesday evening, the 20th. Among those present were:—Dr. and Mrs Dallas Pratt, the Misses St. Leger Clarkes, Mrs and the Misses Hysancth Plunket, Mrs and Miss Howley, Mrs and Miss Casimer O'Meagher, Mrs and the Misses Barry, 27 Leinster road; Mr and Mrs E. Irwin Campbell, &c. &c.

Mr Mervyn A. Browne has been doing extremely good business lately with his favourite band. They supplied the music at the Carlow County Club ball, which was a very brilliant affair, attended by the *elite* of the district, with numbers of fashionable people from Dublin, and they also attended at Mrs Hayes's ball in Merrion Square on Wednesday last.

A ball on a grand scale was given on Friday night last in the Masonic Hall, Castleblaney, which was attended by the beauty and fashion of that part of County Louth. There was also an excellently-rendered amateur concert given in the Town Hall before the opening of the ball. Mr Mervyn Browne's band supplied the music; and the same accomplished performers attended an afternoon dance on Saturday evening last at Miss Kenny's in Mountjoy square, the *reunion* being a pronounced success.

A fancy ball was held in the Theatre Royal, Limerick, on Friday night in aid of that most valuable institution, Barrington's Hospital. It was a gay and brilliant gathering, the *elite* of Limerick county and city and of surrounding counties being liberally represented, while from Dublin, Wicklow, and other places there were many visitors. The theatre was specially prepared for the occasion, the pit and stalls being converted into a dancing room, while the stage served as a beautiful supper room. The decorations were elaborate, tasteful, and effective, and altogether the scene presented was one not easily to be forgotten. The costumes were varied and interesting. The music was supplied by the fine band of the Sherwood Foresters.

Mrs Henderson's at home came off on Friday, and was a most enjoyable and successful entertainment. The Gasparro Brothers played a delightful selection of dance music. The rooms were tastefully decorated; the supper, supplied by Edwards, of Cavendish row, was in that well-known establishment's best style.

The fourth annual Exhibition of the Hand Painted Card Society, was opened on Monday at 43 Grafton street, and in connection with it was a beautiful display of Irish lace which is referred to in another column.

In the card department, though the collection is full of interesting designs, those which won the respective prizes of £5 5s, £3 3s, and £2 2s, offered by Messrs Raphael Tuck and Son, attracted most attention. A beautiful fan by Mrs Macdonnell won a prize. There was also a screen

by her, and a panel for screen on velvet, designed by Mrs de la Poer, while the excellent work and artistic beauty of countless other articles displayed deserved the highest praise.

Shortly after three o'clock their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar arrived, and were received by Mrs Wallace, Mrs Macdonnell, Miss Edith Maguire, and Mr Maguire, Sir Percy Grace, Mrs and Miss Power-Lalor, Mr Farrell, &c. Miss Maguire presented the Princess with a bouquet, which she carried in her hand during her progress through the rooms.

Their Serene Highnesses were conducted round the card room slowly, as they often paused to admire the various designs on the walls. By this time the room was crowded. Amongst those present might be noticed Sir Percy and Lady Grace, Mr and Mrs Brougham Leech, Lady Harriet Monck, Mr and Mrs David Sherlock, Miss Edith Blount, Mr William Burke, Miss Purcell, &c. The Princess wore a velvet mantle trimmed with fur, and a brown hat with bronze ribbon bows.

Mrs Power Lalor next conducted their Serene Highnesses to the lacerooms, and they were both struck by the elegance and beauty of the designs of that delicate manufacture which Mrs Power-Lalor has done so much to develop, and has raised the standard so high that the work of the poor peasant woman of Ireland may fairly compete with the finest laces of any of the Continental towns.

Mrs Power Lalor pointed out the flat and raised needlepoint, which comes from Youghal and Innismacsaint, and the applique and guipure from Carrickmacross, and the Prince and Princess repeatedly expressed their astonishment at the beauty of the work. In wishing Mrs Power Lalor good-bye, her Serene Highness once more expressed the pleasure she felt at what she had seen, and said she would visit the exhibition again this week, and hoped to bring also the Duchess of Abercorn.

The new Lyric Club, London, is a very sumptuous temple of luxury and ease. Its rooms are nearly all very handsome. Some of them are glorious in colour. There are Moorish rooms, Japanese rooms, and rooms which are decorated to the highest point of modern art. The theatre is particularly pretty. The Club was opened on Saturday night, and the rank and fashion of London were there, Lord Londesborough taking the lead. It is a musical club, it gives entertainments where beauty is allowed to shine, and ladies also are admitted to dine, lunch, and sup in the house. The situation is immediately behind the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant will early next month proceed to Florence Court, the residence of the Earl of Enniskillen, for some shooting. A distinguished party will assemble to meet Lord Londonderry.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave an evening party on Wednesday at her London residence. It was a crowded assembly, and included a large number of the nobility at present in town.

The Duke of Abercorn left Baron's Court, Tyrone, on Saturday, for London.

The Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam and the Ladies Wentworth Fitzwilliam have left Coolatin, their seat in the County Wicklow, for Wentworth House, Yorkshire.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is taking a tour in India prior to his return to England. His Excellency received an enthusiastic ovation on leaving Simla.

The Earl of Lytton is staying at Hatfield House on a visit to Lord Salisbury, previous to returning to Paris.

The Earland Countess of Derby, accompanied by Lady Margaret Cecil, have arrived at Derby House, St. James's Square, from Knowsley.

Mr C. Kendall Irwin has left Dublin for New York, and will probably be absent for two months. His health had been delicate, and change of air and scene prescribed as necessary to his complete recovery. He sailed in the Britannic Transatlantic steamer.

We understand that, owing to the gratifying success of the Exhibition of the Dublin Sketching Club at Molesworth street, the committee are considering the advisability of keeping it open for some days longer than was originally intended.

Lady Mountmorres is an Englishwoman by birth, the daughter of Mr George Broderick, of Doncaster, and the descendant on her mother's side from the Fletchers of Cumberland. Her murdered husband was probably the poorest of all the Irish peers.

The Right Hon. the O'Connor Don, Madame O'Connor, family, and suite have arrived at their residence, Granite Hall, Kingstown, from Clonalis, County Roscommon.

The members of the United Service Club Dublin, intend to perpetuate the memory of the late Colonel King-Harman, who was one of its trustees, by having a picture of the lamented gentleman painted by the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Sir Thomas Jones. A number of pictures by the same artist adorn the walls of the Club diningroom, among them being admirable likenesses of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, General Browne, Sir Arthur Phayre, General Westropp, &c.

The well-known love of the Americans for blue blood will have had its passion gratified in the election of the new President of the United States. General Harrison, in the sense of long and worthy lineage, is an aristocrat of aristocrats; for, though a soldier of the United States, he is descended from a family distinguished in the wars of the English Commonwealth. His ancestor of that time was the famous Commissioner Harrison, who fought for the Parliament in the Civil War, and whose signature is prominent in the death warrant of Charles I.

General Sir Charles Ellice, K.C.B., died on Monday, the 12th November. He served in the Canadian Rebellion in 1840, in the North-West Frontier in 1855, and in the Mutiny in 1837 he commanded a detached field force. He was dangerously wounded in the battle of Jhehin, where also he had a horse shot under him. He was Adjutant-General at headquarters from 1876 to 1881.

In Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., LL.D., Royal Artillery, who died at Woolwich on Friday, the country has lost a gallant soldier, a brilliant scholar, and a rising politician. In 1855 the casualties caused by the war in the Crimea produced a demand for officers for the Royal Artillery, which the Academy at Woolwich was unable to meet. It was therefore determined to give twenty commissions in the regiment to be competed for by candidates nominated by the universities. The result of the examination was announced in the *Gazette* in following terms:—"The undermentioned persons having qualified before the Commissioners to be Lieutenants in the Royal Artillery—Francis Duncan, M.A.," &c.

The twenty officers thus appointed were always known as "the persons" and Colonel Duncan as "the first person." He was educated in the University of Aberdeen, and obtained the degree of Master of Arts at the age of 19. In 1874 that University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D., and a similar compliment was paid to him by Oxford in the following year. He was in charge of the line of communication on the Nile for a considerable time between January, 1883, and November, 1885, and received for his service a brevet Colonel and a C.B.

He was one of the founders of the Oxford Military College, and the author of an excellently-written "History of the Royal Artillery" and several other works. He was elected member of Parliament for Finsbury in 1885, and took an active part in the proceedings of the House of Commons. He was selected as second of the address in reply to the Queen's speech last year. He was 52 years of age.

We understand the annual meeting on behalf of the Cottage Home, Kingstown, will be held in the schoolroom of the Marine Church, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Dublin, on Saturday, the 24th.

We are glad to find the benevolent work engaged in by the committee of providing a home, food, and clothing for forty little children (under the age of six) who otherwise might be destitute, has met with so warm a response from the neighbouring gentry.

Some of these little ones are the children of ladies who once had happy and prosperous homes, but who are now compelled by poverty to earn a living as governesses or in some other capacity. We would remind our readers that children require more than food and clothing, and would suggest how acceptable a few toys, both old and new, would be to the little ones at this season.

The funeral obsequies of the Rev. Mother Croke took place at the Convent of Mercy,

Charleville, on Friday, 9th inst. About one hundred clergymen attended, in addition to a larger number of lay persons. The Bishop of Ross was celebrant. The deceased lady was niece to Mr Croke, Solicitor-General of Australia, and Very Rev. Dr. Croke, called the Patriarch of Cloyne, who died at the age of 90. She was also sister to his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel (Dr. Croke). It is not very long since his Grace lost his brother, Mr Daniel Plumber Croke, who was for years editor of the *Anglo-American Times*. His wife was Miss Carbery, daughter of William Carbery, J.P., Green Park, Youghal, and sister to Rev. R. Carbery, Rector, University, Stephen's green, Dublin, and Joseph A. L. Carbery, J.P., Bella Vista, Queenstown. Rev. Mother Croke founded 15 convents of her order, and was engaged in ministering to the sick and wounded in the Crimea. Her brother, Very Rev. James Croke, is Vicar-General of San Francisco.

The death of the Hon. Annette Caulfield took place at Dublin Castle on Saturday, the 10th inst. She was the wife of Colonel James Alfred Caulfield, of Drumcairn, County Tyrone, and second daughter of Richard, third Lord Castlemaine. Born in 1828, she married, in February, 1858, Colonel Caulfield (late Coldstream Guards), Usher of the Black Rod to the Order of St. Patrick, and heir presumptive to the Earl of Charlemont.

The remains of the late Earl of Lucan were, on Wednesday afternoon, conveyed from South street, Park Lane, to the Waterloo Station, and from thence to Laleham, the late Field Marshal's country seat. The interment took place on Thursday at 1 o'clock at the parish church, Laleham. Amongst those who attended were the Marquis of Ormonde and the Earl of Clonmell.

Miss Kathleen O'Meara, a well-known writer on French moral and religious subjects, has died recently at her residence in Paris, and is very much regretted by a large circle of literary friends. Her last work, "Le Salon de Madame Mohl," published both in English and French, was much appreciated. She was Irish by descent, but was born in France, and always resided there.

The Pope is dispensing his Jubilee gifts all over the world. France is coming in for a large share of the presents, and churches in Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia have received beautiful additions in interesting specimens of French decorative art.

Perhaps it is not yet too late to induce the Board of Trinity College to take steps for providing the Dunsink Observatory with the necessary appliances to enable Professor Ball to take part in the approaching survey of the heavens which was decided on by the Congress of Astronomers in Paris last year. For that great survey Sir Howard Grubb's establishment on the Rathmines road may be said to be practically working night and day, in providing the necessary instruments for seven of the leading observatories in England, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand, and through a most regrettable parsimony Dublin will on that occasion be left out in the cold.

There are few among us who will say that this is as it should be. Old Trinity has a high

reputation for learning, but it has never given us an astronomer worth speaking of, if we except Professor Ball. Mathematicians of high eminence it has supplied in plenty, though their knowledge has not been applied to an elucidation of the movements of the stars. Great events are, however, before us. Millions of heavenly bodies in all the hemispheres will be photographed, and when the grouping is accomplished, the noble science of astronomy will have taken a stride in advance such as Galileo could never have even dreamt of.

The reformatory system has been brought in Ireland to a state of the greatest possible perfection by a judicious blending of firmness with kindness, and its success in this country has been in marked contrast to the results obtained from precisely the same powers in England and Scotland. Here it has justified the hopes of its supporters, while across the Channel it has proved a comparative failure.

Protestant reformatories and Catholic reformatories are alike creditable to Ireland in their working, and among them St. Conleth's at Philipstown takes high rank for thorough excellence in its methods of reclaiming the waifs and strays of our cities and towns, who, without the teaching and discipline imparted to them in such institutions, would degenerate into dangerous pests.

The reverend managers of the Philipstown institution invited quite a large party at the close of last week to visit the establishment over which they preside, and it is needless to add that they were entertained in most hospitable style. Industries of all kinds are carried on there, and it will surprise many to be told that car and coach building has attained to considerable perfection at St. Conleth's. Scarcely one in a hundred falls into evil ways on their discharge, and with a trade on their hands they are able to fight the battle of life in the outside world with credit to themselves and advantage to the community.

By way of contrast we ask our readers to compare the life of an ordinary street waif in Dublin with that of his rescued brother domiciled for a period in a reformatory. On the streets he is practically homeless and an outcast—in fact, "nobody's child," sleeping in a hallway or huddled up in the shelter of a door, always exciting our pity and causing us to exclaim against the inhuman and barbarous monsters who should be his natural protectors, but who leave him to every form of misery and vice that can overtake the young and defenceless.

In the reformatory all his energies are directed in the paths of virtue and industry. He is well fed and clothed, educated, allowed ample time for play, inducted into habits of self-reliance, taught a trade, and at the expiration of a few years, when he has just emerged into manhood he finds himself in a position to maintain himself respectably and to take his place as a useful and honourable member of society. The Dublin Press of all shades of opinion unite in paying a merited meed of praise to St. Conleth's for every excellence that could characterise a reformatory, and we cordially join with them in their generous recognition of the services of the manager, Rev. Father Quedsted, O.M.I., and his assistant, Rev. Father Kirby.

How true it is that one-half of the world knows nothing whatever of the way in which the other half live, and, we are afraid, care less—that is, a great proportion of the moiety that has its comforts attended to. Only the other evening there was a splash in the river at Aston quay, and an unfortunate man named Singleton went to his account. Death by drowning is not so unusual an event as to cause surprise in a populous community; but the circumstances connected with this case are peculiar, and merit special attention.

Singleton was a boatman earning an honest livelihood, though necessarily a precarious one, by ministering to the amusement of those who cared for a sail on the river, and it is said that he took up his quarters at night in one of these frail craft, where he reposed till the morning's light brought him again on the scene of his labours. He was probably in the act of retiring to his singularly-chosen couch when a stumble relieved him at once of all his earthly troubles and cares.

The question now arises—Is this practice of finding shelter at night in little open boats on the river an extended one, and are the police aware of it? Presumably they are not, or we should have had Singleton long ago transferred to terra firma, where, like others of the humbler working classes, he would have found a lodging somewhere. In any case, it can do no harm to institute inquiries as to the amount of human life afloat in small boats on the Liffey at night. There are perhaps twenty of them moored in the neighbourhood of Grattan Bridge, and an occasional nightly visit to them could surely do no harm.

We are getting into a bad way in the matter of accidents resulting fatally in the Liffey. During the latter part of last week, in the early hours of the morning, Captain Campbell, of the Belfast ship Fairhead, returning to his vessel, stumbled into the river and was drowned. A Coroner's jury found the usual verdict, but they added a rider to the effect that the mooring-rings placed along the quays were dangerous, thus inferring that contact with these obstructions may have caused Captain Campbell to fall into the river.

A couple of days later another life was sacrificed in the Liffey about the same point, and strangely enough it was that of a sailor who had formed one of Captain Campbell's crew, and who had come here with the Fairhead from a Russian port. This double fatality has created much comment, and people are asking themselves, remembering the rider of the verdict referred to, if the mooring-rings could have been the cause of these melancholy cases of death by drowning.

Surely in view of those things the Port and Docks Board, which is composed of leading and energetic merchants, should take some steps to render the lives of people frequenting the river particularly at night, a little more secure than would at present appear to be the case. If the mooring-rings as now placed are a source of danger, why, let them be removed instantaneously to other positions where travellers will not be tripped by them and precipitated into eternity.

There will be deep disappointment in the higher circles of Dublin at the probable withdrawal of a case which the Right Hon. Judge Warren, President of the Matrimonial Division of the High Court of Justice, has on his list. This is a divorce suit, the details of which, it is said, will, if they should see the light, throw into the shade anything of a similar nature hitherto heard in Ireland.

The petitioner is a gentleman moving in the highest circles in Dublin and the party known in England as the "co-respondent" is in this case represented by a gentleman holding a high military command in this district. The suit is, of course, for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, nothing else in the way of untying the conjugal knot being obtainable in Ireland, and the ground of the action is the alleged infidelity of the wife. The case is under settlement.

We referred last week in our "notes" columns to the manner in which fruit is sold in the Wholesale Market of Dublin, and we appealed to Mr Toler to use his usually efficacious influence in having the sound and unsound fruit separated before being sold by auction in Anglesea Market, so as to preserve those using this article of food from possible attacks of English cholera or other epidemics at this season.

We have since learned that Mr Toler has nothing to do with the examination of fruit offered for sale, and we are sorry that he has not, as, if he were moving in that direction, matters would be managed very differently. This important duty is, it appears, left to two constables, one belonging to the "C" Division, and the other to the "A," and we would ask the attention of these guardians of the health of the citizens to the matter in question. It is imperatively necessary that unsound or tainted fruit coming here in barrels should be prevented from getting into consumption, and we take leave to say that the constables in question are neglecting their duty when they allow fruit of an unsound or damaged kind to leave the market for human consumption. Let the contents of every barrel be examined. Pick out the sound ones, and let the damaged portion be sold for the use of cattle.

December 4th and 5th are the days fixed for the annual sale of ornamental and other things suitable for Christmas presents at the Soldiers' Institute, Conyngham road, and we hope many of our readers will attend and give their support.

The other evening, writes a correspondent, I witnessed an act of cowardice in a young man of which I had hitherto thought the most fragile of my countrymen guiltless. Strolling out by one of the suburbs for the purpose of enjoying the brisk night breeze after a day's confinement, and as I dreamily and thoughtfully admired the moon's pale beams as they fell aslant the pretty scenery around, I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of contentious voices. Hurriedly making my way towards the spot from whence the sounds came, I found two men in altercation and an extremely handsome young lady standing nervously by. One of the men seemed to have partaken too freely of the "cup which inebriates," and, raising his voice to its highest pitch, and

his hand menacingly, the young lady's escort was so much awed by the ruffian's demeanour that instead of shielding his sweetheart with his life, he made off as quickly as his miserable legs could take him.

Her frightened cries were of no avail, her erstwhile beau had evidently too much regard for his own carcase to heed her piteous appeals. I rushed forward and with one blow sent the drunken meddler sprawling, and escorted the young lady to her home, a handsome house in one of our suburban squares. She expressed detestation of the poor creature whom she had hitherto thought possessed of all the gallant and manly attributes, and in bidding her good-by she expressed her thanks in grateful language which left no doubt in my mind that from that moment forward her cowardly admirer would find no place in her heart's affection.

We sincerely hope that there are few young men in our city or country who would act in such a mean, cowardly manner, were they placed in similar circumstances, towards a young, or even aged lady. It makes one ashamed to read of such base conduct, and we hope the craven-hearted fellow will read herein the condemnation of all men and women who possess the slightest chivalric sentiment, or a regard for the grand old principles of gallantry handed down to us from our forefathers. Courtship is surely coming to a nice pass amongst us when a man could be guilty of leaving his sweetheart in the clutches of a drunken man, whilst he who ought to have protected her slinks off like a beaten cur; but we cannot think such conduct is general, or that even one other Irishman would have acted in the same way.

When we read of the difficulties experienced by men of other nations before they can secure the woman of their choice; of the dangers they have to encounter; of the deeds of valour they have to perform, we are inclined to think that our lines have fallen in pleasant places, and to feel grateful for the fact that it is love, pure and simple, which guides the fate of the young men and women of our own country. And love, we are sure, is the safest guide. It secures for its votaries happiness more ineffable than it is in the power of any other passion to offer, and it is a quality capable of making life's struggles sweet, and of giving hope and encouragement when all other means fail.

"I know a woman," says Zenas Dane, "who is always harping about culture and refinement and etiquette, and who does not this minute know the meaning of that old-fashioned term, 'good manners!'" Zenas Dane's opinion correctly photographs the character of too many women now-a-days. We have heard of a lady, and she moves in good society, who continually gives expression to regret for the lack of culture amongst her neighbours, and yet there is not one of them who is not more polite than she is. And what is the testimony of a correspondent?—"I have heard Mrs—— in her home yell at her servants and storm at her children, but in society she is a charming woman, and knows always just what to say and how to say it. No other woman can excel her in gliding across a room and sinking gracefully into a chair."

Thus, we see, the inner thoughts and passions, the character or conduct cannot be judged from the spoken word or the fascinating exterior. No, in a woman's case especially the home life when unsurrounded by company or any outside influence, is the true test of her worth. If she is happy her pleasure is contagious; if quarrelsome, her irascibility finds companions. Some may say temperament has a great deal to do with the home actions. No doubt it has, but temperament can be cultivated just as a drooping rose plant which needs much care and attention, which, when given, can stimulate fair blossoms of summer's sweetest scented flowers. Thus, if a woman cultivates equanimity of temper, if against natural inclination she endeavours to shed around her path of life a part of the love and tenderness of which the female heart is capable, so sure will her burden of life be lightened and her influence for good strengthened.

"Zadkiel's Almanac" is certainly very amusing reading, and this year's issue is as pithy and as pointed in its prophecies as any of its predecessors. The Almanac has now completed its 59th year, but it is only right to remember that we have here in Dublin a seer who in matters astrological stands solitary and alone, so far as looking into futurity and extracting a knowledge of that which is to come out of the very womb of time. Whom should we mean but Old Moore, who could make Zadkiel a present of a thousand years and eclipse him as a prophet, hands down.

But to return to Zadkiel, as he is first before us. The London sage claims to have foreseen and to have announced in his issue of this year all the terrible things which have lately occurred in Whitechapel, Gateshead, and Whitehall, and which have sent a thrill of horror through the civilised world, but his usefulness would have been much greater if he had extracted from the stars precise information as to the dates and hours of the commission of those terrible crimes, so that the police might have been convenient.

This is what the oracle said in his utterances for 1888, and for about this time of year—"We must be on our guard against a surprise. Criminals will give a good deal of trouble, and robberies with violence will be very numerous. In fact murderous outrages will be appalling." Prophecies for next year are not generally of an alarming kind, nor is a single war predicted, though we are to have Continental troubles in plenty, with a few earthquakes thrown in, before the close of April. For the thousand and second time the days of the "Sick Man" are numbered—the period on this occasion being fixed for October—and the glory of Islam is to be eclipsed.

One other reference to Zadkiel, and we have done with the subject. He tells us that "November begins cold and stormy—a critical month for Great Britain—the dangerous classes will be riotous, and foreign affairs will be entangled." This is about the worst item we find in the catalogue, if we except an item relating to London which tells us that Mars being in extreme north declination in June, we will have a heated state of the atmosphere, exciting the passions of mankind; and in London numerous great fires, murderous atrocities, and riotous assemblages will occur. There is not a word about Ireland.

Progress is at last being made in the erection of the new barracks at Grangegorman, so much needed to relieve the existing Dublin barracks, which are at present so overcrowded and unhealthy. The boundary wall and foundations have been completed under a separate contract at a cost of something like £10,000, by Mr Donovan, of Dublin, and the principal contract for the erection of the barracks has recently been submitted to a limited competition, and we are glad to say that this contract, worth over £50,000, has been secured by an Irish builder, Mr Pile of Great Brunswick street, Dublin, who, we understand, has promised that the building will be finished within two years.

An inspection of the specification and quantities furnished to those tendering give another instance of the way things are managed, or rather mismanaged, at the War Office. The building, which is of a more or less elaborate design, has evidently been planned by people who have little or no knowledge of Ireland or its building materials. We find that the barrack is to be of brick entirely, even the "dressings" and ornamentation, and all according to sample; and we understand that out of from half-a-dozen or more samples there is not a single Irish brick, and that the moulded or ornamental bricks are to be similar to those made by a particular firm in Essex.

Now, we should like to know, does the War Office know that bricks are produced in Ireland; that Irish bricks suit the Irish climate better than almost any English brick; that Irish bricks cost in Ireland from 20 to 75 per cent. less than English bricks in Ireland; that Ireland produces not only bricks; but two of the best building stones, limestone and granite? and so advise the War Office draughtsmen and clerks, and avert such an anomaly as building barracks with English materials in Ireland—a country which has ample resources of its own.

Not only is this an injustice to Irish labour and enterprise, but it is an injustice to the tax-payers of the United Kingdom, and moreover it gives a handle to those who would break up the United Kingdom. Of course we recognise that the Government is not directly responsible, but it is indirectly. Why does it not at once thoroughly reform a department which is capable of making such mistakes.

It is the Government that will have to bear the brunt of such, not the War Office, unless the Government clearly makes the latter understand that it will be held responsible, and at the same time satisfy the public that steps are being taken to protect the tax-payer and the public. We are only asking for "a fair field and no favour," not that Irish materials should be used to the exclusion of English. By all means let public works be carried out at the least expense to the tax-payers possible, compatible with good value being obtained, quite regardless of where the best value can be got, but in the present case it is an exclusion of Irish materials in an Irish contract, and not even giving them a chance of competing with English, although anybody knowing anything of the building resources of Ireland must know that it can produce as good, if not superior materials to England, and certainly at a lower price for use, in Ireland.

As we announced some time ago, a representative exhibition of Irish lace has been organised by Mrs Power Lalor, to be shown in the room where the usual exhibition of the Christmas Card Society was held. We desire to call special attention to this display of lace, as it will give evidence of the greatest advances which have been made in the lace industry, and will comprise specimens of all the best kinds of lace made in Ireland. Only the highest class of work will be admitted, and the students of the beautiful art of lacemaking had an opportunity of examining carefully-selected specimens from various centres of the industry.

The different kinds of lace included flat and raised needlepoint, the best of which comes from Youghal and Inismacsaint; applique and guipure from Carrickmacross; Limerick lace in its varieties of tambour, rim lace, and applique; the new lace made at Kinsale; the pillow laces and needlepoint from Birr and Parsonstown; the beautiful crochet laces of Clones; the Ardee lace; reticella laces from Newtownbarry, and various specimens of torchon lace and crochet work. The knowledge and experience of Mrs Power Lalor guaranteed the superior style of the work which was collected under her supervision. Her object was to display the many kinds of lace now made in Ireland, and the great improvement in the designs and material used in the production of this beautiful fabric, of which it has been said that "the ultimate object should be to make each piece of lace a work of art, like a picture." The artistic genius which belongs to the Celtic races can be so easily cultivated in our peasant women that it is a matter of congratulation that an earnest and successful movement has been made of late years to revive and raise the standard of lacemaking in Ireland, and the exquisite specimens which are now produced may be placed beside the far-famed laces of Brussels, France, and Italy without fear of being "found wanting." That celebrated artiste in lace, the late Madlle. Reigs de la Branchardiere, was so deeply interested in the Irish lace revival that she devoted the last two years of her life greatly to the preparation of patterns for the lace workers of our island, whose progress she watched with warm and practical helpfulness. Should the bequest which she has left for "Irish female workers" be realised it may be hoped that the lace industries, as well as others, will be extended and multiplied.

At a recent fancy dress ball in Brighton, Lady Evelyn Lindsay wore a dress of white brocade and pearls with large knots of white ribbon on the shoulders, the Hon. Mrs Hastings long train of black velvet with panel of handsome white and gold brocade, the bodice trimmed to correspond. Miss Hastings white tulle skirt, with satin bodice, Mrs Moriey pale blue silk ornamented with rich embroidery and fine diamonds, Mrs Hamilton pink tulle and red ostrich feather fan, poudree, Mrs Holled-Smith very elegant costume of buttercup silk with robings of light green, Miss Raphael pale pink silk, the Misses O'Reilly-Hoey black tulle, Miss Hoey very pretty white dress. An exquisite dress was of white and gold brocade with draperies of fine lace and magnificent diamonds. Miss Eykyn looked well in black lace over deep heliotrope, and Miss Moore had a fresh costume of black tulle with a bodice of black and white brocaded velvet, and carried a large posy.

A RING AND A LIFE.

BY

R. WOGAN MACDONNELL.

Author of

"LITTLE VIOLET," "GABRIEL LURANCE," "EVA DALTON," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE pretty little garrison town of X—was a favourite military station, also a gay and fashionable bathing-place, in the South of England, not sufficiently exploited to be at any time crowded in an undesirable way, and happy in the possession of a considerable number of resident families, who were described not only as "nice," in the conventional sense, but as very pleasant people indeed.

"Sweet Maudie" Shenstone was beyond question the most popular girl in all the town. Bright, beautiful, and gay, "just a little bit of a flirt" her friends said, but everybody loved her. She was first favourite with the entire population of the "military village," as X—was sometimes sarcastically termed. The colonel commandant, who was the great man of the place—taking the precedence in general honour and dignity even before his worship the mayor—the mayor, himself, happy father of a blooming and numerous family; the high sheriff, who on occasion drove a wonderful old-fashioned coach, with four horses and servants in a livery which might well be called mediæval; the doctor, who paid his visits, as was to be expected, gravely and solemnly in a heavy and imposing brougham, drawn by two dark bays—so dark almost as to warrant the rumour that his stables were supplied by a London undertaker; the half-pay major, whose little weakness was a desire to be thought quite a young buck, although his mutton-chop whiskers were much more than tinged with snow and the thatch upon his roof-top was woefully thin—they were all to a man, with many more of a younger generation, in love with Maudie.

It was something very funny to hear them, young men and old, discuss her. As well analyse the rainbow or dissect a sunbeam.

"Can't make her out, don'tcher know," quoth one blonde Adonis of the —th foot. "She is one of those peculiar teasing girls you seem to love to-day and hate to-morrow—to hate with a dislike which you feel to be unutterable until you begin to love again with a sentiment bearing all the marks and tokens of the real thing."

"Sweet Maudie!" beautiful and bright, thoughtless and simple, and happy, 'twere hard to tell when a serious notion found room in that merry little pate. There you stand, with laughing, lustrous eyes, whose colour no man may dare limn; with long soft brown hair, which nearly reaches your feet; your pose is erect and easy, with infinite grace and elegance of manner; you have the natural buoyancy

of youth, with the calm self-possession of a grown woman. I see you when scarcely eighteen years of age, a lovely child, leaning with grave and tender affection on the breast of your father, who looks lovingly into your eyes; the next moment you appear in the role of a wayward coquette, knowing no law of Cupid's court, acknowledging no obedience, playing havoc with men's hearts; crying them "nay" when they pitifully beg for "yes," and half-uttering an "aye" when nothing was further from your intention, and a spasmodic negative burst from your lips, rudely dashing to the ground some poor fond fellow's hopes; wafting one man into the Empyrean of delight on the breath of a meaningless whisper, sending another into the uttermost depths of despair by some sudden and unexpected change of manner.

Ah, Maudie! What do you expect to come of all this? Sorrow is not for you, nor trouble, nor wearisome care. No drop of offending dew should ever fall upon the gossamer wings on which you airily float over the summertime pathway of love and happiness. Those nut-brown sunshiny tresses must never be loose and uncared for in the abandonment of heart-sickness, those beautiful eyes must never be dimmed with teardrops, those slender fingers never twined in the nervous motions of anger or regret.

I seem to see you to-day, little one, as I did that day, though some years have passed by and both of us have grown older, and, it is to be hoped, wiser since then.

You are sitting in the little rustic bower in the garden, your favourite spot in those days. The rose-tinted sunlight is reflected from your smiling face. I see the sweet downward glance of the wonderful eyes bent upon the dog—surely the most ugly of his kind—who is trying to do all the mischief he can to the tiniest of slippers, confectioned out of crimson velvet and gold thread. I see the slender, graceful figure clothed in "white samite, mystic wonderful," leaning forward to watch the pranks of the kitten who makes free with the ears of the magnificent St. Bernard, who regards with dignified contempt the frivolous and ill-favoured pug. And I find myself wondering if all that has come to pass since then has actually happened or whether some of the incidents have not been evolved out of an unpleasant dream.

Even at that early period Miss Maud Shenstone would have certainly found it very hard to prove in court of law or love that she had not become fully entitled to the name of "flirt." I am sorry, very sorry, that I am compelled in the interests of truth to confess that this was so. She was then, she is now, one of my dearest friends; but *magna est veritas*, and were I asked upon my word of honour to name the sweetest (this was a superlative commonly applied to her) yet wickedest, most fascinating, yet most tantalising coquette of my acquaintance, I should have named that very young friend. Having said so much I may now be allowed to join the ranks of

her defenders. For be it said that, while they called her a flirt, everyone was at heart anxious to modify the undesirable appellation so as to "take the sting out of it" in some measure. "Poor child," they would say, "she is so innocent and young. *Elle est tellement innocente*, as Pamponnet sings of Clairette in "La Fille Angot." "She does not know the harm of it. She accepts all the admiration and devotion as the child seizes the lollipops, the fruit and the flowers that come within its reach. She knows nothing of the difficulties and responsibilities of grown-up young ladyhood. She is so used to the homage and adulation of men that she looks upon it all as a matter of course. She does not for a moment take the trouble of thinking out the matter until such time as the amorous and urgent swain demands her heart and her hand, as it were, at the point of the sword, proposes to tie up in meshes of tulle and satin and orange blossoms those free, fetterless hands of hers. Then she takes fright and is away like a startled fawn."

Maud's father was a general officer, who had spent most of his time in India. Her mother died when she was little more than a baby in arms. She was brought to Europe by her Ayah and taken charge of by two maiden aunts who seemed to be sent into the world for no other purpose than to spoil other people's children, since they had none of their own to experiment upon.

It was well that this particular child had a splendid constitution, having been removed from India just at the proper time; and a charming disposition. Of temper there was more than an indication—not of the crying, querulous kind, but short, sharp, impetuous, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, somewhat fiery when roused.

It was a delightful substratum, for those two silly sentimental and thoroughly bewildered old maids to build upon. The "bringings up" of that child were fearfully and wonderfully ordered. It was stated as a matter of gossip in X—that ere she was fourteen they had fixed upon the style and fashion of her presentation dress.

Spoiled! Of course she was. What on earth else could have happened under the circumstances? It can scarcely be said that she had any girl life at all. From child to young lady seemed so short an interval as hardly to have had any existence.

Then came the date of her first ball, great occasion in the life-history of the young.

I need scarcely delay to insist upon the fact that she was a success, *the* success.

She was simply but most tastefully attired. Those too maiden aunts flattered themselves that they knew a thing or two about the mysteries of the toilette, and she did full justice to their affectionate care. She attracted every eye, and her deportment was unexceptionable. Here was no shy shrinking *debutante*, no self-conscious, retiring *ingenue*. Thanks to her training, she

was cool and unembarrassed; as self-possessed as if it had been her third season.

Not now for the first time did she use, with fatal effect, those dangerous charms of hers. There were to her account hecatombs of victims before these. There was that Eton boy who took back from the vacation spent at X—two years ago, a heart bruised sorely—for a week or two he fancied it was quite broken—by the unkind treatment of the too fascinating little maiden with whom he promenaded on the seashore and the esplanade, what time the military band discussed the delightful strains of Strauss or Waldteufel. There was a recent capture not yet dismissed, a young lieutenant of foot who was hopelessly gone; between these were there killed and wounded beyond the counting. And yet the girl's icy disposition did not seem to thaw under the fiercest heat. She was delightfully unconscious, or appeared so, and took everything so much as a matter of course that some ladies—her dearest friends—declared her to be a silly fool, while others pronounced her a very designing young person.

At this ball, her very first, as has been said, trivialities in the way of carpet dances and "small and early" entertainment not being taken into account, an incident occurred which, for a brief space, set the girl thinking; which suggested that the word "heart" had a meaning she had not fully appreciated and that there was something more than fleeting sentiment and evanescent emotion in the signification of the abstract term love which had not been properly translated to her.

She had not been long in the room when the Colonel of the regiment who were giving the dance, one of the most enthusiastic of her elderly admirers, asked permission to introduce a young friend of his, an officer, home on leave from India. The permission was at once accorded, and a mental reservation made of certain numbers upon the dance programme to be placed at the gentleman's disposal if he were found eligible. As he approached Maud appraised him with a rapid glance. Practice had taught her the art of summing up men or women with "half an eye." Tall, dark, with a clear cut handsome face, brown eyes, long lashes, Mr Massey's lithe figure looked to much advantage in his hussar uniform. Further acquaintance confirmed the girl's first favourable impression. She had learned that he was a somewhat romantic, sensitive, and emotional youth, as might have been guessed from his parentage, his father having been an Irishman, and his mother an Italian; and that for some years he had been quartered in India at a remote frontier station, where he rarely caught sight of a European woman.

The young soldier was captured at once and surrendered at discretion. Although he made a brave but ineffectual effort to conceal the fact that the victory had been so easy, a less experienced person than Miss Maud would not have been mistaken on the subject. He put down her name for as many dances as she could be induced to promise him, and she, luckily for him, was in a most gracious and condescending mood. The truth was that the more she saw of him the better she liked him. He was so different from the others she was in the habit of meeting. The passionate Southern nature of the man was revealed even in small things. He spoke of music, of poetry, of books, of countries he had visited, of beautiful places and strange things he had seen—told her of wild forays on the frontier, of hard riding and hard fighting, and spoke with fervour and enthu-

siasm, whether the theme were love or war. His voice was sweet and melodious, full of that curious indescribable sympathy which one feels but finds it difficult to reason about. His language was eloquent and poetic, and when he spoke of the Italian or Oriental romances and love legends, there was a nameless charm about his conversation which surprised and puzzled the girl, while it attracted her more than she would have been willing to acknowledge to herself.

In the grey dawn of the morning, while her sleepy-eyed handmaiden was brushing out the tresses of her magnificent hair, she thought over the events of the night, and could hardly believe that she had yielded so easily to the fascinations of the stranger. She recalled how she had danced with him twice as often, at least, as with anybody else; how she had sat with him in nooks and corners, amidst cunning arrangements of drapery and ferns and flowers. He had taken her down to supper, and excuse was readily made for a prolonged conversation, during which she entirely forgot two sighing swains whose names were inscribed upon her dainty programme, and who, in consequence of her unpardonable neglect, were made miserable for the rest of the night. She had accepted, and for the moment had applied to herself quotations from the passionate poems of Trouvere and Minnesinger which he poured into her ears, the melodious verse falling musically from his lips. Nor had she in the slightest way rebuked the marked warmth of his manner when he took his leave. Neither did she resent the theft of a flower from her bouquet, although she detected him pressing it to his lips before placing it in his buttonhole. Much she marvelled how it all came about, for although she was only a young and inexperienced *debutante*, at her first ball she could not fail to perceive that she had made a very decided impression on the handsome and romantic young man. At the same time she would not confess that he had inspired her even for a moment with any warmer sentiment than the transient interest any girl might feel in a good-looking partner, with a sweet voice, gentlemanly style, and agreeable manners; who talked well, listened well, danced well, and withal had the exceeding taste fully to recognise and adequately to appreciate her own personal charms.

And so she dismissed him and travelled complacently over the other incidents of this long-to-be-remembered ball. Well satisfied with the admiration she gained, a little flattered at the jealousy she excited and naturally proud of the triumphs she achieved, she retired to rest, slept peacefully and tranquilly until late the next afternoon, when she arose thoroughly refreshed, and after a pleasant bath, disposed of a substantial breakfast such as no love-sick maiden could contemplate with equanimity.

During Gennaro Massey's stay in X—she saw a good deal of him. She met him every day and deemed it a duty demanded of her in the name of hospitality to be civil to this exile, who, before very long, would be obliged to quit civilised society to return to that barbarous hill country in India to fight with, perhaps to be killed by the "malignant and turban'd" infidel. They rode and walked, played lawn tennis, danced, and yet, as far as she was concerned, it was always made to appear that these things fell out accidentally, while he—well, he did precisely what was to be expected of him—fell deeply, devotedly,

desperately in love. This was no "calf love" or boyish "spooning." His fervour was very serious, nay, deep, and very real. He knew nothing of the sickly sentimentality of the hobbledehoy, who weeps and mourns, and sobs and sighs, over his unrequited passion, then discards the willow and allows some other girl to efface the memory and assume the place of the faithless fair. His affection was no wild passion of fleeting sentiment, but a something real and strong that sprung from a nature as warm and fervent as the rays of an Italian sun. All the same he did not seem to make much way. True, the young lady was very courteous and kind, and appeared to take particular pleasure in his society. She was in every regard most civil and amiable, but somehow he did not get any farther.

Was it supreme innocence or consummate art, all this?

Never by any chance could he lead up to a serious conversation on the subject that lay nearest his heart. She had the most simple and unaffected manner; his compliments, tinged with the glowing colours of Southern or Oriental fancy, she received with merry laughter as something funny and clever at the same time. When his voice took a deeper tone and his conversation a more tender turn, she was sure to find an opportunity to make an interruption which indefinitely postponed the declaration upon his lips. He was too seriously in earnest to contrive any deliberate plan to take her by surprise, and he was too high-minded to condescend to any trick or cunning device to gain his object.

He had discovered that he had no rival, and he had failed to detect the faintest trace of that coquetry which some evil-minded young persons had laid to the charge of his lady love. Still he could not conceal from himself—he was anything at all but a conceited young soldier—that he had not succeeded in winning Maud's love.

The time was approaching when he should leave X—. Over and over again he debated with himself the question whether or not he should declare himself before his departure. On the one hand, if he went away without doing so it was pretty certain that before his return she would have been wooed and won by some luckier and pluckier rival. In eighteen months his regiment would be back in England, but in eighteen months a whole family of daughters might be married and settled. Again, if he proposed now and were rejected, everything was at an end. He should go away hopeless and heart-broken, and certainly would not have the courage to renew his suit, even if opportunity offered. Then, he said to himself, life would be over for him, and the sooner the billet of a bullet or the slash of a tulwar made an end of him and his woes the better.

After much and serious deliberation in the watches of the sleepless nights, during the long walks commenced in the grey dawn before a soul in X—was awake, he came to a decision. He resolved that if he should find it impossible during the days that remained to him to awaken in this seemingly passionless young dame some sign of answering love, some spark of feeling, to elicit from her the evidence that she was not proof against the fervour of his attachment, he would not approach her on the subject. He would leave her absolutely free, but he would write to her, declare his abiding passion, and, leaving the letter behind him to reach her after he had left, he would go away and wait with what patience he could for her answer.

To be continued.



PHANTASMS OF THE STREETS.

A STUDY OF MODERN DUBLIN LIFE.

BY EDWARD McNULTY.

CHAPTER LIV.—Continued. THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Missie Connell, who had been holding a whispered consultation with Baby Bates, receiving the impact of Tessie's elbow against her side, turned round savagely, and said—

"What are you diggin' me in the ribs for, I'd like to know, Tessie Doyle?"

"Aren't we goin' to the Salvation Army to-night, Missie?"

"Yis, we are; but you needn't dig me in the ribs."

"Hush!" whispered Baby Bates. "Here's 'White-wash!'"

This was the nickname given by the girls of the stitching department to the lady overseer, who now, with scissors and keys dangling beside her apron, walked over to the counter to inspect the work. She was not pleased with Maudie's progress, and said a few sharp words to that girl, which made her cry softly. When the overseer walked away, Missie Connell looked after her, made a hideous grimace, and thrust out her tongue to its furthest limits.

In the evening, when business was over, the four girls went through the streets towards the Salvation Army barracks, Missie Connell and Baby Bates in front, the others following. Maudie was not certain that her father would be pleased to hear this, but she was in a self-abandoned humour since she had seen Fred Gilhooly.

The Salvation barracks was half-filled. Missie Connell, with her head erect and looking about her as if all present were idiots, led her companions to a form, where they sat down in a row. There were some prayers and hymns, and a Salvation captain began to preach. His physical contortions seemed evidence of a mind passionately in earnest. Maudie, who believed every assertion he made, found her attention distracted by the behaviour of her companions. Missie Connell made sarcastic comments on the sermon, and frequently turned round to stare at every well-dressed young man who chanced to look at her. Baby Bates sat with an inane grin, laughing at Missie's remarks with as much zest as she had joined in the singing of the hymns. Tessie Doyle imitated Missie to some extent, but was observant of the startled watchfulness of Maudie. On the platform behind the preacher sat half-a-dozen men in scarlet jerseys and about the same number of women with conspicuous poke-bonnets.

The preacher paused in his discourse to wipe his face with a handkerchief. He continued—

"Wot we've got to settle this night is whether you'll go to 'evin or 'ell. Ah, my friends, 'tis an awful thought—that many wot air 'ere to-night know nothink of the Blessed News. You, young man; we want you. You, young woman"—here the speaker fixed his eyes on Missie Connell—"we want you—"

"Who are you lukin' at?" cried Missie Connell, indignantly.

"Yis!" cried the preacher. "You, young girl, and your friends in the 'all; we want you 'ere to-night. We want to tell you 'ow—"

"Does your mother know you're out?" exclaimed Missie Connell, excited by being publicly preached at.

Tessie Doyle seized Missie's arm between her finger and thumb.

"Who are you pinchin', Tessie Doyle?" shouted Missie, indifferent to the fact that many persons had turned to look at her.

Maudie now observed, with troubled eyes, that the proceedings were interrupted. People began to stand up and look towards her and her companions.

"Come," said one of the Salvation soldiers, seizing Missie by the arm, "you ain't allowed to disturb the meeting. Hout you go!"

"G'lang!" cried Missie, striking him with her parasol.

Another soldier hurried forward and caught her, and the two men, holding both her arms, lifted her a moment and then rushed her along the hall.

Missie, screaming loudly, was surrounded by some young gentlemen, who hustled the captors, but the latter forced her through the crowd, and released her at the entrance door. When free she turned swiftly, and gave one of the Salvation soldiers a slap on the face, which resounded through the hall. She then bounced out to the steps in the open air, where she settled her hat, which had been knocked over her eyes, and re-arranged her red hair.

Shortly after, when Tessie Doyle and the two other girls appeared, Missie Connell greeted them with a whoop and a burst of laughter. The four girls went down the steps. Missie Connell turned to abuse a Salvation steward who was selling papers, when a policeman caught her by the shoulder and sent her staggering. "Go on, now, I'm tellin' you," said the policeman "or it'll be worse for the lot o' yiz."

As he appeared inclined to follow them, the four girls began to run, and never halted until they were in Harcourt road, where Missie Connell leaned her back against a railings and laughed.

"Come on, girls," she exclaimed when she had rested, "let's go up the Cirklar road an' have a bit o' sport. Houps la!"

Maudie, though feverishly anxious to be at home in the quiet restfulness of Rosebloom Cottage, had not sufficient courage to resist the mingled arguments and entreaties of her companions. On the Circular road she was astonished to find such numbers of persons apparently merely intent on promending and staring at each other. Her attention, however, was soon concentrated on her companion, Tessie Doyle, who began to adopt a peculiar, slow, mincing step, her dress-improver poised higher than usual, and having a tendency to jerk from side to side. Moreover, Tessie began to laugh loudly in an unmeaning way, to glance back frequently over her shoulder, and scrape her feet markedly along the pavement.

"Let's walk slow," she whispered to Maudie. "There's two fellas behind us."

Maudie was terrified, and begged her companion to accompany her home. Tessie laughed at her. The two young gentlemen behind came closer.

"Two nice little totties," said one to the other. "I wonder would they go for a walk."

"I'd be afraid to ask them," replied his companion, their conversation intended to be overheard by the two girls.

Maudie started. She recognised the voice of the last speaker.

"Which will you have, Fred?" asked the first speaker.

"The outside one," replied the man with the familiar voice.

"Hem!" said Tessie, giving a peculiar cough.

"A fine night, isn't it love?" observed the first young man, stepping alongside Tessie, who replied, saucily, as she glanced at him—

"You've got your share iv it!"

This reassured the young man, who confidently thrust his arm through Tessie's, and they went on together, Tessie exchanging her mincing step for a springy one, leaving Maudie to take care of herself.

"Hem! Fine night, isn't it?" remarked the second gentleman, as he stepped beside Maudie. "Your chum's gone off with mine, so you and I ought to follow suit. Don't you think so, lovey?"

Maudie had been terribly frightened at the thought of being accosted by a strange young man, but when she recognised in him her long lost Fred Gilhooly her fright gave place to a sensation of delicious pleasure.

Fred was rather better dressed than usual at the expense of his aunt, but he had the same old meerschaum in his mouth, and the same rakish manner of tilting his hat to the back of his head. Though Maudie at once recognised him, he did not recognise her. At the same time he had a dim notion that he had met this pretty girl before.

"Don't you know me?" said Maudie when he had spoken.

"Know you?" exclaimed Fred. "Of course I know you. How's your mother?"

"Oh, you know—mother's dead," replied Maudie, gravely.

"Hang it!" said Fred, striking his forehead. "Of course. She died a short time ago, didn't she?"

"Oh, no. Years ago," replied Maudie, sadly.

"Years ago—yes, of course. I've such a bad memory. Hello, our friends have gone off. Will you come for a walk, duckie?"

Though astonished at the strangeness of his address, which implied merely simulated affection, Maudie

was pleased to have found him again. She took his arm, somewhat to his astonishment, and whispered—

"Yes, let us go where there won't be anybody but ourselves."

Fred Gilhooly emitted a great puff of smoke, and smiled at the cloud as it vanished. He crossed the street, his companion on his arm, and walked down the more deserted pathway.

"So you didn't forget me?" he said, playfully, as he stood to knock out the ashes his pipe against a railing.

"Forget you?" said Maudie, standing beside him. "Oh, how could I forget you?"

"Give's a kiss," said Fred, instantly putting his arms round her. She kissed him passionately.

"Now then, what's up here?" said a policeman, emerging from darkened recess, and surveying him. "What are yiz kissin' and huggin' in the public strathes for? None iv yur moonlight seranadin' here. Move on, now?"

"Come on, dear," said Fred, in a dignified voice, taking Maudie's arm under his. "It's a curious thing," he loudly remarked, looking back at the policeman, "that a man can't do what he likes with his wife."

"A nice way to thrate your wife!" retorted the policeman, standing, and shouting the remark after him.

Maudie felt ashamed and humiliated by this discovery of her love-ecstasy, and for some time did not venture to speak.

"Will you see me part of the way home?" she asked, at length.

"Of course," he replied. "Where do you live?"

"Oh, don't you know," she said, reproachfully.

"I mean, where do you live now?" he said, striking a match dexterously on his trousers, and standing to light his pipe.

"We have not moved," replied Maudie. "We're in Rosebloom Cottage still."

"Where's that? I mean—that's in Rathgar, isn't it?" he asked, as they went on again.

"Rathgar? You must be jesting," said Maudie. "You know very well it's in Donnybrook."

"In Donnybrook? Ha! ha! Of course, I know. I was only jokin'. Well, how's your mother?"

"I don't like you to-night," said Maudie, releasing his arm. "You know mamma's dead, and that's the second time you reminded me of it."

"Well there, pussy," he said, softly stroking her hair, and allowing his hand to rest on her neck.

"Don't be vexed. It's only fun. "So, you're goin' home, are you? How many of you are there now at home?"

"Papa's away," said Maudie. "So we're all alone, Sissie and I and the children. But Mr Macnamara may be there!"

Fred paused, and emitted a low whistle. They were now in Richmond street, close to the canal bridge, and as she halted with him, the glare of light from the windows of a shop fell on her face as he stared at her.

"Hurrah there, Maudie!" he exclaimed. "Well, dash me, if I didn't think—"

"If you didn't think what?" asked Maudie, as they walked on again towards the bridge.

"Never mind," he replied in a graver tone. "So you've taken to promenadin' the South Circular road, Maudie?"

"Oh, no, I haven't?" protested Maudie, eagerly. "It was Tessie Doyle made me go. I was never there before, and didn't want to go."

"Tessie Doyle! Do you know Tessie Doyle?"

"Yes; I am in the same shop with her now. We work together."

There was silence. Then,

"I'll give you a bit iv advice, Maudie," said Fred. "Steer clear iv Tessie Doyle."

After her experience that evening, Maudie thought that this was good advice. But she said nothing, only hung her head and walked more slowly beside him.

Fred Gilhooly had never lectured in a serious strain before; he was astonished at the ease with which he did it, and not only astonished but pleased with the sensation of speaking in a solemn tone of voice. To perfect his new character of moralist he drew his hat forward from its perch at the back of his head, put his stick under his left arm, and placed his right hand, with a paternal pressure, on Maudie's soft shoulder.

"Me dear child," said he, in his gloomiest tones, "you are young and easily led astray. You're not naturally gifted with hardy morals, and you're too soft to be up to all the dodges that go on even in the best of s'ciety. Tessie Doyle is not a fit companion for you. Take my advice," he added, raising his voice, and looking up at a lamp, "keep clear iv Tessie Doyle. She's

goin' down the hill. Tessie Doyle isn't a fit companion for an innocent girl like you!"

"Isn't she?" screamed a girl behind. "Say that agen! I'll teach you—I'll teach you to take away me charakter—"

It was Tessie Doyle herself, who, with her companion, had been walking behind the others for some time. Hearing her name mentioned, she had stepped closer, and, as Fred spoke, she replied with a shower of reproaches, striking him rapidly, at the same time, over the head and shoulders with her parasol.

Turning round, with his hat flattened over his eyes, and his mouth agape with astonishment, Fred wildly threw out his arms, and seized the parasol accidentally, as it descended again.

"I'll teach you," screamed Tessie, her face and throat red with passion, and her neck stretched so tightly, that the tendons were distinctly traceable. "I'll teach you to call people names behind their backs, you cur, you! Let go me parasoot! Let it go. Oh, he's broken it, the coward!"

Fred had clung to the parasol with one hand, and with the other had managed to thrust his hat out of his eyes. As they stood close to a publichouse, in a busy street, during this altercation, a crowd of persons, mostly of the lowest class, surrounded them in a brief space.

"Hurroo!" shouted the crowd. "Give it to him, Tottie! Hurrah there, yur sowl! Don't let him go. Into him. Hillose!"

The young gentleman who had accompanied Tessie took the first opportunity of disappearing.

"Let go me parasoot!" screamed Tessie, clutching Fred's hair, and jerking it about. "Wud you strike a girrul, you coward? G'lang now, with yur Maudie Miller!"

"Let me go, Tessie Doyle!" bellowed Fred, as she tugged his head down with an hysterical jerk. "You're disgracin' yourself!"

"Give it to him!" roared the ring. "Fifty to one on Tottie! Hillose!"

"What's all this?" said a deep voice, as a huge policeman, throwing out his great arms, swept a way for himself through the crowd. "What's all this disturbinse av the public pace?"

He placed his heavy hand on Tessie's shoulder, and she, in sudden terror, as she realised her position, released Fred, who dived through the crowd and disappeared with Maudie.

"Oh, sargint!" cried Tessie, bursting into tears, "lemme go. I was never pulled before. Its all Fred Gilhooly's fault. I'll never do it agen!"

"Hould yur whisht!" said the policeman, roughly shaking her. "You'd better come quiet now, or it'll be worse for you!"

In a passion of tears, and holding her broken parasol to her bosom, the young girl was led away to the station house, the crowd falling back from her path and dispersing, satisfied at having viewed an entertainment which had cost them nothing.

CHAPTER LV. A HILL TO CLIMB.

It was a fine autumnal night; the sky was thick with stars; the moon had risen above the sea.

Miss Denison stood at the wicket before the villa on Dalkey Hill. Beside her stood Oscar Munro. The harbour lights of Kingstown glittered like strings of fairy lamps far below in the distance to the left. A fishing smack was slowly travelling down the glittering track of the moon.

"I have told you all," said the young man, with some dejection, "and yet, it seems that I could go on for ever, so deep seems the love I feel for you. It seems to me that the highest happiness of life would be to be for ever in your society, to hear your voice every hour of the day, to look at your lovely face, to know that you were mine, that I had the right to protect you, to guard you against the roughness of the world, to save you the trouble of thinking concerning the ruder affairs of life, to make the world around you happy and beautiful, in one word, worthy of you."

"And you think," said Adelaide, with her face turned towards the sea, "that I should be happier if I had not to think out the problems of life for myself?"

"I would not have your mind disturbed with anything but harmonious thoughts. I would not have you troubled with commonplace matters. I conceive that a beautiful mind like yours should have nothing but beautiful images presented to it."

"You believe that I should always face the lovelier side of things. Yes, Mr Munro, I understand. You would shield me, you would protect me. You would not like to see me endeavouring to understand the world of my own initiative?"

"Ah, you are too sweet, too sensitive," said Oscar,

fervently, "to be fighting amongst the rough affairs of life. You should exist in an atmosphere of loveliness. Believe me, you will never be loved as I love you. It is not love, it is adoration."

"But it is impossible for ecstasy to be permanent," observed Adelaide.

"Not in my case," exclaimed Oscar. "I know it, for I feel my love inexhaustable. I should never tire striving to make you happy, anticipating your slightest wish."

There was silence. Oscar fixed dilated, passionate eyes upon her face, and she seemed to watch the brown smacks, one by one, sailing down the broad track of the moon.

"Mr Munro," she said, gently. "I quite understand that I should feel proud, and, perhaps satisfied, at your words. But it is with pain, I assure you, that I have listened, and that I must tell you that I have not yet made up my mind on the subject of love and marriage. I feel that I have not yet reached the limits of my being. I do not yet understand the world, or my relation to it. I want to see things clearly, not behind a veil, but distinctly with my own unaided eyes. I feel that I am as yet an undeveloped being, that I have not yet grasped my own identity. I am sure you are moved by what is called love, and that you are generous, noble, and true. But, since I began to think for myself, I have had a suspicion that love is to a great extent an artificial passion, and that lovers have been the dupes of poets and romance-writers. You will, I am sure, justly judge my plain speaking. You would protect me, keep me from rude sights and serious thoughts—that is kind of you—but I want to be able to protect myself, to look at things for myself, to think for myself."

"I will not press you for an answer," exclaimed Oscar. "I can wait, but I should like to wait in hope!"

"I dare not bind myself," returned Adelaide. "I could never feel free with a promise hanging over me. I can assure you I feel friendship for you. But if the time ever comes when I think that marriage is a desirable form of life, I should like it to come when I have reached my full stature, when I am independent, and can give myself on equal terms."

"So ends my day dream!" said Oscar, with suppressed bitterness.

"Now, then, Oscar Munro, I'm waiting for you!" exclaimed Mr Henrikson, issuing from the villa, where he had been conversing with Mrs Denison. "Are you ready? Good-bye, little artist. You sail to-morrow evening? I shall see you off!"

They said good-bye, and went down the hill together. As they neared the railway station, Mr Henrikson, leaning on Oscar's arm, looked back towards the villa, and said—

"How much easier to come down a hill, my boy, than to go up! and yet, a man finds it easy enough, perhaps, to mount a hill when—"

"When what?" asked Oscar, gloomily.

"When there is a lovely woman on the top," replied Mr Henrikson, gravely.

There was silence.

"Ah!" muttered Oscar, with a sudden start. "Perhaps I, too, have a hill to climb!"

CHAPTER LVI. ADDIO.

WHEN Miss Cavanagh opened negotiations with Mr Millar relative to the marriage of her nephew with Maudie, she had extreme difficulty in reconciling her theories concerning Fred's future regeneration with Mr Millar's knowledge of that young man's erratic habits. But when Miss Cavanagh declared that she would settle all her money on her nephew, Mr Millar discovered that the reformation of Fred Gilhooly was within the range of probability.

When William Macnamara was apprised of this, he had some notion of committing suicide, but changed his mind, took out his diploma, and took Sissie Millar to the altar the same week.

It is not within our province to trace Mr Gilhooly through the lights and shadows of his career as a married man. We may, however, momentarily lift the curtain of the future and point to a resplendent tobacconist shop in a leading thoroughfare. The legend "Frederick Gilhooly, Tobacconist," over the door, the owner, fat and genially thoughtful, attending to the wants of his customers in the billiard room upstairs, and his handsome wife, Maudie, with her eyelashes a trifle darker, and her fingers bright with gems, selling the cheap cigar at raised prices to the old-young men who lounge about the shop. Of the smaller beings who call themselves Gilhooly's, who disport in the private apartments of the house, there are six in number; and they frequently crowd to meet an infirm, but kind-faced old lady who visits them with her pockets full of sweets and toys, an old lady whom the

father of the young Gilhooly's invariably greets with a genial shout of, "Hurrah there, aunt!"

And here, with this brief glance into the Gilhooly domesticity, we let the curtain fall.

Through the crowded streets and in deserted places there creeps, now bowed with age, with whitened, tangled hair and furrowed face, an old woman muttering to herself. Sometimes she pauses in her aimless wanderings, and though deep silence broods around her path, lifts up her wrinkled face and dazed eyes, and raising her withered hand as if to arrest attention, laughs softly to herself and mutters, "They're ringin' still, ringin' for Tim!" And so she passes on, the ghostly chimes clanging through her poor bewildered brain, and mingles with the crowds who hurry here and there.

But one scene more—

Upon the landing stage at Kingstown Harbour stands an old man muffled to the chin, his eyes fixed on a girl who leans over the steamer as the paddles turn, and the vessel begins to slip away.

"Addio, maestro."

On her sweet and lovely face there is a look of sadness, although she smiles upon him as she speaks the words. He waves his hand.

In the west, along the horizon, the sky is a sea of delicate green, above a ridge of reddish cloud, and higher still becomes an intense and vivid blue. Across this blue and greenish sky with its dividing ridge of reddish cloud drift severed cloud masses of deepest purple, and further towards the north, all the wild autumnal excesses of gold and brown, blue, and green, and red, blaze across the sky like some fierce conflagration from a hidden world.

"Addio, maestro."

She waves her hand towards him, and he nods and smiles again. The boat is now paddling towards the harbour bar, the long roll of smoke from its funnels blackening the blue autumnal sky above his head whilst the paddle wheels churn the bright green water into snow-white foam. The boat has crossed the harbour bar, but still the old man strains his eyes and seems to see the figure of his beloved little artist on the deck, and to hear her whisper in her sweetest tones,

"Addio!"

The air has turned colder, and the twilight a darker grey. He turns at last to retrace his steps, and to mingle once again, for the few short years that remain before him, with the Phantasms of the Streets.

The End.

THE CLIFFS BY THE SHORE.

On the cliffs in the twilight my love and I wandered, Shining beneath us the calm waters lay,

In the sweet summer evening together we lingered To watch the bright moon rising over the bay, And again the old story he told to me o'er As we plighted our faith on the cliffs of the shore.

Morn rose, and I saw his proud ship swiftly speeding, Bearing my love from me, far, far away; Dim o'er the waters I watched it receding.

Ah! the sad memories that crowd round that day. Yet my heart's load of sorrow I patiently bore But he never returned to the cliffs by the shore.

No more when night's falling, or in the dawn breaking Shall I hear my love's step, or the fond words he said. For he sleeps the deep sleep that will never know waking.

Until the great ocean shall yield up her dead— Though my love back to me shall return no more Yet my heart watches still on the cliffs by the shore.

But why should I murmur though buried in sorrow? Why should I sigh when all sighing is vain? Death comes at night, and life on the morrow, Life without parting—a life without pain For I know that when my weary troubles are o'er We shall meet—ne'er to part, on a happier shore.

NOT FORSAKEN.

Alone, all alone, in this horrible place, Friendless, forsaken, none heeding my prayer; Ah! for one sight of my darling's sweet face, Has she, too, left me to die in despair? Helpless, forgotten, life ebbing fast, No kind friend near me to hear my last sigh, Would that my suffering were over at last, With her away from me, how can I die? Can I be dreaming? No 'tis her voice Whispering softly, "Love I am come," Bidding my poor fainting spirit rejoice, Raising new hope and dispelling my gloom. What is the torturing thirst to me now? What care I now for the anguish and pain? Here is the hand that is smoothing my brow, Back into life she will nurse me again.

LEONARD MANWELL.

DECADENCE OF MUSICAL TASTE IN DUBLIN.

It is true that Handel's "Messiah" was received with considerable favour some years ago in this city, and that the maestro ever afterwards spoke of the Irish as "that polite nation." It is also true that there once flourished a society known as the "Philharmonic," which introduced the greatest singers of the world to the Dublin public.

We have lived on these legends now for many years, and strutted with the inflated pride of these reminiscences until we actually persuaded ourselves that the Irish were a musical people and we Dubliners the concentrated centre of musical culture.

It is time we ceased to amuse ourselves like children with these limelight views of the past. It is time we faced the naked facts concerning this music delusion like rational adults.

The condition of music not alone in the metropolis but throughout the country at large, presents a bedraggled and deplorable spectacle. In England there is scarcely a National school where the children are not taught music, principally singing at sight either by notation or the tonic-sol-fa system. The consequence is, that the adult English read music as they read books, without conscious effort, having mastered the difficulties of sight reading during the plastic days of childhood. The English may not have the alert mental vivacity that we suppose ourselves gifted with, but what they want in nature they supply by art; they rectify their deficiencies in a common-sense manner which in its ultimate results is better than spontaneous genius. We, in this country, have not yet reduced education to science, but rush, like an undignified mob, after every theory, especially if there is Governmental prize money at the end of it. Next generation will see the English people a nation of educated musicians, and we, no doubt, will still be content to trot out the ghost of Handel and the original score of the Messiah. Observe the national pride we take in our composers. Whilst the streets and public halls are crowded with the statues of civil potentates and victorious man-slayers, the memory of Balfe is perpetuated through the medium of a small stained glass window in a cathedral, and the genius of Wallace is recognised by his admiring countrymen chiefly in oral tradition.

We have seen no greater fact capable of putting to flight our bombastic claim to be a musical people than the public notice of the dissolution of the Dublin Musical Society.

A more melancholy record of the failure of heroic struggles in the cause of Art does not exist than this.

Here was a society composed of educated persons, placing before the public year after year the best works of the greatest masters, and the result was an annual pecuniary loss. All honour to those who stood in the face of such reverses, to hold aloft the flag of intellectual progress in the metropolis of their country. We believe in every effort, no matter in what direction, for the benefit of the community, but we place the Dublin Musical Society in the van of Irish intellect—the advanced guard of the great mental army of the nation—a noble band who

stood to prove our right to keep pace with the highest efforts of European genius.

But who are responsible for this failure of the Dublin Musical Society? The class which claims supreme social privileges on the ground of their wealth and culture. We may judge of their love of culture by the manner in which they dispose of their wealth. We now believe that the boasted culture of the wealthy in this city is nothing more than a sham, a mere make-believe, an enthusiasm for art which will go the length of a guinea ticket—an affected admiration for the higher forms of music, in deference to a fashionable superstition. So the light of truth reveals numerous scarecrows of ignorance masquerading in evening clothes as lovers of culture in the select circles of the reserved seats.

We do not believe that the citizens at large will allow the Dublin Musical Society to succumb for want of funds. We look to the re-formation of the Society on even a broader and assuredly a firmer foundation than the former one. The necessity of a great central society, choral and orchestral, is one that affects more than the lovers of music. A society such as this, holding an annual musical festival like that of Leeds, and other English provincial cities, should fill the largest hall in the city not only with Dublin citizens, but visitors from the provinces and abroad. It is not alone the people of Leeds who attend the festivals there, but persons who come from considerable distances. With a great musical society in this city we could have a golden future. With an energetic committee, wonders might become commonplace facts. We say this affects others besides the musical public; it affects hotel proprietors; it affects shopkeepers. We ask these business people to consider well on this matter. They complain very justly of the want of social life in the city, of the paucity of visitors. Well, let them give a helping hand in the matter. Let them work together to devise some method of filling the city with visitors. Here is one method, almost ready-made, and certain of success—an annual musical festival lasting a week.

Of course they must not expect a return without an outlay. Let them subscribe towards the formation of a great musical society. Granted, such an outlay is perhaps a hazardous investment. Well, we reply, not half so doubtful in its results as many other investments. The danger lies in half-hearted support. Place a great musical society on a strong foundation and there will be no danger of loss of interest on capital.

We regret the shopkeepers should ponder on this matter. They want visitors. Well, gentlemen, do you expect visitors to come to the city merely to stare at the tramcars? Have you never studied the methods of gathering visitors in the great English provincial cities? Give a week's musical festival, and the city will be full of those likeliest to become customers of the most desirable sort.

We make this appeal to the business men. We turn now to the musicians themselves, and we ask them, for the sake of the general welfare, for the sake also of the highest interests of the art they most admire, to lay aside their personal prejudices and animosities, to stamp out the nefarious spirit of cliqueism and make a combined effort to establish one great musical organization in the city. We ask all musicians, professional and amateur, vocal and instrumental, to meet together, animated not by secret personal antagonisms, but in the broad spirit of con-

ciliation, to establish a committee, to discuss and decide on some plan which, though not perfect, will at all events be adequate to furnish a musical society worthy of the highest aspirations of culture, and the noblest musical traditions of this city.

ARE OUR EXAMINATIONS SUCCESSFUL?

This is a question which has for some time past been agitating the minds not only of scientific thinkers, but also of the general community. It is a subject of deep and vital importance, not only for our fathers and mothers, but also for the members of our community who control the educational systems of our country. As are the individual members of a community, so is that community by them distinguished or otherwise for learning, culture, and intellect. It is by no means our intention to condemn *in toto* our educational systems. Probably no country in the world, leaving aside Germany, can claim equality with us in this respect. America may be said to be sharp and quick-witted, possessing a somewhat inventive genius; France may lay claim to a cultured education, Germany may be said to have a scientific or specialist tendency, but all must bow the knee to us for a high, refined, and cultured education, which possesses all the characteristics we have before mentioned. No, it is not our intention here to condemn wholesale our teaching and educational systems, rather let us point out wherein they fail in order that these systems may be remedied. An outcry has been raised by students in general who have recently presented themselves at our Irish colleges and universities for examination. This dissatisfaction is not confined to any one class of students—ladies and gentleman alike are annoyed, whilst the art, medical, and law students join hands in the protest. Leaving for a moment this grievance of the student, let us turn our attention to one of our great examining bodies—we mean the Intermediate Education Board. That this Intermediate Act has done much to improve our students goes without contradiction; but, we think, when it comes to be more thoroughly examined into that grave errors and untoward results are developed by it. The courses are numerous, and are changed every year. The time allowed for the student to prepare them is not, we think, sufficient. It is to the advantage of the teacher to get the student to enter in as many subjects as possible. Thus there is little time given for a thorough, genuine groundwork. The work is "crammed" into the student's head. He is, so to speak, fed up at high pressure speed, the necessary consequence of the frequent changes of programme and the brief space allowed to make it up. The system of marking is one which causes the teacher to exert all his energies in producing the quickest results. Thus the system

is useless for earnest, plodding, hard-working students, because they cannot work at the speed required. But when we consider the effect of this cramming on our mind afterwards the prospect is anything but pleasant. What our students have read has not been fully comprehended or mastered, and as a result the work gradually dies away in our minds, and the memory retains none of the impressions hurriedly made. We are without any groundwork or foundation, and the result of this at once will be seen to be most disastrous. Leaving our primary education and turning to our Universities we find as a rule our examinations are conducted in a fair manner with one or two exceptions. There is however one portion of our University examination system which is somewhat open to objection. We refer to the oral portion. When the questions are placed on the papers and answers returned thereto, under numbers by the student, it is no longer within the power of the examiner to deal unfairly, because he does not know his man, nor can he take the student at any disadvantage, because he must place all in the same category, having to give the same question to all candidates. In the oral, little or no provocation is offered or afforded to the student, in preventing the introduction of what is known as "Examiner's gads." Here the student is at the mercy of the Examiner, there is no corrective placed in the way to debar him (the examiner) from dealing with his own pet fancies. To illustrate what we mean, it is necessary to point out that in nearly all cases the examiners are specialists in the branches in which they examine, and consequently form peculiar, not to say in many cases unreasonable opinions on subjects which they have to deal with. The student prepares his work from the standard text books, yet when he presents himself for examination at orals, he nine times out of ten finds that the examiner gives him questions of a purely special character, in all probability the answers to which could not elsewhere be found other than in the examiner's fertile imagination. Again, dealing with the orals we find the candidates are, as a rule, examined in batches. It often happens that one set get comparatively easy questions, whilst the other get exceedingly difficult ones. That it is unfair is at once painfully apparent. When we look at these things we are at once led to ask—Are there no remedies? It is not for us as public journalists to dictate what should be done, but we think that an umpire sitting with the examiner would be a great corrective and preventive against the introduction of "fads." We think if arrangements could be made (and we see no reason why they could not) so as to place all the candidates for orals in the same position by giving the same questions a great and marked improvement would result therefrom. The examining bodies, too, should, we think, be more careful about electing specialists as examiners. Rather have good, general, practical men, that erratic, narrow-minded theorists. Our students want a deep, broad, sound, general education, and their examinations should be conducted on the same broad basis. The time, if they so desire, to become specialists is afterwards. The broad sound education must first be insisted on, and we consider if this principle were more carried out, a brighter prospect would be opened up for our students, and as a consequence our nation would become more famed for its deep, lasting, and thoroughly penetrative intelligence.

SOMETHING TO DO FOR WOMEN.

BY A LADY.

The sudden reverses of fortune which are continually occurring in our time suggest to every family the necessity of teaching their girls some calling, let their social position be what it may.

Doubtless, nature has traced out for women a career suited to her; that of wife, mother, and the important duties that follow; but civilisation often places obstacles in the way of Providence. Many women have no husbands, and others fail to find in the accomplishment of their mission sufficient occupation for their active intelligence. The growth of feminine capacity is opposed to limiting a woman's ambition to the pre-occupation of her household, and gives her the right to exercise her intellect. It is even a safeguard against the perils of idleness to encourage her to do so.

But for making a choice among the very scarce womanly occupations, experience is wanting.

Some choose what flatters self-love without taking into account annoyances and difficulties; others led away by the desire of being practical, lose sight of their own ability, so that we see reduced women of the world, unable to find a better mode of winning their daily bread, than by becoming seamstresses and laundresses; dreaming for their daughters of fine arts and professions.

It may therefore be interesting to point out the principal careers within woman's reach, and their appropriation according to each one's social position.

Any profession that separates a woman from her home should be avoided as much as possible; her sex, her health, and her family obligations indicate this.

A woman should no more become a doctor, a lawyer, a member of Parliament, than she should a blacksmith, a policeman, or a soldier. If women are to be met, with enough energy to endure the hardships of a military life, gifted enough to pass their B.A., and to confront a doctor's degree, they are always the exception, more or less fortunate, more or less frequent, according to countries and circumstances.

On the other hand, sedentary conditions possible to fill, consistent with rocking the cradle and attending to her household are open to the mother of a family, who, in filling them can utilise her leisure hours and exercise her otherwise wasted talents.

The first calling that parents eagerly seek for their daughters, particularly among the artisan class, is that of teaching. It seems to raise them above their position and to hold out great advantages.

Ignorant parents don't seem to understand that especial aptitude and long study are necessary for rendering people good teachers.

This career has the defect of leading astray by appearing easy to fill. Teaching, if not practised in a superior manner, is very arduous, and badly recoups those who dedicate themselves to it.

True, girls may become pupil teachers in schools, and this position gives a certain security for the future, but the number of schools is limited, and the too numerous aspirants are often obliged to fall back upon private tuitions, which at best yield but a miserable existence.

Hurrying from one end of the town to the

other in all weathers, chilled in tramcars, wading through the mud, swallowing a hasty meal whenever she can, living from hand to mouth, is the day's routine of the visiting governess.

Indeed the profession of teaching should be selected principally by girls belonging to families who have met with reverses—namely, the orphan daughters of functionaries or officers, who, through unforeseen circumstances, are compelled to earn their bread.

They have had time and means to improve themselves in the different branches of instruction and fine arts, and would suffer less from living in contact with people of their own former position than they would by placing themselves behind a counter; while, on the other hand, the daughters of artisans or dealers would find in business a less restricted and an honourable career, affording better remuneration and the prospect of a more independent future than would the calling of a governess.

If, as learned men say, woman's brain weighs less than man's, perhaps the deficiency is made up by the nicety of the material.

Without wishing to disparage the stronger sex, it must be admitted that there exist in a large degree among the human race numbers of intelligent women and a good share of obtuse men.

The superior intellect which cannot be denied to man is that which creates genius.

The woman of genius is rare; mathematical problems and algebra, metaphysics, even logic, we must allow, is not generally within the range of woman's brains. But when it comes to details of economical government, initiating herself into practical works, assimilating herself to superior guidance, woman is capable of more sagacity and activity than many men who are heavy and narrow minded.

In retail trades she displays great capacity. She is the soul, the principal agent, while her husband is the motive power.

Clever, precise, minute, distrustful, coaxing, she cleverly carries on the business, being quick at accounts, apt in managing the cash, in correspondence, and overseeing.

Whenever women are to be found filling these positions they always acquit themselves conscientiously and with skill. On the Continent we see them engaged at the "credit foncier," the Bank of France, and on railroads. The branches of commerce that women could practise at home are so many that they need not be enumerated here.

Women could be thoroughly efficient in public offices; but it would not do to take from the fathers of families their livelihood. Employment for men is not so plentiful that our sex should dispute with them for it. There are many lucrative occupations open to women that would not interfere with the duties of their social position or prevent them from attending to their households.

To begin with, in industrial and decorative art they can find a host of expedients. Pen-and-ink sketches, those on wood, as well as illustrations for papers, fashion journals, children's books, and chromo cards furnish considerable outlet. Water-colour drawings, painting on wood, on china, on material, on terra-cotta; art needle-work—the latter offers less advantages—are so many pleasant occupations not requiring out-of-the-way talent to accomplish. Beside these, we must not hesitate to place literature, which answers best woman's proclivities. It is full time to ostracise that epithet of "blue-stocking."

which no longer exists, fashion having modified the colour of our stockings. We have but to look over any library catalogue to find the names of women authors belonging to our highest aristocracy. The pedantic creature, old ugly, represented in caricatures with green spectacles as the type of a female author is obsolete.

But let it be remembered that except in rare cases the woman writer had better not venture on the field of politics, nor should she aim at high-class literature or the theatres. A whole category is at the door of feminine talent, where success is easy, especially if she wishes to be backed up by her family. Books for children and youth, compilations, translations from foreign languages, and moral romances.

Fertile and acute observation and intuitive sentiment are unanimously conceded to the fair sex. Woman is a talker by nature, likes to write, and, having the opportunity of diffusing herself on paper, she acquires the inestimable advantage of becoming more taciturn in her private life.

As for artistic professions, such as those of singer or actress, unless in case of a decided and irresistible vocation, it were better to leave them to the craft.

To illustrate the truth of this we need but look back on the antecedents of our great stars. Mdle. Rachel, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Patti, who were, so to speak, born on the stage. Those outside this sphere who have tried to adopt the calling have been generally failures.

The moment woman aspires to play a part more convincing and lasting than that of a "pretty woman"—a role which, when age comes, alas! too soon, is so roughly snatched from her, leaving her oftentimes a prey, to a weary useless existence. The rich woman requires occupation quite as much as her less fortunate sister who seeks it in order to eke out a livelihood.

To those who can consult their tastes and devote the necessary time to perfecting themselves in them, without waiting for pecuniary results, there are the fine arts.

And it is quite usual to find princesses of the blood, daughters of the noblest houses, heiresses to millionaires, sculpturing, painting, singing like professionals, and doing so in the cause of charity.

But what above all must be understood is, that in order to succeed in what works we undertake we must have a love for it from which to derive the interest that sustains, the perseverance and proficiency which alone can enable us to gain the desired end.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

Needlework and decorative art have been somewhat exalted over pictures during the last week or two.

The opening of Miss Robinson's premises in Brook street, under the auspices of Lady Salisbury, was quite an event.

Miss Robinson bears the title of "Art Decorator to the Queen," and is also understood to have replaced Mrs Talbot Coke in the newspaper so long associated with that lady's popular correspondence.

The elegant little shop is framed in all its apertures with Cairene work. Brightness and

colour attract the eye in every direction—enamelled woods and quaint pieces of furniture are everywhere, while light draperies, in soft greys and amber make a charming background. The useful is in no wise sacrificed so the ornamental, for all kinds of clever devices are conspicuous for economising space and promoting tidiness.

Then we have had an exhibit of ancient art needlework at Messrs. Howell and James', and a happy revival in taste is undoubtedly following the attention attracted to these beautiful industries.

There is a perfect *furor* for gauze and crape fans, and a tendency to depart from the conventional shape in the multiplicity of moths, butterflies, and bats that sprawl all over them. Very original and artistic they certainly are, but not much use for the purpose for which fans were designed, especially when the gauze is cut across to allow of the introduction of narrow ribbons, as I have seen in many models. It is said that a picture in the Pastel Exhibition at the Grosvenor has largely increased the sale of crape fans. It represents a lady in evening dress holding a transparent fan in one hand in a way that the beautiful modelling of the other arm is seen half-veiled, with striking affect. The hint has not been lost apparently.

It is disappointing to find that the agitation promoted to replace bird and wing trimmings in hats and bonnets by ribbon has made no headway. At least, so I judge by the windows of the typical shops and the shows to which fashionable milliners occasionally invite a select circle. In shapes there is also very little variety, and a pretty style prevails of making bonnets to match dresses, or more often cloaks, which are so all-covering that our witty neighbours over the Channel have christened their latest and richest model, *Cache-misere*!

In hats so much latitude prevails that either extreme seems admissible, from the broad befeathered brims to the smart felt toque with up-curving edge. The young Princesses of Wales have taken down brown felt hats with them to wear with the very simple cross-bar dresses they have recently had made at Redfern's.

In a climate so trying as ours it is consoling to hear that the series of experiments made with the famous weather plant have attained so high an average of success. In 96 trials out of 100 the prognostics proved accurate, foretelling the weather forty-eight hours in advance; and all atmospheric changes are indicated by the lower leaves three days beforehand! As this wonderful "Paternoster Pea" is about to be introduced into England, all who wish can have an opportunity of testing its virtues.

The fewer gowns we have the better, I believe, we are dressed. Given three—viz., a pretty morning gown, fresh and dainty, warm or light, according to the season; a handsome promenade or visiting costume, and a good rich dinner dress—we are perfectly made up, for does not each one's wardrobe contain the elements of those intermediate dresses not sufficiently numerous to tempt us to economise the newly purchased trio or lay them aside until they have become unseasonable and out of fashion, but just available for odd occasions and demi-toilette. For instance, the good round blue serge of last year comes in on dark or wet mornings to save our pretty new Irish tweed or camelot made in one of the latest styles with soft plush collar and

cuffs, revers and cuffs, or it may be a dress in one of the new woollens, woven with Oriental border patterns. Then if the day's programme necessitated a less handsome toilette than our No. 2 nouveaute (which I would have in two rich materials of the same shade, edged with fur and fur robings, lappels and muff, or else an ample pelisse, feather boa, and bonnet to match) we might fall back upon a costume of last year, denuded of improver and much reduced in bulk, and associate with it some bright brocade, for the most daring contrasts are acceptable. If perchance the bodice should not admit of a waistcoat, or were best discarded, an opportunity arises for one of the jerseys now so fashionable and for which there is a perfect *furor* in Paris. In the case of reconstructing a plain silk with a fancy brocade it would not be possible to choose a plain jersey, but one of the new beaded patterns which should repeat in scintillation the tones of the fancy material. But what a pleasant occupation on one or two of our dull afternoons for clever fingers to undertake this beading personally! No pattern need be followed; simply match in beads the shades that dominate in the brocade—say about ½ oz. of four or five different colours. Shake them well together, and sew on miscellaneously—the ribbing of the jersey will guide the eye—and you will have a lovely bodice, shimmering with harmonised lights, artistically devoid of pattern, like some beautiful Eastern embroidery. I must not forget that we have our third supplement to consider, for it would be cruel to adventure a handsome dinner dress into the lobbies of a theatre, or elsewhere than in spacious well-lit rooms. But for evening wear the real danger is of having too many on hand—black silks that have lost their first freshness, satin dresses just a little *froisse*, and gowns that in colour and *facon* have the stamp of last year upon them. It would be quite interesting to go through these, reconstructing and renovating the black silk with lace, the satins with plaques of passementerie and simulated revers, others with ruching, sashes or panels. Our only difficulty would be the *embarras du choix* of selection. One point of importance should be borne in mind—a square open bodice is impossible—triangular pieces would have to be inserted to give the desired V shape, easily disguised by whatever lace or trimming was chosen.

I am glad to learn from a correspondent that receipts for special delicacies are popular with my readers. I think at a time when chestnuts are just coming in, a few hints as to their many possibilities may be acceptable. Primo, they make a delicious and refined *puree* for eating with cutlets as an entree, instead of the eternal mashed potatoes, or tinned peas. For this purpose boil the chestnuts till tender; shell, skin, and pound in a mortar with a good lump of butter. Add pepper and salt. Transfer to a bright skillet, and stir over the fire slowly, adding milk till of the consistence of good custard. When thoroughly hot—but not boiling—dish, placing the cutlets, which have been previously grilled, mounted in the centre.

Chestnuts make a delicious stuffing for goose or duck, and are a pleasant change from the too frequent repetition of sage and onions.

Chestnut pudding is excellent as follows—Boil 1 lb. chestnuts, and when done place them in the oven to dry. This is a better plan than baking or roasting, as they are easier pounded. When skinned and pounded, the weight will be reduced

to about half. Beat up $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter and add it, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. crushed sugar, five or six eggs, and half a tea-cupful of milk. Mix well and pour into a well buttered mould stuck over with dried cherries. Cover with buttered paper (this is essential,) and steam carefully for one hour and three-quarters.

Nesslerode Pyramid is a delicate *entremets* made with whipped cream, chestnuts, and castor sugar. Another way is to beat several whites of eggs to a stiff froth. The eggs must be fresh or they won't stiffen. Incorporate with this as much sugar as it will take, mix in your pounded chestnuts and the juice of one lemon, and pile lightly in a glass dish.

I have been so often baulked in my desire to have a nice fresh-made sponge cake by the appalling number of eggs—never less than eleven or twelve—insisted upon in the cooking books, that I am quite proud of having accomplished a success with much more modest quantities, and perhaps my readers may be equally glad of this light and inexpensive delicacy. Beat up four eggs, leaving out two of the whites. Add gradually to these one breakfastcupful of dried flour, the same of castor sugar, and a few drops of almond, or any other flavouring. When well mixed add the two separate whites of eggs well frothed, and then beat the whole mixture for half-an-hour. This beating up is the secret of success. Half fill a well-buttered quart mould, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour or a little longer. AMINA.

In reply to a correspondent who has tried the receipt recently given for "Nougat," Amina writes:—The most important point is to boil the honey to the degree that reaches brittleness when cold. A copper vessel should, if possible, be used. Abroad all saucepans are in copper, but in England we have few except the universal preserving pan. This will suit very nicely. The colour of the honey depends entirely on the locality where it is collected and the class of flowers on which the bees feed. In Italy all the nougat made, is of a deep amber colour. In France the Nougat de Montelimont is white, but some firms are credited with using a large proportion of sugar in its fabrication. Much depends on the purity of the honey, and of course we cannot always be sure of our brand in this country, but in case of a difficulty as suggested—viz, that the nougat does not completely solidify, the addition of an extra white of egg beaten up stiffly with castor sugar and a little rice flour should be sufficient.

LA REVEILLE.

GAIETY THEATRE.—This week the Roselle Dacre Company occupy the boards with Charles Reade's five-act play, entitled, "The Double Marriage." As was to be expected coming so soon after the Italian Opera, the house was not a crowded one; but this play, produced for the first time in Dublin, is well worth a visit. Miss Roselle's acting was powerfully real. Mr F. W. Maxwell, as "Jean Raynall," and Miss Emily Sheridan as "Claire de Banupaire" sustained their parts well, and played with great ability. The scenery was good, especially in the fourth act, where a quick change from a bivouac to a battle scene occurs.

Mr Augustus Harris's short opera season of twelve nights was in every respect a pronounced success. The singers were of exceptional merit, the Orchestra and Ballad were excellent, and what most delights the heart of an impresario, the audience each night was large and appreciative. The most favourite operas seem to have been

"Aida," "Traveata," "Faust," and "Ernani." The expenses of the company per week, exclusive of theatre, gas, and advertising, are stated to have been £1,150; but the receipts were so good that Mr Harris, after paying everybody and everything, had the comfortable sum of over £2,000 in his pocket, as the result of his Dublin venture,—a venture, we trust, he will ere long repeat. Those figures, which we believe to be authentic, prove that dear, dirty Dublin is still prepared to pay liberally for first class companies, and Mr Harris's success should induce Mr Gunn in the future to bring to the Gaiety other first class companies.

* *

QUEEN'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Boucicault's "Shaughraun" was produced at this theatre on Monday evening to a well-filled house, and the piece, being an extremely popular one, was received in the customary cordial fashion. The mountings are particularly good, and this goes a long way in atoning for the deficiencies on the part of the *dramatis personae*, some of whom are fairly good, while others are excessively amateurish, and do not seem to have anything like a thorough conception of their parts. Mr Charles Sullivan is making satisfactory progress to a good position in the region of Irish comedy, and in many points recalls his genial and lamented father, who in the same character delighted crowded houses in all the leading theatres of England and Scotland, as well as at home. His daughter, Miss Nelly Sullivan, displays wonderful histrionic genius of the Irish comedy stamp, and as she grows older will become a valuable acquisition to the stage. We have a word of praise for Mrs Glenville, who, as the "Widow O'Kelly," mother of the "Shaughraun," keeps the house in roars of laughter with the quaintness of her sayings and the raciness of her method of delivering them. Good houses have been the rule during the week. On Monday next "The Lights o' London," a drama of absorbing interest, will be the attraction.

* *

ANCIENT CONCERT ROOMS, GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET.—CONCERT IN AID OF ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL.—If our remarks concerning the æsthetic appearance of this popular concert room tended towards the beautiful decorative designs of last Thursday night, they will have served the object—the sole object—with which they were written. The appearance of the platform during the concert should be a model for every other concert platform in the city. The most admirable taste was displayed in the arrangement of screens, drapery, and fresh green palms. Nothing could be more charming, and we sincerely hope that this example will be followed in every concert hall, great or small. With such tasteful and picturesque arrangements as those of last Thursday, the Ancient Concert Room should continue to be even more popular than it has been in the past. An almost crowded and entirely fashionable audience assembled to hear a programme diversified with recitals and plantation songs. We are glad to find a growing tendency to diversified concert programmes. Where there is no concerted music, band nor chorus, it is wise to break the monotony of several hours' solo singing. We do not object to plantation songs if well selected and carefully harmonised. Mr J. J. Farrell sang "O Lisbona" (Don Sebastian,) and Cowen's "Spinning" in splendid style. His voice is gaining in richness. Miss Lucy Ashton Hackett bravely assailed the fluid molacco, "Io Son Tintania" from the "Mignon" of M. Thomas. She sang very well, with the exception of some slurring in the scale passages. Miss Shelly has a good voice with an erroneous method of breathing. To catch the breath from the top of the lungs instead of by automatic expansion of the lower ribs is to perform with an inadequate supply of air. Colonel Hughes sang "Only once more" fairly, and Captain Layard played "Fantasie in F," a clever composition of his own. It is unnecessary to speak of the ability of Chancellor Tisdall as a reader, and we may conclude by mentioning Mrs S. Yorke's recitation, "The Curlew must not Ring to-night" as one of the most attractive items in the programme.

* *

FAREWELL ITALIAN CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—A crowded afternoon audience assembled to this concert last Saturday. Madame Rolla, who was programmed, made no appearance. Seldom has a more splendid concert, both in programme and performance, been presented to the Dublin public. The violin playing of Signor Contin was extremely fine, and the "Caprice," his own composition, played by this clever artist, was one of the best violin pieces we ever heard, and worthy of being heard on the most classical platforms. The delicate suggestion of the Cork brogue in Mdlle. de Vernet's

voice was apropos in "The Kerry Dance." Madame Scalchi's singing of "Il Segreto" was given with all her characteristic culture and redolent richness of voice. Mons. Winogradow repeated the Russian song of the former concert, and was listened to with earnest attention, the audience enthusiastically encoring. "Ah, Mon Fils," an air from Meyerbeer's "Prophete," is a favourite with Madame Lablache, who renders it in incomparable song. We have never heard her phrase better. Signor Ciampi's buffo singing is the best of its class, intensely amusing, and at the same time demanding vocalism of the most elaborate form. Considerable interest was evidenced in the young Scottish prima donna, Mdlle. MacIntyre, who was encored for Verdi's florid aria, Ah! fors' e lui," from "Traviata." She has a voice of great sweetness, and uses it with artistic intelligence. Signor Abramoff has a fine, rich, voice, which he impedes to some extent by contemplating the ceiling directly overhead during singing. His splendid voice would be considerably enhanced by discarding this awkward mannerism. Signor Runcio and Signor Foli were in good voice, and both were encored. The latter responded with "They all love Jack." Two worse words for singing than "Jack" and "back" could not be devised. This song, in consequence, cannot become popular. No grander demonstration of the art of vocalism in its highest forms has ever been heard on a Dublin platform than Signor De Anna's singing of "Eri tu," from Verdi's "Ballo de Matchera." This great artist still continues most conscientiously to study and develop his resources, and represents in his personality, one of the most remarkable combinations of natural genius and the highest art culture of modern times.

* *

The annual conversazione of the Dublin Sketching Club took place on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., in the exhibition room, Molesworth street. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was excellent, and refreshments were served in the library. It was almost midnight when a very pleasant reunion was brought to a close. The club has issued invitations for another at-home on the 21st inst.

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MEDICAL CORROBORATION.—(One of Mrs. Shepherd's medical attendants corroborates the statement, and says—"After trying all the recognized pharmacopœical remedies in vain, I had given the case up as a hopeless one. Owing, to my solicitude, I found the patient had passed a very large quantity of water, and seemed considerably better. The improvement continued steadily, and after a few days, on making inquiry, I found that "True Flower" and "Sequah's Indian Oil" had been substituted for my remedies. I then, upon reflection from the case, but continued to watch it with interest. In three weeks she was so far recovered as to be able to go for a change of air, and now appears to enjoy her usual health.") NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—All the testimonials published by the Sequah Indian Medicine Firm are genuine and will bear investigation. TRUE FLOWER AND SEQUAH'S OIL SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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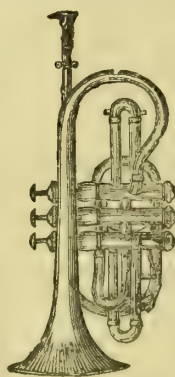
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EDITORIAL.

All communications addressed to the Editor must be authenticated by the writer's name and address.

The Editor invites communications relative to marriages, marriage engagements, at homes, balls, dances, and fashionable movements, no charge being made for the insertion of these items.

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WEEK ENDING 1st DECEMBER, 1888.

The return of the Queen and Royal Family to Windsor has had a wonderful effect on the Metropolis. The shop windows exhibit their most attractive wares, and the West End thoroughfares are as much crowded as in the height of the season.

The Jubilee festivities at Copenhagen were brought to a close on the 19th by a ball at the

Casino, the guests numbering about 1,000. At ten o'clock the Royal Family and their illustrious guests entered the ballroom, the Princess of Wales being conducted by the Czarewitch, and Princess Victoria of Wales by the Crown Prince of Denmark. After an overture by the orchestra, the King of Denmark opened the ball with the Princess of Wales, who was attired in a costume of blue satin.

The Empress Frederick was on the same day presented with an address by the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, in which touching allusions were made to the anniversary of her birth, and her visit to the home of her childhood after her late sad bereavement.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters have returned to England from Denmark. King Christian, the Queen, and the Danish Princes and Princesses, accompanied their illustrious visitors to the Copenhagen railway terminus, where the Danish ministers and the Court dignitaries were assembled.

After taking a cordial farewell of her parents and relatives, the Princess, with her eldest son and daughters, left amidst the cheers of the assemblage. The streets leading from the Palace to the railway station, public buildings, squares, and railway terminus, were all splendidly decorated and illuminated in honour of the occasion.

It is probable that the Empress of Austria will spend the winter at Bournemouth; her Imperial Majesty is a martyr to nervousness. State balls and Court ceremonials are distasteful to her, and she enjoys nothing so much as a retired life and outdoor exercise of all kinds.

The death of the Empress's father, Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, has been a great shock to her in the present unsatisfactory state of her health. Prince Charles Theodore, on whom the family honours devolve, is a philanthropist. He is a skilful doctor, and has long been in the habit of attending the poor, not only providing them with gratuitous medical advice, but also with food and clothing.

On Thursday the Marchioness de Sain arrived at the Castle, Windsor, and had the honour of presenting an address on behalf of the ladies of Malta to the Queen, and a dress of Maltese lace as a Jubilee offering. Her Majesty made a gracious reply, and was pleased to accept the gift.

During the recent journey to the Caucasus, the Czar of Russia paid a visit to the famous "King of Petroleum," Mons. Rohel. This gentleman gave a *dejeuner* to his sovereign, the cost of which is estimated at £5,000. At the same time he begged the Czarina to accept a

diamond bouquet-holder brooch. This jewel, which is unique, is worth £12,000. The wealth of the Russian nobility seems nothing in comparison with such prodigalities.

It is supposed that the Duke and Duchess of Aosta's visit to Berlin is not altogether a pleasure trip, but has a political significance, as King Humbert insisted that it should be made at his expense. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta received a most enthusiastic reception on their arrival at Berlin. They were met at the station by the Emperor William and a bevy of princes, generals, &c., &c. A detachment of cuirassiers escorted them to the Palace, where a magnificent suite of apartments had been prepared for their use.

The Prince of Naples has been promoted Captain of the 5th Regiment of Infantry now stationed at Rome.

The speech of the German Emperor at the opening of the Reichstag was highly peaceable. "Our relations," he said, "with foreign Governments are peaceful, and my efforts are unceasingly directed to strengthen this peace; our alliance with Austria and Italy has no other object." On the principle, no doubt, that the best means of maintaining peace is to be thoroughly prepared for war, the Reichstag is to be asked for the modest little sum of 116,000,000 marks (about £58,000,000) to be devoted to the construction of an ironclad fleet.

The marriage of Miss Manders and Commander Musters, Royal Navy, takes place this day, the 28th inst., in the Parish Church, Donnybrook, at 12 noon. The service will be fully choral, and the aisle of the church will be lined with blue-jackets. The interesting ceremony is certain to attract a large gathering.

The marriage of Lord Robert Cecil and Lady Eleanor Lambton will take place on the 22nd of January.

The marriage of Captain the Hon. Edward Stopford (Royal Irish Fusiliers), second son of the Earl of Courtown, and Isabel, daughter of the late Captain Barrington Dashwood, was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Eaton square, on Wednesday. The Hon. George Stopford, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and the bride was attended by six bridesmaids. She arrived at half-past two, and was conducted to the chancel by her cousin, Lord Manners. Mrs Dashwood gave her daughter away. The service was choral. The Rev Henry Eyre, cousin of the bride, officiated. Mrs Dashwood afterwards entertained the wedding party at her residence in Chester square. Later in the afternoon the Hon. Edward and Mrs Stopford started for Ireland for the honeymoon.

The marriage of Mr Wm. Roderick Mackenzie, eldest son of Mr Mackenzie, of Newbie, and of Fawley Court, Bucks, and of Maud Evelyn, eldest daughter of General and the Hon. Mrs Higginson, took place on Wednesday at All Saints' Church, Marlow. There were seven bridesmaids, sisters and cousins of bride and bridegroom. Mr Fuller acted as best man. The bride was led to the altar by her father. The officiating clergy were the Dean of York, the Rev. A. Corbett, and the Vicar of All Saints. The wedding party were entertained by General and the Hon. Mrs Higginson at the Croft, Marlow. Afterwards, the newly wedded pair left for the Grange, Old Windsor, the seat of the Hon. Sir Charles and Lady Murray, uncle and aunt of the bride.

A marriage is arranged, and will take place in January, between Captain Maurice Moore, 1st Battalion the Connaught Rangers, son of the late George Moore, Esq., of Moore Hall, Mayo, and Evelyn, eldest daughter of the late John Stratford Handcock, Esq., of Carantrila Park, Dunmore, Co. Galway.

A marriage is arranged but will not take place till June, between Mr Lewis Davis Wigan, of Bishop's Stortford, second son of the late Mr Lewis Davis Wigan, of Oakwood, Maidstone, and Hermione, eldest daughter of Mr George Graham, of Oaklands, Birmingham.

The betrothal of M. Abel Herment to Mlle. Charpentier, sister of the famous editor, took place some days ago, and a soiree was given on the occasion at the residence of M. and M^{de}. Charpentier. It was a most brilliant reception, and amongst the numerous literary and artistic guests were noted Mons. Floquet, de Goncourt, Tola, de Bornier, Leon Claudel, &c. &c.

The Earl and Countess of Belmore and family have taken up their residence in Cadogan square, London, for the winter.

Lady Herbert of Lea has gone to Washington to visit her son, Mr Michael Herbert, who is now temporary head of the British Legation there, and to make the acquaintance of her future daughter-in-law, Miss Leila Watson, of New York.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn has left Montagu House, Whitehall, and returned to Coates House, Sussex.

Surgeon-General Hassard, C.B., principal medical officer on the staff of his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, G.C.B., attains the age of 60 years this week, and will be retired on a pension.

The old colours of the 1st Battalion the Warwickshire Regiment, now quartered at Fermoy, will be deposited in Warwick Castle on the 1st of December with all due pomp and ceremony. An escort and several officers of the regiment will accompany the old colours from Ireland to England.

In the course of his tour previous to his departure from India Lord Dufferin held a

darbar at Patiala. The festivities of his visit were on a grand scale. The State troops paraded in large numbers. In the evening the city was illuminated, and a grand display of fireworks took place.

An alarming fire broke out the same night in the Viceregal camp, and Lady Helen Blackwood's tent was destroyed. The flames, however, were got under control by one o'clock in the morning.

The Countess of Meath at a drawingroom meeting held on Saturday at Mrs Goodhart's house, Canterbury, gave an address which resulted in the formation of another branch of the Children's Ministering League. Mainly through the exertions of Lady Meath there are now established in various parts of the world 500 branches of the league.

The Earl and Countess Londes have been entertaining during the past week at Leescourt, Faversham, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill, the Dowager Marchioness of Conyngham and Lady Blanche Conyngham, Earl and Countess of Galloway, the Hon. Hill Trevor, Lord Hawke, and Sir John Willoughby, the Earl of Stradbroke, and Lady Hilda Rous.

The fourth annual exhibition of the Hand-Painted Card Society now going on, notwithstanding the inclement weather last week, was well attended. Mrs Brackenburgh's card, 1st prize, awarded by Messrs Raphael Tuck and Son, is much admired both for beauty of design and faultless execution. The spirited designs of four cards, representing the Leopardstown racecourse, by Miss Maguire, of Rutland square, won the second prize, and are well worthy of minute inspection.

Miss Edith Maguire's fruit designs are novel and well executed, and won a prize. Miss Barclay's "Children" are a lovely series. Miss Mary Oulton's pen and ink sketches were awarded first prize in that department. In landscapes, Mrs A. B. Wynn's "Mountain View" carried off the Society's award.

H.S.H. the Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar paid a second visit to the Exhibition, accompanied by the Duchess of Abercorn. They were received by Mr and Miss Maguire and other members of the committee, and conducted round the card room.

Miss Power-Lalor, Miss Brett, and Miss Fitzgerald received the distinguished visitors in the rooms appropriated to the Irish lace department, and both her Serene Highness and her Grace repeatedly expressed their admiration at the beauty and perfection of the work there exhibited, and accomplished by the patience, talent, and industry of the peasant women of Ireland. The exertions of Mrs Power-Lalor cannot be too highly estimated. It is altogether owing to her untiring efforts that this interesting branch of Irish industry has been revived.

Mrs Quill has issued invitations for an at-home, from four till eight o'clock, at her residence, Harcourt street, on Saturday, December 1st.

Mrs Waring gave a very pleasant at-home on Saturday afternoon at her residence, Pembroke road.

A grand ball will take place in the Town Hall, Kingstown, on the 8th of January, 1889, in aid of the exhausted funds of St. Michael's Hospital, than which there is no more deserving charity. On the 10th of the same month children's fancy dress ball will be given for the same deserving object.

Mrs Griffin, of Harcourt terrace, gave a very enjoyable dance on Friday night, the company being numerous yet select, the supper sumptuous, and all the appointments of the most superb description. Dancing was maintained with much spirit, some of the most accomplished trippers on the "light fantastic toe" being present. The company was graced by the presence of Mrs Power O'Donoghue, and many other ladies and gentlemen, and Sir Henry and Lady Cochrane. We congratulate Mrs Griffin on her success, and her two daughters, who were indefatigable in their efforts to promote the general enjoyment.

A very enjoyable dance was given on Wednesday evening last by Mrs Kenny at her residence, 77 Stephen's green. Some very pretty costumes were worn by a number of the lady guests, and a charming-looking Spanish girl attracted considerable attention. The music was supplied by Mr Mervyn Browne's band, and Mr Angelo Fahie contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by an admirable rendering of "In Happy Moments" to his own accompaniment. Dancing was kept up to a late, or rather an early hour of the following morning.

Two very agreeable evening parties took place at Mrs Hayes's house, Merrion square, North, within the past fortnight. Pretty faces, brilliant toilettes, and good dancers were numerous. On each occasion Mr Mervyn Brown's band supplied excellent music. The dresses of Mrs Corbally, Hon. Mrs French, Mrs F. Kennedy, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Tyrrell, Mrs Curling, Mrs Adye Curran, Mrs Quinlan, Mrs Corley, Mrs Landors, Mrs Malone, Mrs Quill, and Mrs Werner, were in admirable taste; whilst amongst many graceful figures might be noticed English, French, and native belles, whose names will be remembered by their partners for long to come.

Ere the late Mrs Caulfeild passes away from our minds we would say a few words in memory of her who has gone from amongst us and has just been laid in her last resting-place. Her death has left a blank in the old Castle walls, where she and her justly popular husband, Colonel Caulfeild, presided so long as Controller of the Viceregal household in Dublin. The kindness of the late Mrs Caulfeild can never be forgotten either in the Castle or by her large circle of friends, who so deeply regret her loss.

The Earl of Devon died last week at Powderham Castle, near Exeter, aged 81. He possessed considerable estates in this country as in England. He married in 1830 Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, seventh daughter of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue, and leaves surviving issue, Ed-

ward Baldwin, Lord Courtenay, now 12th Earl of Devon, and the Lady Agnes, married to Viscount Halifax.

The death of Viscount Portman is announced after a very short illness, in his 90th year. He was one of the oldest members of the House of Peers, and one of the very few remaining who held a seat in the Upper House previous to the accession of her Majesty. Though possessed of vast estates, for the last fifteen years he lived in seclusion at Bryanston, and very seldom visited London.

Mr Justin M'Carthy has been granted leave of absence from his Parliamentary duties during the remainder of the session on account of "domestic affliction." Mr M'Carthy was engaged to Miss Florence Toole, whose early death has been deplored by all who knew her.

The Royal School of Art Needlework was opened on Tuesday at South Kensington for the annual Christmas sale. The Duchess of Marlborough, Marchioness of Waterford, Countess Spencer, Lady Mary Loyd, and many other ladies of rank were present, and took part in the sale.

Mrs Oscar Wilde gave a clever lecture last week, entitled "Clothed and in our Right Minds." She denounced modern dress, which she considers irrational and injurious to the health. Long skirts, tight bodices, gowns overloaded with heavy trimmings, and corsets pressing on vital organs and wasp-like waists she would sweep off the face of the earth. Mrs Wilde hopes the time is not far off when every woman will garb herself in whatever style is most convenient and suits her best.

Miss Charlotte Hanlon, the young Dublin soprano, gave a concert at Brixton last week.

The ninth annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the Cottage Home for Little Children in Kingstown was held on Saturday last in the schoolroom of the Mariner's Church. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin (Lord Plunket) presided, and there was a fair attendance of the public. It was announced amid applause that the heavy debt of £360 which pressed so heavily on the Home last year had been liquidated by a contribution of £500 obtained through the kind influence of an English lady.

In the course of an interesting address his Grace pointed out the necessity for the existence of the present Home, the great benefits conferred by it, and the strong claim it had for support on the generosity of the people. Forty children were cared for in it each year at a cost of £600, but as the parents of the little ones subscribed only £200 it became necessary that the public should make up the remaining £400. As the children grow up they are passed on to other homes, and frequently they find happy homes by adoption either in this country or in Canada. A feature of this institution is that it admits children temporarily during the illness of one or other parent.

The committee of the Gregg Memorial Gymnastic Club have issued their prospectus for the

session 1888-9, and from its tone we are glad to observe that the club is advancing in public favour and prosperity. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has honoured the members by conferring his patronage on them, and this circumstance must add powerfully to the prestige of the young athletes.

The club is now in full working order at 8 Dawson street, under a first-class military instructor belonging to the King's Own Lancaster Regiment, and for the promotion of the science of boxing the committee have secured the services of Professor Athol, who is admittedly well versed in "the noble art of self-defence." Young men wishing to join the club, who are the present holders of the *Irish Times* Challenge Cup, will learn the necessary particulars by application to the secretary at the address mentioned.

Elocution is now regarded as a fine art, and its disciples are becoming quite a numerous body in Dublin. We are glad of this, as its practice certainly tends to expand the mind and develop the intellect. A good many of the public will be interested in learning that the Society of Elocutionists will give a grand public recital in the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth street, on Friday evening, 30th November, when we trust to see the hall crowded in every part. The Rev. Chancellor Tisdall will take the chair on the occasion.

Surgeon-Major Davies, Professor of Hygiene at Netley, delivered a most interesting lecture at the United Service Institution on Wednesday last on the subject of soldiers' rations. After reviewing the present system of feeding, he recommended that a better breakfast should be provided than the hunch of indifferent bread and a bowl of tea or coffee which constitute the morning meal now, also that the dinner hour should be altered to half-past four, and that a substantial bowl of hot soup, or something hot and tempting of that description should be obtainable in barracks about 8 p.m. for any man who wished for it.

This latter suggestion, if carried out, would have the effect of keeping many in barracks in the evening who now, having dined at 1 o'clock, and done perhaps a hard afternoon's drill, are simply driven out by the cravings of their stomachs in quest of much needed refreshment, and in too many cases this refreshment takes a liquid instead of a solid form. The suggested improvement in the breakfasts would be a bit of fried bacon, or fried fish, or an egg, and a small pat of butter, to be included in the daily ration instead of coming out of the soldier's pay; for many men now purchase these little luxuries for themselves from the hucksters, and it need hardly be said that they don't buy in a cheap market. The extra cost to the Government would be less than twopence a day for each soldier. In these days when we are spending such large sums on the improvement of our national defences, it is reasonable to expect the Government to devote this small amount to bettering the condition of our country's defenders.

It was quite a unique idea of Italy's getting Germany to inspect and report upon the Italian system of mobilisation. The existing arrange-

ments were far from commending themselves to the military mind of the Teuton, and many important changes are to be made in the system of transport of troops by rail. It is stated that it would take at least ten days to put an Italian army of 50,000 men on the French frontier, whereas France could concentrate an army of four times that strength on the Italian frontier in forty-eight hours.

A bazaar and sale of work in aid of the Distressed Ladies is to be held at Clonmel on Wednesday, December the 4th. The articles for sale have all been made by the ladies themselves, and collected by Mrs Power Lalor, and will be sold at a slight profit for their benefit. Many who have great taste and talent for work are thus able to find a market for goods which are almost unsaleable to shopkeepers at anything but most unremunerative rates. The amateur troupe will give a theatrical performance at the same time as the bazaar, and on the following Friday there will be a "bal poudre," the profits from which will be devoted to the same charitable object.

Mr Burke has been showing brilliant sport with the Tipperary hounds during the past fortnight. Wednesday, however, was, above all others, a red letter day. The meet was at Woodenstown, and a "varmint" of the right sort was found at Meldrum, near Cashel, which gave a run of an hour and forty minutes before he was rolled over at Hymenstown, after coursing 14 good miles of clinking country at a rattling pace. The credit of the military was well sustained by Major Helyar and Mr Chapman, of the 3rd Hussars, who, with the master, Mr Phillips, and three other local flyers, rode the hunt from start to finish. Nor must we forget the three ladies, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Clibborn, and Miss Malcolmson, who were only beaten in the very last mile of this glorious run.

We are decidedly pleased to see that the Women's Art and Industries section—under the presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen, and a committee of ladies, of whom the Countess of Bective, Lady Arthur Hill, Lady Westbury, and others were active members—has, according to the report, proved the most successful, and it has certainly been the most useful, department of the late Irish Exhibition at Olympia. The section was ably managed by Mr J. S. Wood, on behalf of Lord Arthur Hill. The sum realised was £3,000, and, in addition, articles made by peasants in Ireland were sold to the extent of £1,200. Lady Aberdeen has arranged to continue the sale of the work of poor Irish peasants in the Old Irish Market Place during the Winter Exhibition at Olympia, and it is to be hoped that the market thus created may be continued and extended for their benefit.

The month of November, expiring with the present week, has been the worst from a weather point of view experienced during the present year. We can remember the violent gales of January last, which were severe while they continued and did a considerable amount of damage; but they only took two or three days to expend their fury, and they had done with it.

Not so now. Almost without intermission since the last day of October the winds have been howling with continuous fury over the

whole of the United Kingdom, and their peculiarity has been that with the exception of three days and nights, when their direction remained steadily from South-West, the rude winds of November have blown from every point of the compass within each succeeding twenty-four hours.

* *

Their force during the past week has been frequently terrific, and in England the casualties resulting from them have been serious. At home with ourselves the sufferings of the poor have been intensified by constant downpours of sleety rain and a general chilliness of the atmosphere much more trying than the presence of frost and snow.

* *

Where now are our coal funds for the poor—just at the time when they are most required? We do not hear a word on this vital subject, and we would appeal to the benevolent to revive this most useful institution without further delay. At this season it requires no pointing out that fuel is a necessity of life, and there are hundreds of poor struggling creatures among us to whom the gift of a bag of coal would be a boon the importance of which only people situated as they are could understand.

* *

The system of penny dinners for the poor, established in Dublin more than twelve months ago through the exertions of a number of benevolent ladies, may now be regarded as a conspicuous success, and the best part of it is that it cannot be regarded in the light of a charity of any description or kind. The humble people who partake of the wholesome food prepared for them pay for what they use, and are in no sense mendicants; and it is in the highest degree satisfactory to know that at the largest of these institutions—the Kevin street depot—the result of the working of the year has been to leave a balance of profit to the management.

* *

There are now, we believe, three of these places at work in the city—two on the Southern side and one on the Northern—and at all of them the lady managers have adopted an admirable system of which the charitably disposed may avoid imposition and relieve real distress. They issue tickets at cheap rates, each one securing the party presenting it a penny meal, and by this means a great deal of relief may be afforded for a very small sum. The really hungry are grateful for a ticket, while the professional beggar, whose appetite is rarely on the edge, does not require relief of this kind, and frequently refuses it when offered. It is strange that people of this class are almost unknown at the depots where penny meals are supplied.

* *

We are glad to learn that some comments which appeared lately in IRISH SOCIETY re the lighting of the waitingrooms at Westland Row Station, have attracted the attention of the Directors of the "one per cent company." No more is seen the agile porter, match in hand, leaping at one bound from the floor on to the leather-covered table that adorns the 1st-Class Waiting-room. No. All this is changed; it is but a memory of the past, and to-day the lighting is properly done with the orthodox rod. Moreover, the table itself has been recovered, and up to this shows no mark of porter's boots. The new state of affairs is a distinct improvement. As the

Directors of the D. W. & W. R. on improvements seem bent, might we suggest that a ladder at each of the stations along the line would be desirable. The swarming process by which the outside station lamps are now lit requires an active man, and, moreover, is not conducive to the fair wear and tear of brushes or to the paint on the lamp posts. A proper lighting rod should also be used, not large pieces of smouldering brown paper blown into a flame as each lamp has to be lit. We could point out many other little matters on the line between Bray and Westland Row, which, if they were attended to, would add much to the comfort of passengers.

* *

We are getting up to Christmas quickly, and it will be of interest to housekeepers to know that from present appearances the supply of fowl available for city consumption will be unusually large this year, while prices are expected to be moderate. County Wexford generally, but the neighbourhood of Enniscorthy particularly, furnishes the geese and turkeys which grace our city tables at the festive season; but for the coming occasion the seaboard Leinster county will have sharp competitors from Leitrim, King's County, and Roscommon.

* *

The more the merrier; and if we have seen the last of a tariff for turkeys ranging between 7s 6d and 15s each, why, housekeepers will rejoice. There is no good reason why these birds should not be sold at so much per lb. as beef and mutton are, and in the opinion of many good people the sooner a system of this kind is introduced the better. Turkey at 6d or 7d per lb. would bring it within reach of most people, and this figure should amply repay the wives of farmers who rear the birds.

* *

While on the commissariat, we may as well call attention to the outrageous discrepancy between the prices charged by city butchers to consumers and the rates at which they buy cattle and sheep—the former particularly—in the Dublin Metropolitan Market, 54s to 56s per cwt. for animals in the open market, and 8d and 10d per lb. for beef on the victuallers' stalls. Really this persistence in maintaining these extreme retail rates is too bad, more especially when the only reason that can be adduced for it is to swell still further the already extravagant profits of the butchers.

* *

It is difficult to imagine what the city would do without the Royal Dublin Society. Look at it from what point we may, we would be in a decidedly bad way wanting the fashionable gatherings which they are the means of assembling in the city twice a year, bringing joy to the hearts of hotel keepers, and irradiating the countenances of our honest Larry Doolins, who regard the occasions as harvests which they sedulously reap.

* *

Hitherto we have had equine and bovine displays at Ball's Bridge twice a year, and now we are to have three assemblies of this kind in each succeeding twelve months. This news will be received with satisfaction by everybody. Thanks to the Government grant of £5,000 for the improvement of the stock of Ireland, we will now have a special show at Ball's Bridge in February, the attractions of which will be sufficiently powerful to draw people of a good class to Dublin from all parts of the provinces, as well as from England and Scotland.

This will be followed in April by the regular Spring Show of the Society, at which the prizes have been considerably increased. But the point of view from which we principally regard it is that it will be the occasion of the second great influx of visitors to Dublin during the spring months, circulating money and giving general business a stimulus in many directions.

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A feature of the April Show will be the vast concourse of domestic fowl shown, and already in some quarters that we could mention preparations are being made by owners for getting up their birds to compete in the annual pigeon race, which is now an established institution at the Ball's Bridge Spring displays. The race on the coming occasion will be from Portadown, in County Armagh, to the show yard, a distance of 75 miles, and the winner will probably be called on to cover the distance in a couple of hours or less.

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The opening of the annual sale of the School of Art needlework at South Kensington—always a fashionable function in London—was shorn of much of its glory last week by the non-attendance of Princess Christian, absent through indisposition. A large quantity of beautiful work was on view, and the aristocratic ladies of the committee attended as stall-keepers. The Hon. Mrs Percy Wyndham, looking as young as her newly-married daughter, by whom she was accompanied, undertook the table generally presided over by H.R.H. On removing a long, grey, fur-trimmed cloak, Mrs Wyndham was seen to wear a dress of myrtle green camelot with old gold front heavily braided in black.

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Lady Romilly looked elegant in one of the new woollens, with hair stripe of burnt red, upon which was disposed a tablier and plastron, shield shape, in velvet of the same rich red colour. The Countess of Erne, handsome and stately, wore black with deep amber tips in a black bonnet. Lady Hamilton Gordon was also in black. A costume in electric blue plush, with silver ornaments, and antique silver chatelaine, was much admired. Among the purchasers the diminutive figure of the Dowager Countess of Sefton was seen trotting about, here, there, and everywhere. A pleasant cup of afternoon tea closed the first day's proceedings.

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A doll show at the Ormond street Hospital for Children, was a very pretty and touching event in the London calendar of last week, the object being to raise funds for building a new wing for the accommodation of the increasing patients. Several hundred dolls were displayed, and many prizes were awarded. These were distributed by the Princess Frederica of Hanover, whose tall form was shrouded in black, with black velvet mantle, surmounted by a red velvet and tulle bonnet garnished with jet sprays.

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An ardent disciple of Cavendish was inveigled into playing whist with a young lady as his partner. "Do you play the penultimate?" said he, during the process of shuffling. "Oh, no! I play the piano, and I try the violin, but I never even heard of the penultimate."

The note which appeared in a recent issue of this journal relative to the paucity of "dancing men" in Dublin has brought the following excessively candid and timely advice from a "Hostess." Like Hostess, we are of opinion that the failure of small dance parties in Dublin is not so much due to the want of eligible young men as to the injudicious selections made by hostesses. We give our esteemed correspondent's letter in full in the hope that the hints given may be the means of doing good:—

I am the mother (says Hostess) of grown up sons and daughters; give, fortnightly, small and early dances, from November to April, and I never have the least difficulty in getting plenty of "dancing men," good valisers—in fact, I could have two men for each girl, if I wished, though mine is anything but "open house" or "liberty hall," for my husband and I are considered very exclusive, and it is a grievance to some men that they find it not too easy to get from me a card for "a friend."

If hostesses made it a rule to give smaller dances and more frequently, and would invite only ladies under thirty, they would not find it difficult to get "dancing men." I have pitied young men, who had taken the trouble to dress for a dance, when I have seen them introduced for a valse to some elderly spinster or stout matron who should leave the floor for their juniors. I have seen good valisers trying to steer their way through a plunging, bobbing, or prancing crowd of elderly dancers (save the mark!) who should be mere lookers on, if not at home, or at some musical party, concert or, *conversazione* a style of entertainment for elderly or intellectual people which is sadly wanted in Dublin. Issue invitations for "valising" from 7 to 11 o'clock. All my guests have arrived about 8 o'clock, and they leave before 1 o'clock. I give tea and cake from 7 to 8.30, and from 10 to 11 o'clock plenty of well-made sandwiches, made by my daughters, with fresh fancy bread (the mustard and butter being beaten together to a cream), tipsey cake, sweets, fruit, and a liberal supply of claret cup which I hear commented on by everyone for its excellence. There are two secrets in the making of it. I cannot afford to give good wine, so I never give any. My dancingroom is not large, so I invite only twelve dancing men and ten ditto girls, and as I give so many dances and entertain all my friends in turn, the expense never exceeds one shilling per head. If fathers and mothers would take a leaf out of my book for the winter it might give a great deal of innocent enjoyment to young people whose parents now declare they cannot afford to "give a dance."

"Hostess promises to send us her receipt for claret cup. We shall be delighted to print it and to receive from other ladies their opinions upon this important subject."

The ways in which ladies do up their hair are numerous, and to the majority of the male gender the mysteries of this art are as incomprehensible as they are charming. In looking back over the pages of history we find that a curious arrangement of the hair came into vogue in 1330. The hair was parted in the middle, two very short locks being made to curve out on either side of the forehead. The two hind plaits were then crossed and brought under the ears up the sides of the head. In 1340 the two plaits were carried up the sides of the face, leaving between them and the cheeks a long piece of straight hair cut squarely to the length of the plaits. This fashion produced a very stiff and ugly result, and the next was little better.

The front and back hair having been divided into two tresses, the skull was coved with a *coif*, and the front tresses each carried under the ears and made into large rolls, while the back hair was brought forward over the border of the *coif*. The result was to produce two great bosses of hair, resembling short horns, on either side of the head. An old manuscript says:—"What shall we say of the ladies when they come to fes-

tivals? They look at each other's heads and carry bosses like horned beasts. If any one be without she is an object of scandal."

Perhaps in a century or two after the present generation has passed away writers will be found comparing the styles now in vogue with those that may be in force in their time. However, there is one consolation to our ladies, and that is that their modes cannot be so repulsive as were those of their more primitive sisters. If there is one quality more than another which characterises our fair sisters in these days it is the neat, tasteful, and becoming ways in which they "do up" their hair, each style being more handsome and becoming than the other. "There are three things," says a critical member of the sterner sex, "which are necessary in a woman before she can fascinate or attract attention, and these are bright, healthy eyes, sweet pearly teeth, and a becoming coiffure. A lady possessing these, no matter how plain her features may be, will be a centre round which men will always joyfully radiate."

The *Season* for December is as bright and vivacious as ever. Several strikingly handsome costumes are delineated on its plates, and many instructive and skilful hints on ladies' dress are given amongst the letterpress. We note from its pages that all elegant ladies are now wearing black lace hats, and independent of their elegance they have the advantage of being both becoming and suitable for all occasions. For this season lace hats are made of imitation Chantilly, which is so far like Spanish lace that the pattern is thicker and looks richer than in real Chantilly. The trimming consists of a black or coloured bow, holding a flower with velvet leaves.

An arrangement of fur and braid together is very handsome on jackets or dresses. For example, a green cloth dress, with tight-fitting bodice, is made with a large collar, reaching to the waist in points, of astrachan and black braid, with a tiny bordering of the fur showing beneath the lower edge of the bodice, and finishing the sleeves. The skirt has a square tunic, cut up a little at the left, and bordered similarly to the bodice, and a draped back. This melange of fur and braid can be applied as plastrons, and as a framing for gilets.

In dress materials, those which will be chiefly in vogue are plain clothes, in all colours, but especially in light shades, voile, which is now made in various degrees of thickness, ribbed fabrics, poplins, and crapes. There are also some very good silk and wool brocaded materials and a great number of plaid woollens, and others with cashmere designs either embroidered on the material or woven in it. These are very much used for the wide borders of the draped or plain fronts of skirts seen between the open fronts of the redingote.

Ladies will note from our advertising columns that the eminent *costumier*, Mr A. Manning, of 102 Grafton street, advertises his triennial sale to open on Monday next. Mr Manning's stock is of the very best description, and we advise all our lady readers to pay his establishment a visit if only to see the magnificent display of French models in morning and evening gowns,

costumes, millinery, fans, seals, and furs of every description, which will be offered at enormous reductions.

Wet-weather petticoats are a sensible innovation. They are made of ordinary woollen material, lined for the depth of half a yard with a fancy waterproof stuff, so that, however damp a day it may be, the wearer will stand no risk of catching cold by a wet skirt dabbling round her feet in the supremely uncomfortable manner which skirts have on a pouring wet day. These and the gaiters which many ladies have also adopted—usually made to match the colour of the dress—go a long way towards making a lady as careless of the weather as a gentleman.

A "Nervous Maiden" having read our notes last week about the cowardly conduct of a would-be lover, sends us a long account of the courting customs of various countries. We cannot find room for the whole of her interesting contribution, but extract the following items with pleasure:—

In ancient Greece the lover was seldom favoured with an opportunity of telling his passion to his mistress, and he used to publish it by inscribing her name on the walls, on the bark of the trees in the public walks, and upon the leaves of books. He would decorate the door of her house with garlands, and make oblations of wine before it, in the manner that was practised in the Temple of Cupid. . . . According to Dr. Hayes, courtship among the Esquimaux has not much tenderness about it. The match is made by the parents of the couple. The lover must go out and capture a Polar bear as an evidence of his courage and strength. That accomplished, he sneaks behind the door of his sweetheart's house, and when she comes out he pounces upon her, and tries to carry her to his dog-sledge. She screams, bites, kicks, and breaks away from him. He gives chase, whereupon all the old women of the settlement rush out and beat him with frozen strips of sealskin. She falls down exhausted. The lover lashes her to his sledge, whips up his dogs, dashes swiftly over the frozen snow, and the wedding is consummated. . . . The Australian lover is still more lacking in tenderness, if the statement made by Myers Deley is true. The lover makes up his mind as to which woman shall be his bride, and then hides in the bushes in the vicinity of her dwelling. As soon as she comes near the spot where he is concealed, he knocks her down with a club, and carries her off before she recovers. If he does not get her to his hut before she recovers there is likely to be a lively fight in the bush, for the Australian damsel is generally a vigorous one, and may have reasons of her own for objecting to his attentions. The lover may be obliged to club her again, and, as that is considered to be somewhat of a reflection on the ardour with which his earlier effort was made, he is apt to put as much soul and muscle into his first love part as he can summon. . . . In some sections of Asia the lover must carry off his bride on his back. If he reaches his hut with her there can be no protest; failing in that, he must pay her parents for her in cattle. The willing bride makes no outcry; the unwilling bride arouses the whole village, the residents of which try to rescue her. In the Isthmus of Darien either sex can do the courting, while in the Ukraine the girl generally attends to it. When she falls in love with a man she goes to his house and declares her passion. If he declines to accept her she remains there, and his case becomes rather distressing. To turn her out would provoke her kindred to avenge the insult. The young fellow has no resort left to him but to run away from home until the damsel is otherwise disposed of.

A correspondent pays the following tribute to the handiness and ingenuity of women:—

Men often wonder how women get along without pockets. It is not generally known that women utilise various articles of attire for this purpose. One is the hat. Young ladies out shopping may be seen tilting back their hats and putting small articles inside. A girl has been known to put a pair of collars and cuffs, a pair of stockings and several handkerchiefs in the

crown of her hat. Husbands may have noticed their wives put their gloves in the folds of their parasol when not using them, and the glove itself is made the receptacle for tram fare, and even letters.

* * *

We must give all the nice, modest girls we know credit for not consciously endeavouring to catch husbands, says the author of "The Five Talents of Woman." If men fall in love with them and desire to marry them, and they are the right sort of men, and the girls can love in return, well and good—they marry, and hope to be happy ever after. But they will not run after men, or think in everything they do or say, "Can I catch a fish with this bait?"

* * *

It must, however, be confessed that there are girls who, instead of making themselves useful and calmly resting in their maiden dignity, think only of getting married, and use questionable means to achieve their purpose. Forgetting the old proverb, "The more haste the less speed," this sort of girl not infrequently assumes a fast style of talk, manner, and dress in order to make herself attractive to the opposite sex. In doing so she makes a great mistake. Fish may nibble at her bait, but they will not allow themselves to be caught. A loud girl may attract attention and have half an hour of popularity; but she is a type of the short-sightedness of some of her sex. Men of the baser sort may amuse themselves with her, but no man worth having would think of marrying her.

* * *

There is a liberty that makes us free and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more free, but more slavish than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the means taken to gain it. Whatever men may be themselves, they like gentleness, modesty, and purity in act and thought in women. They want their wives to be better than themselves. They think that women should be the conservators of all that is restrained, chivalrous, and gentle.

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During the past few months three marvellous results have been obtained from experiments in artillery. A shot was fired from a 9-inch wire gun at 40 degrees elevation. The range obtained was 21,800 yards or 12½ miles, and the shot called the Jubilee Shot. A calculation has been made that the shot attained a height of 17,000 feet, and the shooting being fairly accurate, we may live in hopes of seeing in the next war between France and Italy two armies shelling each other across the Alps, quite regardless of the little barrier between them.

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The second experiment just shows the accuracy which can be arrived at, six consecutive shots from an 11-inch gun having been lobbed into a marked space 40 feet long by eight feet wide, at the small range of six and a half miles. The third experiment was made for the benefit of the engineer who was told off to make plans for the new forts to be erected at Milford Haven and other places along our coasts. He wanted to know how thick he ought to make his concrete walls, and accordingly an immense mass of concrete 60 feet thick was erected, and the new 11-ton gun fired at it at the range of three miles, and the shot passed through the entire thickness, like a red-hot needle through a pot of butter.

ITEMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

AN INTERESTING SALE.

The numerous lady readers of IRISH SOCIETY will be obliged to us for calling their attention to a sale of the most interesting kind, known in fashionable circles as "Manning's Triennial." This is a thoroughly unique thing in its way, and practically unknown in any other big establishment in the city. These "triennials" have been hitherto eagerly watched for by the fair sex, who have always an eye to bargains, and we are enabled to assure them from personal inspection that some of the rarest and most beautiful articles of dress they could possibly imagine will await their examination and purchase at 102 and 103 Grafton street, on Monday, December 3, when a surplus stock, the accumulation of three years, will be disposed of at and under half cost for cash. Among this choice stock—and it is all we describe it to be—are numerous magnificent French models in morning and evening gowns, piquant costumes sufficient to charm ladies of taste, elegant millinery, and fans, the beauty of which is marvellous. We are now in mid-winter, and the taste of its quality for so far has been the reverse of pleasant; but to guard against its insidious attacks—to preserve the fragile forms of our fair sisters from its withering influence—Mr Manning has in his surplus stock a choice variety of real seals and furs of every description, which will be offered to purchasers at prices far below what our local Prince of Costumiers can himself have bought them for. Bless these triennial sales! They are a decided boon to ladies of limited means, and to fathers of households who have numerous daughters to provide with warm winter wraps, and whose means oblige them to economise; but they are not good for Mr Manning, who loses heavily by the transaction. "Then why does he do it?" we can fancy a cynic remarking; "nobody surely asks him to dispose of superior articles at ruinous prices." Quite right; but softly, good friend. Mr Manning's trade is an extensive one. Fashions are ever changing, and in such a house as his he must keep well to the front or be content to come in at the distance post or even further away. Extremely large stocks entail a surplus in three years' working, no matter how extensive a man's trade may be; and now, gentle reader, you are inducted into the secret of the necessity for a triennial clearance, in order to make room for still newer goods. Just an additional word and we have done. Don't miss this sale. The goods are all perfect, and from the first manufacturers in Paris.

FRANCIS FALKNER, 83 GRAFTON STREET.

With the approach of Christmas the attention of housekeepers is naturally directed to a replenishing of cellar and larder, and to the providing of the numerous other good things that are indispensable in furnishing breakfast, dining, and tea tables during the joyous season. Look at the matter in what light we may, there is no getting over the fact that, just as sure as Christmas comes, the expenses of our domestic circle are increased by the necessity of providing an infinity of specialties that at other times are rarely looked for; and with a prospect of this kind staring fathers and mothers in the face, it is a real consolation to know that in such an emergency the inevitable can be successfully met by invoking the services of a well-known Dublin merchant, Mr Francis Falkner, of Grafton street. His is no house of yesterday, but one of the good old school still numerous among us, which supplied the Christmas wants of our grandfathers and grandmothers, just as he continues to furnish the requirements of their grandchildren to-day; and perhaps the best proof that could be given of the great confidence reposed in the Grafton street house is the undoubted fact that they include in their long roll of customers many of the most honoured families in the city and suburbs. Do you want to replenish your cellars? If so, just ask permission to visit their extensive wine stores—the "European Depot"—at 36 Dawson street, and you will see an array of vintages that will surprise you, including clarets, sherries, port, Burgundies, champagnes, and many other brands. If you are in search of old reliable whiskey, look in at the well-filled stores in Grafton street, and if you cannot make a selection at prices specially notable for moderation, you must indeed be difficult to please. Francis Falkner's old Irish whiskey enjoys a high reputation for excellence in many countries far distant from Ireland; and it is worth while noting that for their famous brand they have been awarded quite a number of medals at various exhibitions. At Christchurch (New Zealand) in 1882 they obtained the highest award for their whiskey—the gold

medal and diploma. At Amsterdam in 1883 they obtained a silver medal and diploma—the highest award; and at Calcutta in 1883-84 they succeeded in carrying off the highest award—the gold medal and diploma. Mr Falkner's next success was at Boston (U.S.) in the same year, where, in face of strong competition, he succeeded in securing the highest award—the gold medal and diploma. In London in 1884 he obtained a prize medal; and at Antwerp in 1885 he was again successful, obtaining a silver medal and diploma, which was the highest award. Lastly, at the Académie Nationale, Paris, in 1885, he obtained a gold medal, the highest award. We will pass now from any further reference to his celebrated whiskey, and briefly draw the attention of housekeepers to the circumstance that for the approaching festive season Mr Falkner has provided a large stock of teas of the new growths, including Chinese, Indian, and Ceylonese. For the latter description there is an increasing demand, as it is found to possess great strength and richness of flavour. It is really worth a visit to the Grafton street house to see the vast array of new fruits, currants, raisins, plums, figs, bon-bons, fancy chocolates, and other toothsome attractions laid out for the inspection of visitors. But we think we have said enough to induce housekeepers to give Mr Falkner a call. We had almost omitted to mention that this house enjoys a high reputation for the excellence of their bottled stout, pale ales, and beer. A speciality recently introduced into the establishment at considerable expense is a patent fruit-washer, which cleanses the fruit and leaves it ready for use. Mr Falkner is now issuing a revised catalogue of his goods, which should be in the hands of all heads of households. The London branch is at 2 Charing Cross.

MESSRS SWITZER AND CO., GRAFTON STREET.

It is a real pleasure to stroll through the various departments of this vast establishment, at every turn and corner of which something attractive meets the eye. In the way of grouping goods and harmonising colours for show, this firm's assistants display great artistic excellence and taste—sufficient indeed to attract the attention of the male sex, who are not as a rule particularly sensible to displays of the various goods and *bijouterie* that go to make up ladies' costumes and ornaments. In evident preparation for the season's requirements the firm are now showing a splendid assortment of novelties in evening dress materials in all the latest shades and designs, and these beautiful articles should be promptly seen and examined, the question of purchase coming naturally and easily in afterwards. The lace department of this house is particularly worthy of a visit; and, as consignments from Paris, London, Nottingham, and other centres are arriving daily, no difficulty can be experienced in making a selection from among the many exquisite patterns exhibited. Christmas novelties are always profusely provided at Switzer's, and we understand that for the coming festive season this favourite house will have one of the richest exhibitions in dress and other materials to be found in any other similar establishment in the city or elsewhere.

MESSRS J. M. BARNARDO AND SON.

There are few indeed in Dublin who have not heard of this celebrated house whose usefulness becomes more apparent as the cold of winter comes upon us. This is the fur house *par excellence*—the establishment whose fame is not confined to Dublin or to Ireland, but whose goods are as well-known and appreciated in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other large English cities as they are here, and who actually export their furs in many forms to Canada, the United States, and Australia. Just see their present display, the very look of which makes one feel in a glow of heat, and let us feel glad that here in Dublin we have an enterprising merchant who ably sustains an important manufacturing industry, and who in doing so does not hesitate to send to the most distant countries for the rarest and costliest furs, which he transforms into exquisite mantles, jackets, hoods, muffs, and the hundred other *et-ceteras* that go to complete the winter costume of a lady, rendering her perfectly impervious to the worst attacks of the weather and of the chilliest blasts. Messrs Barnardo are now showing a magnificent assortment of ready-made winter mantles, dolmans, jackets, cloaks, and Ulsters, in all the newest materials, trimmed or lined with fur, any one of which would form a beautiful and seasonable present at the approaching festive time. But it is in weather like the present that their value is thoroughly appreciated, and ladies just now should make a point of visiting the handsomely-arranged establishment right opposite the Provost's house in Grafton street. Their visit will be profitable to themselves, as for first-class goods the price charged are extremely moderate.

A RING AND A LIFE.

BY

R. WOGAN MACDONNELL.

Author of

"LITTLE VIOLET," "GABRIEL LURANCE," "EVA DALTON," &c., &c.

(Continued from last week's "Irish Society.")

During the days preceding his departure from X—he lost no opportunity to bring to her cheek the blush of conscious affection: to her eyes the love-light he so craved to see there, as longingly as ever blind man craves for sight. All in vain. Maud was as charming as ever, but there was no possibility of mistaking her. In the modest, gracious manner, the kindly, almost tender interest she manifested in his regard, the concern which she showed when he spoke of his approaching return to India, one might detect the gentle affection of a sister. It was only too evident that Gennaro Massey had awakened no response in her heart to his passionate attachment.

Their parting took place in presence of a number of people, in the drawingroom of a friend. Whether or not it was so arranged by Maud, I cannot say; one may guess. It was a touching and sympathetic leave-taking on every side, but there was nothing in the least significant about it. And yet the train had scarcely steamed out of the station bearing the lover on the first stage of his journey, when there were those who protested that he was another victim to the wiles of Maud Shenstone.

Truth to tell, for some time after his departure Maud was rather dull and reflective. She could not conceal it from her female friends, observant as girls always are when their suspicions are aroused, especially with regard to affairs of the heart. She was thoughtful and silent as was certainly not her wont. Just as this mood was passing away there came a letter bearing the Southampton postmark. It was brought to her before she left her bedroom, so that she escaped the scrutiny of any watchful eye. It was an honest, manly letter. Massey told her of his love, fears, misgivings, and, as if to show that he was very much in earnest and not too confident, he quoted "Chastelard"—

Look! it may be Love was a sort of curse
Made for my plague, and mixed up with my days
Somewise in their beginning; or, indeed,
A bitter birth begotten of sad stars
At mine own body's birth—that Heaven might make
My life taste sharp where other men drank sweet.
But, whether in heavy body or broken soul.
I know it must go on to be my death.

He asked her, should her answer be favourable, to write to him, but if she could not, just then say "yes," he begged of her to make no present reply. He would wait and hope, and come to her for an answer when he returned to England. He vowed that it would be a happiness for him to think of her in absence, to live in the expectation of one day wooing and winning her. Painful though the awakening might be, if his dream were not destined to realisation, the illusion would be inexpressibly sweet while it lasted.

It was in every respect a delicate, touching, thoughtful missive, breathing tender affection,

exhibiting the most profound respect and consideration. There was not the slightest hint or suggestion that she had given him any reason to hope, or that she had held out to him any encouragement. He laid the gift of his love at her feet in a manner that was at once generous and simple.

Maud would have been more or less than woman if this letter did not produce a strong impression upon her. She read it three times over in the privacy of her own room. She then placed it in a secret drawer of her desk, sat down to have a good think, which was followed by a copious cry. Not often had those beautiful cheeks been wet with tears. Now they fall silently and swiftly; now she realises how true and noble is this man who offers her his love, and with whose feelings they reproached her with having trifled. How different he from the colourless, insipid youths who had paid her court! How honest, faithful, and generous he was! She would not acknowledge, however, that she had exhibited any such partiality for him as would justify one in believing that he was more to her than an acceptable acquaintance or, at least, a favoured friend. She had never intended that he should take any other meaning out of the preference which she showed for his society.

She had occasion to use this kind of reasoning before, with respect to some of her admirers; but she never had the same misgivings which she now experienced. She recalled the nice delicacy with which he had always treated her; the deferential attention, the subdued tenderness, the chivalrous devotion, constant, but never obtrusive or familiar, he exhibited towards her. Her heart told her that every word in that letter was truth itself; however it all might end she had gained the love of this man—a love whose truth and loyalty she dared not doubt. But she told herself she did not love him. She was not very positive about this. There was a troubled and tremulous indecision about the way in which she put it to herself. Why was she so delighted and, at the same time, sad at the receipt of this letter? Why did she keep wondering what she would or could have said had he spoken out all that he had set down therein? Perhaps it would have been better if he had spoken. Why, again, does she take out of that secret drawer the portrait of a handsome young soldier in uniform, and keep it before her eyes as she thinks over the situation? Why, for the matter of that, did she, when she got the photograph from a girl friend, Gennaro Massey's cousin, hide it away, instead of placing it in one of her albums, in which there were already many such, for all the world to see.

Surely she was not like the "savage queen who smiles because her lover's scalp is at her belt." Certainly not, she is more inclined to cry than laugh. She is very very sorry for him, she repeats, but she is sure she does not love him; therefore it is impossible for her to write to ask him to come back to her. She does not want to get married; perhaps she would never marry at all—certainly not any of those who paid her attentions before he came. But she is so sorry for him. Then come more tears and an unpleasant sinking of the heart as she thinks of the lonely and solitary life before him, the gallant and true-souled fellow who vowed that losing her no other woman would ever gain his love.

Is the punishment beginning, Maudie? In good sooth you are not very happy just now,

little one. You are perplexed. You are, in spite of make-believe, a little angry with yourself. Never have you been so moved before; never has any former swain engaged your thoughts like this. Never before has such doubting—akin to pain—disturbed your meditations.

The effect of Massey's letter was not a meremomentary influence. Once again were people puzzled at the alteration in the girl's demeanour. Spiteful acquaintances said that she had "sobered down," that she had become serious, that she had been converted. No one guessed the true reason. Her father, unobservant man, noticed no change. Her aunts remarked that she had grown more grave and reserved, caring less for society and gaiety. They detected, or fancied they detected, a loss of colour in the usually blooming cheeks. The affectionate old ladies took alarm. Was their darling ill? Maud laughed at their anxieties, and replied merrily enough that she claimed the full privilege of her age and sex to indulge in occasional caprices, that she had for the moment taken a serious fit, and that she never felt better in her life. As time passed she regained her natural vivacity—her old self had come back. A month had elapsed from the receipt of Massey's letter, when one of her aunts, being indisposed, was advised to go to London, partly for change of air and scene, partly for the sake of being near the great physician who was the custodian of her health. A house was taken in a fashionable locality, and Maud went to town with her father and aunts.

It was not very long, I grieve to say, before the old habit asserted itself. In the larger field for flirtation the temptations were too great to be resisted. In the midst of attentions and flatteries that were almost irresistible, Maud yielded to the influence of the new atmosphere by which she was surrounded. The role of coquette fell to her again as if by some fatal destiny. She was more dangerous and delightful than ever. The somewhat *blase* butterflies of fashion found a new sensation. It was something new to them, this innocent *coquetterie* of the beautiful young provincial, so simple, so naive, so unaffected. She was no practised denison of the drawingroom, she displayed none of the devices with which they were familiar. Her very artlessness disarmed criticism, and her want of calculation or design puzzled while it entrapped her admirers.

Gennaro Massey's letter was not read so frequently in these days, and his portrait did not often see the light; the memory of him became less distinct. At times Maud suffered from qualms of conscience; now and again she found herself thinking seriously, if not sadly, of the young soldier in the far-off cantonment, resenting the slow progress of time; reckoning up the months and weeks which must elapse before his return yet all the while sternly rebuking the suggestion sent up from her heart to her head, that the feeling, gradually growing stronger within her, was very nearly love.

After one of those periodical communings she was gayer, more fascinating, and, if one might say it, more reckless than ever.

Soon there came news of one of these little frontier wars the history of which is familiar to those readers who scan carefully the foreign intelligence columns of the papers. The tidings were at first confined to a few brief paragraphs, then assumed larger proportions. One day Maud, who had become a constant student of diurnal literature, came across a letter in the

"Largest Circulation" from an "our own correspondent" at the seat of war. In a glowing and highly eulogistic passage the writer, himself a soldier, described the brilliant achievements of a young officer of hussars, who had been particularly distinguished for his dashing conduct and headlong daring. The gallant lieutenant, the correspondent wrote, who came of a fighting stock in Tipperary, had covered himself with glory. With glistening eyes and flushing cheek Maud read this portion of the letter. She bit her lips lest she should cry out in her exultation; her heart beat so fast she felt as if it were rising in her throat. But as she glanced down the column her face went deadly pale, her hands clasped the paper convulsively, then she let it fall to the ground. At the close of the war correspondent's letter she read.

"By Reuter's telegram. Lieutenant G. Massey, whose splendid courage and skill during the recent engagement with the enemy has been the talk of the whole force, was brought in to-day seriously wounded. The surgeon gives some hope that his wounds may not prove fatal."

Then she knew—then for the first time she rightly read her heart.

There was no longer room for self-deception. The poor girl flung herself on the sofa in a fit of uncontrollable weeping. "My love, my love," she cried, "why did I send you away?" When her aunts, who had been out shopping, returned, they found her very ill, and for a considerable time the beauty was a stranger to society, and it must be said society missed her not a little.

Lieutenant Massey's wounds, thanks to his splendid constitution, did not take long to heal. If Maud had had the courage to follow up an idea which had occurred to her and had written as her heart dictated, they would probably have healed even more rapidly. After a time he was ordered home, and was already some days on his journey before Maud heard the welcome news. By this having learned that he was practically recovered and almost his own man again, her self content returned. Her aunts suggested that she should return to X— or go abroad for the purpose of recruiting, but this notion she resisted strongly.

Genarro, now Captain Massey, arrived, and lost no time in seeking her out. He was but little altered by his illness, somewhat pale and thin, but that was all. She thought he was more interesting than ever, and received him with much gladness and cordiality, but to his great discomfiture there was nothing lover-like at all in her demeanour. What strange creatures women are! Even yet Maud's familiar demon was not exorcised.

As for him, he was more in love than when he went away, more passionately, not to say fiercely, enamoured. All the hot Hiberno-Italian blood seemed to go on fire in presence of the girl who had enslaved him. Formerly his thought was that should she reject him life would be bleak, cheerless, and infinitely wretched, a horrid nightmare to be borne with what courage and endurance he could till the end came. Now he had come to the deliberate conclusion—if any thought or act of his could be called deliberate when the question of loving her arose—that existence would be unbearable without her.

So his love-making was of a different fashion, sometimes amusing, sometimes frightening her; so fierce, hot, tempestuous was it. When he endeavoured to speak of the letter he had sent her, she begged of him not to mention it just then, and somehow it fell out that it was scarcely

ever afterwards referred to. He was evidently changed. Here was no quiet, self-contained, diffident lover, such as she had known at X—. Then he spoke sweet love-words, but they were impersonal; fashioned to suit some poetic ideal, not to be taken as applying to herself or any other actually existing person. They were taken from the poets, English and German, Italian and French, and though they had power to move her, she did not take them as referring to herself, but had been in the habit to think of them, when she did recall them to mind, as being spoken to some Laura or Beatrice, Juliet or Rosalind, of long ago. Now his language was only too plain and direct; yet, for some unaccountable reason—hardly to her explained by mere caprice—although there was no longer any doubt about her love for him, she still kept him at a distance quite unnatural, and with remarkable but misdirected tact and ingenuity, she prevented him time after time from making the formal declaration which often trembled on his lips. So much remained to him of his former doubt and diffidence; to her of that strange perversity which, double-edged, wounded her as well as him. Sometimes he was tempted to be angry with her, but he put strong restraint upon himself, remembering that—

"To be wrath with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

At length he made up his mind that he would have an answer and know his fate. He had been obliged to listen to the ill-natured gossip of those who envied the poor girl. He heard from charming friends of hers, young, amiable, gushing girls, her closest intimates, as well as from antiquated spinsters and mature (sometimes malignant) matrons of Maud's successes during the previous season, of her hard-heartedness, of the admirers she had led on almost to the point of proposal, some quite that far, and then ruthlessly discarded, and, although he could believe nothing disparaging of the girl he adored, he became furiously jealous; of what or of whom he could not clearly explain. Truly the love fever was upon him and he felt he could bear it all no longer.

There was a dinner and private theatricals at the house of some friends to which he had been invited. Maud also was to be there. She had caught a slight cold and had been confined to her room. Every day he had called with anxious inquiries and every day sent to the invalid quantities of the rarest flowers. He was delighted to learn that she was permitted to go out on this evening. He thought that if he could contrive to get a few minutes' private conversation with her he would beg of her to give him an interview the next day.

It fell out otherwise. Maud, during dinner, looked pale and ill, and he was greatly concerned. He managed to get beside her in the "Theatre Royal back drawingroom" just as the curtain was about to rise. The rooms were inconveniently crowded and excessively warm. During an interval when a number of persons left their seats and engaged in conversation, while the orchestra played something to which no one listened, Maud got slightly faint. He took her into the large conservatory which gave on one of the rooms and opened a ventilating window. The cool air revived her. There was only one lamp hanging from the roof, and a dim, soft light came through the opal shade, a Japanese curtain of reeds hung before the doors. They stood amidst the rare exotics and graceful tropical plants, and the faint sound of the music reached them through the hum of conversation. Then he spoke. She

never answered or moved, while he poured forth, in hurried and impassioned language, the story of his love. She made no effort to withdraw the hand he held in his, nor did she once look into his face. Presently he noted that her cheek grew paler, and her form swayed slightly, as if moved by the breeze. He thought she was going to faint, and clasped her in his arms. Then, for the first time, she looked into his eyes, but spoke no word. She let her head rest on his shoulder, and he kissed fervently her forehead, cheeks, and lips. The music stopped, and the conversation ceased.

"Let us go back," she whispered.

And, his heart being too full for words, they returned silently into the room they had just left.

A few minutes afterwards her father joined them, and she asked him to take her home.

When Captain Massey called the next afternoon he was told that Miss Shenstone had a slight return of her cold, and it had been thought better that she should not come downstairs that day. This was a very serious disappointment to him. That morning he had received an urgent telegram, announcing the illness of a near relative. His presence was required without delay. It was impossible to postpone his departure, and in the evening he started on his journey, after writing to his lady-love such a letter as might be expected under the circumstances. She sent a brief note in reply, and curiously enough ignored the incident in the conservatory. A month passed before he was able to return to town. He called immediately at General Shenstone's. Maud, they told him, was perfectly recovered; indeed she had been out and about the day after that on which he had left London. She was then at a bazaar helping her friend, Lady Blanton, in some charitable work. He hailed the nearest hansom, and within a few minutes was making his way to the stall whereat he was told Maude assisted. As he approached he saw her but for a moment, that was all. Looking bewitchingly lovely she stood, with two other girls, beautiful and handsomely dressed, beside a counter on which the usual variety of fancy articles was displayed. It was impossible for him to get near it for the crowd of fashionable men and women who thronged around. Maud was particularly busy and in high spirits. Half-a-dozen gentlemen vied with each other for the possession of some trophy from her hands. She caught sight of Massey, and gave him a pleasant, laughing salute such as one gives to old friends, but disappointing to this ardent and unreasonable lover, who was not justified in expecting anything more under the circumstances. It was some time before he could get within speaking distance. Their conversation was of the most commonplace—a word as to her health, a word as to that of his friend, and then she displayed her choicest wares. After making some purchases, by which the charity largely benefited, he took himself away. One would have thought that now there was every prospect of plain sailing with these lovers, but there followed another period of doubt and perplexity. This time it must be said the fault was on the side of the man. He gave way to the most groundless jealousy, which Maud, who had at last quite understood her heart and had finally made up her mind, naturally resented. Being in her own way very proud, she was highly indignant that, at the moment when she was, as she maintained, behaving irreproachably and prepared

to bestow upon him at any time the love for which he craved, he should give way to so unworthy and ridiculous a feeling. She greatly congratulated herself that she had not confessed her love that night in the conservatory. Thus the perverse fates ordained that once more there should be strained relations between those two. In all the British army there was not a more miserable soldier than the gallant captain, and the more he thought about it the more self-pitying, wretched, and morose he became. He thought of what desperate thing he would do; he felt as if his brain would go. The result of all his meditation was that he would write to her another letter—his “very last words.” He would ask peremptorily for an answer, “yes” or “no,” plainly and distinctly. If it were the latter, there was an end of all. For a time the poor young man was not clothed in his right mind. When his letter, which said all he meant to say in comparatively brief language was finished, he thought he had not conveyed with sufficient emphasis the necessity for an immediate reply. It might be days before she would answer it. What was he to do in the meantime. It was (in spite of the fierce mood in which it was contemplated) a tender, appealing letter. He had no reason to believe that the reply would be very long delayed, but his impatience was feverish, and he added the following postscript—“I send you herewith a ring which I had fondly hoped to have placed on your finger ere now. I can ill-brook delay. I shall meet you at luncheon in a few hours at Lady Blanstons. Will you wear it then, and I shall know my fate without the embarrassment of an interview.” He opened a drawer, and took therefrom a case of violet velvet, with the monogram “M.S.” in gold filagree upon the lid. Within, upon a bed of white satin, lay an exquisite ring of diamonds and pearls. He wrapped the case in paper, sealed and addressed it, then rang the bell, and gave letter and parcel to his faithful soldier-servant who had accompanied him from India after nursing him through his illness, with orders to drive as fast as possible to the house of General Shenstone, ask to see Miss Shenstone, and give his message into her own hands, returning forthwith with any answer he received.

When the man left the room Massey sat down to think, feeling an unaccountable nervousness and painful sinking of the heart. This had not hitherto occurred. Never before had he given way to the feeling of despondency and despair which now oppressed him. He feared, with a terrible apprehension, that the answer would be unfavourable.

“And then—and then!”

At the moment his eye happened to fall upon a revolver which lay on the table. He took it up mechanically, looking at it as if he had never seen it before. He examined the chambers, and found them all loaded. His face set sternly, he bit his lips until the blood forsook them.

“At any rate,” he muttered, “this remains.”

Hours seemed to pass before the man returned, although he had not been very long gone. In reply to his master’s inquiry, he said that when he arrived at the General’s he found the carriage waiting at the door. Miss Shenstone with another young lady was standing on the door steps. Apologising to the other lady, who entered the carriage, Miss Shenstone went into the house to read the letter. Presently she came out, and handed him a parcel to be given to Captain Massey.

While the servant was speaking Massey stood

looking out of the window. He was afraid the man would read the anxiety in his face.

“Very well,” he said. “Put it down. I will ring for you presently.”

As soon as the man left the room he seized the parcel. It was wrapped in a paper of a delicate dove colour. The seal bore General Shenstone’s crest. The superscription was in a dainty feminine hand. He tore it open, and staggered back when he found within the velvet case bearing the gold monogram “M.S.” With a fierce curse he flung it from him. His eyes blazed, perspiration bedewed his forehead; his chest heaved with the intensity of his emotion. He paced up and down the apartment with long strides, and every now and then a pitiful moan broke from him. After some time he grew calmer, but there was a strange wild gleam in his eyes as he turned the key in the door, moved slowly to the table, and once again took up the revolver. Slowly and carefully he polished the barrels with his handkerchief.

“Yes,” he said, “this is the shortest way. A few seconds and all is ended.”

He then sat down to the table, took some paper from the stationery case, and began to write in a quiet, deliberate manner; first making a memorandum of some names, those of his cousin, the colonel of the regiment and a young brother officer, his particular chum; lastly he set down the initials “M.S.”

At the moment his eye caught the velvet case where he had thrown it in his rage and disappointment. Beside it lay a small piece of grey or dove-coloured paper. He ran and took them up. There were a few words written on the paper, but at first he did not notice them. Resuming his seat he opened the case. He started to his feet. A cry of inexpressible joy and surprise escaped him—within was no ring of diamonds and pearls, but a quaint antique ring of Indian manufacture, which Maud used to wear attached to her chatelaine.

In the revulsion of feeling he was almost dazed. He saw that in her haste to send him an answer of some kind while her friend waited, she used the very case which he had given her to carry back the *gage d’amour*, which should be an answer to him. He snatched eagerly at the piece of paper. It bore the words—

“Come to me! I wear your ring.—MAUD.”

What more is there to tell?

They who ought to know say that Mrs Massey is this day the happiest of women, and the Captain’s felicity is envied by his acquaintances.

Since she changed her name Maud has never been known to flirt.

The End.

A REMINISCENCE OF A NIHILIST.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

I begin by recording three dates. First, I was born in 1859, in a little village in the State of New York, and was soon afterwards christened—well, say Jerrold Longe. Second, in one of the registration departments in the town of Vilna, Russia, my real name may be seen registered as having died in the year 1883. Third: and now in this year of grace, 1888, according to earthly

reckoning, I am about to give an account of that death of mine.

It was on the railway that runs between Warsaw and St. Petersburg, in West Russia, that it all happened. The night was bitterly cold, for there had been a fall of snow. The sky was covered thickly with clouds, and outside the dimly-lighted railway carriage the darkness was Cimmerian.

My companions did not seem to mind the cold as much as I did; but why should they? There were three of them. They were in the military profession, and sat with loaded rifles between their knees. I felt cold both inside and out, for I was a prisoner on my way to certain execution at the Capital for a political offence that need not be mentioned here, and my companions were my guard of two privates and a sergeant. One sat beside me, another opposite, and the third was dozing in the far corner.

“What is the name of that last station, sergeant?” I said to the soldier beside me.

“Grodno!”

The word came out like a grunt from the throat of his native bear. He then closed his eyes, and—faugh! It is impossible to produce on paper anything resembling the sergeant’s snores. I was sick of thinking. I turned to the soldier opposite and offered him a cigar, which he accepted politely. He seemed a good-natured fellow.

“How far is it to Vilna, Ivan? Is it the next station?” I said.

“About a hundred versts, barin. We will reach it in four hours or thereabouts. There is a little town we arrive at in about an hour, and that is the last stoppage till we reach Vilna.”

And then we gradually got into conversation. After a time I edged in a question which I felt terribly anxious to get answered.

“How is it that Dimitri Ferdeschenko’s house came to be suspected?” said I, with the pretence of indifference. “It did not transpire at the inquiry after our capture, and I never could understand it. Who was the traitor?”

Three days before the house of Dimitri Ferdeschenko, in one of the best streets in Warsaw, had been surrounded by a cordon of police, and the occupants marched off in handcuffs. The house was a nest of Revolutionists. Pause, friend, before reading any further. You are now in the company of what you call a Nihilist! Dread word!

Ivan knocked the ash from his cigar, and looked cautiously at his comrades before he replied. They were both sleeping.

“Barin, I know not whether I should tell you. And yet why not? You are honourable, and will not betray me. But it will hardly be much satisfaction for you.” And he shook his head sorrowfully.

“What you tell me I will reveal to nobody. On my honour, Ivan.”

“It was Dimitri Ferdeschenko himself, then.”

“Good heavens—it was——”

“Or, rather, to give the devil his due, it was Dimitri Ferdeschenko’s daughter, Katia Ferdeschenko; for it was she who came to the——”

“What?”

My scream roused the other soldiers, who seized their rifles and sprang to their feet.

I threw myself back in my seat with a groan of weary despair, and covered my face with my hands. It is a sad, sad thing to have to die when you are young and ardent. I was only 25. But it was sadder still—oh, heavens, how sadder—to die betrayed by the woman for whom

you would have freely given up your life. And I swear I would have freely given up mine for the sake of that little maiden, whose father had just given his consent to our marriage.

Katia Ferdeschenko a traitor. Calm, stately, golden-haired Katia, for whose sweet sake I had forgotten my former life and friends and country—a common police spy—the tool of an arbitrary Government to betray men. Ah, executioner of that Government, you have one willing victim now.

Ivan, surprised, seemed to understand my grief. Said he, by way of consolation—

"Never mind, barin; they are all the same."

"Yes, it must be true, all the same. Even this one whom I had raised in my mind to be an angel."

Moodily I gazed at the blackness outside. It was those thick clouds flitting across the sky which made it so dark, for the moon was at its full. As I gazed, and thought, and despaired, lo, a little opening came in the clouds, and the glorious Luna smiled down on earth for a single moment. Then the darkness swallowed up all again. But that single moment showed me a wonderful thing. It showed me the white mantling of snow which enveloped the earth, and on that white background cast by the moon the shadow of the carriage in which I was travelling, the roof of which made a clear, distinct line on the snow. On the top of that clear, distinct line I saw also—what? The shadow of a man on his hands and knees!

I turned, quickly and apprehensively, and looked at my guard. They were all dozing now. They seemed to have no fear of my escaping them, for the open part of the door was nailed up and the door itself locked on the outside.

Who was the man on the top of the carriage? One of my fellow-Revolutionists? I well knew the desperate nature of the men with whom I had joined myself, and with some of whom I was now about to suffer. I knew they were as daring and reckless in their endeavours to save their friends as to destroy their enemies. And to get on the top of a railway carriage while it was going at full speed, and make a hole in the roof required just the sort of daring that they possessed in plenty.

I waited and listened. Above the roar of the train I could now hear a faint, very faint scraping sound. No one could have heard it who was not listening for it.

Ivan opened his eyes suddenly and shivered.

"Ah, but it is cold. What time is it, barin?"

"A quarter to twelve. When do we reach Vilna?"

About one, barin, if we reach it at all without being frozen to death."

The worthy fellow reclosed his eyes. These soldiers may seem to have been very careless about my safety. But they conveyed prisoners safely every day from place to place, and how could they tell that this one might escape? Even they themselves could not get out of the carriage till it was opened for them from the outside.

An hour and a quarter in which to—to what? Escape? Surely not, after the heroic invocation to the executioner so short a time ago, when you heard about Katia's treachery! Well, life is very dear after all. I may have been in earnest at the time; but then there seemed no hope of escape. Now it was different.

So on rushed the train in the darkness; and waited I, and watched, and hoped, until there was a cessation of the scraping noise on the roof.

Then I knew that something was going to happen, and kept my eye on Ivan's huge form.

The compartment was lighted by a lamp lowered through the roof. This lamp I saw suddenly begin to move outwards. I whipped out a cigar and struck a match. Immediately the match was the only light in the carriage—the lamp had disappeared. Almost simultaneously a hand was protruded through the opening with something bright in it.

Bang!

The sergeant uttered a groan, and I pitched myself on Ivan, whose rifle was knocked to the ground with the shock. Then I remember nothing more but the crash of breaking timber, another pistol shot, and Ivan's huge fingers around my throat choking me.

"Ah, there, you are better now."

These were the next words I heard, uttered in a low, gentle voice, which harmonised badly with that rough beard, coarse fur cap, and large overcoat of the speaker. Nor did the latter garment, awkward-looking as it was, hide the slender grace of that form.

I was still in the carriage. The three soldiers lay huddled in so many corners. I gathered my senses together at once.

"How long have I been senseless, sir?" I asked.

"About ten minutes. You feel all right now, do you? That soldier's fingers were tenacious."

"Yes, rather much so for entire comfort. How did you manage to get on the top of the roof? I probably owe my life to you, sir."

I heard something like a sigh coming from this extraordinary person. I frowned slightly, for I began to have an inkling of the truth; yet, I confess, a pleasant thrill of joy passed through my frame.

"It was nothing," my rescuer began. Was that a blush creeping over his face that was visible? "I heard you were going in this train, and, having some influence with the authorities, got leave to travel in it with a companion. The carriage we are in now has two compartments. You and your guard occupied one; we entered the other. After we passed the last village I got out of the window and scrambled to the roof by means of the door. I then attacked the roof with a sharp knife. Did you hear me?"

"Only indistinctly."

"I cut a hole partly through the roof, and broke through the rest."

I looked at the soldier inquiringly.

"I shot them," said my rescuer, shuddering. "That is, with your aid. I am afraid the officer is dead. The others are only wounded and senseless."

"Very well. What is our next proceeding?"

"This. I will go back to my companion and send him to you. Change clothes with him quickly. You and I will then jump off the train—it will not be very dangerous to do so at our present speed—and leave him here. He will be safe. We will then run across the country to Vilna, which we can easily reach before the train, as the line takes a great sweep before entering the town."

"Then?"

"Then we will take a train which reach Vilna as this one enters, and cross the frontier immediately by means of two passports I have already secured."

"There is one other matter yet," I said sternly. "What about Katia Ferdeschenko the traitor?"

I did not realise the cruelty of the question till I had uttered it.

"Sir!" Oh, the fire that flashed out of those grey eyes! "Katia Ferdeschenko is no traitor. What she did was only to save your life, as you would have been betrayed by Dimitri at any rate. Sir, prepare, as I have directed, for your journey across the frontier—alone."

Katia Ferdeschenko helped herself up through the roof by means of the seat of the carriage whilst I stood motionless. Here was a pretty turning of the tables. Instead of being the wronged, I was converted by two fiery sentences into the wronger.

"Well, well, better as it is—better that I should have said to her what I did than that she should have been a traitor," I said to myself, complacently. "Ah, here's Monsieur Dimitri," as a pair of trembling legs appeared through the hole.

He was a mean, cringing creature, hardly able to stand on his feet through fright. Fear and avarice had driven him, weak-willed as he was, to betray us to the Government; then his daughter, operating on the same weak will, had compelled him to assist in my escape.

"Be quick" I said. "We are to change clothes."

Soon I was dressed in Dimitri's greasy and well-worn garments. We were both about the same height, and I hoped to be able to pass for him successfully.

"You are to remain here," I continued. Then, speaking more loudly, as he did not seem to hear me, "You are quite safe, if you do as you are told."

"Yes, yes."

I mounted to the roof, leaving the miserable old creature shivering with apprehension. The journey across the roof, although only a yard or so, was terrible. Several times I thought I was over, but at last reached the next compartment in safety, to find the brave Katia sobbing with her hands over her face. The golden-red hair had become loose, and half covered her hands; she had thrown aside the great coat and fur cap, and was now dressed in the ordinary winter garb of a Russian girl.

"Shall we go now?" I asked pretending to be busy with opening the door.

She rose quickly to her feet, I lifted the great coat and cap, and followed her to the footboard, neither speaking. After closing the door carefully, I made the first jump, and was thrown violently to the ground, but rose unhurt. She was more fortunate, for she alighted cat-like on her feet. It was not such a dangerous act as travellers in English railways might think; trains in Russia are never in any great hurry except on special occasions.

"Let us go," she, sententiously haughty, said, and darted forward.

The train had glided away into the darkness as I commenced to follow Katia. She had managed to get a start, and it was some time before I could get near her enough to speak. She seemed determined to have no conversation with me, but hurried on silently in the direction of those lights in front.

"Katia, darling, why are you so unjust?"

The conversation that ensued has no interest for an outsider. The keynote of its beginning was "Katia, darling." The young lady was obdurate, so the keynote had to be changed. I knew well she would give in finally.

"Very well, Mademoiselle Ferdeschenko, if you are resolved to ruin both our lives—mine

too, remember—for a passing caprice, I can't prevent you—no one can." And no more was said.

We entered Vilna in the darkness, unsuspected. It is a town of about fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants. The railway station is on the side we entered, and was crowded, as stations in Russia always are. I strode haughtily up to the booking office.

"One ticket for Königsberg."

"Two!" whispered a meek voice at my elbow. Well?

Well, I got two, and the owners of them crossed the frontier unquestioned and unsuspected, to my no small surprise. We were married the moment we reached Königsberg. But looking over an old English newspaper some time afterwards, I stumbled over this paragraph, which explains my easy escape.

DARING ESCAPE OF A NIHILIST.—Wednesday morning, about 1 a.m., on the arrival at Vilna of a train from Warsaw conveying a batch of political prisoners, one of the prisoners, an American, formerly in connection with a New York paper, was found to have escaped. In the carriage in which he was travelling his guard of three soldiers were lying shot by a revolver. The doors were securely fastened, so he had actually broken a hole in the roof of the carriage, through which he had scrambled. The authorities, in alarm, were about to issue a reward for his recapture, when his dead body was discovered a short distance from Vilna. The face was mangled beyond recognition, he having fallen doubtless from the roof, but the body was identified by the clothes. It is impossible to conjecture how he managed to secrete the revolver. One of the soldiers is dead, the other two, although still insensible, will probably recover."

Old Dimitri, it would seem, terrified at being found in the carriage, had tried to get back to the next compartment, and met his fate.

The End.

OUR LITTLE INVALIDS.

Under the efficient and sympathetic guardianship of the Lady Superintendent, we made a tour of the wards of the National Children's Hospital, Harcourt street. On first entering a ward one is confused by being confronted with a scene entirely at variance with conventional notions of a hospital ward, wherein the imagination conjures up agonised faces and moans of anguish.

Here on either side of the room are rows of little beds, clean and fresh, and in these beds little children are sitting up, engrossed in the delights of toys, picture books, and children's illustrated magazines. At the end of the ward a bright fire burns, and there is a faint suspicion of carbolic acid in the atmosphere. All the children are scrupulously clean, with shiny faces and carefully brushed hair, and the floor is spotless. The apartment is comfortable and home-like, the occupants, with their toys, books, games, and amusements, as happy as little invalids can be.

In this bed a little boy with rosy cheeks and bright eyes is seated, arranging the complicated problem of the line of march of the animals of a large Noah's Ark. The chatter, laughter, and movements of the other children do not distract, even for a moment, the mind of this small engineer from the profound difficulties he is attempting to solve. Yet two days ago this poor child lay insensible on the table of the operating

museum downstairs, at the healthful mercy of the surgeon's knife. After the exhaustion consequent on the painful operation he is now just beginning to feel a reviving interest in affairs outside his own troubles, and more particularly in the animal creation represented by the wooden images on the counterpane.

In glancing round the ward you are struck by the general appearance of brightness, cleanliness, and warmth; and you discover an unusual degree of sprightliness and intelligence in the faces of the little invalids, due probably to the continuous companionship of so many small but active minds—childlike minds which are encouraged to develop and to be happy in a natural way, without the numberless artificial restrictions and dreary adult rules of conduct which obtain in so many homes, and are enforced by many wrongheaded parents with the best intentions. Here the children are supplied with toys and every form of amusement. They are encouraged to be happy, they are always addressed in kind and sympathetic voices by the nurses, and the result is that, apart from their intervals of pain, these little invalids are wondrously, cheerfully, and almost abnormally intelligent. Moreover, mark the extraordinary courtesy and kindness of their behaviour one to another. These children are chiefly invalids from the slums. How is it that in appearance and manners they are without exception models of courtesy and kindness? It is because, instead of being brought up by hand with rules of kindness enforced with the cruel slashes of a cane, they instinctively model themselves after the adult persons with whom they are brought into contact, and are themselves, small though they are, treated with courtesy and consideration without exception.

These children when at home are denizens, as we have said, of the slums, part of the surplus population of the tenement houses.

So clean, so courteous, and refined do they appear here, we can see no difference between them and the children of wealth, reared in an atmosphere of luxury and culture.

A little girl about ten years old is sitting up in bed. She has a thoughtful and unusually sensitive face, with sad, timid eyes. Crouching on her bosom is her little sister, about five, and both these children silently contemplate the amusements of the others. They are not playing themselves; they are simply gazing with an apparent air of timidity, and yet with devouring interest, at the occupation of the other children. The elder girl has her right protecting arm around her little sister, and thus they remain silent, timid, attentive. To them this ward, with its warmth, cleanliness, and bright occupants, must seem a curious and marvellous dream. They were taken some days ago from a dark, loathsome cellar, where they lay the helpless victims of dirt, poisonous atmosphere, rags, starvation, and bronchitis. Look at them now! They are clear, dressed in spotless clothes, and you can scarcely realise that these pretty, intelligent,

sensitive children had been left to rot in the noisome corner of a filthy city cellar. The accident of a disease brought these little sisters here. How many thousands of children are rotting, morally and intellectually, in the slums, who are never brought to light?

However, the city fathers parade in gorgeous apparel and get fat on the proceeds of their publichouses, and our political governors of all politics are too absorbed in great imperial questions to attend to the social problems around our doors.

The irresistible tendency to fun in children is strikingly evidenced in this little creature making her way across the polished floor. At first sight you fail to recognise a human being in this little mite, who—her legs powerless—is working herself over the floor with her hands, and at the same time crowing with delight.

The source of amusement is due to the fact of receiving an unexpected thrust in the back now and then from the crutch of a hilarious young cripple, who stealthily follows the small victim of rickets in her peculiar perambulation. The circumstance of being playfully poked in the back, no matter in what direction she propels herself, affords this little mite of mangled humanity the most intense delight, and the young cripple is equally pleased at evading detection by secreting herself behind the beds.

Teatime has arrived, and a nurse assists each child to its mug, with bread and butter. Helping the nurse in this occupation is a slim little invalid, a girl about eleven, who lay for many days helpless with rheumatism, but who now proceeds from ward to ward with mugs and eatables, a subdued air of pride in her expression, which she endeavours to repress under a manner of great responsibility.

Entering another ward I observe an extremely small, chubby patient mysteriously clambering over her bedside, and creeping like a stage brigand secretly across the floor to a bed where an even smaller boy awaits his tea. Unconsciously he stares around until the chubby patient, clambering over the bed, attacks him, when with a shriek of laughter he dives under the clothes to evade the onslaught, and forms himself into a heap on which the small chubby patient sits with a smile of victory until lifted off by a nurse and rewarded with a shower of kisses. The chubby little girl, though combative, is evidently the pet of the ward.

Solemnly watching these incidents, there lies in the far corner a little boy, the only occupant of the ward who reclines at length, prone, sad, observant. That same day he underwent an operation, and lies exhausted but still a sympathetic observer of the amusements of his companions.

Upstairs, having entered another ward, there is a little girl stretched on the bed near the door. A bandage is tied round her forehead, and she looks like the picture of a soldier wounded in battle. She, poor child, is an innocent victim of the warfare of existence. She is suffering from diseased bones in the head, legs, and arms. She is nine years old. The nurse bearing her tea touches her, and the child raises herself up, presenting beneath the bandage that swathes her head a face of extreme beauty, every feature perfect, and wearing an expression of sweet resignation which makes her look older than her years.

Grouped round the fire in the ward most of the children are seated, mostly cheerful and conversational. Near the fire and somewhat apart, seated on a stool, sits a boy with a wondrously intellectual forehead, and aged, pale, drawn face—a face so pinched and wan that it forms a striking contrast to the chubby features of his companions. Frequently his brows become spasmodically knit, he places his hand against his side, and utters a low moan. He is suffering from internal inflammation, and divides his attention between his personal agonies and the conversation of his companions. The nurse, stooping over him, asks him how he is. He lifts his aged face, and replies in his sad, complaining voice—

"I've got a new pain, sister. It's here," pressing his hand to his side. "It goes troo me like a knife, sister."

The rest of the children are most attentive to him, and coax him to take his tea.

In the last ward all the children are in bed, sitting up taking their tea. In the last bed sits a little girl, seven years old, rapidly succumbing to decline. She balances her slice of bread in her transparent little hands, and seems disinclined to eat. She looks round to see if the other children are eating, and, finding them all busy, forces herself to eat something.

The hectic spots burn in her little cheeks, her eyes are very large and fatally bright, and from time to time her poor little chest is convulsively shaken with the short cough of the consumptive.

A few more days—possibly before these words are read—this poor child will be within her little coffin.

The work of a hospital like this cannot be valued in either words or money.

It requires a summer home at the seaside, and those who can afford it could subscribe to no better object. Last year all the children were taken for a summer month to a cottage in Bray, and that glorious month saved many lives.

In conclusion, the writer begs to express his thanks to the Lady Superintendent for her kindness and courtesy.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS AMALGAMATION SCHEME.

In a recent issue we dwelt at length with the question of night students, and as the question of amalgamation has assumed a position of paramount importance, we wish to direct attention to it. Now, in dealing with this subject, we wish at the outset to have it distinctly understood and recognised that we do not treat the subject from any narrow or class spirit, but upon the broad principles of equity and fairness.

We have in Dublin some five teaching schools of medicine—Trinity College, Royal College of Surgeons, Carmichael, Ledwich, and Cecilia street schools—and any one who takes a mere passing interest in the matter will perceive that this number is very much in excess of the requirements of those gentlemen who are seeking to enter the profession of medicine. Two of these are what may be termed proprietary—viz., the Carmichael and Ledwich—schools, originally established by a few medical men for the purpose of adding to their incomes. Thus, it will at once be seen how two of these sprung into

existence, and at a time when the requirements for teaching were not great, nor the school equipment or requirements costly.

There are subjects required for medical science teaching which demand the entire and undivided attention of those who profess to teach them. We refer to the two main branches, anatomy and physiology. To have these all-important subjects taught, men must be had who will devote their entire time to the subject—men of high intellectual capacity. But if you are to get these men, you must pay them. You cannot ask a professional man to devote his entire time to teaching if you do not adequately remunerate him.

Now, it is a patent fact that in two at least, if not three, of our Dublin schools these subjects are taught by gentlemen who do not devote their entire time to their subject, simply because the colleges with which they are connected, are unable to provide sufficient funds to adequately remunerate the professional chairs alluded to. Here, then, we are brought face to face with literal starvation, having three schools going on, two of which are manifestly incapable of providing efficient teachers.

Now, having these facts clearly before us, let us see what effect such a state of affairs will have on our students. If proper teachers are not procured of a necessity the students suffer. If he cannot have proper teaching one of the two grave and serious results must follow. He (the student) must either be compelled to toil session after session, in the vain hope of passing the searching and critical examinations now required on as a shaky and bad basis or groundwork of knowledge. Such means financial ruin to almost every student; or, if we take the alternative, it is still more appalling. If the result above-mentioned does not occur it will be because the requirements of the various examining bodies have become lowered. That this means a lowering of the professional status, overstocking and flooding of the profession is self-evident. We think, on these grounds alone, students and the public generally will see not only the advisability but the necessity for amalgamation. The scheme which has been recently passed at meeting of the Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons School, proposes to amalgamate the College of Surgeons School with those of the Carmichael and Ledwich. That scheme has been sanctioned by the council and Fellows of the College, and it only now remains for the Carmichael College to prove its power to join, and it will be complete. Now, it may be said—indeed it has been—that this scheme was carried by jobbery. We do not think so. We believe that those who introduced it are and were actuated by the best motives to advance medical education in Dublin. It has been stated that certain army medical surgeons were brought to the meeting to carry the scheme. This is a poor controversial statement. Why, in the name of goodness, may not an army medical man who is a Fellow vote as well as any other Fellow on a subject. The fact that he is a fellow entitles him to do so, and it is the purest form of pessimism to adopt this as an argument against the scheme. Objections have been urged against the scheme financially. Let us see what they are. The dissentient professors of the Royal College of Surgeons say their income will be reduced. This has been abundantly proved to be erroneous. In point of fact we find the average income of these gentlemen under the present system to be £498,

whilst under the amalgamation it would be £851; in other words, it would be a clear gain of £353 per annum. The retiring allowance of £2,000 to be paid to Drs. Mapother and Thornley Stoker has been objected to. Well, this has been shown to be a decided benefit, financially speaking, because it means a clear gain of £300 per annum to the college. These two professors have retired in the interests of the scheme, and we do not think the sum paid exorbitant when we consider that these gentlemen are retiring from their chairs when in the prime of life. Some object to the purchase of the Carmichael buildings. Well, the sum to be paid is far below their value; and then they will be required for teaching purposes under the new scheme. Thus on all points it can be seen the scheme will be a decided advantage.

The students, it would seem, are in a measure opposed to it. But the way in which this opposition has arisen is peculiar. The first meeting held was one by night students in the Ledwich School of Medicine to protest against their exclusion. Not one word was said at that meeting by day men. The next meeting was held in the Carmichael School, when the night men were informed by the day men that they had their sympathy in the struggle for existence. After this we see how gradually the claims of the night men began to be replaced by protesting against the unfair dismissal of one or two lectures. We wish to point out that the night men have our entire sympathy in protesting against the scheme in so far as it will militate against their continuing their studies; but we cannot see why they allow themselves to become the dupes of one or two professors who have not been promised places under the scheme. These men are well able to look after themselves, and we are strongly against students sinking their own individuality and becoming subservient to the wishes of these men. Let the agitation on the part of the night students be carried on legitimately, and we have no doubt it will in the end be successful; but by all means let the professors settle their disputes amongst themselves. We regret that these professional gentlemen do not see that their agitation is somewhat late. The scheme is passed now. Why not urge their objections before? The various chairs have been filled with the best men presumably, and these gentlemen must not arrogate to themselves the functions of dictators because they hold the position of extra-lecturers.

We trust the promoters will see their way to recognise the rights of the night men, and if this were done we have no doubt the agitation will at once cease. The scheme has the support of the majority of the professional men. There are, no doubt, the dismissed and dissentient professors; a few amiable doctrinaires, a few dismal economists, a few erratic puerists, who still love to mumble the old platitudes, and pride themselves on being consistent. These do not make up the great body of medical men. The interests of the many must not be sacrificed for those of the few. Our city must be restored to its ancient prestige as a medical teaching centre. It rests with those who have the interests of medical education at heart to send down to posterity an inheritance not different from that which they themselves received. It rests with them to maintain the ancient glories and renown of our city as called forth by the mention of the names of Graves and Stokes, and to restore our city to the pre-eminent position she has a right to occupy amongst the teaching centres of the world.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

A project for establishing a Ladies' Dwellings Company, under able and responsible directorship, seems to me to meet a very distinct want in these days, when business women and glorified spinsters take so prominent a part in the work of the world. The prospectus undertakes—

1. To supply suitable house accommodation at reasonable rents to ladies of small incomes, &c.
2. To provide good food, regular meals, and suitable attendance, &c.
3. To supply well-lighted studios and workrooms for the use of residents and friends.

Among other details a very satisfactory condition is appended to the effect, that the occupiers will be selected from a register of applications by a committee of ladies.

We have come in many ways to realise the blessings of co-operation; but in the matter of housekeeping our conservatism will always be strongest. Nevertheless, few will be prejudiced enough to deny that for women engaged in schools, colleges, studios, or public offices the comfort would be infinite on returning home from a day's work to be sure of a well-cooked and well-served meal, without the trouble of superintending, or, perhaps, getting it ready. I speak, of course, of the unattached, of whom there are many—ladies whose appointments take them too far away from the paternal roof—others who have only distant relatives, or none, and for whom the worry—and, I may add, the difficulty—of catering for themselves alone would be happily relieved under the co-operative system.

When we read of girls triumphantly taking their degrees (and who better qualified to know our advances in this respect than friends in Ireland who have had such recent interesting experiences of lady students' prowess in the Senate Hall of Dublin University)—when we read of these achievements I cannot but think that where home life is not compatible the Ladies' Dwellings Company will offer the next best substitute.

We owe so much that is beautiful in thought and expression to the author of the "Stones of Venice" that it is sad to feel a jar in any of his utterances; but when he dubs any ignorant Swiss peasant his ideal of womanhood, for the simple reason that she scrubs floors, and helps to load carts with market and other produce, we find a terrible falling away from the word picture, which proclaimed that "she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws . . . trace the equities of Divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fatal threads that connect error with retribution."

A very aspiring height of education truly, and

scarcely what we should expect to find in a hap-hazard paysanne Suisse.

But in his insistence on the value of manual exercise and domestic occupation, Mr Ruskin has always been immovable. I have before me at the present moment a very lovely and dearly-prized letter that he once wrote to an anxious little girl, in which he tells her:—"Playing or learning to play on the piano is not what I mean by manual labour, but rather housemaids' or nurses' work—carrying babies, washing their clothes or them, dusting furniture, making beds, or gardening." . . . These words—with others of most beautiful and tender counsel, but beside the question here—will serve to show the entire consistency and invariableness in public and private utterances of this most singleminded of all our great men.

In the labyrinthine paths of art education Mr Ruskin remains unassailable, and his endorsement of the re-issue from the Leadenhall Press of the old-fashioned children's book, "Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Cats," is praise in which I most cordially concur. So many clear, but distinctly sophisticated, artists have occupied themselves of late years with the illustration of children's books that there comes to be suggested an inevitable *arrière-pensée*—a kind of reading between the lines in these witty productions, fully relished by adults, but completely outside the range of children. The spirit of children's books should be as the spirit of children themselves—full of joyous simplicity and quaint but obvious humour; flashing a meaning with a few broad strokes, and making no demand on intellectual inference. These conditions are fulfilled in this delightful absurdity, "Dame Wiggins of Lee," and its companion books.

The season of bazaars and Christmas sales is gathering upon us with rapid severity. At the Leopold Rooms of the Y.M.C.A. a grand opening was expected at the bazaar announced under the patronage of the Duchess of Albany, and great disappointment was felt in consequence of the Royal lady's absence on account of mourning; but her place was very gracefully supplied by Lady Halsbury, who arrived, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, and in a few appropriate words declared the bazaar open. Lady Halsbury looked well in a black costume very becoming to her delicate type of features. The Lord and Lady Mayoress attended in state—gilt coach, flunkeys, and all the suitable paraphernalia—and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts addressed a few words to the assembly, marked by the earnest and felicitous tone which always characterises this kindly lady. Here, as elsewhere when elegant morning costumes congregate, the preponderance of waistcoats, shirt-fronts, chemisettes, cravats, and general semblance to masculine attire was very noticeable.

En revanche we are told that the sterner sex are taking to embroideries down the seams of evening trousers, presumably to establish the long-desired distinction between gentlemen and

waiters; but, so far, this courageous innovation has only been seen on one or two members of the super-gilded youth who affect the stalls of the Gaiety Theatre.

Much interest is just now felt in literary circles in the candidature of Miss Jane Harrison for the Chair of Archæology at London University College. In talking the matter over a couple of days ago with one of the Professors, I was charmed to hear that her chances stand very high, and great probability exists that this young lady will break new ground for her sex in a region to which none have ever yet dared to aspire.

The foolish fashion of wearing different coloured gloves, accidentally introduced by a grande-dame at Trouville, and seriously adopted for a short time in the French Capital, is not likely to be much followed here; but I am told that at the first performance of "Nadgy"—a new comic opera in which Mr A. Roberts is said to have an excruciating part—a lady was observed in one of the private boxes garbed in a striking dress of two strongly contrasting shades of hortensia; one tint pale almost to pink, the other nearly copper-colour. Completing this costume long gloves corresponding were worn—one light and one dark.

So many and so varied are the stuffs and hues now amalgamated that I am daily expecting to see extolled as "the last sweet thing" a dress modelled on the Pied Piper of Hamelin, whose

"Queer long coat, from heel to head
Was half of yellow, half of red."

While it is a matter of regret that so beautiful a fabric as Honiton lace should decline in popularity, there is subject for congratulation in the tidings that the wife of the French President is making Irish point fashionable in Paris, and that under such high patronage one at least of the phases of Irish distress may be removed.

The return of Sir Henry Blake to England is made remarkable by the recent discussion on the Colonial Governorship. Few men have risen more rapidly than the ex-Governor of Newfoundland, who, in addition to talent, has so much influential connection through his wife. I remember meeting this lady and her sister, the present Duchess of St. Albans, on many occasions some years ago at the house of a mutual musical friend. How handsome they both were, seated at the side of their stern-looking mother, Mrs Bernal Osborne. The romance which culminated in the disinheriting of the elder sister was then in its infancy; but the shadow of it seemed to give a more pensive cast to her beauty than that of her brilliant younger sister. All's well that ends well, and so we would wish to every romance of true love.

In our neuralgic climate a successful remedy is worth recording. I am told by one who has never known it to fail that five or six drops of chloroform and the same of eau-de-Cologne upon a handkerchief previously damped, applied locally, will give immediate relief.

AMINA.

A correspondent asks for the address of a "good hotel in Paris, where the charges are moderate," and we have much pleasure in recommending the Hotel Campbell, Avenue de Friedland 61 (two doors from the Champs Elysees). The proprietress is an Irishwoman, and her charges are from 10 to 15 francs a day, including everything.

LA REVEILLE.

GAITY THEATRE—"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."—On Monday night the house was crowded from floor to ceiling to greet Mr Charles H. Hawtrey's Company in this extremely popular piece, and it is no exaggeration to say that from the rise to the fall of the curtain the house literally screamed with laughter. The play is an adaptation from "Der Bibliothekar," by Von Moser, a German playwright, to whom the late Mr Robertson was indebted—though he never acknowledged it—for the plays of "Caste," "School," &c. "The Private Secretary" is termed a "farical comedy," but has no pretensions whatever to the title of comedy, being simply a series of farces strung on an ancient dramatic device—that of one character personating another. What dramatic characterisation there is in the piece is of the burlesque and pantomimic order, and a good deal of the fun consists in old business with the stage properties, and funny conventionalisms, as where one character sits on another. The curate is simply a pantomimic football at the sport of every other character, and though excruciatingly funny, and receiving inimitable treatment at the hands of Mr Arthur Helmore, bears the faintest resemblance to real life. There is, in fact, no pretence of genuine comedy in the piece, but as a farce in three acts it is probably the best now on the boards. Besides the part of the curate, those of Mr Cattermole (Mr William Hargreaves), Sidney Gibson, the tailor (Mr Harold Constable), and Miss Ashford (Miss Ada Travers) were well rendered. With the acting of Mr Helmore and Mr Hargreaves we place Miss Hilda Temple, who as "Mrs Stead," the landlady in the first act gave an admirable rendering of her part, which she made the only genuine comedy in the play. Miss Alice Bruce was intelligent and vivacious, and Miss Edith Dunbar, an extremely pretty, shapely, and graceful girl, was refined and charming as "Eva Webster." A pretty comedietta, entitled "After Many Days" by Arthur Elwood, precedes "The Private Secretary," and it is almost unnecessary to say that this admirable company will have crowded houses throughout the week. Miss Dunbar, who is a native of Dublin, and daughter of the late Mr Dunbar, Proprietor of the *Irish Sportsman*, was on Wednesday evening after the conclusion of the second act, presented with a basket of exquisite flowers to which was attached an illuminated card with the following pleasing inscription. "Welcome to your native city!"

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"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON" AT THE QUEEN'S.—This celebrated drama by Mr George R. Sims, who enjoys the enviable reputation of never having written an inferior or unsuccessful play, was produced at the Brunswick street house on Monday evening before a well-filled auditorium, and was received throughout with the greatest satisfaction. Travelling to some extent on the old and beaten plot-lines of temporarily successful villainy and persecution of the innocent, Mr Sims gives a distinctly original turn to the incidents, and in such a masterly manner as to enchain the attention of the audience from beginning to end of the play. Mr Henry C. Arnold's company is an all-round good one, and several of its members are artistes of a superior class. Among the latter is Miss Louise Strathmore, who will be remembered as "Polly Eccles" in "Caste," and who is now playing "Bess" in "The Lights o' London" with great success. Mr Arnold himself is a prime favourite, and his representation of "Jarves" is one of the brightest and most amusing features of the excellent drama. The play, it will be remembered, was produced at the Gaiety a few years ago, and is therefore familiar to the Dublin public. We need only add that the mountings are particularly fine, and the public on their part are showing their appreciation of the enterprise of the management by crowding the house nightly.

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THEATRE ROYAL, BELFAST.—On Monday evening last Mr Mark Melford opened a short engagement with his new farical comedy, "Kleptomania." The fact that the principal part—that of "Professor Andrew Smalley"—was played by the author, was an additional attraction, and the house was well filled. Mr Melford's make up is capital, and his acting throughout the piece is a succession of comicalities. Not a point is missed. He was ably supported by Mr J. E. Dodson, Mr F. France, Miss Ruth Rutland, and indeed the entire company. We are glad to know the company comes to Dublin next.

POPULAR CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—The first of the Dublin Popular Concerts took place on Saturday last, and was in every respect a splendid success. Every part of the house was crowded, and if the series equal in interest the initial programme, we have no doubt the season will amply repay the trouble, energy, and expense expended by the enterprising and indefatigable impresario, Mr T. M. Sullivan. We heartily congratulate him upon the magnificent success attendant upon his first concert this season, and there is evident indication that the few musical public will not be slow to support him. The concert opened with sonata in F for violin and pianoforte by the popular Scandinavian composer, Edward Greig. The exquisite violin playing of Signor Papini, and the artistic ability displayed by Mr Collisson at the piano in this sonata received the warmest applause of an attentive and extremely critical audience. Miss Mary Harris followed with "Regnava nel Silenzio," from "Lucia de Lammermoir." Her execution of this beautiful cavatina was very good; her voice is not powerful, but it is sweet in tone. Her pronunciation is not sufficiently distinct. She was well received. Mr Percy Palmer has a pleasant-toned tenor, and sings with delicate taste. His singing of the "Pilgrim of Love" in the second part was very much appreciated. The celebrated American prima donna, Madame Alwina Valleria, was greeted with prolonged applause on her appearance, proving the popularity of this admirable artist. She sang "Angels ever Bright and Fair" most beautifully, her tone being rich and musical, her enunciation perfectly distinct. She delivers the prolonged notes in this famous air without the crescendos so beloved by other artistes, preferring equable breadth of tone. She was, of course, deservedly encored. Following came a "Suite in E minor" for the pianoforte by Ed. Greig, written in the old style, consisting of five quaint movements, rich in curious beauty. We cannot sufficiently praise Mr Collisson's sympathetic and delicate playing of this composition. A new song "The Gipsy" by Martin Roeder, was well sung by Miss Mary Harris, accompanied by the composer. Every composition of Mr Roeder is of interest. This song is extremely clever, with some fine effects. The entire character is markedly Bohemian, and we shall be surprised if it fails to become popular. Signor Papini was delightful in his violin solos, his bowing being absolutely beyond criticism. The second part of this concert was equal in interest to the first, Madame Valleri responding to an encore with "The Harp that Once," and Mr Percy Palmer introducing a new song "Sweet Moon of May" by Sir Robert Stewart. This song is pervaded with an ecclesiastical spirit which will militate against drawingroom popularity to some extent.

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THE BALMORAL CHOIR.—On Friday and Saturday last this eminent choir performed with splendid success before crowded audiences in the Round Room, Rotundo. The sweet songs and touching airs, rendered as they were with superior and accomplished ease, besides the performances of the pipers, were warmly and genuinely appreciated by the Scotsmen resident in Dublin, who attended in great numbers, accompanied by their wives and families. These Scotch reunions have always been well patronised in Dublin, and we are informed that this year's concerts were from a financial point of view even more successful than any of their predecessors. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the presence of the genial Mr Kirkland, who occupied the chair and delivered the opening address. In his remarks he dwelt upon the love Scotsmen have ever shown for the songs of their native land, and in a few well-chosen, bright, and happy sentences introduced Mr Walter Bruce and his celebrated choir to the audience. Mr Kirkland was supported on the platform by Dr. Quinan, who is the popular medical officer of the Caledonian Society in Dublin; Mr Alexander Morrison (the "Father" of the Society), and Mr C. L. Boyd (trustee). Mr Robert Hamilton, the hard-working and energetic secretary, assisted by numerous stewards, who wore rosettes from which depended ribbons of the Royal Clan tartan, looked after the welfare of visitors, and right well did they perform their allotted tasks. Mr Hamilton's face was a study during the progress of the concert. When a song was feelingly and charmingly rendered the smile broadened and deepened, until, on a visitor looking in his direction, at once had his attention arrested by the delighted grin of the thoroughly-satisfied secretary. The singing of the choir was matchless, whilst the solos by Madame Stewart and Miss Edith Ross were faultlessly performed. In "Esmeralda" Madame Stewart delighted the audience and in "The Minstrel Boy" Miss Edith

Ross was particularly happy. The duets were likewise well performed, and Mr Patrick's recitations produced roars of laughter, as each telling point was humorously accentuated by this accomplished elocutionist. Altogether these concerts were admirable; and Mr Hamilton, upon whom the onus of the engagement of this celebrated band of singers devolved, deserves the greatest praise, and we hope his countrymen in Dublin will in some substantial way recognise the services so ungrudgingly rendered and so successfully consummated.

* *

A concert with dramatic recitals was held in the Sackville Hall on Tuesday evening last, in aid of the Brunswick street Presbyterian Church, at which the following ladies and gentlemen kindly assisted—viz, Mrs G. A. Drought and Miss Wann; Miss Edith Langley and Miss Helen Conway; and Messrs. W. L. Campbell, E. Smith, T. Mawhinny, W. St. Alcock, T. E. Williams, T. Clayton, and G. A. Drought. The scenes from "The Love Chase," and "The School for Scandal" were rendered in a very finished and artistic manner by Miss Conway and Mr Williams; and Mr Williams' recital of "The Woman and the Law" was absolutely perfect. Mrs G. A. Drought and Miss Wann were warmly encored for the rendering of their respective songs. Mr W. L. Campbell, who has a delightfully pure tenor voice, was enthusiastically received. Mr T. Mawhinny, who has a small baritone voice, was not at all equal to such a stirring tenor song as "The Battle of Stirling." Miss Langley's pianoforte solo on airs from "Rigoletto" was warmly applauded; and was also Mr Clayton's flute solo. Mr G. A. Deale accompanied, and Mr G. A. Drought conducted. There was a very large attendance.

* *

The costume recitals to be given by Mrs Ellis Cameron and Madame Julie Perenni will take place on the evening of the 13th and morning of the 15th of December, instead of the 10th. We understand these ladies have most generously offered the profits to the Children's Hospital.

* *

"FORRARD ON."—The picture "Forrard on, Forrard on," now on view in Messrs Cranfield's gallery will alike repay every visitor whether art amateur or lover of sport. The hounds in full cry face the spectator, some having cleared the gate, others in the act of clearing it, whilst several are struggling through. The hunters appear in the background through a richly ploughed field, which is in itself a splendid piece of handling. The picture is full of life and fine artistic effects, the posing of some of the hounds and the foreshortening of several heads being masterly both in design and execution.

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THREW AWAY HIS STICKS.—Adam Davidson, 115 Galloway, Aberdeen, says:—"I have suffered for seven years, and I have used a stick for over five years. Have been under many doctors in vain. After a course of 'Prairie Flower' and 'Indian Oil' I can now go about freely without any stick or other assistance." Mr George King, Commerce street, Aberdeen, says:—"I have suffered from Rheumatism for six years, but after using your 'Prairie Flower' and Oil I can now walk without my stick." 18 Eldon street, Southsea, 29th September, 1887. Dear Sirs,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to thank you for the wonderful cure your oil and medicine has done me. Some nine years ago I fell down stairs, and struck my knee-cap with such force that I have been in great pain ever since; and for the last two years have not been able to walk without a knee-cap, until last Monday, the 25th inst., when I bought a bottle of oil and medicine, and now I am happy to say I can walk as well as ever I did, and without any support whatever.—I beg to be, yours very sincerely, B. EGER-TON. SQUALL'S OIL AND PRAIRIE FLOWER. Sold by all Chemists and Dealers in Patent Medicine.—[ADVT.]

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PROGRAMME :

PART I.

Pianoforte Solo,	"War March" (Athalie),	Mendelssohn
Recital,	Miss M. E. DIXON.	Max Adeler
Recital,	MR J. H. M'LOUGHLIN.	Trowbridge
Duet,	"The Vagabonds"	Smith
Reading,	Miss M. E. DIXON and Mr MAYSTON.	
	"Osborne's Leap: A Tale of Old London Bridge," J. F. Waller, LL.D.	
	(Written for and dedicated to the reader, Dr. TISDALL.)	
Song,	"A Che Asorta,"	Venzano
	Miss M. E. DIXON.	
Recitals,	{ 1. Scene from the "School for Scandal" } Sheridan	
	{ between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. }	
	2. The Sleep-Walking Scene from "Macbeth,"	Shakespeare
	Mrs ELLIS CAMERON.	

PART II.

Song,	"In Happy Moments,"	Vincent Wallace
Recital,	Mr ANGELO FAHIE.	Turner
Recital,	Mr D. SWAINE.	Bell
Song	"The Mystery of the Iron Chest,"	Millard
	Mr M. D. COLLINS.	
Reading,	"Waiting,"	Sheridan
	Miss M. E. DIXON.	
Pianoforte Solo.	Selection from "The Critic,"	Thalberg
	Dr. TISDALL.	
Recital	"Home, Sweet Home,"	Anon.
	Miss M. E. DIXON.	
	"Another Affair of Honour"	
	Professor BURKE.	

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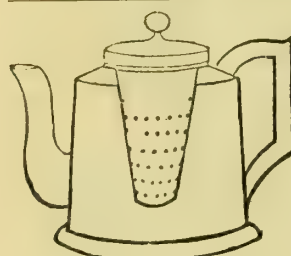
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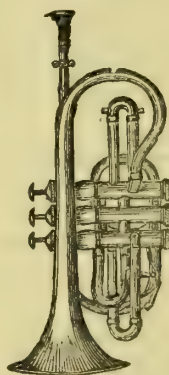
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December, 1888.

IRISH SOCIETY.

VOL. I. No. 48. (Registered as a Newspaper.)

8TH DECEMBER, 1888.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall) PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF IRISH SOCIETY Is Now Ready, and can be had from all Newsagents and Booksellers. PRICE SIXPENCE.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The *Irish Times* says:—"The proprietor of our clever weekly contemporary, *Irish Society*, has just issued a special Christmas number, which is a credit to all concerned in its production. The letterpress is up to a high standard, and, fine-toned paper being used, the print is particularly pleasant to read. The number consists of 28 pages of reading matter, and is agreeably made up of interesting stories, all original, and specially written for the occasion, besides amusing anecdotes, games, and other attractive features. . . . The picture is beautifully worked out, and should be preserved for framing. For this Christmas number a new waltz has been specially composed, this being both pretty and catching; and altogether *Irish Society's* Christmas number proves to demonstration that in Dublin, when energy and enterprise choose to make the effort, work of the most attractive literary kind can be produced. At the extremely moderate price of sixpence for such undoubted value the Christmas number of *Irish Society* should have an extensive sale both at home and abroad.

The *Evening Mail* says:—"The first Christmas number published by *Irish Society* should have a good sale. Those people who expect plenty of reading matter for their money will not be disappointed. The tales are appropriate, and an *Irish Society* waltz, composed expressly for the Christmas Number, various other contents, and the illustrations, make up a very creditable publication indeed."

The *Kilkenny Moderator* says:—"Mr Ernest Manico, the proprietor of *Irish Society*, has favoured us with a copy of his Christmas number, which, though sold at the marvellously low price of sixpence, will compare favourably in every respect with the best of the London publications of the same kind. There is a full supply of seasonable literature. The opening story, entitled "Casga," is by a favourite author, and is one of the best, most entertaining, and powerfully written Irish stories published for many a day. "Home, Sweet Home," by Edward M'Nulty, "Noblesse Oblige," by "L. A. C. A.," "A Skate for Life," by Annie Butler, and other contributions will all greatly interest the reader. There are some very excellent pieces of poetry on the grand old theme of Christmas. We trust that this beautifully brought out Irish annual will find its way into every home in Ireland, and that the enterprising proprietor will thus be encouraged to compete successfully, as he has now done, with the most eminent of the London publishers of Christmas literature in this pleasing form. The paper and typography are both splendid."



WEEK ENDING 8th DECEMBER, 1888.

The Queen has conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon Miss Airey for nursing services during the Egyptian Campaigns of 1882 and 1884.

The Empress Frederick, accompanied by her three daughters, the Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret, has arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and will return to Windsor Castle about the 12th.

The Empress Eugenie has arrived in Brussels on a visit to Prince Victor Napoleon. Her health has been rather delicate lately, and she may be advised to pass the winter in a warm climate.

Intelligence has been received of the safe arrival of Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught at Bombay, where they were received by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Helene arrived at Sandringham last week on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Duke of Cambridge is also visiting their Royal Highnesses.

The health of the Czarina is the cause of considerable anxiety to her relations and friends. She has never recovered the terrible shock to her nerves caused by the recent railway accident.

The Duchess of Wellington has been seriously ill during the past fortnight in London, and will not return to Strathfieldsaye for a few weeks longer.

A very gay wedding took place at Donnybrook Church on Wednesday, the 28th of November—that of Commander John George Musters, Inspector of Coastguards, Malahide, and Miss Edith Manders, daughter of the late Mr Frederick Manders. Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony a large crowd of interested spectators had filled the church. Unfortunately the sun did not shine upon the scene, and the weather was most tempestuous.

The first flutter of excitement was caused by the arrival of the gallant bridegroom attired in the handsome uniform of a Captain in the Royal Navy, and attended by his friend. Immediately on Captain Muster's arrival, a guard of honour composed of bluejackets entered, and lined the aisle on either side, through which the bridal procession was to pass. A pause of expectation followed, and then the sweet strains of choir and organ pealing forth "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" announced the approach of the bride.

She was conducted by her brother, and carried a beautiful bouquet. Her dress was composed of white satin and exquisite lace. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a deep lace veil. Two tiny pages in picturesque costumes bore her train. They were followed by three bridesmaids, a niece and two Miss Bar-

ringtons, also children. They wore soft white dresses, with salmon-coloured scarfs from the shoulder tied with a large bow. The Rev. H. R. Manders, cousin of the bride, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Ryder, Rector, and the Rev. Richard A. Byrne, of Malahide. After the ceremony the invited guests, numbering about 60, adjourned to Woodview, Booterstown, the residence of Mr and Mrs Isaack, where light refreshments were served. The wedding cake was then cut by the gallant bridegroom, and the health of the newly-married couple proposed and drank. About half-past four Captain and Mrs Musters took their departure for Kingstown en route to Holyhead. The list of guests included Mr and the Hon. Mrs Farrell, Captain and Mrs Darcy Irvine, Mr and Mrs Harry Manders, Rev. Canon and Mrs Ryder, &c., &c.

On St. Andrew's Day, at the Church of St. Barnabas, Addison road, London, Mr Granby James Burke, of Eccles street, Dublin, son of Charles Granby Burke, late Master of the Court of Common Pleas, was married to Agnes Mary, only daughter of the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, D.D., of St. Andrewss, the well known A.K.H.B.

The bride wore a travelling dress of pale grey cloth, trimmed with fur, and hat *en suite*. Her cousin, Miss Hernsley, was the only bridesmaid. She wore a costume of electric blue trimmed with beaver fur. Dr. Boyd gave his daughter away. The officiating clergymen were the Bishop of Rochester and the Vicar of St. Barnabas. The groomsmen was his cousin, Mr Thomas Burke. The invited guests were afterwards received by Mrs Boyd. Among those present were Lady Mary Burke and the Misses Burke, Lord Westmeath, Lord Cloncurry, Lady Macarthur, &c.

A very fashionable marriage took place last week at St. George's Church, Hanover square—that of Mr Hugh Graham, second son of Lady Hermione Graham and the late Sir Frederick Graham, Bart., of Netherby, and Miss Jessie Low, youngest daughter of the late Mr Andrew Low, of Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A. A numerous gathering of relatives and friends were present at the ceremony. Mr James Graham, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. In attendance on the bride were three pages—Lord Malise Graham, Lord Guernsey, and Francis Fitzgibbon. The four bridesmaids were also children—the Ladies Violet and Muriel Finch and the Hon. Hermione and Hon. Aline Grimston. The bride was conducted to the altar by her brother, Mr William Low, who gave her away. Afterwards the wedding party assembled at 96 Eaton square. Amongst those invited were—The Duchess of Montrose, Marquis of Graham, Earl and Countess of Aylesford, Viscount and Viscountess Grimston, Lady Hermione Graham, Lady Ulrica Thynne, Lady Gwendolen-Ramsden, Lord Crewe, Lord Haughton, &c., &c.

On the 27th of November at Kurrachee, India, Douglas Knox Homan, District Superintendent of Police, son of the late Travers Homan, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., of Sligo, was married by special license to Caroline Agnes Marian, youngest daughter of Thomas Fry, J.P., Treasurer of the City of Dublin.

The marriage of the Hon. Michael Herbert, Charge d'Affairs at Washington, and Miss Belle Wilson, took place at St. Bartholomew's Church on the 27th of November in the presence of a large and fashionable congregation. The bride is a blonde, just 23 years old, and the daughter of Mr Wilson, the banker. Among the presents she received a cheque from her parents for a quarter of a million dollars. The bridegroom's mother, Lady Herbert of Lea, was present.

A marriage is arranged between Sir Cecil Domville, Royal Navy, and Miss Moselle Ames, youngest daughter of the late Mr Henry Metcalfe Ames, of Linden, Northumberland.

A marriage, it is stated, has been arranged and will shortly take place between the Hon. Alexis Roche, son of the late Lord Fermoy, and brother of the present peer, with Miss Goschen, daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr Roche, we hear, has taken Old Court, near Doneraile, where he proposes residing. This pretty residence formerly belonged to the Marrogh family, and is most conveniently situated for hunting with the famous Duhallow Hounds, the premier pack in the South of Ireland, and hardly second to any in this country.

The marriage of the Hon. Walter Scott, Master of Polwarth, eldest son of Lord and Lady Polwarth, and Edith Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Victoria Fowell Buxton, was solemnised last week at Waltham Abbey, Essex, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished assembly. There were ten bridesmaids, cousins and sisters of the bride and bridegroom. Leland Buxton acted as page. The Bishop of St. Albans officiated. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to Warlies Park, and were entertained by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and Lady Victoria. In the afternoon the newly-married couple started for Cornwall on their wedding tour. Amongst those present were Lord and Lady Polwarth, Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Earl of Roden, Viscountess Cranborne, &c., besides numerous members of the Barclay, Gurney, Agnew, and Buxton families.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Mr H. Curtis O'Farrell, 7th Bengal Cavalry, third son of the late Mr H. O'Farrell, of Tangier House, County Roscommon, and Edythe Grace, second daughter of Sir Hamilton Gyll Murray, Bart., of the Grange, North-end, Hants.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry, accompanied by Lord Herbert Vane Tempest and Lord Lurgan, arrived in Ireland from England on Sunday morning. Mr Mulhall, Private Secretary, met and accompanied their Excellencies to the Viceregal Lodge. On Monday Lord Londonderry paid his promised visit to Enniskillen.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar succeeds the late Earl of Lucan as Gold Stick-in-Waiting.

The Dowager Lady Garvagh, the Hon. Miss Canning, and suite have left The Lodge, Rostrevor, for Garvagh, Co. Derry.

Miss Kelly and Miss Whyte have arrived in Merrion square from Longford terrace, Monks-town.

Mr and Miss Power Lalor left town on Saturday afternoon for Long Orchard, County Tipperary.

Major-General J. Davis, C.B., Commanding the Dublin District, whose period of Staff service expires on the 21st of January next, has been permitted to retain the command at Dublin till the 31st March, 1890. It is understood that the extension of service is owing to the recommendation of General his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

The first chrysanthemum dance ever given in Kingstown took place on Friday evening, the 30th ult., in the Town Hall, and passed off with complete success. The vestibule and staircase were prettily ornamented with festoons of ivy, flags, and Japanese lanterns, whilst the spacious ballroom was specially decorated with trophies of National flags, evergreens, mirrors, Japanese lanterns, and umbrellas. Despite the late season of the year, there was any quantity of flowers, more especially chrysanthemums, and these, with shrubs, palms, and rare foliage plants, made the *mise-en-scene* very effective. The company was large; but inasmuch as the supply of tickets was not indiscriminate, "everybody" was not there. Dancing began about 10 o'clock to the strains of Liddle's famous band, numbering some nine performers, and was kept up with unflagging spirit till the small hours of the morning. In a room off the ballroom was a tastefully arranged buffet, where light refreshments were served throughout the evening, an elegant supper, prepared in a most *recherche* style, being laid out in the boardroom. The *elite* of the premier township and many of the fashionable world from Dublin were present.

Amongst the number were—

The Hon. Captain Crofton, R.N.; Sir Percy and Lady Grace, Mr and Mrs Shapland Sandy, Mrs Armytage Moore and Miss Moore, Mrs Head, Mrs Wilson, Mr Thomas Talbot Power, Mr James Talbot Power, Captain Symes, R.N.; Mrs Harran, and officers from the different regiments in Dublin and the Curragh.

Some of the prettiest dresses worn were black, relieved in most cases by chatelaines, etc., of chrysanthemums. A very pretty toilette, worn by one of the undoubted belles, was composed of black tulle, with tablier and body draperies of steel. A dark green velvet made with great simplicity looked well, also a yellow tulle trimmed with bunches of real chrysanthemums on a dark brown shade. A white silk profusely trimmed with seed pearls and sash of watered silk was much admired. The catering arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr Maguinness of the Anglesea Arms Hotel, who gave entire satisfaction.

Vice-Admiral the Hon. Walter Carpenter and the Hon. Mrs Carpenter gave a reception on Tuesday evening to a large number of their friends who went to bid farewell to one of the most popular admirals we have had in Queens-town. And the lady whom he has wedded since his sojourn in the South of Ireland reflects the greatest credit on both his taste and judgment, for a more charming leader or one better adapted to fill the position of leader in social life it would be impossible to find.

The guests included—Colonel and Mrs Davis, Major Peurd, Captain and Mrs Proby Doughty, Mr and Mrs S. French, Mr and Mrs J. A. Carbery, Mrs Adams, Mr J. B. Adams, Captain and Mrs Christian, Dr. and Mrs Hadlow, Dr. and Mrs Downing, Colonel and Mrs Longfield, Mr and Mrs Baggot, Mr Pembleton, Dr. and Mrs Tyndall, Captain and Mrs Osborne, Lieutenant Fell White, Mr Grozier Creigh, Mr and Mrs Thomas, Mr and Mrs M'Queen, officers H.M.S. Revenge, Lieutenant Commanding Adams and officers "Banterer," Lieutenant Commanding Underwood and officers H.M.S. "Orwell," &c.

Some of the dresses worn by the ladies were extremely pretty. Mrs Carpenter wore a striped satin with train, low bodice, and short sleeves; Mrs Hadrow, a very pretty light blue covered with white lace; Mrs French, grey satin trimmed with white lace; Mrs Carbery, black satin covered with black Spanish lace, beaded front, and jet ornaments. The rest of the ladies were for the most part attired in black velvet.

As the Admiralty House is not large enough to entertain more than a limited number, a farewell dance was given on Thursday to those who enjoy that pastime, and who were not present on Tuesday. That all invited enjoyed themselves may be taken for granted, as everything was done to add to their amusement, and the host and hostess were indefatigable in their exertions to please. The Admiral and Mrs Carpenter did not anticipate leaving Queenstown before the summer of '89, and although all must rejoice at his promotion, still many will regret the parting that necessarily follows. It is the intention of Admiral and Mrs Carpenter to make a tour in India next year, and they have the best wishes of all their friends in the South of Ireland.

Blue-Bell, Inchicore, the charming residence of Samuel Hill, Esq., J.P., was the scene of much festivity on Wednesday night, the 28th ult.—a night which will not soon be forgotten, particularly by those who were exposed to its atmospheric conditions—the almost unprecedented downpour of rain, the rattling thunder, and the flashing lightning, such as are not usually experienced in this mild island. Notwithstanding this hostility of the elements did not deter a select party of ladies and gentlemen from mustering punctually and enjoying the *recherche* dinner provided by Mrs Hill, perhaps better known as the daughter of Mrs Forbes-Russell, of Sandford, long esteemed in Dublin for her various enjoyable entertainments—some of which, for this season, we hope to chronicle—and great *bon-homie*.

Mrs Quill's at home came off at her residence, Harcourt street, on Saturday afternoon, and was a very pleasant reunion.

The colonel and officers of the Royal Artillery gave a dance on Friday evening at the Portobello Barracks.

On Thursday, 29th ult., a most delightful at home was given by Mrs Tyndall at her residence, Marlborough road. A noticeable feature of the evening was the number of fresh young faces that were present. The floor was faultless, the valse music perfect, and the supper left nothing to be desired. Dancing was kept up with spirit till 3.30 o'clock, when the company separated, expressing a hope that their charming hostess might be "at home" again at an early date.

A most successful at home was given by Mrs Pennefather, of Marlow, County Tipperary, on the 29th ult., Mrs Farley's Wax-works being the entertainment. The caste, a remarkably talented one, consisted of the Misses Pennefather, the Misses Fry, Miss Davison, Messrs Barrington, Russell, and Pennefather, and Captain Pennefather. Mr and Mrs Farley and their clever troupe kept the large assembly of guests present in a constant state of merriment.

On last Monday evening Professor Maginni gave a most successful Cinderella dance at his residence in North George's street. A large number of friends and pupils were present on the occasion, and the evening was a most enjoyable one. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock, and was kept up with great spirit during the night. Refreshments were provided on a most liberal scale, and Professor and Mrs Maginni spared no pains to secure the comfort and thorough enjoyment of their guests.

The Hand-Painted Card Exhibition and also the Exhibition of Irish Lace closed on Saturday late in the afternoon. Considering the very tempestuous weather which prevailed during the past fortnight, the attendance in both departments was exceedingly good and the results satisfactory.

H.S.H. the Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar visited the Exhibition on three separate occasions, and gave orders in both departments. She also purchased a hand-painted fan and a beautiful lace pocket-handkerchief as wedding gifts for Lady Alice Montagu.

A leading Dublin firm has undertaken to trim all their articles of underclothing with torchon lace made at Cong and Carlow. If other houses would follow their example it would give a great impetus to this branch of Irish industry.

Lord and Lady de Freyne have been entertaining during the past week a shooting party at French Park, County Roscommon.

Punctuality is an admirable attribute; but it is possible, like all other virtues, to push it beyond its limits. The master of boarding-house in England has turned his cook out of the house, neck and crop, because the luncheon was five minutes late. "Twenty-five minutes to two," he observed as he shook her before expulsion, "is not half-past one." On her remonstrating at so speedy an exit he knocked her down. This is punctuality with a vengeance, indeed. The views of the master of the house upon this virtue seemed to have been shared by the "young gentlemen" of his establishment, which is so far gratifying; but when two of them put lighted paper under the cook's door, with the observation, "Let us have the old girl out," they

seem to us to have proceeded to an unnecessary extremity. A *chef* who is only five minutes late with the meals is, in our experience at least, by no means such an exceptional sinner.

Lord Magheramorne, better known as Sir James McGarel Hogg, is an Antrim man, highly esteemed in his own district and beyond the borders of his native Northern County. Just now an entertaining story on the text, "What's in a Name?" is being told in connexion with his lordship. A short time ago he went to dine at the house of an old friend where he was very well known by the domestics under his old name, but he announced himself to "Jeames" as "Lord Magheramorne."

"Lord — what?" said the startled domestic. "Lord Magheramorne," said he, with emphasis. "Jeames" shook his head. He did not venture to make a second inquiry, but despaired of attempting to render the collection of gutturals. What was he to do? The visitor was advancing to the drawingroom. "Jeames" hesitated, but for a moment only, when he rose equal to the occasion. Boldly flinging open the door, he announced to the consternation of every one—"The late Sir James Hogg!"

We regret to have to report a serious accident to the accomplished son of the Right Hon. Arthur M. Kavanagh, H.M.L., which took place while the young gentleman was hunting with the York and Anistry Hunt last week. Lieutenant Kavanagh was taking a fence when the horse he was riding fell and broke its back. In the fall the gallant officer had one of his ribs broken and a lung punctured. He was conveyed to an adjoining farm-house, where he now lies attended by his mother, who left Borres House, County Carlow, for that purpose. We have the deepest sympathy with the gallant young officer in this serious trouble, and hope that he may soon recover his usual buoyancy of spirits and health.

Mrs Meredyth, senr., in memory of her gallant young soldier son who died in India just one year ago, has had erected in Inisnag Church, in the Diocese of Ossory, a beautiful window. The late lieutenant held a commission in the 7th Hussars, in which regiment his late father, Henry Meredyth, Esq., D.L., of Morelands, also served.

The latest advice received at Convamore Castle, Ballyhooley, state that Lord Ennismore, the only surviving son of the Earl of Listowel, who has been dangerously ill at Victoria, of typhoid fever, is now better. Lord Listowel has started for Victoria.

The death of the Duchess of Sutherland after a very short illness has occasioned deep and widespread regret among her numerous friends. She filled a great position in English society. The hospitality of Stafford House, of Trentham, and of Dunrobin were proverbial, and from the Queen and Royal Family downwards to a large and attached household a host of sincere and loving friends feel one universal sorrow at her unexpected demise.

The Duke of Sutherland had just taken his departure for America; but her three children were with her—the Marquis of Stafford, Viscount Tar-

bat, and Lady Alexandra Leveson Gower. At Torquay, where latterly she had chiefly resided, the news caused a painful sensation. She will long be remembered and regretted by the poor and the many charitable institutions, to which she extended a generous support.

While the Hon. Sydney and Lady Mary Holland were driving to the railway station at Ipswich on Wednesday the horse became unmanageable and upset the vehicle. Mr Holland was thrown out, sustaining very severe injuries. Lady Mary Holland escaped with some contusions on the face.

We have not had in Dublin for a long time a more interesting event from many points of view than the Silver Fete in connection with the National Children's Hospital, Harcourt street, which was inaugurated in the early part of last week, and concluded on Thursday by a concert held in the theatre of the hospital, which was suitably prepared for the occasion.

The room was crowded by a fashionable audience, who were much pleased with the finished way in which the programme was executed, as was testified by the frequent and hearty applause from all parts of the theatre. Miss Isabella Dunlop (gold medallist Royal Irish Academy of Music) played Billet's pianoforte solo with fine effect. Mrs Cooke sang charmingly "My Mother bids me bind my Hair" (Haydn), and Mr E. Oldham's fine voice was heard to great advantage in Marzial's song, "Ask nothing more," and other numbers.

Others of the ladies and gentlemen who assisted at the concert should not be unnoticed. Miss M'Guckin rendered Moir's "Only once more" very sweetly, and Tosti's melody, "Good-bye," was most effectively rendered by Mr W. Armstrong, who was loudly applauded. Miss Blanch Armstrong received an imperative encore for her excellent style of singing "The Kerry Dance," and Master M'Cready won great applause by his superior execution on the violin. The concert concluded with "God Save the Queen." Mr W. R. Wolseley conducted throughout with much ability.

We regret to learn that Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Coddington, Royal Engineers, head of the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, is lying dangerously ill in Mountjoy Barracks, Phoenix Park, with typhoid fever.

Captain the Hon. Richard Hare, R.N., will rejoin the Belleisle from leave of absence on the 12th inst.

Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B., Governor of Jamaica, has been offered and has accepted the Governorship of Queensland, which Sir Henry Blake has resigned. Sir Henry Norman has served her Majesty in many capacities. In his youth he earned distinction as a soldier under Lord Gough at Chillianwallah, and he filled the posts of Military Secretary in India and Assistant Military Secretary at home.

Colonel B. L. Foster, late Quartermaster-General in Ireland, has been appointed to the command of the Royal Artillery at Gibraltar. As Colonel Forster is the senior officer in the Royal

Artillery for promotion to general officer, it is not likely that he will retain his new command for any length of time.

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Where to spend a pleasant 20 minutes ! Why, of course, in the first-class waitingroom of Black-rock station. This delightfully ventilated room is very tastefully furnished with three wooden chairs (the back of one broken), a wooden table carefully split down the centre, a couple of wooden benches, and a gasolier of two lights with one globe, *voilà tout*. The station is far from brilliantly lit up, the lamps being few and far between, moreover two of them are broken, and have been so for many a long day.

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In this age, when unmerited distress overtakes men in "the sere and yellow leaf" of their lives who at one period held good positions in society and were honoured citizens, it is a real comfort to know that an institution of the most admirable kind exists in the city, in which their wants will be attended to and their declining years be passed amid home surroundings and agreeable companionship. The institution to which we refer is the Old Men's Asylum, Northbrooke Road, Leeson Park, a credit externally to the architect who designed it, and a flattering tribute within to the goodness of heart of its founders and supporters.

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The Old Men's Asylum is unique among our public institutions, inasmuch as it is the only one of which we have any knowledge that is unable to get a full complement of inmates. The full number for which they can provide accommodation is thirty, and they cannot get beyond twenty-three, which is their present strength, although they have advertised for suitable parties, and have endeavoured in other ways to discover them. How is this ? In one way it speaks well for the special class for whose benefit the institution was founded, as showing that want of provision for old age exists to a very limited extent among them ; but we cannot avoid thinking that no great difficulty should be found in discovering in Dublin seven decayed gentlemen possessing the necessary qualifications to entitle them to the benefits of the Asylum.

* *

Not for a decade have we in these latitudes been visited with such continuously bad weather as that of the past November, which has slain more thousands over the United Kingdom than fell at Waterloo. For so far December does not seem to be much of an improvement, and if the weather should continue as it has begun, the outlook for the delicate and ailing is but a bleak one. The poor are necessarily suffering acutely, and anything which can tend to relieve their misery should be promptly set about.

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Up to the present we have heard little or nothing of the operations of committees in charge of coal funds. In former years this was one of our most prominent means of bringing gladness to the fireless hearths of the deserving destitute, but up to the present those charitable organisations appear to have given over their merciful work. There would surely be little difficulty in obtaining the requisite funds for such a purpose if the matter were properly placed before the public, and we can only urge on the humane the duty of at once setting about the matter.

We trust that the claims of the children's hospitals in and around Dublin will not be overlooked at the approaching Christmas season. If persons in whole health would only reflect on the joy and gladness which the possession of a toy imparts to the suffering little ones confined to their cots in public institutions, there would be no lack of articles of this kind for distribution among those whose hearts would be made glad by the timely gifts. *Bis dat qui cito dat* ; and as Christmas is close at hand, there should be an instant determination on the part of all who can spare a shilling to give it for so meritorious a purpose.

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Belfast is busy with the approaching Christmas festivities and charities. A grand bazaar is arranged to take place on the 19th and 20th of December in aid of the Women and Children's Hospital in Fisherwick place. This is a charity that appeals to all hearts, and every exertion is being made to make it a success. It is to be held in the magnificent hall of the Botanic Gardens. The conservatory will be open for the occasion, and a military band will play during the day. In the evening there will be a grand concert, in which the Hon. Mrs Forbes, Miss Porter, Miss A Hamilton, &c., have kindly promised to sing, as well as a first rate troupe of Christy minstrels.

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Next on the programme comes the Christmas entertainment for the newsboys of Belfast, organised by the Hon. Mrs Forbes—in our minds the most needed of all charities in large cities like Dublin and Belfast, when we think of those little creatures looking on with sad hearts and tearful eyes at all the good things preparing for all but them.

* *

We sincerely wish we could see all the nobility of Ireland following the example of his Grace the Duke of Abercorn in spending his money in Ireland, and giving the tradesmen of Belfast a chance of showing their taste and skill. As we were passing the coachbuilding establishment of Messrs. Hutton in Chichester street we were tempted to enter by seeing one of the largest and most carefully-built shooting waggonettes we have seen for some time. It is made to carry two sets of guns, and we were told it was built by the especial order of his Grace. We would advise all those who wish a nice turn out for shooting parties, as well as to stand by their country, to go and do likewise, not forgetting a visit to Messrs. Hutton's to make their choice.

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"Hostess" sends her recipe for claret cup, which we print with pleasure :—

As a rule it is made with soda-water, and so "tart" that young people do not like it. I have given the following recipe to several ladies who have asked me for it : Get a large glass jug. Put in it one tablespoonful crushed white sugar, a couple of drops of essence of cloves, and four rounds of lemon. Pour on it a large bottle of claret, and fill up the jug with lemonade. Stir quickly, and let it be placed on the refreshment table while creaming. A servant should be stationed in the storeroom or pantry, who should mix the "cup" fresh and fresh as it is required. A delicious "cup" is made of sherry and lemonade. It is called "mock champagne" cup. To prepare lemons for "cup" pare off the rind very thinly, bottling for use in cooking. Before slicing remove every scrap of the white coat, as it absorbs the flavour from the "cup." Everybody knows that the pips must be carefully removed.

An esteemed correspondent has sent us another recipe which differs from the above very materially. We shall give it next week.

The announcement of the contemplated divorce of General Boulanger will recall to our readers the hint given on the subject by our Ladies' London correspondent a couple of weeks ago. It is rumoured that a rich widow of commercial fame—very recently widowed—is only waiting this event to bestow her millions on the elderly Adonis. But what a strange way of inflicting chastisement is this, of extending freedom to a man ! In the case of a notorious English aristocrat—divorced and remarried—the same idea has often occurred to me.

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A correspondent writes that Mme. Boulanger, probably taking the above view, now regrets the steps she inaugurated, and would substitute separation with retirement for herself to a convent. But the General will try, on however insufficient grounds, to carry the divorce from his side. *Qui viara verba*.

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The Belfast Free Library, which was opened by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant on the 13th October, has proved a boon to every class, and a source of never ending pleasure to the inhabitants of the city. The loan collection in the art gallery has been crowded ever since it was opened, the valuable pictures and antiquities of every description so kindly lent being an attraction to all, and well worthy of inspection, as is also the local exhibition of talent, which the city has every reason to be proud of. The magnificent hall on the first floor is extended—for the reference library later on—its architectural design being extremely beautiful, the large white pillars giving a grand effect with the handsome dome so tastefully decorated with floral designs. Upon entering this hall the first object that meets the eye is a beautiful bronze statue of the Earl of Belfast, which was erected to his memory by his fellow-citizens ; also the statue of "Faust and Marguerite," presented by H. Mateer ; a very good bust of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and several other beautiful works of art of which time and space will not allow a description. Leading from this beautiful hall is a charming ladies' reading-room, beautifully fitted up with every luxury. Upon the first landing is a picture of Sir Edward Harland, one of Belfast's most beloved and esteemed citizens.

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This picture was painted by Sir Thomas Jones, and represents Sir Edward's handsome, clever face most truthfully. It seems to stand there in triumph, inviting all to see this last good work he and his fellow-men had accomplished for their city, with one of his good ships in the background—a proud and successful motto for his good and useful life. The lending library, which is on the right side of the hall, is filled with a first-class selection of books by every author, suited to each man's taste, for old and young. The newsroom on the other side of the hall, is most comfortably fitted up, and fitted with all the newspapers and periodicals of the day, where the weary and tired artisans can come and enjoy a quiet hour and replenish their minds for the morrow, and who knows before betaking themselves to rest at night, offering up a silent prayer for all those blessings of the day, last, not least, for those who aided to give them that endless pleasure in the evenings of their hard-working lives—the beautiful Free Library of Belfast.

The smoking concerts which are being given by the Grosvenor Club in Bond street, London, have been so successful that they are likely now to become an institution in the land. The last took place on December 1st, and was largely attended by the lovers of music who now crowd the club. The concert was held in the galleries, where the Pastel Exhibition has been held. The club at present contains 1,300 members, and it is to be enlarged so as to number no fewer than 2,000.

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It is stated that the Duke of Marlborough has closed the parochial schools at Woodstock, and withdrawn his annual subscription of £100 in consequence of a difference with the rector, who refused to ring the bells on the occasion of the Duke's marriage.

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The Hon. Robert Horace Walpole, who was before the courts last week in a breach of promise case, wherein the damages were laid at £10,000, and which resulted in a verdict in his favour, is the heir presumptive to the Earl of Oxford, an old nobleman 75 years of age, whose surviving issue consists of an only daughter, married to a Spanish grandee. Robert Horace is a nephew of the present earl. He is 34 years of age, has been in the Royal Navy, is a captain of Militia, and for the younger son of an earl is reported to be extremely well off. Robert Horace is, of course, a descendant of the famous Sir Robert Walpole and the even more famous Sir Horace, the statesman and the letter-writer of the last century.

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In the event of Italy taking part in a war, it is said that the Pope will leave Rome.

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This is the concert season in Paris, and musical seances under the direction of Lamoureux, Edouard Coloune, &c. &c., are attended by a select and most appreciative public.

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Four grand entertainments will take place this winter at the Elysee. The first of these *fetes*, at which thousands of guests, many of them foreigners of distinction, are always assembled, will take place towards the end of December.

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On the 23rd inst. at Turin, a Solemn Mass was celebrated at the Church of the Madonna degli Angeli for Count Robilaut, late Italian Ambassador, at which the family and numerous friends of the lamented general were present.

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Count Robilaut, who belonged to a princely family, was born in 1826. At an early age he entered the Italian army, where he rendered priceless services to his country. He was aide-de-camp to King Charles Albert, and fought at the battle of Novara in 1849, behaving with great heroism. His right hand being shot off, he waved his sword over his head with the left, and shouted "Viva Carlo Alberto."

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Count Robilaut married the Princess Clary, and leaves six children, the eldest of whom is a cadet in the Military Academy at Turin, and has lately distinguished himself by being one of the three eaves who made the most brilliant examination.

The testimonial recently presented in London by grateful Irish exhibitors to Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., was a thoroughly deserved tribute to a noble Irishman, who is a genuine credit to his country. All honour to Lord Arthur, of whom everyone in the four provinces is proud. At a critical time in the recent history of Ireland, when it was of the first importance that our industries should be represented in the world's foremost city, London, his lordship gallantly came to the front, and through his exertions the Irish Exhibition at Olympia became an accomplished fact.

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Thousands of Irishmen of all ranks and classes have come across Lord Arthur at Olympia, where his cheery presence was one of the strongest encouragements to every exhibitor within its walls, and not the least winning trait in his thoroughly manly character was the ease with which he could be approached by the humblest stall-keeper in the building, whom he advised, when necessary, with the solicitude of a brother. Besides this, he was a working secretary in the best sense of the term, and was always to be found at his post without almost a single day's intermission from the opening of the Exhibition to its close.

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When it is remembered that Lord Arthur had other important duties to perform in connection with her Majesty's Household, and that as Member for one of the divisions of his native County of Down he had also to attend to his Parliamentary duties, the great sacrifices of time and labour he made in connection with the Irish Exhibition at South Kensington will be understood and appreciated. Without his cheerfully-accorded aid it would have proved a dead failure; but with his powerful influence and increasing exertions it resulted in success and a surplus. All Ireland was represented in the presentation, and the whole country consequently shares in the honour.

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A correspondent writes:—

It is a pity that our energetic philanthropists don't come together and get up a fancy ball on a gigantic scale for the benefit of those deserving charities, the Dublin hospitals. Some years ago there were complaints that we had not rooms large enough. Thanks to Mr Gunn we now have the rooms of the Leinster Hall, capable of holding some 2,000 persons. We well remember the fancy ball got up some years ago in aid of the Drummond Institution for Soldiers' Daughters, which added some three hundred pounds to the charity.

* *

"Musicus" writes as follows:—

I related the following true incident that occurred in the "gods" of the Gaiety at the performance of "Traviata," during the recent opera season to a gentleman friend of mine yesterday, and he suggested that I should send it to your paper as likely to interest those of your readers who hold that genuine native ready wit is not altogether a thing of the past with Irishmen. Accompanied by a friend I went into the gallery of the Gaiety by the early door in order to get as good a seat as possible, and succeeded in securing one in the second row from the front. We whiled away the long hour before the opera began by indulging in the usual celestial commands to the lesser beings on terra firma in the pit and pit-stalls in reference to their head-gear; but immediately that Signor Arditti raised his baton there were loud cries of "Order" and "Sit down in front," which, of course, were immediately complied with, all sitting down with the exception of one individual, who remained standing in front of me. When this was observed, the cries of "Sit down" were repeated, and this in tones of growing anger, but still the gentleman did not move. My friend who was with me ventured to pull at his coat tails, and

pointed out to him that it was the general desire that he should sit down, but he turned round, and in a sharp and audible tone demanded, "What do you want to see? This is only the overture." Again the cries were repeated, and this time coupled with, "Put him out," when, during a momentarily silence, a small but clear falsetto from the extreme top of the celestial regions called out, "Don't mind him. Let him alone, poor fellow. He's a tailor, an' he's only restin' himself." I need hardly tell you what a yell of laughter ensued, during which the individual sat down a sadder, and, let us hope, a wiser man for having defied the power of the "gods."

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There is very little new in the world of fashions to report this week. As the ball season is just opening, however, it may interest many ladies to know that evening ballgowns are liberally trimmed with flowers, frequently carried in garlands across the skirt. For married women who do not dance handsome brocades are worn, trained and simply made, opening frequently at the side to show a distinct panel of contrasting colour.

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When a ball dress is decided upon it naturally follows that a lady should select a fan as nearly as possible resembling the tone of her dress, or just the very opposite, which is sometimes exceedingly effective, the contrast rendering the possessor conspicuous, which, if the lady be ambitious or anxious to display her charms, is no little consideration. The majority of fans this season chiefly consist of white feathers, with mountings of coloured mother-of-pearl; or else they are of painted crape or gauze, with lace borders, either being capable of adaptability to any colour dress or to pure white or black.

* *

In jewels fashion has taken a rather expensive freak this season. Ladies who desire to shine are having their diamonds arranged with small coronets or half diadems, with the effect that the fortunate possessors monopolise a good deal of attention from admirers. There is nothing so becoming to a lady, however, as a pleasant face, a modest manner, and a gentle grace. These qualities are much preferable to the gaudy glitter of artificiality which, we are glad to see, is slowly becoming a thing of the past, and ladies moving in the highest circles are setting the example to their less exalted sisters of wearing no jewellery at evening parties, but appearing in exceedingly plain, though costly, gowns, having their necks and arms bare.

* *

Another important question to ladies who intend gracing evening parties with their presence this year is the arrangement of the coiffure. A neat and becoming coiffure is indispensable now-a-days. Fashion has made such strides in this direction that many ladies find it hard to keep up with the constantly changing styles; but our advice is that when a suitable and becoming arrangement of the hair has been procured it should be adhered to, and not altered to suit the whim of any passing counterfeit. At present coiffures are quite in the Empire style, less high over the brow than was worn last season; but higher at the back. The aigrette is going out of fashion, the hair being now ornamented with small wreaths put on like bands across the front. Silver and gold bandelettes are also worn, rows of pearls, or merely strips or ribbon, arranged in the Grecian style.

* *

We hear from Paris that the style of dressing hair there has certainly a tendency to be lower than has lately been worn. The way adopted

by the most elegant women is to have their hair twisted round like a rope at the nape of the neck, with one or two curled ends escaping or falling carelessly. In front the fringe is massed together like a thick lock in the middle. Others plait the back hair in two wide plaits, raised up with a comb, and then falling slightly on the neck. In fact, the nape is now covered and dressed, but the hair does not descend lower, except in the case of curls being worn. For the evening, little wreaths of flowers are worn *en chaperon*—that is to say, very small, and placed on one side. Some women wear a thick coronet called *jardiniere*, made of different flowers, and placed round the chignon at the back, rather low down, so as to form a sort of aureole round the face, but much at the back.

* *

For outside wear many really elegant and warm materials are just now in the market. Mantle stuffs, for instance, are handsome and durable, the plainer materials being:—Cheviot, double fancy cloths—especially fashionable in dark green—striped and flowered woollen textures and lastly, silk brocade, as well as matelasses in new patterns. The richer woollen textures are used as coverings for furs, matelasses are lined with self-coloured plush of the same or a contrasting colour, or the very fashionable striped and checked plush.

* *

A young and handsome lady walking down Sackville street the other day was the victim of a rather—to onlookers—laughable incident. The day was windy, and an intermittent drizzle was in process. The young lady was attired in a most becoming costume, and her hat was simply charming; in short, she was seemingly

"Blest with each grace of Nature and of art."

The rain, however, is no respecter of persons—it falls on the just as well as the unjust, and on the fashionable young lady with as much complacency as on the passing mendicant—and as if to verify its character for impartiality, down it came in torrents as our heroine was passing the premises of Adam Scott and Co.

* *

Instead of seeking shelter under the handy portico of that establishment, the young lady raised her *en-tout-cas*, tucked up her skirts, and strode along with a majestic and measured tread. Not a few of the passers by surveyed her with wonder, the old people sadly shaking their heads, the young laughing immoderately at the sight. Not until she came opposite Morrow's windows did the young lady dream that she was the cause of the merriment around. Looking into the window she saw her figure reflected in the glass, and perceived that she was jauntily holding a stick over her head instead of, as she thought, her semi-umbrella. She turned hastily round just in time to see the framework of her much-admired *en-tout-cas* floating over the adjoining houses to meet with, perhaps, destruction in the busy thoroughfare behind.

* *

Instead, however, of lamenting her fate, she quickly got out of sight, no doubt a much wiser girl than when she ventured forth that morning. In the quiet of her own chamber she has, perhaps, had many "a good cry" over the misfortune by this time, but if it will be the means of convincing her that there is nothing for weather such as this like a good, strong homely-looking umbrella which will perform the functions of its

office with credit to itself and satisfaction to its possessor, the incident will not be without its moral. Experience is a hard school in which to be taught, but it is one of unerring certainty in its powers of impressing upon its pupils how things ought to be done and when. Some years ago before the invention of those hideous Alpine sticks that now pass muster for ladies' umbrellas and shades, mothers and daughters were not ashamed to be seen carrying an article which would be of use to them in case of need. Then

Good housewives,

Defended by the umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens trod.

* *

An English contemporary tells the following amusing story:—There is a young gentleman at Newington, N.B., who is so much absorbed in business that he sometimes forgets his private concerns. A few weeks ago he left his father's house to marry a wife. A week or so later he one day left his office, bought an evening paper, and went to his old home. Entering the familiar precincts, he went to his old bedroom, made his toilet, and presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching him curiously, eyed him with amusement, and his mother softly inquired, "Robert, have you already procured a divorce?" Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter, he hurried out and walked rapidly to his own abode. He had forgotten that he was married, but it is very doubtful indeed whether Madame will ever forget his forgetfulness.

* *

A much annoyed individual writes—

Having all my life successfully resisted the aspirations of constituencies to make me their representative in Parliament, I have not suffered, as it seems our senators do, from a plethora of blue-books. Still, I have had a good many sent me from the colonies, and I am thankful to say, so far as that goes, that I have not had to pay the postage; yet, I suppose, somebody pays for it. The books are generally about two feet long and one foot thick, and absolutely unreadable. Some of them are full of specifications of patents. Some treat of the number of sheep and pigs produced per annum in certain districts; others are reports of the department of mines. Some day, when everything shall be revealed, I may learn why those volumes have been sent to me, but at present the matter is as inscrutable as the origin of evil. The question may not be so exciting as the Whitechapel murders, but it is quite as great a mystery. Somebody must write these books, of course, but does any human being read them? Can anybody tell us what is to be done with them? The gentleman's gentleman, who is so good as to rid us of most superfluities, shakes his head at them. He "lifts" them as he does some other unconsidered trifles, but that is in the old border sense. He then puts them down again. "No, thank you, sir," he says respectfully, but firmly. He reminds me of the butler of a friend of mine, a wine merchant, who imported certain foreign bottles which held no English measure, and which he could not therefore dispose of. If he could have done so he would have made a "pretty penny," but as it was he could make nothing of them. It struck him, however, that his manservant, who took everything he could in the way of perquisites, might help him in this commercial difficulty. "Smith," he said, "I have not the least wish to curtail your little pickings from my establishment, but I am very curious to know how you get rid of those German wine-bottles; to whom do you sell them, and how much do you get for them?" "Well sir," replied Smith, "to tell you the honest truth, I don't get anything for them. I give a man twopence a dozen to take them away." This is what I fear I shall have to do with my blue-books. Members of Parliament, we are told, think it "undignified" to dispose of them in this manner, and as they get 200lbs. weight of them a year, those who live in small houses are much inconvenienced, and are gradually being driven to a single living room. The Government could surely do better than this. If they must spend £65,000 a year in printing this rubbish, why should they not make it readable—not by "literary treatment," for the subjects are incapable of it—but by binding up with

them something that can be read—a few novels, for instance. The case is precisely similar to that of our seidlitz powders; the ones in blue are of themselves useless, but mixed with the white ones they form an agreeable or, at all events, an effervescent mixture. Why should not the blue-books be made to "go off" in a similar way?

* *

The following bright idea might be adopted with advantage elsewhere than in India. The *Deccan Gazette* states:—

We are so much fatigued by the incessant labours during the whole of the last year that the publication of our next issue has been postponed till the 12th proximo.

On the 12th the *Deccan Gazette* ought to publish the letters it has received expressing the gratitude of its subscribers.

FROM COVER TO COVER

"THE CHILDREN'S HOME." By the Hon. Mrs Forbes.

Belfast: Marcus Ward and Co.

This is a metrical tale, told in artless language, inculcating the best of sentiments. It is beautifully printed, adorned with several pretty pictures, and would form a pleasant addition to a drawing-room table. We cannot sufficiently commend the authoress for spending her abilities in the cause of hospital children and the waifs and strays of the streets, and we are glad to note that this little was composed primarily to incite the charitable to found a summer cottage for the National Children's Hospital, Harcourt street, a cause which we, too, have at heart. The production of the little book is exceedingly creditable, and displays the artistic qualities possessed by the premier art printers in Ireland, Messrs Marcus Ward and Co., Belfast.

Unwin's Novel Series, No. 3; price 2s. "CONCERNING OLIVER KNOX." London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26 Paternoster square.

In all our experience of fiction a story more horrible or revolting than the above never came under our notice. The history of Oliver Knox as depicted by the author is one long list of cruel barbarities, hideous in their wickedness; whilst that of his poor wife is a record of keen suffering unilluminated by even one slight moment of happiness. Having married her for her money whilst his love was given to another, Oliver Knox with unspeakable villainy tortured the wife he had sworn to love and protect, and without intermission his wickedness continued until premature death put an end to his miserable existence leaving her behind him, however, a mindless wanderer upon the face of the earth, until from an impoverished garret in London "Wandering Meg" was consigned to the silent grave, where, we sincerely hope, she found rest and peace. The fate of the two boys—one the son of the marriage the other of sin—is too dreadful to dwell upon. We really think the clever author of this book could have employed his precious time and talents to some better purpose.

"LITTLE DON." By Mrs James Martin. Price 1s.

Belfast: C. W. Olley, Royal avenue.

The author of this little book is well known amongst the Presbyterians of Ireland as a writer of ability. We cannot, however, speak in very high terms of "Little Don," some of the incidents being made most uninteresting by a vast amount of descriptive matter which might well have been left out. Something should have been left to the imagination. The printers—Messrs Marcus Ward and Co.—have very creditably executed their part, the typographical and binding arrangements being, like all the work which emanates from the press of this eminent firm, perfect.

VICISSITUDES.

BY

DORA DESMOND.

Author of

"LOVE'S SACRIFICE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas-Eve. Anxious housekeepers of the middle-class were hurrying from shop to shop to complete their purchases ere the shutters closed on those tempting dainties that are found to be so necessary to the Christmas appetite.

Noisy brawlers were celebrating the festive season according to their notions of enjoyment, by parading the streets, three parts intoxicated, singing ribald songs, uttering coarse jests, and oftentimes angry words, as their inebriate serenity was disturbed by passing events. In happy and comfortable homes many parties were clustering around the social hearth, where the Yule log of olden times was replaced by the brighter glow of the modern coal fire which, sent forth a cheery welcome to the fur-wrapped, happy-faced individuals who were hastening from the cold and foggy December air, to commence their Christmas festivities. But in the great city, teeming with life, bright with the display of all that wealth can provide, there are homes in which Christmas cheer is a thing unknown. Homes where gaunt poverty stalks threadbare and comfortless, homes where grim death has been a recent visitor, homes where crime and misery, dirt and degradation hold their uninterrupted sway, even while the Christmas bells are ringing joy, and peace, and goodwill to all.

Many a sad heart feels a thrill of this joy when on the midnight air, just as silence and repose is settling on the busy city, the soft grand tinkle that heralds our Saviour's natal day is borne in merry hopeful strains to the hearth, perchance, where no earthly comfort is to be found.

In one of these bare and comfortless domiciles, though not in either a low neighbourhood or in surroundings at all offensive to the refined tastes, yet, bearing unmistakable marks of poverty, two women sat alone, cold and cheerless, in the early afternoon of this Christmas Eve.

"I tell you, Marian, there is nouse in keeping up this struggle. We might as well give way and turn beggars, or go into the poorhouse, or put an end to our existence, for I see no way of supporting it."

The speaker was a pale, sad-faced woman, of about 28 years of age, though she looked several years older. She had evidently seen better days, for the shabby, well-worn black cashmere dress had an air of taste and neatness, and was finished off with those unmistakable tokens of gentle breeding; a spotless clean collar, and a pair of

white cuffs. Her hair, which was rich and luxurious, was coiled round a small artistic head, and the large dark eyes, if bereft of their craving, discontented expression, would have been really beautiful. Her companion, whom she addressed as Marian, sat at the further end of a long, narrow, scantily-furnished room. She was the elder by many years, and looked even more worn and weary than her sister, though in the sad eyes there could be traced a gleam of peace and contentment not to be found in her sister's restless orbs.

Marian Gray had passed through the furnace of many bitter trials, but greatest and bitterest of all was the poverty which now seemed to pursue her. Every effort failed, and one misfortune followed another, till she had to acknowledge that actual want stared them in the face.

Marian and Ella Newman were the orphan daughters of a once wealthy and prosperous merchant. They had been reared in the lap of luxury, but years before Ella had left school Marian forsook her home to marry an adventurer without the consent of her parents, and went abroad, for her father refused to receive his son-in-law. Mrs Newman did not live long after her eldest daughter's rash marriage. Always a delicate, fretful woman, she took the disgrace to heart, and, ere Mrs Gray had realised the full extent of her folly, a letter from Ella informed her that they were both motherless.

Mr Newman speculated madly after his wife's death. Marian was his favourite child, and he could not forgive her unfilial conduct. When the funeral was over he sent Ella back to her Parisian boarding school, closed up his house, and confined himself to city life.

Somehow his speculations all proved unfortunate. One large sum after another was lost, till the merchant became bankrupt. Then he took to drink and gambling, and at last his dead wife's patrimony was squandered away, and he died, leaving his daughters in hopeless poverty, for by this time Marian, the victim of a dissolute fortune-hunter, had been left with her two baby girls to battle with the world alone, her husband having joined a party of young men going to Manitoba, and had not returned or communicated with her for years.

"Come to me my darling sister," Marian Gray wrote to her now only living relative. "I am very poor, and my home is a humble one; but we will work and keep together. We must be all in all to each other now."

Ella Newman found her sister in a small cottage in Houndsditch toiling for a living by doing machine work for the London shops. It was a hard life for the daintily-reared girl, but necessity is a stern teacher, and the sisters settled down in their new sphere with willing hands, if not very cheerful hearts.

Eleven years of labour had passed at the time we find them hopelessly discussing their prospects. Not now in the cottage at Houndsditch, but in the back drawingroom of a large tenement house in Lower Gardiner street, Dublin. Five years previous to this they had been led to visit the Irish Capital by an event which changed the whole current of their lives.

"Does Mrs Gray live here?" asked a gentleman one summer's morning, entering the cottage door, which stood open to admit the sweet, fresh air.

"Yes, sir. Pray walk in," answered Ethel Gray, to whom he addressed the question.

"Are you her daughter?"

"I am," she replied, handing him a chair in

the neat, though bare little sittingroom, and then hastening away to call her mother.

Something familiar in the stranger's face puzzled Ethel.

"Where have I seen that face before?" she asked herself repeatedly while passing into the kitchen in search of her mother.

"Oh, mamma," as Mrs Gray came in from the garden with a bundle of dry washed clothes and her bag of pins, "make haste and make yourself presentable. There is a gentleman in the parlour waiting to see you. I am sure he must be an old friend, for his face is so familiar. Yet I cannot recollect where I have seen him before."

Marian quickly removed her large working apron, brushed back her hair before the little hanging glass which adorned the wall, and prepared, with a rather agitated manner, to encounter her visitor, for Ethel's words had alarmed her. She had lived in such retirement that none ever called on her except business connections, and they rarely.

"Who could this gentleman be with the familiar face whom Ethel thought to be an old friend?"

Thus musing, she walked into the parlour, and started to see a man older in face and stouter, yet so like her husband that it seemed to her troubled vision that Frank Gray really stood before her.

His first words reassured her. There was a certain rough, manly ring in his tones that never belonged to the silvery sweetened ones of the pleasure-seeking Frank Gray.

"You do not know me, Mrs Gray," he said, extending his hand as Marian advanced, "but I should have made your acquaintance long ago had I been able to discover your hiding place for"—searching in his pocket for a card—"I am Horace Gray, brother of your rascally husband."

"Horace Gray!" Marian repeated, as she pressed the outstretched hand, while she almost staggered to the seat he placed for her. "I do not wonder now why Ethel thought your face familiar. It is so like her own. But tell me, how did you know of my existence. My husband told me you were in India, and, moreover, that a quarrel had separated you in boyhood, so that no intercourse was ever kept up."

"My dear sister—for so I may call you," he replied, "the quarrel was that Frank simply cheated me out of the little property my father had left. I was the eldest son, and, to prevent mischief, as I had a mighty hot temper, I shipped in the Indian service, and left him to enjoy what I knew would only serve him for a year or two's dissipation, little thinking he would thereby get himself an entrance into the circle in which the Newmans moved, for at that time I remember having heard Miss Newman spoken of as one of the richest heiresses of the season."

"How he deceived me," said Marian, as tears rose to her eyes at those reminiscences. "I believed him to be a man of property, and when poor papa refused his consent to our marriage I foolishly imagined that when he would see how happy and comfortable Frank and I could be he would relent, and gladly welcome his son-in-law. Alas! it was all a mistake; but I suppose you have heard the particulars of the sad story."

"Partly. I gleaned a little from the letters of old school chums. The newspapers reported your father's losses and subsequently his death,

but how Frank's last escapade ended I was at a loss to tell. I only arrived in England three weeks ago, but could not find any one to give me information, till happening to meet Sawyer, who is now a buyer at Ogilvy's. He told me that a Mrs Gray and a Miss Newman were about two of the best workers for their house. I need hardly tell you that I lost no time in getting your address and hunting you up. It grieved me to think that my own brother was the main cause of all your misfortunes, and, though I cannot undo the past, yet if by acting a brother's part I may but just lighten the burden for you, my dear sister and my nieces—for I believe there are two of them, I place myself at your service. I am going to give up deep sea sailing and take command of one of the mail boats which ply to Dublin, so that I shall be able to see you frequently, and, if you will allow me, to make your house my home when ashore."

"Dublin," said Marian, catching at the word. "Do you know I have often wished to go there. I have heard it is such a quiet place, and that the people are so kind and warm-hearted. It would be a new life to me to get away from London and all its old associations."

"Then let me take you to Dublin. I spent a few weeks in it some years ago. We were lying in Queenstown Harbour, and I ran up to the Capital with an old school friend whom I met in Cork. I promise you it is a fine city and a pleasant place to live in."

"But what could we do when we got there?" said Mrs Gray. "We have a good connection here, and our work is certain; but in a strange land amongst strange people I should hardly know how to employ myself."

"With the warm-hearted Irish you will not long remain a stranger; besides work is not altogether a necessity, little woman," replied Horace, smiling. "What do you think an old bachelor is going to do with the savings of years? Work, eh? Oh, no. You must take a rest now, and let me make you comfortable in my own way."

"Thank you very much for your kind words, brother," Marian answered, looking with grateful moist eyes into the manly, honest face of her new-found relative.

It was a face to inspire confidence. The marks of time and exposure to foreign suns had given character and firmness to the features. Horace Gray was long past his first youth; but he was not by any means an old man. His forty years of life had developed a well-formed frame into the noble symmetry of manhood. Over six feet in height, broad-shouldered and muscular, with a high, clear brow, soft curling light hair, blue eyes, he looked, while every inch the sturdy seaman that he was, yet one well fitted to be the tender, faithful friend and protector Marian had so long stood in need of.

"And then I have my sister and the girls," she resumed. "By the way, you have not been introduced to any of them yet. How selfish of me not to communicate my pleasant news before. You will join our early dinner, and call it lunch. They will all be so rejoiced to welcome you. Excuse me for one moment." And she left the room, to return in a short time followed by her daughters—Ethel, whom her uncle had already seen, and Mabel, a sweet-looking girl of twelve, dark and pale like her mother, but giving promise of great beauty.

Greetings were soon exchanged, and Horace Gray looked supremely happy as he sat on the

meagre little sofa, on each side one of his charming nieces.

Ella did not appear till dinner, for which they adjourned to the kitchen. Horace begged that they would not alter domestic arrangements for him, but treat him as one of the family. There he first saw Miss Newman, and, if we might judge of his mental reflections by his manner, it was evident his boasted bachelorhood was in a fair way of being terminated, if it rested with himself to make a decision. Ella Newman was all that could be desired in courtesy and politeness to the stranger. That he, personally, made a favourable impression there was no doubt; but it cost her an effort to overlook the fact that he was Frank Gray's brother. She was a charming woman at this time, in her twenty-third year, and could not forget that but for Marian's deplorable mistake, she might now be shining amid the stars of fashion, instead of toiling for her daily bread.

However, the somewhat frugal meal passed off very pleasantly. They all chatted freely over the newly-devised project of paying a visit to the Emerald Isle, and Ella was the first to solve Marian's difficulty about having nothing to do, by saying—

"Dublin, I have heard, is a great place for learning. Suppose we open a boarding school. I could teach the music and languages. You, Marian, could teach English and classics, and Ethel could give some help with the juniors. What do you say, Captain Gray? Don't you think teaching much nicer than working for shops?"

"By all means, if you do not fear the responsibility it entails. It is, however, a more laborious life than you imagine; but with talents such as yours and Mrs Gray's, it will doubtless be a very successful one."

"When do you take command of your new vessel, Horace?" asked Marian.

"To-morrow, and on Saturday we sail for Dublin. I shall remain four days there, then return to London again. So look out for me next Wednesday week."

"But this is only Thursday. Surely we will see you again before you sail?"

"I am afraid not. I shall be too busy to run down here till next trip; but get all packed up if you can before I return, and trust me to have everything prepared for your reception on the other side of the Channel."

When the Captain had taken his leave, the sisters eagerly discussed their new project, and though they did not relish the obligations they must necessarily be under to Horace Gray during the transit and first beginning of their new life, yet so hopefully did they view the prospect, that to pay it all back in the future seemed an easy certainty.

Thus the fortnight sped quickly and pleasantly to the little family in the cottage. Breaking up home and disposing of long familiar articles is not, in general, a pleasing task; but the young people thought it delightfully exciting and new, and the elders so gladly grasped at any change from their present monotonous drudgery, that they all entered with spirit into the work of dissolution, and by the time Captain Gray returned, curtains were down, boxes and bedding packed, and all their little household belongings disposed of to neighbours, who agreed to remove them after they had left the cottage.

Horace was delighted at their expedition. He had a house in view already, he said, but would

decide on nothing till Marian and Ella could see for themselves. Meanwhile their rooms were engaged in a nice, quiet hotel, and nothing remained but for them all to be ready to come on board about ten o'clock on next Saturday morning.

Marian Gray was the only one of the party who felt anything like pain as the last few hours in her cottage home were passed. Here she had spent the years of her weary widowhood, and she could not leave it without tears. Though when all was over, and the fresh sea breeze fanned her cheeks, she could feel nothing but thankfulness that the light of better days seemed dawning on her path again.

In the neighbourhood of Rathmines a neat, semi-detached house was being done up for some English ladies, the painters said, who were coming to open a school. Soon a brassplate fixed on the gate informed all whom it might interest that the place was, "A Select Seminary for Young Ladies—Mrs Gray, Principal."

Horace did his part well, without allowing the sisters to feel the slightest sense of obligation he threw such an amount of boyish enthusiasm into the scheme, giving every moment he could spare from his ship's duties, and acting throughout all with such precision and forethought that the house was taken, a year's rent paid, an order left with Arnott & Co. for the complete furnishing, and Horace Gray once more on his way to London, before Marian and Ella could make up their minds how far they were prepared to accept his assistance.

When the Captain returned to Dublin on his third trip, a warm reception awaited him at Grayville House, as they designated their new abode, and anyone who could see the soft light in Ella Newman's eyes as she came forward to greet the kind-hearted sailor, would be assured that there was no longer any doubt as to her feelings towards him. Then months of peace and prosperity followed. The little school flourished. Horace Gray's bedroom and smoke-room were sacredly set apart for his use; and not only Mrs Gray and her daughters, but Ella too, learned to look forward with pleasure to his periodical visits.

"Marian, I want to speak to you when you have a few moments to spare," said Horace one morning about a year after he had first claimed her, as she was leaving the breakfast room to go to her household duties.

"Certainly. Now if you like. Brother," she replied, returning. "I hope there is nothing wrong," as she noticed a nervous trepidation in his manner while he folded up his newspapers, and prepared to follow her to the sofa on which she had seated herself.

"Nothing wrong, unless I lose your favour," said he. "Can you trust a Gray to marry a member of your family?"

"I know whom you mean," said Marian, smiling. "I have seen all along how it would be. Have you spoken to Ella yet?"

"Yes; and she has consented," said Horace, joyfully. "I know I am not worthy of her—an old fellow like me who has knocked about the world for years with no softening influences around him; but with Ella for my wife, I shall feel myself the proudest man in the Kingdom, and she shall never regret trusting her happiness to Horace Gray."

"I am well assured of that," said Marian. "You have nobly redeemed your name from the disgrace poor Frank brought on it. None will

more heartily welcome you in your double relationship than your sister Marian."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, my dear sister. And now, if it will not keep you too long, may I tell you some of my plans for the future?"

"I was never very ambitious for myself, but, when I have a wife, I must look about me and see how I can place her in a position suitable to her. When I was last in London a friend of mine drew my attention to a barque which is advertised for sale. It will take all my savings to purchase her, I know; but she is a snug little craft, and when fitted up will bring it back on the double in one voyage. I purpose to take command of her myself, run up the Mediterranean for a cargo, from there to Valparaiso, and get back early next spring. Ella will have all her toggery ready by the time, and our marriage can be celebrated at once. I will then leave myself in her hands. If she will accompany me on the next voyage, we will sail again in about six weeks, but should Ella object to the sea, I can then afford to find a substitute and stay at home with my bride."

While Horace was speaking Marian sat gravely thinking. She did not interrupt him once, though she could not enter with such sanguine hopes into his intended speculation.

"You will be very cautious, dear Horace," she said, when he had ceased to speak. "It is a serious thing to venture your all in one throw; besides I hardly like your going away from us for a whole year. Life has many changes, and we are so happy now, that it seems an unnecessary grief to bear such a separation only to secure a little more wealth. But what does Ella say to this plan?"

"I have not told her of it yet" said he. "The fact is I was afraid to mention it, and hoped so much from your approval that I postponed the revelation till, as I thought, I would have you to back me up."

"Did you think I could so lightly part with you, or that we, who have gone through so much poverty and loneliness, would not prize our dear one's safety and society more than anything money could purchase? No, Horace, give it up. And Marian laid a hand on each shoulder, while she looked entreatingly into his eyes. Something tells me it is not a nice thing for you to do. In the depths of my poverty and trouble I have learned to trace the finger of God in every little incident of our lives. He marks the paths which we should tread, and if we, in wilful folly, or by trying to grasp too much, rush blindly from the guarded path, we know not what trials may be needed to bring us to our senses. So dear brother your life just now is almost without a ripple; take care how you disturb its even flow. A change may bring you grief."

Horace Gray was deeply moved. He had plainly seen that there was a something in Marian's life which gave her calmness and courage under all circumstances, but that this was due to an unwavering trust in the guidance of Providence, he never before suspected. Marian was not one to preach on every occasion, and now, when in the intensity of her feelings she spoke, every word took effect and sunk into the listener's heart to be remembered at a time when he would have given worlds to hear them fall from those sweet lips again.

To the surprise of both, Miss Newman did not at all take her sister's view of the matter.

"That will be delightful, Horace," she exclaimed, when the plan had been unfolded.

"Fancy having your own ship and sailing where you please."

"Why, I shall see every nice country in the world now, for I mean to be a true sailor's wife."

Marian made no further objections. Her sister was satisfied, and that was enough. But she could not help thinking that Ella had allowed ambition to blind her judgment. Horace had a comfortable position, good pay, and a fair amount at the bank. All these were to be sacrificed for the chance of a fortunate voyage, which might possibly end in disaster. To Marian it seemed like flying in the face of Providence.

Like most men, Horace, once he had obtained the approbation of the woman he loved, never gave a thought to graver reflections, but followed up his plans with precipitate haste, waiting with impatience for the next sailing day, and when he reached London running down to Gravesend to view his intended purchase with the eagerness of a schoolboy.

The barque was in good condition, had passed the Board of Trade inspection, and was pronounced perfectly seaworthy; therefore it could hardly be deemed imprudence in Captain Gray, seeing that she was really going a bargain (for the owner was in difficulties) to close with the offer and sign himself master of the barque "Ella," as he determined to name her. Preparations for a southern voyage were speedily carried on, and even Marian, when the deed was done, entered with zest into all their plans and discussions, and brightly joined in their hopes of great results in the future. One thing that she counselled strongly was that the vessel and cargo should be well insured. Horace, with all a sailor's confidence, laughed at the idea of danger; but nevertheless agreed to think over the advice, which, however, he never followed. The premium staggered him, and, thinking it would just be so much money lost, he quite discarded the idea, and set sail with high hopes as, borne by a favouring breeze, his trim little craft sped down Channel, while he proudly trod the deck and thought of the love-light beaming in Ella's dark eyes when they parted one short week before.

CHAPTER II.

A DARK, gloomy night in mid-ocean. The wind moans fretfully, and the gulls are flapping noisily around the masts and close-reefed sails of a barque which moves slowly along, borne only by the flying-jib, near which a sailor stands ready to reef at a signal from the officer who paces the deck.

"What do you think of it, Mr Weldon? Any sign of a change?"

The question was asked by the Captain, who had just stepped on deck to take one more survey of his ship before going for his watch below.

"A dirty night, sir, and no mistake," returned the mate. "I do not like the way in which those clouds have been heaping up to the southward while we have barely enough wind to fill the jib."

"Is all taut and secure in case there should be a change before midnight?"

"Ay, ay, sir, and every man at his post, for I suppose before another hour the barque will have a tough struggle to hold her own."

Horace Gray went below with an unwonted foreboding in his heart. He knew his chief mate, Mr Weldon, was an exemplary seaman. His little craft had hitherto conducted herself bravely in a few squalls they had encountered in

the Bay of Biscay; yet somehow Marian's unheeded warning kept recurring to his mind, and though he knew sleep was most needful to fit him for arduous duty, he could not compose his mind to seek it, but slowly paced the cabin floor as his mate paraded the deck.

Hark! Captain Gray pauses to listen, and then the tightly-compressed lips and knitted brow tell of anxious thoughts as the ship heeled over with a lurch that staggered him, sturdy seaman as he was.

It was the work of a moment to get into his oilskins, don a sou'-wester, and join Mr Weldon once more above.

"Looks like a gale this time, Mr Weldon."

"Ay, ay, sir. We're in for it."

Crash! A fearful gust as it swept through the rigging, carrying away a yardarm and tackle, hurling them with such force on the deck that the barque heaved and rolled with the shock.

Then she ran before the wind, which struck her on the port quarter, while Horace Gray, his hand on the helm, calm and self-possessed as he bore himself, felt that amidst the gathering darkness and deepening fury of the storm both he and his brave crew were at the mercy of the elements. Seamen as a rule are silent in times of great peril. Few words were spoken as the hours passed; but in more minds than one some doubts were entertained as to the strength and endurance of the vessel. None knew the fatal hour was so near. It was about half after midnight when, a whirling gust, caught the ill-fated vessel, lifting her partly out of the water, and then, as she fell into the deep, dark, unfathomable trough, she sank to rise no more; and when the dull grey light of morning broke the wild waves of the Southern Atlantic tossed about many a broken spar and beam, but the ship that had proudly rode at sunset was nowhere to be seen.

A boat floating bottom upwards and a piece of her prow picked up by a homeward bound vessel gave sufficient evidence for the news to be carried to Lloyd's that the barque "Ella" had foundered off the West Indies, and all hands were lost; but it was not till years afterwards that the sad story of her wreck was related as above.

CHAPTER III.

"**I** WISH you would come and have a look at Mabel. There is something more than headache the matter with her I am certain. I think the doctor should be consulted at once."

It was Ella Newman who spoke; but how unlike the Ella Newman we knew last spring. Every vestige of colour had left her cheek, and her eyes had that weary, dissatisfied expression alluded to in the commencement of this story.

Mrs Gray, whom she addressed, sat in a low seat by the window of the schoolroom in Grayville House. She, too, looked sadly changed. Silver streaks had made their appearance in the rich brown hair, and there was an air of patient grief about her that revealed the presence of a recent sorrow.

Barely a month had elapsed since the sisters had heard the sad news of the foundering of the Ella, and to their almost frantic inquiries concerning the possible safety of her captain the most hopeless answers were returned.

It was now Christmas, and the dreary gloom of the short December days well matched the sad mournfulness of the silent house, for all their pupils had departed for vacation, and it was a relief to Ella and Marian to be left alone with this grief.

"Do whatever you think best, dear," she replied, noting that her sister's tones betrayed more anxiety than she wished to express. "Send off Kate for Dr. Butler, and I will go up to Mabel at once. It is but a feverish cold, I hope, and a few days in bed will set her up again. However, it is no harm to have the doctor's opinion."

Thus speaking, Mrs Gray laid aside her work, and went to her daughter's room.

Ethel was seated beside the bed, holding in her hand a book, which she tried to read; but it was impossible to concentrate her attention while her sister tossed feverishly on the pillow, moaning, and occasionally raving about uncle Horace and the cruel waves.

"Ethel dear, let me take your place," she said, coming softly to the bedside. "I have sent for Dr. Butler, and want to be here when he arrives. Put on your hat, and persuade Aunt Ella to take a turn with you in the square. You are both looking very pale and ill."

In her deep mourning dress, Ethel Gray did indeed look pale, and her mother, with that instinctive forboding trouble of which of Marian's senses were particularly capable, felt nervously anxious to get her from the close atmosphere of the sick room.

Mabel had been complaining several days, but both mother and aunt had hitherto attributed her symptoms to cold,

Now as Mrs Gray took Ethel's vacated seat, she observed with alarm the unnatural redness of her child's face, and wished she had been more expeditious in getting advice.

A tiresome half-hour went by, and then the door opened to admit the doctor.

"I am so glad you have come," said Marian, rising to meet him. "Mabel has taken a severe cold, and does not seem to improve under home nursing."

"Cold?" said the doctor, gravely, as he laid his hand on her pulse. "Be good enough to raise that blind a little, and get me a spoon if you have one near. I fear this is more serious than a cold, Mrs Gray."

A few moments' examination of his patient, and then Dr. Butler, taking Mrs Gray's hand in his, said—

"Can I have a messenger to go to my house at once? I regret to say your daughter has malignant scarlatina. Her throat must be cauterised without delay."

Poor Marian Gray! You need all your strength of faith to bear you up through the trial now at hand. Looking in the kind face expressing so much concern for her, she mastered her woman's inclination to tears, and said calmly—

"Tell me all I have to do, doctor, for I have had so little experience of sick nursing that I know not how to act in a case like this."

"My dear lady, you must leave all to me. I shall send in an experienced nurse. And now tell me what members of your family have been attending on this young lady besides yourself?"

"My sister and Ethel have both been constantly with her; but do not tell me doctor, that there is any danger to them."

Not wishing to unnecessarily alarm her, Dr.

Butler said, "we will hope for the best, but I must see them before I leave, and if they have escaped so far it will be better for Miss Gray at least to be got out of the way for a while."

The messenger who had been despatched to the doctor's house just now returned, bringing the requisite utensils and medicines, with a message from the nurse's house saying that a sister would be in attendance immediately.

There was now no time to be lost with the patient, who was tossing in high fever. But Marian, lightly as she estimated her nursing skill, proved a quiet and efficient assistant, while Dr. Butler cauterised the burning throat, administered a sedative, and with his own hands cut the massive tresses that pressed on the fevered brow.

By the time this was done the nurse had arrived, and Marian felt a sense of relief as she watched the calm, self-possessed cheerfulness with which Sister Bessie listened to the doctor's instructions and prepared to make herself at home in the sick room.

Ethel Gray sat in a reclining position on a couch in the drawingroom, as her mother and Dr. Butler entered the room. She had removed her hat on coming in from her walk, and was gently fanning herself with it as though the day were one in midsummer instead of mid-winter.

"How d'you do, Miss Ethel?" said the doctor, cheerfully. "A little knocked up with nursing, eh? Well, you are going to have a rest now. We have arranged for sister, and you must not disturb her for awhile," as he saw her preparing to quit the room. "She is sleeping now, and you had better follow her example and go to sleep, too."

"Ethel, my dear, send your aunt to me," said Marian, as Ethel was leaving.

"What do you think of her?" she asked anxiously, as the door closed; but a glance at the doctor's face confirmed her apprehensions.

The skilful eye of the physician had noted immediately unfavourable symptoms in her daughter, but he would not yet say how far these might be apprehended.

"Keep her quiet, but you must not send her from home," was all Marian could elicit, and when Ella entered the room she was glad of an excuse to get away and lock herself up alone, while she gave vent to the grief that oppressed her and sought for strength where she had been accustomed to seek it, and not in vain.

Miss Newman and the doctor conversed for a short time. He was evidently satisfied with her condition, for he left her a few further instructions about the sick room, warned her as to the probable danger to her elder niece, and gave her permission to share the watching with Mrs Gray when it was necessary for the nurse to rest.

Sister Bessie proved herself a blessing in the afflicted household. Through the weary midnight watches, when Mabel tossed and raved in delirium, the nurse's skill, blended with woman's tender patience, never failed. And when it was feared grim Death was about to claim a victim, sweet words of comfort, telling of a Father's Love, were breathed in the weeping mother's ears, while she yet watched to catch, and prepared to meet the first sign of returning consciousness in her patient.

The crisis was safely passed. Mabel was sleeping calmly. Nurse smiled gently as she saw Dr. Butler rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and looking at his patient for the first time with an untroubled brow.

They both turned as the door softly opened and Miss Newman entered the room, wretchedness pictured in her great dark eyes, and hopeless despondency expressed in every feature.

"Can you spare me a moment, doctor?" she asked, touching him on the arm, and, as he nodded consent, preceding him in silence to the door. She led him to the other end of the corridor, and, entering her niece's bedroom, motioned him to follow.

A glance told him what he was needed for. Ethel Gray lay in exactly the same condition her sister was in a fortnight before. It was but a realisation of the doctor's fears. He had suspected mischief from the moment Mrs Gray told him that Ethel attended her sister for two days of her illness, and was prepared for the issue.

"We must brush up our flagging energies, Miss Newman," he said, with as much cheerfulness as he could assume. "There is more work to be done here. Does Mrs Gray know of this yet?"

(To be concluded next week.)

MOTHER TOLD ME SO.

Mother sits in the shadow

As the daylight dies away,
And the little one kneels at her feet
And the children hush their play.

Softly she strokes the sunny head,
And her loving eyes grow dim;
But she does not see the boy's face,
For her thoughts are not of him.

They wander from that quiet home
Through many a wayward track,
From scenes of sin, and toil, and shame
To call a prodigal back!

Thus had he knelt in the olden times
Where the little one kneels to-day,
Thus had he folded his baby hands,
Thus had she taught him to pray.

And at this pensive sunset hour,
In a strange and distant land,
The wanderer leads the revels high
Of a graceless, godless band!

"Now cheer you up, my comrades free,
Right merrily quaff the bowl!
There is no God to frown on you,
No Hell to curse the soul!"

"No hell!" they cry, in utter scorn,
"And God is but a name!"
Then, clear above the revels high
A child's sweet accents came.

"There is a God, oh, wicked men,
As He will let you know;
His eye is on you everywhere
For mother told me so."

In deep amaze they turn to see
The porter's little daughter;
Who carried in her tiny hands
A flask of crystal water.

"And is it thou, oh, silly midge,
Our high research doth blame?"
But one spoke not—he bent his head
In misery's deepest shame.

A vision of his far-off home,
Of "father's" silvered hair;
With the little one that kneels to pray
By "mother's" oaken chair

Has broken down his haughty heart
With love's own chastening rod,
"Comrades I know there's a Hell—
And Heaven with 'mother's' God."

Then shakes he from his tired feet
The toil of sin-laden years,
To seek once more his childhood's home
And "mother's" welcoming tears!

"And a little child shall lead them,"
Mother teach the babes to pray;
'Twill be a charm to lure them back
When they leave the narrow way.

ITEMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

MESSRS AUSTIN AND CO. (LIMITED), WESTMORELAND STREET.

This celebrated house will be really an attraction during the Christmas holidays. Interest centres in it all the year round from the circumstance that charming varieties of the most beautiful articles of *vertu* and *bijouterie* generally are always to be found there in profusion; but for the present season Messrs Austin have prepared a display that will dazzle citizens and visitors. In a brief notice it would be impossible to do much more than call attention to the fact that the house is a veritable showplace, filled from top to bottom with goods of the rarest and most beautiful kind, and so displayed as to secure for them instant attention. Ladies and gentlemen will miss a treat, or rather an extensive series of treats, if they neglect the present opportunity of examining the rich stores laid out for their inspection in the famous Westmoreland street house, and we must just in a general way refer to a few of them that strike us as being specially attractive. Ladies' watches are shown in great variety in solid silver and gold, and gold and silver jewellery in all forms and fashions; claret jugs in richly cut glass and electro-plate, sterling silver hall-marked salt cellars with spoons in case; Irish spar brooches, bracelets, and necklets; solid brass writing sets, antique designs, richly embossed; Paris candle shades (very pretty,) with hand-painted birds; curious banjo photo stands, full size of banjo; wonderfully ingenious bicycle inkstands, a perfect model of the bicycle on oak stand, with spring ink-bottle and pen-wiper; handkerchief sachets, fine satin, of various beautiful tints, and hand-painted flowers and figures; glove and handkerchief sachets to match; the gipsy brass kettle with swing rustic stand and lamp complete; the Cleopatra tea kettle, with fancy stands in various patterns; new musical tubes, curiosities in their way; new table gongs, wrought iron and copper frame on oak stands; peal o' bells, gong and musical instrument combined, on brass stand; wonderfully combined ring o' bells, gong, and musical instrument; telescopic floor lamps with automatic action for fixing them at any height; curious new day and night clocks, with perfect clock dial, day or night; musical cigar stands, rosewood, with gilt mounts; clocks and bronzes; novelties in electro-plate for use and ornament; richly chased silver toilette-table requisites; hair brushes, mirrors, pin trays, &c; sterling silver sugar lifters, and card cases, mechanical dogs and goats that run along the floor or table, and bark and bleat most naturally; the Dorothy fan, a speciality, in an immense variety of colours and mounted with humming birds, at all prices from 8s 6d each; chatelains in steel, oxydised silver and sterling silver; belts in lizard skin, pig skin, &c.; and thousands of other articles which only require to be seen to be admired. Messrs Austin have long made a speciality of their dressing-bags, which they manufacture on the premises; and we will only say of them that anything more perfect of their kind in a hundred different forms and styles is not to be found in any other house in the United Kingdom.

THE HIBERNIAN HOUSE, ASTON'S QUAY.

Although, strictly speaking, not quite entitled to the cognomen of "Universal Provider" in the sense that Mr Whiteley is, it would at the same time be difficult to mention any article of personal use which cannot be procured in the well-stored departments of the old and popular Hibernian House. For the coming Christmas season Messrs McBirney and Co. have added countless novelties for the special delectation of ladies and children, and no one now visiting their extensive establishment can fail to be impressed with the great beauty and extent of their display. To name the articles shown would be simply impossible, and we would therefore ask all who require articles either useful or ornamental, or both, to call at their warerooms and judge for themselves. Once there, selection is easy; and they will be difficult indeed to please who come away unable to procure what they require. Christmas cards is with the Hibernian House a speciality, and in this department marvellous bargains of beautiful designs are obtainable. Toys and dolls are exhibited in profusion, many of them splendidly got up. Lovely Japanese and Chinese fans challenge admiration; and in albums, photo frames, card cases, and purses there is a bewildering collection of attractive specimens. There is a fine display of dressing-bags, workboxes, hand-bags, baskets, and work-tables, and the show of electro-plate and cutlery is particularly striking, and can scarcely be resisted. Art needlework and fancy goods find fitting representation at this season in a magnificent show of those articles, and the collection of cambric and silk handkerchiefs will be

examined with attention. Gloves and fancy hosiery, lace goods and underclothing, mantles, millinery, and furs, umbrellas, ties, and mullers, table decorations, &c., make up a collection of the highest interest, which cannot fail to secure thousands of purchasers. When to these are added special displays of woollen goods in numerous varieties, an enormous store of ready-made clothing, boots and shoes for both sexes in variety, blankets and flannels, linens and calicoes, and endless other things, it will be admitted that in their extensive range of business Messrs McBirney and Co. have amply supplied themselves with everything their customers and the public can possibly require for Christmas and New Year wants.

MR EDMOND JOHNSON, GRAFTON STREET.

A visit to the premises of this "Irish Jewel King" in Grafton street is one of the pleasures of Dublin life in the ordinary course of things, but between this period and Christmas it will be really worth one's while to go out of his or her way to look at, and, of course, admire with the probable view of purchase, the rare and costly articles of gold and silver work and of precious stones in their rich settings exposed for sale. Certainly nothing more beautiful than Mr Johnson's display can be witnessed in London or elsewhere; and what should commend him still further than it has done in the esteem of his countrymen is the circumstance that he is a working jeweller, manufacturing here in Dublin the precious metals articles which are not unworthy of vieing with the famous productions of the ancient Irish masters of the goldsmith's art. We all know the interest taken by Mr Johnson in the Exhibition recently closed at Olympia, and the success which attended his efforts in maintaining for Ireland her ancient reputation in the manufacture of gold and silver in the rarest and most beautiful designs. He himself would seem to have inherited or acquired the splendid talent possessed by Irish gold and silversmiths of many centuries ago when their art was at its highest, and among the many beautiful things which will challenge the attention of visitors at this season will be numerous articles of adornment for ladies specially designed and manufactured for the festive season at the well-known Grafton street house.

SECOND CLASS TO KINGSTOWN.

"Train to Kingstown, porter?"

"Yes, sir—4.45 express—only stops at Butterstown."

Then comes the sharp click of the clipper, and I pass the Westland row platform gates, and proceed to select a suitable compartment. I am "second-class," of course (no one but influential members of the meat and spirit trades can afford to travel "first"), so I speedily drop into a snug corner in an empty carriage. I am early, it appears, as there are many vacant seats; but by-and-bye, no doubt, there will come folks a-many. Even now I find myself no longer the solitary occupier of these padded cushions, for an elderly lady has halted in front of the open door, and is determinedly depositing a very miscellaneous collection of parcels beneath and above the space she intends to fill. And she will fill a good deal of space, this old dame, for she is shaped in mighty mould, and one might sketch the hemispheres upon her curving shoulders. Anon she takes her seat, and there runs a tremor along the woodwork, and the glass rattles in the windows. It has been a little earthquake, but is over now, for the stout personage is too comfortable to move. She sits in the corner yonder, thinking about the dinner that is to come, and wondering whether Maria will do those sausages properly. Here is

another passenger. A round-headed, round-eyed, round-figured urchin comes swinging his strapped-up books, and leisurely tumbles over the old lady's knee into his seat, where he rolls himself into a ball and commences to stare at the roof in a preoccupied fashion, as though his soul were circling in space many thousand leagues away.

Two young ladies—musical, evidently, from their leather-bound music rolls, which look like gun-muzzles in the twilight—decidedly differing in natures, however, for while one "flops" down next me, the other sinks gracefully—seems almost to dissolve—into the opposite corner. The young lady who "flops" is

"Short and dark like a cold winter's day,"

while she whose dainty boots touch my immense foot coverings has all that golden wealth of ringlets and those deep blue eyes which my Lord Tennyson has ascribed to the heroine of his idylls. Nevertheless, I must own that I like the dusky maiden best, though she be short, sharp, and decisive. The young ladies start a conversation across me, as it were, and as I have no newspaper to get behind, I become the uncomfortable recipient of their opinions on men and things (the "things" being certain of their own beloved sex). I have already borrowed from Lord Lytton for names with which to deck the fair ones. They are "Night" and "Morning." Morning says, languidly, "What did you think of that waltz Mabel played to-day?" Night answers, with a slight elevation of the nose, "I thought it perfectly beastly." "It would not have been so bad," says Morning, "if any one else played it; but poor Mabel, you know—" Wretched waltz! Miserable Mabel!

Here we have a youth of lofty stature and stupendous collar. He is unmistakably an *eleve* of Dr. Chetwode Crawley—a sucking Sandhurst man; and if he were dissected at this moment it is more than probable that the words, "Grafton street," would be found graven upon his heart. Note how carefully he arranges his inexpressibles, and observe that little mirror fixed in the crown of his hat, into which he gazes while apparently fanning his heated forehead with the headgear in question. But now the passengers come thick and fast—the doors are banged by zealous porters—the whistle sounds, and the express steams out of Westland row into the regions of canal docks and timber yards. Away out of the smoky city into miniature cities beyond, suburban villas by the hundred, houses, shops, cottages, and railway stations, where irascible old gentlemen look angrily at us scudding by, and growl over the ten minutes that must elapse before the slow train comes to carry them away.

Sometimes we have a glimpse of the Bay, the beautiful expanse purpling with the failing light; sometimes we sweep into abysmal depths between the tall rocks, or under the gloomy roofs, only to emerge into life and bustle and the glare of gaslamps lighting one by one along platforms farther east.

Meanwhile look at my companions. The maidens—Night and Morning (I have now discovered that their respective names are Belle and Cis)—are still talking across me, and I think they are criticising the future warrior. I know I caught Miss Belle whispering something

anent "collared-head" just now ; but the carpet knight seems to stand fire remarkably well.

The old lady yonder is still smiling over dinner prospects. Ever and anon her nostrils quiver as though sniffing the odour of the browning sausages even at this distance. Happy old lady !

There have arrived two collegians with black bags ; one grizzled *grogard*, liverless and fond of curry ; one stout civilian—bald, rubicund, benevolent, and extensively circulated ; and one—young person.

Besides all these—(she must have a sentence to herself) is a very fine lady ; with a perky little pink-nosed girl, her offspring. The very fine lady is all furs and silks ; and Miss Seven-Years, in red cap and gaudy garb, looks like a small but floridly bound edition of that great work, her mamma. My friend the school-boy tumbled out at the early station, and the "young person" glided in. She is a governess, pretty but very pale, with quite a large bundle of books in her poor weak arms. Dear me, how the grand-dame stares at her—every supercilious look meaning, "why did you not travel third-class, you wretched 'young person'?" And how the grand-dame stares when by-and-bye the Indian Colonel opens the door for the "young person," and bows her out with a delightful old-world bow ! Bow to a governess ! Oh, dear me ! The fat civilian is reading a comic paper. Watch how he laughs. No movement of the lips however, but a general upheaval of the cuticle. He shakes all over, the tears roll down his chubby cheeks with merriment, but he never stirs his lips in the slightest degree.

The T.C.Dians are discussing drop-kicks, and illustrating their ideas of moving examples, to the suppressed horror of the old lady, who forgets her sausages in her fear of bodily harm. The tall army student is attentively scrutinising a silver-headed cane, and every moment he may be expected to take another glance in his hat mirror. "Night" is telling "Morning" about some Mrs Skimmilk's "last dance but one," and what *he* said in the conservatory, when, with a rush and a roar, the iron horse draws his heavy load into Kingstown station. So we all get out, except the Colonel, who is going on to Dalkey, and the drop-kicking twain, who stray still farther from the "groves of Academe." Young Sandhurst takes one last look in his mirror beneath a flickering gaslamp, and the stout lady bustles off with her handboxes, to find—let us hope—a pleasant dinner and a success in sausages.

"Night" and "Morning" skip gaily up the steps, and part amid a tornado of kisses. The very great lady and the perky child have got a brougham in waiting. The bald civilian buys a paper from our friend "Davy," lights a cigar, and sets forth for home. And I, too, shall take my departure, and send my experiences to the Editor of IRISH SOCIETY.

JOHN GERALD BRENAN.

THE DUBLIN SKETCHING CLUB.

Owing to the extraordinary success attending this season's exhibition, the Sketching Club have kept open to the public for two weeks longer than the original period. This success is, in our opinion, highly deserved, and we are glad to record that nearly nine-tenths of the pictures on view have been sold—a record which is probably unequalled in the annals of art exhibits. That the public taste is rising with the standard of the Club, is evinced by the fact that most of

those pictures which have been bought are the best on view. It is a matter of congratulation to us all to find so many persons who are not only willing to purchase, but are sufficiently cultured to make such clever selections, and we are also glad to find in our midst a club of artists who are steadily pressing forward towards the ever-retreating mirage of perfection. We almost shrink from recording our own hopes concerning the future of the Dublin Sketching Club, lest we be set down by cynical readers as dreamers of an empty vision. Nevertheless, we believe that the Sketching Club is the beginning of the long-wished-for school of native art, and that in years to come it will possess a gallery in this city second to none in Europe.

When we speak of a school we do not mean to express a desire that all our artists should paint in the same manner, but rather that they should encourage individual independence, and we use the word to express general effects which are common to the majority of their efforts. A school must be, in a general way, characteristic of the land in which they reside. The effects common to the English school of landscape artists are the broad country roads, hedgerows and villages of England ; the Scottish school share in common a tendency towards mountain mists and foaming torrents ; and already we observe in this year's exhibition of the Dublin Sketching Club an universal fondness for quiet nooks—modest streamlets and calm reflective lakes, the characteristics, amongst others, of our native scenery. The poetry of the country is already beginning to stir amongst our artists, and they are placing it on canvas. This is the soul of all true art, to present the inner poetry of things around us. We had originally intended to catalogue our selections of the best of this season's pictures, but after several careful inspections we shrank from the task. We say, without flattery, that all the pictures are good without exception, and in presenting the following pictures as somewhat above the average, we are not supposed to have a poor opinion of those not mentioned. Nos. 27, 33, 39, 43, 52, 55, 56, 68, 72, 81, 82, 107, 129, 132, 174, 175, 190, 193, 229, 234, 238, 381, 439, 445, 479, 578, and 642.

DANCE PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

THE SCARCITY OF DANCING MEN.

The letter of "Hostess" relative to the paucity of dancing men in Dublin which appeared in our last issue has given rise to considerable discussion in certain circles in Dublin. We can only find room this week for the following communications :—

A "Literary Lady" writes :—

Great exception has been taken to a letter which appeared in IRISH SOCIETY, dated 1st Dec., on dances and at homes—and your correspondent would doubtless be surprised to hear that those gentlemen whose cause she has been apparently advocating are the most vehement in their objections. They say limiting those invited to unmarried people under 30, excluding all our bright-faced matrons and ladies over 30, would just reduce all the brilliant and friendly gatherings to something between an academy for dancing and a marriage mart, and believe me such invitations would be generally received with more suspicion than pleasure—that is, on the gentlemen's part. They would, I fear, begin to look upon them if not as a delusion, certainly as a snare. I have given and been at a great many dances, and have remarked that gentlemen always chose the best waltzers without inquiring whether they were over or under 30. I do not in the least wish or intend to dispute the undoubted attractions of youth, but as a matter of fact I have seen many ladies over the limit of age prescribed by your correspondent absolutely preferred both as valisers and con-

versationalists to their younger sisters. Perhaps the real *raison d'être* of the letter is the growing contention that married ladies absorb more than their share of both attention and dancing. Be that as it may, the proposal to exclude all ladies over 30, no matter how good-looking, conversational, or otherwise attractive they might be is only received with unmitigated astonishment. The refreshments this lady suggests are very nice and light, and, doubtless, they are very much appreciated. Claret cup is such a very old and general institution, I should say very few are ignorant as to its concoction ; but variety is charming, and if every one entertained alike it would become rather monotonous. To resort one again to the valse. It is a dance that requires a considerable amount of training and practice, and the very best valser I have ever seen was a married lady considerably over the fatal 30, who was never allowed to miss a single dance, and some married gentlemen of my acquaintance are splendid valisers. Not detracting in the least from the merits of the youths and maidens under 30, I say society would become an appallingly stupid and tame affair if confined to them entirely, and dances and social gatherings would collapse and be no more heard of. Oh, the idea could not be entertained a moment ! *Punch* said a very good thing once on this very subject—that if a lady was not worth looking at after 30 (which I totally deny) she is not worth talking to before. I could say a great deal more, but perhaps some one else will take it up and do much better.

"Hostess the Second" writes :—

Hearing that there was in your journal a cure for the lack of dancing men in Dublin, I procured a copy, and was greatly amused by reading the letter written by "Hostess." She must be a courageous woman to invite men to her house without giving them the stereotype ham, lamb, and salad, to say nothing of wine, and I wish her and her imitators every success, though I would like to hear the opinions of the ladies "over thirty" on the subject, for there are many of them who value well, and for these an exception might be made. Very likely "Hostess" meant to exclude only those ladies who, without knowing the new valse, deliberately accept a partner, and stand up to cumber the floor, to their own confusion, and the confusion, of everyone else. I quite approve of the idea of having dances for young people begin early and end early, for I am convinced it is ruinous to the health of young girls to be up half the night, and not only up, but taking such exercise as valising, to say nothing of the danger of chills, which, alas ! attends any dance, whether late or early. Did anyone ever compute how many miles a young lady travelled who valsed from 10 o'clock till 3 a.m. ? As I hope to have several small and early dances after Christmas, I shall be anxious to see your next issue, in order to get the promised recipe for the claret cup. [Recipe will be found in another column.]

"Dancing Man" supports "Hostess." He says :—

I agree with every word contained in the common-sense letter signed "Hostess" which appeared in your society journal of this date, and wish I enjoyed the privilege of the lady's acquaintance, for it would indeed be no *façon de parler* for me to write and inform her I accepted with pleasure her invitations, knowing she would provide me with every element necessary to make the evening a pleasant one. Though someone has libelled my sex by affirming that there is but one road to a man's heart, and that a gastronomic one, I am prepared to prove that young men do not go to dances with a view to the supper. In fact I have found numbers of men who agreed with me that the time spent at supper was so much time wasted ; and I always try and secure a partner with whom I can enjoy a good valse while the dancing room is, comparatively speaking, empty during suppertime. I hope, Mr Editor, you will not abandon this subject, and that this winter will see a revolution in our manner of "taking our pleasure" as far as dancing is concerned.

A member of a club sends us the following :—

I have read "Hostess's" remarks in your issue of today. I am connected with a mutual club in the city, which on the 7th inst. gave a quadrille party, there being 35 present. The tickets (double) at 10s each realised £10. The rooms cost £2 10s for the night. A plain supper—port, sherry, whiskey, claret, and minerals (stout and ale) were supplied by the caterer, who is a member of the club. Judge of our surprise when we received from him a bill for £14 13s 11d. This amount is exclusive of the sum charged for the hire of the room. Out of the 35 present there were 13 ladies. How on earth could such a bill be made up ? "Hostess" appears to possess the happy knack of giving "dances" at a small cost indeed. Our experience being the reverse we are not at all disposed to embark in another dance party for some time to come.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

I have been vastly amused by an experience which quite lately befel a young friend visiting Paris, who was anxious to add to her newly-acquired trousseau some "creations" from the master hand of the great man-milliner.

Admitted to the august presence, she and her husband passed a pleasant half-hour turning over mountains of silks, satins, and brocades, selecting stuffs, and choosing models.

This done, the bride passed into the fitting-room, but presently emerged with a countenance full of dismay, exclaiming, "They refuse my custom!" At this the husband sprang angrily to his feet, but was soothed on proper explanation being tendered. The reputation of the firm, he was assured, would be imperilled if a dress from their *ateliers* was allowed to be seen on a lady who wore "provincial stays." A Parisian foundation was indispensable—a corset stamped with the name of some great "artist" who had made the subject a solemn study. Such were the conditions. A line of introduction to the famous Maison Leoty was the consequence, and on corsets moulded to the figure by this typical French firm, which my friend declares fit with the ease and elasticity of a glove, the mollified *couturier à la mode* condescended to build up the following dresses—two promenade costumes, one a straight gown of fine castor cloth, with silver-braided waistcoat, pointed Louis XV. shape, cuffs, and high collar, to wear under a skirt length coat of navy blue tapestry cloth, ajuste round the figure. This was trimmed from shoulder to hem with revers of beaver, graduating to a point, and turned back over the chest to show the waistcoat, which formed the whole front. The other dress had a skirt of the clouded green known as absinthe, with box pleats at the side, ornamented with velvet applique, myrtle green. The redingote, or polonaise, was in striped silk and velvet of two shades, the left side long and draped from the hip, and crossing to loop at the right side, with an oxydised clasp; a deep velvet collar opened at the neck over a tiny chemisette, and a long velvet ruche corresponding fell over the skirt, at the side opposite the drapery. It was a most elegant and original garment.

A lovely ball dress was in tulle *vieux rose*; the garniture had been made to match it, and consisted of soft silk poppy leaves in the same colour, slightly shaded, and running diagonally down the side of the skirt; the back was plain waterfall, with tulle sash, and in front, just over the feet, came a full quilling, in which some stray leaves of the plucked poppies were caught, as if they had fallen accidentally. The bodice was trimmed round with the same tulle garniture, and a tiny gathering of tulle flung it over the arms gave me hope that there is truth in the report of sleeves once more being seen in evening toilet. This gown was really a poem—an artistic dream—simple and aphanous in its strict exclusiveness of any

other colour but its own beautiful ensemble. Any kind of jewels might be worn—except emeralds—but pearls or diamonds preferably.

The rage for jewels, and imitation jewelled effects in trimmings, is very noticeable just now.

My friend had a pretty pale pink dinner dress for demi-toilette, in eolienne, a kind of silk poplinette, very light, which drapes well. This was encircled at the waist by a girdle of pearl and ruby passementerie, composed of large beads, and continued down the front. The same was laid on the bodice, enclosing a full waistcoat, and crossing the shoulders to a point back and front. But that the *facon* was so simple and the style so general, this pretty dress might have looked a little theatrical.

As it is, I know of no more charming evening toilette for a young girl than a soft pongee or China silk, with smocked low bodice and sleeve puff, bordered with one of these richly-coloured beaded or tinselled braidings, and a corresponding border running round the skirt.

A tea-gown was in pale terra cotta opened over a jupe of cream faille. The front, in cream, was pleated in at the neck and waist, but left loose over the bust, showing the inside of the pleats, lined with terra cotta to match the robe. The skirt had three centre box pleats, similarly treated. The effect was very novel. A cream surah sash tied at the side was worn with this gown.

A handsome dinner dress was in primrose brocade, with a hip sash in apple green moire ribbon. This ribbon was dexterously continued up across the bodice, ending in a butterfly bow on the left shoulder. The much-debated cushion was not quite absent, though considerably diminished, and most of the skirts were let in at the back, so as to give much natural fulness.

Quite a new science is growing up in London drawingrooms, with the fashion of handing about specimens of art embroidery for inspection. These are picked up from the piles to be seen in lavish profusion in all great shops. The study of the delicate handiwork is an education in itself.

We revert in imagination to the large part played by embroideries and costly fabrics in the history of the earliest times.

In the treasure houses of Eastern kings, gorgeous stuffs, purple and fine linens, were stored, and on occasions figured in ransoms. Cyrus the Great is reputed to have possessed the largest store in the world on his conquest of Cressus, King of Lybia, and we know that Priam's tribute for the recovery of the dead body of Hector consisted of rich mantles, vesture, and carpets. Robes, girdles, and the silken sails of ships were traced with embroidery. In the holy garments of the Levites, a brodered coat and a girdle were specified, and the sacred robe of the Ephod was ordained to have pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet round about the hem.

Woollen tissue was not unknown, but it was despised, and we read that Alexander the Great gave unconscious offence to the widow of Darius by commanding that woollen clothes should be supplied to her children.

How does Dr. Jaeger explain this ancient prejudice against his beloved material? There were even enactments forbidding its use as unclean!

On the walls of Messrs. Howell and James' galleries are hung specimens of many of these ancient Eastern industries, and beside them emblazoned altar cloths and vestments of the 14th

and 15th centuries. Scattered about are odd samples of embroideries, miscellaneous heaped together, and affording delightful opportunities for the new science of distinguishing between Turkish, Persian, old Italian, applique, and many others, opportunities, too, for laying the foundation of a collection, should the art embroidery craze come to be an institution in fashionable drawingrooms.

A concert on behalf of the Whittington House Home for Women and Girls at Stepney was given on the 30th ult. at the handsome mansion of Lady Lothian in Grosvenor square. The prospect of hearing the beautiful Lady Brooke's well-known proficiency as a pianist drew a large and fashionable audience, and a great treat was the result. The white and gold drawingrooms had been cleared of furniture, leaving only the damask panelled walls and mirrors.

The impression was somewhat cold, but was rendered all the more imposing by contrast with the tapestried vestibules and staircase, rich with heavy rugs, antique cabinets, and statuesque figures holding aloft lamps and candelabra.

In a duet for two pianos with Signor Albanesi Lady Brooke played a "marche heroique" by Saint Saens, and a charming "minuetto" by Albanesi, which evoked much enthusiasm. The young Countess Walda Gleichen sang a pretty chansonette, and a prettier German lied, *Ein jungling liebt ein Madchen*.

Mr Kellie—a young man with a splendid timbre of voice—sang two songs of his own composition of the intense school, with due intensity. In the slight accentuation of one or two words I inferred a probable nationality. Certainly, in spite of the singer's self-consciousness, both the songs and the singing were things to remember.

A dramatic recitation by the Hon. A. G. Yorke, violin solos from Signor Simonetti, and a feeling rendering of Hope Temple's song, "In Sweet September" were also given. The ever popular Signor de Lara sang several of his own amorous songs to appreciative listeners.

I noticed among the young ladies present a greater inclination to small than large hats. Fur boas, fur plastrons, and fur-trimmed dresses were universal. Lady Brooke's perfect figure was clad in black silk with jetted front, and her shapely head crowned by a red crape gathered bonnet, with red and black ostrich tips.

The worthy charity to which all these kind efforts were directed is under the patronage of the Bishop of Bedford, and the personal supervision of the Vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney, and his energetic wife. It offers a home at a nominal rate to any woman who, through failure to obtain a situation or any similar accident, should find herself alone in London, and borrows for its text the excellent motto of the National Health Society, "Prevention is better than cure." I have visited Whittington House, and seen all its fresh and inviting dependencies, and should be happy to give information to any friend interested in this good work.

Charterreuse jelly is a distinguished *plat* on account of its colour, in addition to the delicate flavour, and is easily made—

Soak 1 oz. gelatine in a cupful of water for five or six hours; add a cupful (breakfast cups) of boiling water. Stir till it cools. Drop in 3 or 4 drops essence of spinach, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb castor sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Charterreuse liqueur (the green, not the yellow). Pour into well-wetted mould, and let stand for twelve hours before turning out.

AMINA.

LA REVEILLE.

GAIETY THEATRE—"DOROTHY."—The most crowded house of the season assembled on Monday night to welcome the appearance of Mr Henry J. Leslie's Opera Company. Despite the roughness of sea frequently attending passage to and from the North Wall, the company were fully equal to their first night. The entrance of Miss Carr-Shaw as "Dorothy Bantam" was greeted with an unanimous demonstration of welcome, and after the second act, when the principal artists were called before the curtain, the applause which greeted this extremely popular and gifted young lady was pronounced. Mr Cecil Burt made his first essay in the tenor part of "Geoffrey Wilder" with most creditable success. Miss Marion Cross is clever and vivacious as "Lydia Hawthorne," and Mr Charles Ryley was enthusiastically encored for his serenade. Mr Albert Christian acted and sang as "Squire Bantam" with even greater success than formerly; and the house shrieked with laughter at the broad humour of Mr Fred Emney and Miss A. Hamilton. The solo dancing of Miss Birdie Irving was exquisitely graceful.

* *

"HARBOUR LIGHTS."—This is the title of a play produced at the Queen's Royal Theatre on Monday evening last, the work being by Messrs G. R. Sims and Pettitt, who are among the most accomplished of our modern playwrights. It may be said that during the week it has charmed crowded audiences.

* *

DUBLIN POPULAR CONCERTS, LEINSTER HALL.—An audience fully equal in numbers to that assembled on the opening night filled the Leinster Hall last Saturday at the second of Mr J. M. Sullivan's series of popular concerts. The support which the public are giving to those admirable concerts is a conclusive answer to the gentleman who has been writing to the daily papers, asking to have "Wait till the Clouds roll by" and other sublime melodies inserted in the programme. In what is vulgarly called "classical music" we find the workings of the really true musicians. It is undoubtedly true that such works as the symphonies of Beethoven require a special mode of education, but the appreciation of such works is not beyond average intelligence. The concert opened with "Grand duo for violin and pianoforte" from William Tell, by Master Ernest Moss and Mr Collisson. It was well rendered, but did not afford Master Moss scope to fully display the marvellous command which he possesses over his instrument. He demonstrated his abilities more exhaustively in the Mendelssohn "Andante and Finale," a composition which is beyond the reach of any save the most accomplished violinists. This piece Master Moss played from memory in a perfect and sympathetic manner, displaying astonishing mastery for one so young over strings and bow. Mr Donnel Balfe transferred to the second part of the programme Schubert's "Wanderer," singing in splendid style this incomparable song. He was equally good in Handel's "O Ruddier than the Cherry," and Mr Collisson's accompaniment to the song was one of the gems of the concert. The distinguished pianist, Signor Carlo Ducci, played several pieces, interpreting Beethoven's famous "Sonata Pathétique" in a manner which we have never heard surpassed. The beautiful distinctness with which he delivered the different forms involved in each movement, but more particularly in the first, must have been patent to the least-instructed listener, and the audience listened in the profoundest silence, and unanimously recalled the artist. The most significant outburst of enthusiasm of the entire evening was roused by the singing of Mr Melfort D'Alton. We have the greatest faith in the future of this young tenor, who, is without doubt, gifted with a rare artistic sense. The extreme delicacy of his phrasing and beauty of tone were thoroughly appreciated by the crowded audience who, on one occasion recalled him three times.

Mdlle. Dufour is a very young vocalist, with a fine voice of considerable richness. She made a most favourable impression, and was encored. The art of Madame Thea Sanderim is limited to a contrast between singing piano and sudden fortes. She has a voice of pleasant tone, but is a most indifferent artiste. The Lestett for four voices of eleven songs by Brahms is an item not likely to be repeated in future. It is a pity that there is no attempt made at platform decoration; the costumes of the lady artistes are discounted by a vacant background of orchestral seats.

* *

DUBLIN AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL UNION.—If proof were needed of the unquestionable popularity of this splendid society, amongst the most cultivated of the population, it would be the fact that, though the elements rioted in the wildest excesses on last Wednesday night, the Ancient Concert Rooms were will filled at the third concert of the season. So furious a storm of thunder and lightning seldom visits this city, and we were in alarm lest the concert should be postponed. It is rather ate to criticise in detail a performance which was fully equal to the high standard of the Orchestral Union. We are delighted to find that the amateur instrumentalists are growing in number, and wisely consider it the realisation of a high ambition to perform under the able baton of Mr Telford. To be permitted to graduate in an orchestra so cleverly conducted, and which never panders to vitiated public taste with meretricious works, is a consummation the ablest amateurs should devoutly wish. Miss Mary Harris is steadily progressing in her art, and we are glad to find that she is devoting more care to enunciation, an absolute necessity in a large hall. The playing of Herr Schroeder on the zither was one of those pleasant variations of the programme which is a peculiarity of the Orchestral Union. But we fear the zither will never become popular in a hall of the dimensions of the Ancient Concert Rooms. It is tuneful but feeble, like all plectral instruments with small sounding boards. The pianoforte playing of Mrs O'Connell Miley was extremely fine, and we have no hesitation in saying that she is the best amateur player in Ireland.

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ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.—The audience who crowded the Leinster Lecture Hall last Friday night were gratified not only with a pleasant programme of the Association of Elocutionists, but with a free inspection of the admirable exhibits of the Dublin Sketching Club which adorned the walls. It is to be regretted that Mr D. Swaine and Professor Burke, who were programmed for interesting items, were "unavoidably absent." A slight delay was caused before the programme opened owing to the temporary absence of the Rev. chairman, the ever popular and accomplished Chancellor Tisdall, who, having some misgivings as to the efficacy of the gas, had been attending to the meter. Despite the numerous jets the gas was of a very poor description, though quite up to the average usually supplied by those utterly unselfish public caterers, the Gas Consumers Co. Miss M. E. Dixon opened the programme with Mendelssohn's March from "Athalie," in which she improvised several discords more ingenious than agreeable. Miss M. E. Dixon is undoubtedly a very clever young lady, but when we find her name five times on a programme of fourteen items we naturally marvel at the limited demand which the Association make on their large resources. We know what the Association can do, and we hope in future their programme will be more diversified in the matter of names. Mr J. H. McLoughlin recited Max Adler's "Mr Barker's picture," in which the accomplished elocutionist made two Americans converse with pronounced Dublin accents. Mr Patrick Ward was very good, as indeed he always is. He recited the "Vagabonds" artistically. But here again we must grumble. Mr Ward does not recite so much with a Dublin accent as a Dublin pronunciation. There is a difference. Mr Ward says "cud" for "could," and "wud" for "would." With a little attention to these defects Mr Ward will further

enhance his undoubted abilities as an elocutionist. The duet, "Maying," by Smith, was prettily sung by Miss M. E. Dixon and Mr Mayston. The latter has a small but sweet tenor, and sings with taste. "Osborne's Leap," written by Dr. Waller for Chancellor Tisdall was delivered with an admirable display of the many resources which the Chancellor has at his command. Probably the best recital of the evening was that of Mrs Ellis Cameron. In the scene from the "School for Scandal" she demonstrated her resources of light comedy, and followed with the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." Mrs Ellis Cameron has apparently a large supply of voices, each distinct and characteristic. She has a fine presence, and is an elocutionist of the highest order. She held the audience breathless as she delivered the weird monologue of Lady Macbeth, and when she left the platform was enthusiastically recalled. In the second part of the programme Dr. Tisdall recited a selection, from Sheridan's caustic "Critic." Mr Ward—in the absence of Mr Swaine—recited the celebrated speech from the "Man of the World," and Mr M. D. Collins having thrilled the audience with the "Mystery of the Iron Chest," threw them into convulsive laughter with his description of "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo." We are glad to note that this society is steadily gaining in popularity.

* *

On Tuesday evening last a very successful concert took place in the theatre attached to Belvidere College, Great Denmark street, in the presence of a fashionable audience. The concert opened with a quartette by Messrs Briscoe, Clancy, Doyle, and Dufy, the latter gentleman in the eleventh hour taking the place of Mr Egan, whose absence was unexplained. The most important items in the programme were two violin solos by the Rev. Father Butler, S. J., both of which were rapturously encored. Professor Burke received well-deserved applause for his recitation of "The Death of King Connor MacNessa." A new song entitled "Romany Lass," was sung by Mr Dolan, and "Dio Possente" was nicely rendered by Mr Gaffney, while in "Come into the Garden, Maud," Mr Clancy's clear voice was heard to advantage. A comic recitation by Mr Carbery finished a pleasant evening's entertainment.

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MANY POUNDS SPENT IN VAIN.—20, Brunswick place, Hove, Brighton. Gentlemen,—I hope you will excuse the liberty in my sending this note to express my great thanks for the "Prairie Flower" and "Indian Oil" I had. I have suffered nearly twelve months with dreadful pains in my back, and weakness. If I had known this medicine before I should have saved pounds. I had been put to the expense of a Spinal Support, which has done no good.—I remain, your humble servant, PHEBE ATTWOOD. September 17th, 1888. Dear Sir,—I have suffered from Rheumatism for two years, and I have tried almost all sorts of remedies, including electric appliances, at a cost of over £30, to no avail. But I am happy to say that I have found very great relief since using your "Prairie Flower" and "Indian Oil." More so than from any other treatment I have ever tried. I consider myself practically cured. T. OLIVER, Armourer, H.M.S. Clyde, Aberdeen. 17 Dee Village road, Aberdeen, September 18th 1888. Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that a severe Neuralgia and Lumbago which I have had for years, and for which I was treated in vain by several physicians, has been perfectly cured by the use of your valuable "Prairie Flower" and "Sequoia's Oil."—Yours truly, JOHN NTCOL. Sequah's Remedies are sold everywhere. [ADVT.]

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TO ADVERTISERS.

As the advertising space in IRISH SOCIETY is limited and as our circulation is large, select, and *bona fide*, advertisers will consult their own interests by securing as much of it as suits their requirements with the least delay possible. Our scale of charges is as follows—

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EDITORIAL.

All correspondence addressed to the Editor must be authenticated by the writer's name and address.

The Editor invites communications relative to marriages, marriage engagements, at homes, balls, dances, and fashionable movements, no charge being made for the insertion of these items.

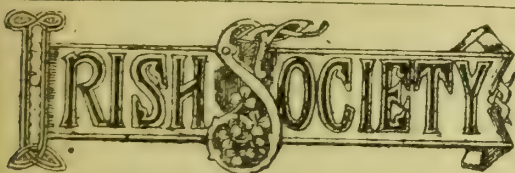
Invitations for balls, concerts, marriage ceremonies, exhibitions, &c., forwarded to the Editor will receive prompt and courteous attention.

The Editor will endeavour to return rejected manuscripts when stamps are forwarded to him for that purpose.

OUR

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

As the supply of our SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER is now very limited, intending purchasers should order copies as early as possible from their newsagents to prevent disappointment.



WEEK ENDING 15th DECEMBER, 1888.

The Queen has enjoyed excellent health since her return to Windsor. Her Majesty drives out every day accompanied by the Empress Frederick or Princess Beatrice. On Friday she drove through the Park by Old Windsor, attended by an Indian in full native costume, mounted on an Arab horse.

The Queen, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and her daughters, will leave Windsor Castle on Tuesday next for the Isle of Wight.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George have been spending a few days at Didlington Hall, on a visit to Mr and Mrs Tyssen Amherst, where a large and distinguished party assembled to meet their Royal Highnesses.

The shrinkage of her Majesty's bounty is inexplicable. There was a time when the good wife who added three or four units at once to the population received a gift of a sovereign per head from her compassionate Queen. Now, however, the tariff has been reduced. At present it is two pounds for three babies at a time, and three pounds for four. This fall in baby values is somewhat remarkable.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has written an autograph letter to Count Taaffe, expressing his gratification at the incalculable acts of charity, with which the subjects of the Empire, abstaining in accordance with his Majesty's wishes from all pompous festivities, have celebrated the 40th anniversary of his accession.

Replying to Queen Nathalie's protest, the Ecumenical Patriarchate at Constantinople declares the decree of divorce against her Majesty to have been legally pronounced.

The Emperor of Germany now looks well, and has recovered from his recent indisposition, but he still suffers from a troublesome complaint in the ear, which renders further caution needful.

The marriage between Sir Cecil Domville and Miss Moselle Ames is fixed to take place at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, on Saturday, the 29th inst., at half-past 2 o'clock.

The marriage of Captain Redmond Gordon King's Hussars, son of General B. L. Gordon, C.B., and Clarisse, daughter of the late Captain Reynolds, of Ramsdale, was solemnised last week at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride's dress was rich moire lined with satin and trimmed with flounces of Brussels lace, sprays of real orange blossom in her hair, and tulle veil. Her train was borne by R. Mitchell, her nephew, wearing a suit of grey velvet, white waistcoat, and lace ruffles. The bridesmaids wore white cashmere, with moire vests and sashes, and grey velvet hats. Each carried on her arm a basket of white chrysanthemums tied with Gordon tartan. The bride wore a blue travelling costume and hat to match.

The marriage of the Hon. Francis Baring, eldest son of Lord and Lady Ashburton, and the Hon. Mabel Hood, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Hood, will take place early next summer immediately on the return of Lord Ashburton from his tour in India and Japan.

A marriage between the Hon. Thomas A. Brassey, only son of Lord Brassey, and the Lady

Idina Nevill, third daughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny, has been arranged.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between William E. Evans, Esq., 6th Brigade South Irish Division Royal Artillery, and Theresa, daughter of the late Julius Ritter Von Kunick-Lichton, Vice-President of the Anglo-Austrian Bank, Vienna.

The marriage of Major Wilton and Mrs Paton Watt, widow of J. Paton-Watt, of Georgetown, Demerara, was solemnised on the 28th ult. at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. The Rev. Samuel Haughton, D.D., officiated. The bride was given away by her father, Dr. Rawdon Macnamara. She wore a travelling dress of dark blue cloth, embroidered in white and gold and trimmed with skunk, a bonnet to match, and carried a lovely bouquet of orange blossoms and maiden hair, tied with mauve ribbon. Immediately after the ceremony Major and Mrs Wilton took their departure for Cowes, in the Isle of Wight.

The marriage of Mr C. Orr-Ewing, son of Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, Bart., and the Hon. Beatrix Ruthven, only daughter of Lord and Lady Ruthven, was solemnised on Wednesday at St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, near Glasgow, in presence of numerous relatives and friends of both families. Captain James Orr-Ewing, 16th Lancers, was best man, and the four bridesmaids were Lady Esther Gore, Miss Mary Hozier, the Hon. Adele Hamilton, and Miss Violet Orr-Ewing. The youthful bride was given away by her father, Lord Ruthven.

At the Cathedral, Calcutta, on the 6th of December, Percival Forbes Brine, Lieutenant 1st Battalion, the Buffs, second son of the late Rev. James Brine, Rural Dean, Canterbury, was married to Annie Mary, eldest daughter of Mr John Quain, of Northbrook road, Leeson Park, Dublin.

A charming little *on dit* has just come to our ears of the sad fate of two young gentlemen belonging to a favourite watering-place in the County Down, who, in the first despair of disappointed love, sought refuge on each unoffending object that met their gaze, from the lordly "Eagle" to the valuable china flower-pots of a friend. None escaped, alas! for those impassioned youths. The owner recognised them, and, despite the most polite apologies, he insisted on having them before the court next morning, where the hard-hearted magistrate fined them 5s each. Query—Was he ever in love?

It is seldom we hear of an attachment formed while the pair were just "chicks" come to bear fruit of a promising character. In this case the

young couple met at a watering place in the South of England, while at school, and every afternoon they met on the sly for upwards of three months. At the end they were disturbed one fine day by the sudden appearance of the principal of the young lady's school. The matter was reported to her parent in Australia, and resulted in her withdrawal home. However, before she reached Melbourne her mother died, and since then she has been under the care of an old aunt who died last month, the day before the damsel came of age. She is coming to Ireland in the spring to keep the young swain to his promise, and is reported to be exceedingly pretty, and as having an immense fortune. The young man of her choice is well known in society in Dublin, and is a ward in Chancery, but will shortly be relieved. Both have kept the flame alive through the medium of the G.P.O., though 12,000 miles of water separated their love, but not their hearts.

It is with exceeding pleasure that we announce the intention of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry to give a fancy dress ball for children at the Viceregal Lodge on Thursday, December 27. This will be joyful news to many young people who will be particularly busy for the next week or two in preparing for the auspicious event. The success which attended a similar event given some twelve months ago leads us to expect that the coming ball will be one of the most interesting and charming character. We heartily congratulate her Excellency on this display of interest in the young, and we are sure the recipients of her hospitality will not fail to appreciate the kindness of spirit which has prompted the proposed joyous feast for them. We hope to be able to publish in a proximate issue an article descriptive of the scene, which we sincerely trust may be as beautiful as we are sure it will be successful.

We understand that in the beginning of the year private theatricals under the management of Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, will be given in the Castle.

Private theatricals will also shortly take place in the Portobello Barracks, given by the officers of the Royal Artillery quartered there.

We understand a series of Cinderella dances in aid of the Orthopædic Hospital, Great Brunswick street, Dublin, will be given in the small Leinster Hall—the first dance being on the 17th inst. These dances will be managed by a committee of ladies, and tickets can only be procured by vouchers from one of the committee. It is stated that the tickets will be six shillings each for ladies and gentlemen.

Amongst the lady's committee for the approaching Cinderella dances, which are looked forward to with much pleasurable excitement by those fortunate enough to obtain vouchers, are:—Mrs Major-General Davis, Mrs Major-General Johnson, Mrs Walker, Mrs Orr-Wilson, Mrs David Sherlock, Mrs Wardell.

It is proposed about the middle of next month to get up "amateur theatricals" in Kingstown,

for the benefit of the poor of that township. The object is a deserving one. It is necessarily unsectarian, for in every creed are poor to be found. As soon as the details are arranged we shall inform our readers.

A pretty little bazaar was held on Wednesday in the Courthouse, Taney, under the auspices of Mrs Westby, the object being to help a charitable fund to provide 40 poor boys with dinners during the winter months. The courthouse was prettily decorated. A band was in attendance, and excellent refreshments were provided. The attendance was extremely good, the room at one time being so crowded that it was difficult to approach the various tables, where the young ladies were rapidly disposing of the pretty articles exposed for sale.

Among those present were—

Mr and Mrs Westby, Roebuck Castle; the Rev. Canon, Mrs, and the Misses Hamilton, Mrs Burrowes, Dornden; Miss Elrington, Mrs George Turbett, Miss Turbett, and Miss E. Turbett, &c.

An annual dance seems now as necessary to the success of a tennis club as a well-organised tournament. Most of our Irish clubs make it, in the winter season, a pleasant reunion of the members and their friends. Following closely on several others of the same kind came the Brighton Square Lawn Tennis Club dance, which was given in the Antient Concert Rooms last week. It is at all times a thankless job to endeavour to decorate the bare, bleak wall of the ballroom in Brunswick street, but with patience and an exercise of good taste it can be done, though we cannot congratulate the Brighton Square executive in their attempt to dispel the habitual dreariness of the place. The evergreens and flowers were scarcely arranged with taste, and the few flags were put up much too carelessly to have any artistic effect. The majority of dresses worn seemed also specially chosen, as regards colour to prevent one being struck with the occasion for which they were required. They were much too dull and sombre-looking, a few more brighter dresses being sadly required to enhance the general effect. This, however, did not in any way interfere with the enjoyment of the evening, and in the large company there were individual dresses which, for richness of material and taste in design, are well worthy of notice. The most attractive was undoubtedly one of black lace with pale green silk underskirt and sash, and shoulder knots of same colour. A pale pink satin with plush bodice of olive green, the skirt being trimmed with ribbons to match, was undoubtedly æsthetic. The same may be said from a "Patience" point of view of two Mary Anderson costumes of white and blue, but they were more attractive than pretty. It is not always that good looks and good dresses go hand-in-hand, but one could not fail to notice a fairy form clothed in crimson satin and net with plush bodice, whose striking dress was her least attractive feature. Another very pretty face and figure well dressed in strawberry pink was always noticeable. The Gasparro band played as usual a delightful selection of music, and the catering was well looked after.

A very pleasant children's party was given at 40 Lower Leeson street on the 6th inst., by Mrs Wardell. Amongst the entertainments provided for the little people was a magic lantern exhibition. The drawingrooms were full of pretty

faces, and pretty frocks, perhaps the most admired being two red smocked frocks worn by two little sisters with fair hair.

Mrs Cresswell gave a most agreeable afternoon reception at her residence, Upper Mount street, on Thursday. There was some good music by amateurs. The performances of the Messrs Cresswell on the violin and piano were excellent.

Mrs Quinan gave a very pleasant at home on Thursday afternoon at her residence, Fitzwilliam square.

Mrs O'Donel, 47 Lower Leeson street, gave a very smart dance on Monday evening. All the fashionable world of Dublin were there, and the number of pretty frocks was only equalled by the number of pretty faces. There is no hostess in Dublin who knows better how to give a ball than the popular wife of the Chief Magistrate, and no one, as a matter of fact, gives so many pleasant dances.

Sherlockstown, the pretty residence of Mrs MacMaster, was the scene the other evening of a gathering of youth and beauty. The worthy hostess did all in her power for the happiness, comfort, and pleasure of her invited guests, and we are happy to say her efforts in this direction were crowned with such success that friends will be pleasurably anticipating her next dance party. Mr Browne's stringband supplied the music.

Mrs W. W. Clover gave a most enjoyable dance at her residence, 1 Ovoca terrace, Blackrock, on Thursday evening last. The invitations were numerous accepted, and pretty faces and becoming toilettes graced the occasion. Several charmingly plain costumes adorned some of the ladies, who looked to advantage devoid of display and ornamentation. Mervyn Browne's string band performed with much acceptance, and the dance was a decided success in every way.

The officers of the Telegraph Department of the G.P.O. gave their first dance this season on Saturday evening last in the Rotunda. There was a large attendance, and dancing was most enjoyably indulged in to the sweet persuasive strains of the Gasparro Brothers' band. All present seemingly enjoyed themselves, and the committee will, no doubt, be encouraged in promoting future social parties of a like description.

The Duke of Montrose left England last week for a tour in India and Burmah, and is not expected back till next March. The Duchess and her family have gone for the present to Devonshire.

Mr Ion T. Hamilton and Lady Victoria Hamilton have arrived at Abbotstown from England.

Sir Percy and Lady Grace and Sir Charles and Lady Larcom have left Dublin for England.

The Duke of Devonshire is staying at Chatsworth with his daughter, Lady Louisa Egerton. His Grace is in excellent health, and seems to have taken a new lease of his life.

We are glad to learn that the bazaar held last week in the Leinster Hall in aid of the Augustinian Church realised not far short of £5,000.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort, accompanied by Lady Adelaide Tylour and the Misses Wilson-Patten, have arrived at Headfort House, Kells, from their London residence, Belgrave square.

The Countess of Meath opened a bazaar on Wednesday at the Athenæum, Shepherd's Bush, in aid of the Starch-Green Branch of the Temperance Society, comprising the work carried on at the Hall, the Women and Girls' Lodge, the Creche in Becklow road, and the Children's Free Dinner Fund.

The Baroness and Mr Burdett-Coutts entertained at dinner on Thursday last at their residence in Stratton street, London, her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, Lady Stewart, Mr Smith-Barry, &c. Afterwards the Baroness gave a small and early reception, with music by Miss Edith Barnes and Mr Lazarus, and recitations by Miss Maud Welman.

Lord Cadogan intends to found for himself a lordly house. He is taking an estate at Culford with the purpose of erecting upon it an earl's residence, which will be a monument of the architecture of the Victorian reign. The name of Elizabeth is associated still with Hatfield House. The name of our present most gracious Queen is to be associated with Culford. Culford House is to be a nineteenth century Hatfield. The Cadogans are to be the Cecils of our day.

The death of the Hon. Mrs W. T. Fitzwilliam, which occurred last week at Wentworth House, the seat of the Earl Fitzwilliam, has caused a feeling of universal regret among a very large circle of friends, especially at Petersham, where she was very popular. The cause of death was typhoid fever. Mrs Fitzwilliam was a daughter of Dr. Kinglake, of Somersetshire, and married the Hon. W. T. Fitzwilliam in 1876.

The curtain has fallen on the latest Dublin Barracks tragedy, and we learn with much regret that Captain Speid, of the Black Watch, has died at Belfast of typhoid fever contracted in Dublin. It is just possible that this event may act as a spur to those whose duty it is to remedy the causes which have brought it about; but, judging from previous experience, we can hardly think so.

It has often been truly remarked that the poor and humble only can realise the worth and power of position. Many times we have heard the remark, "If I had money I would do such and such a thing," or if "Power how nobly would I use it." But money and power are alike withholden from the poor, while worth in its most excellent aspect is theirs to display and practise as they choose. It too often happens that the conduct of a large number of those whose rank and wealth ought to entitle them to the respect and love of the masses only leads to revulsion, distrust, and sometimes hatred. People possessed of wealth and position cannot be too careful of their words

and actions. In saying this we do not mean to convey that their conduct ought to be guided by the estimate which the masses may please to place upon it; but we think that to those of inferior rank the actions of the refined and more exalted members of society ought to show that—

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than Heaven.

These thoughts have been prompted by the knowledge of the want of sympathy for the poor and distressed shown by the great majority of ladies of rank and wealth in our midst. When we look around at the misery on every hand, at the sick poor, languishing on beds of sickness in our various hospitals, and at the poor, afflicted, motherless children in the different homes, we feel not the slightest compunction in putting the question directly to each lady in Dublin who has means and time at her disposal, "What art thou doing to lighten the burden whose weight presses so heavily upon the frail shoulders of your less fortunate sister? Hast thou ever risen from thy luxurious couch of ease and ministered aid, comfort, or sympathy to one afflicted member of the human family outside your own domestic circle?" If the answer be "No," then that life has been a failure, and no doubt its eternal reward will fall much short of its expectation.

We know that ladies do not like to be criticised, and we have no desire to appear before them as public censors; but we, as society journalists, have a duty to perform which cannot very well be neglected, and we are sure if ladies would only picture to themselves the joy and happiness their presence now and again amongst the less fortunate classes of society would be likely to create, we are certain that our records of good, nobly and disinterestedly performed, would be greater than it at present is.

We are not politicians. Our work lies directly in the social line, and nothing could minister more to our pleasure and satisfaction than the testimony that our journal is of use to all classes of the community. We shall therefore be excused if we appeal at this season through our columns to those who have it in their power to aid with sympathy and gifts these various charitable institutions in Dublin that care for the sick and homeless. More especially would we appeal on behalf of the children's hospitals, of which there are several in the city. At the coming festive time, whilst those in health and strength are enjoying themselves, the little sufferers in these institutions will be thinking of home and its happy associations, of other joyous children, of the parties and Christmas trees in which they cannot mix or partake of the pleasure.

Let our readers, therefore, each in his or her station, do what they can for these helpless little creatures. Let some little present be bought and sent to the chosen institution, and when the various Christmas publications are read and enjoyed let them be sent to the children in these institutions, so that, although they may suffer in body, they may be enabled in their own childish way to join in the revels of the happy Christmas time.

The Belfast Hospital for Children is one of the best managed and most praiseworthy of all its institutions, supported solely by voluntary

contributions. The committee hope soon to have a convalescent home attached to this hospital. Never shall we forget the meetings when this home was first proposed. It brought to our mind the subject of women's right so forcibly (to which we only partly agree), but in this case woman turned the vote. When it was agreed by all no building or expense could be incurred until the large sum, £3,000, could be raised to endow it, some members looked grave and silent. Some thought such a sum could never be raised in those hard times. In the stated time mentioned it seemed a forlorn hope, until from the crowd the clear, soft voice of a lady—well known for the energy and zeal she has displayed for the good of the hospital, and one of its vice-presidents—spoke out for her sex—"It can be done, and we ladies will undertake to raise the sum." This announcement decided many a wavering heart, and from that moment the vote was carried. Well and nobly these ladies have done their work, one alone handing in £150. The whole sum is now completed. The money seemed to come from the hands of God from every direction, to aid His suffering little ones. Ere another Christmas comes, with His blessing Belfast hopes to see this home built, and amply will those ladies be rewarded for their good work of love and charity by seeing the pale sad faces of the little ones lit up with pleasure in their new health-giving home of peace and rest.

There was a large and fashionable attendance in Belfast on Thursday, the 5th, in the beautiful cricket grounds of Ormeau Park, to see the great football match between the Maories and N.I.F.C. The excitement extended even to the ladies, of whom we noticed a large assemblage, and amongst them some of our well-known belles, tripping gaily about in mud four inches deep, regardless of showing their neat ankles and pretty boots in their eagerness to watch the fray and see those "handsome darkies" from the far land of New Zealand. Although the Maories naturally came off victorious—being the picked men of their country—yet our gallant club have every reason to be proud of the plucky and brilliant manner in which they played against their formidable foes, and well they deserved the cheering they received in spite of their defeat.

The latest intelligence from Blackrock is that the broken chair in the first class waiting room of the D. W. and W. Railway Company has been sent to the headquarters hospital for treatment. The table, however, being more seriously injured, its removal, it was feared, might be dangerous, if not fatal; consequently its cure will be attempted on the premises, under local practitioners who know the boards.

Miss Reynolds, the accomplished and courteous Lady Superintendent of the Adelaide Hospital, who is leaving Dublin for Australia, was last week the recipient of several handsome presents from the students and nurses of the institution. Miss Reynolds feelingly replied to the farewell address which was presented to her, and we have only room to add that we heartily join the tribute of respect and affection paid to this estimable lady, whose future, we hope, may be as bright and useful as her past. We wish her good speed, a safe journey, and every conceivable happiness.

We have much pleasure in culling the following references to a young Dublin lady, whom we are much pleased to say is rapidly making a name for herself upon the stage, and who is at present a member of the "Private Secretary" company, from our esteemed contemporary, the *Lady's Pictorial* :—

... Edith Dunbar *debut*s as Eva Webster. The part is not a prominent one, but Miss Dunbar's graceful and winning representation invests it with an interest scarcely rightfully its own from beginning to end. The young lady is a daughter of a late well-known newspaper proprietor—Mr Dunbar, owner and original starter of the *Irish Sportsman*—and has adopted the theatrical profession as a means of obtaining a livelihood since she was left a widow some two or three years ago. Independently of her talents, which are undeniable, the young lady has large claims on the good will of Irish audiences, and I was not surprised to see that her reception on Monday was markedly cordial, when she was the recipient of quite a wealth of winter exotics. Affixed to one of the baskets was a card that bore the words, "Welcome to your native city." It was a very pretty tribute, and I think touched the heart of the gratified young aspirant, who will undoubtedly ere long make her way."

"Christmas comes but once a year!" This must be a consoling fact to many persons. What with presents, parties, &c., the hand of the generous is seldom out of the money bag, while the young are ever on the alert with suggestions and propositions that of course mean money and worry to their elders. But such has been the custom from time immemorial, and it is not our province to depreciate a custom which has been the means of uniting so many severed families and of cementing countless friendships and love vows. What we are more interested in at present is a recommendation which we desire to make to our readers who may be in a quandary as to a handsome and suitable present with which to endow an affectionate friend or a loving sister, at the approaching Christmas festival.

People very often find themselves in a dilemma when they look upon the thousands of exquisite works of art exposed at this time of the year as to which would be most suitable or appropriate as a gift, and to all such our recommendation will be hailed as a boon. Messrs Smith, Son, and Downes, of 109 Queen Victoria street, London, have just favoured us with their latest art production, which takes the form of an illuminated album which for chaste design, tasteful disposition of illustration, and exquisite binding, has seldom or never been equalled, the pictures including beautiful reproductions of some of the very best efforts of the old masters, are printed in the order of their nationalities—England being represented by Landseer, Turner, Gainsborough, and Sir J. Reynolds; the Netherlands by Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Rubens; Spain and Italy respectively by Velasquez and Raphael, and to those who are not in possession of the original of either of these this album will be a splendid acquisition. Sufficient room is left for the insertion of fifty or more photographs which will be handsomely set off by the correctly cut oval spaces, in the manufacture of which the strongest and best cardboard has been used. As an appropriate Christmas gift this "album of old masters" stands unrivalled.

Messrs Austin, of Westmoreland street, are the local agents for the sale of the above.

The annual sale of work in aid of the female missionaries in India was held on Tuesday, the

4th inst. and two following days at Tudor Lodge, Killiney, the charming residence of Mrs Welland. On the first day the sales realised over £70, the visitors being most numerous. Conspicuous among the various articles displayed to catch the public eye were some excellent water-colour sketches by Miss Nixon, and a beautiful renaissance panel in terra cotta, modelled by Mr Fred W. Saville. Mrs Welland, who was most indefatigable in her exertions, generously provided tea for those who chose to partake of the refreshing beverage, and great praise is due to that estimable lady and her friends who every year contribute so largely to the funds of the Mission.

The following is the recipe for claret cup, which we promised our readers in our last issue :—

Two bottles good claret, 2 bottles soda-water, 1 glass Cognac, 1 glass Benedictine, 3 oz. sugar, 3 slices lemon, 12 slices cucumber (rather thick), 4 sprays lemon verbena, and 4 leaves mint. Into a silver cup slice the cucumber; strew with powdered sugar and a little shaved ice. Crush the mint, pour in the claret and liqueurs; add the lemon, and let it stand till wanted. When serving throw in the sprays of verbena and add the soda-water. If desired, a bottle of dry champagne may be substituted for the soda-water.

Another correspondent writes :—

Hostess's recipe for making "claret cup" is excellent, with the exception of her recommendation to "stir quickly" after the lemonade is added. The sugar should be first dissolved in the claret, as any stirring after the lemonade is added dissipates the effervescence, and tends to make the cup flat. The addition of one wineglassful of really good "J.J." is a vast improvement. The claret used should be fairly good; not cheap one-and-sixpenny stuff.

On the 19th instant an admirable amateur company will give a dramatic representation in the Gaiety Theatre on behalf of the City of Dublin Hospital. The attractive comedy "School" is the play announced, and we hope there will be a bumper house. Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry and their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar are the patrons.

Among the numerous attractions of the season the Christmas market to be held in the concert hall of the Coffee Palace in Townsend street is certain to hold high place. The *fete*, which is initiated for the sale of good and useful and fancy articles will open on Thursday, 13th inst., and be continued over the following day and evening. While the solid wants of the body will be catered for, the intellectual part will not be neglected, as a brilliant scene representing Father Christmas and his little merry men will be produced, with readings by Professor Burke and musical selections by a number of highly capable artists. The fun at the market promises to be lively, and the music will be supplied by the band of the Queen's Regiment and the Leinster Amateur Orchestral Band.

A Cork correspondent writes :—

A most successful sale of work in aid of Mrs Power Lalor's Fund for the Distressed Ladies was held at Clonmel on Tuesday. An additional attraction to the bazaar was provided in the shape of a very excellent representation of the well-known farce "A Game of Rumps." Seven stalls in all contained the articles on sale, most of which were the handiwork of the ladies themselves. Six of these stalls were in the form of bowers of evergreens prettily draped with flags, and were arranged three on each side of the large assembly room of the court house.

At the top of the room a large refreshment table was laid, accommodation being provided to seat forty persons without any crushing. The caterers were the Honourable Mrs De La Poer, and Mrs Tufnell, and, judging from the pecuniary result, their labours met with keen appreciation. An excellent cold lunch at one shilling, five o'clock tea at sixpence, and dinner, with soup and hot potatoes, at two shillings a head, could not fail to attract, while delicacies like oysters, pates, and champagne appealed forcibly to the charitable instincts of those who hold for their motto, "Do good unto others, and do for yourself better if possible."

In the first of the other stalls Mrs Power Lalor herself, assisted by Miss Barton and Miss Warren, exposed and disposed of some very beautiful art needlework and lace. A partiére of dark green cloth, embroidered with yellow griffins, and a bed, spread most cunningly, braided in arabesque designs, attracted great notice, and some curious old family plate, which some poor lady was compelled by dire necessity to part with after all other resources for raising money had failed her, were disposed of at probably double the figure that could have been obtained at the old silver dealer's.

Lady Waterford presided over a well-stocked flower stall, and her assistants, Miss Power and Miss Mulcahy, had a busy time of it ministering to the wants of the ladies who wanted to decorate their drawingrooms, and the gentlemen whose aspirations were generally bounded by their buttonholes. Lady Hester Carew, Miss Carew, and Miss Hutchinson supplied the little ones with all kinds of new and pretty toys, and toys for big babies were not wanting in the shape of photoframes, screens, and similar ornaments. A handkerchief stall in the hands of Mrs C. Ryan and Miss Shaw made nearly £20 by the sale of every description of "mouchoir," from the square inch of gossamer surrounded with costly lace, and embroidered with the most elaborate initial, to the plain but useful pocket companion to the milliner. Mrs Cobden and her daughters kept a store of garments of all sorts and kinds, including many novelties, amongst others some exquisite dressing jackets in pretty flannels with silk facings and bunches of ribbon.

The talents of the poor ladies in the knitting and crochet line were shown to great advantage by Miss Pedder and her sister, and no doubt the probability of cold weather in the immediate future induced many to invest in these comforting goods, which were offered at most reasonable prices. The result of the sale was most satisfactory, a profit of nearly £150 accruing to the benefit of the funds of the association. The band of the Tipperary Artillery Militia performed an excellent selection of music both afternoon and evening.

The theatricals were held in the Grand Jury Room of the Court House, which, in the talented hands of Major Flint, Royal Artillery, had been converted into an excellent stage, and an auditorium capable of accommodating 120 persons. The piece selected was Morton's "Game of Rumps" and the *caste* was as follows :— "Dr. Rhododendron," Major Flint, R.A.; "Julian," Mrs W. Perry; "Jolivet," Mr Freemantle; "The Marchioness," Miss Hutchinson; "Blanch," Mrs Perry; "Violet," Miss E. Perry; "Isabelle," Miss E. Moore; "Jeannette," Miss Perry.

The acting was most spirited, and the piece was put on in first rate style, and so great was the success of the first representation that a second had to be given in the afternoon to an "overflow" house, as well as a third in the evening, which was also a crush. Where all the players were excellent it is difficult to select any for special mention but Major Flint's "Rhododendron" and Miss Perry's "Jeannette" a long way above the average of amateur performers, and Lady Hester Carew, who acted as general superintendent and stage manager, may well be proud of the success of her troupe.

The "bal poudre" at Clonmel on Friday was a most successful novelty, and brought together no less than 150 people, the proportion of ladies and gentlemen being fairly balanced. Not so bad for a country ball these times. All the ladies had their hair powdered, and the general effect was exceedingly pretty. Some of the gentlemen sported their hunt uniform, and for those who appeared in ordinary evening clothes, white waistcoats and white buttonholes were *de rigueur*. Instead of the stereotyped rosette, the distinguishing mark of the stewards was a miniature powder puff worn in the buttonhole. The band of the Manchester Regiment was imported from Tipperary for the occasion, and it was half-past four on Saturday morning when the last carriage rolled away.

Who are the Pennycomequicks?

We are at a loss to understand why our daily contemporaries in publishing the list of arrivals at Kingstown and the North Wall, give such prominence to those holding military rank, treating each individual to a separate paragraph in large type, whilst some of our largest landed proprietors and wealthy merchants are relegated to the ordinary list. We notice, moreover, that preference is generally given to militia officers of a few weeks' standing, who are anxious to air their military titles, and appear in print. It is hinted that occasionally a wag will amuse himself on board the mail or express boats by writing the names of non-passengers, and distributing various military titles amongst the creatures of his imagination, the morning papers of the next day affording the wag and his friends considerable amusement.

* *

We have the following interesting facts about Adelina Patti from one who has lately had an interview with the "Queen of Song." When she is studying the libretto of a new opera she sings for an hour a day for 15 days, and studies the music of it in the evening, accompanying herself or being accompanied by her husband on the pianoforte. During her sojourn at Craig-y-nos she fishes, drives, and plays her harmonium, which cost £4,000. When she is going to sing in the evening she dines at 3 o'clock, and rarely eats anything after the representation. She does not drink wine, but she partakes of a small glass of whiskey, and sometimes a glass of champagne. Next March Adelina Patti leaves England for another tour in South America, where she will sing 30 times during her stay of three months and a half, gaining more than £1,000 each night.

* *

The *Dix-Neuvieme Siecle* relates the following anecdote:—A certain old Russian Princess is a great gamester, and full of superstitions. One day whilst she was playing a gentleman came and sat near her. He had a pleasant face, but was dreadfully hunchbacked. "What luck," thought the Princess, and, with the audacity of a grande dame, strong in this persuasion, passed her hand across the back of her neighbour's chair, carelessly touching his hump. Nevertheless, after half an hour the Princess had lost 60,000 francs (£2,400) without complaining, secure of a splendid revenge in the long run. But all at once the hunchback rose from his seat. He was as tall as a grenadier. He put his hand behind his back, and removed—the hump! It was a hard round hat he had placed behind him instead of leaving it in the hall, and the supposed hunchback was as straight as a dart. The Princess, with sadly different emotions from those experienced by Parnell's heroine (I mean the poet Parnell) when she saw the youth

Endowed with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a hump behind,

was in a dreadful rage, called him a thief, and was with the greatest difficulty pacified.

* *

A new regulation which has been framed by the War Office clerks re pensions to widows is well worth studying by the parents and guardians of young ladies who contemplate marrying officers whose regiments are going out to India, or are already stationed there. It is laid down by this new regulation that in the event of their husbands dying before they have been married a year, they (the widows) are not eligible for any pension. The young ladies, of course, allow no

such calculations to enter their innocent minds, but older heads might look a little ahead with advantage to those under their care. The rate of pensions laid down by the War Office is as follows:—

General officer's widow, £120; for each child £20.
Regimental colonel's widow, £100; for each child £16.
Lieut.-Col. and Battalion colonel's widow, £90; for each child £16.
Major's widow, £70; for each child £14.
Captain's widow, £50; for each child £12.
Lieutenant's widow, £40; for each child £10.

* *

We are informed that one reason which has influenced so many private brewers in turning their businesses into companies is that they have recognised the force of the temperance movement, fear its influence being even greater in the future, and think that by associating a large number of persons in the brewery interest they will largely strengthen the force opposing temperance legislation injurious to brewery interests.

* *

"Jack the Ripper" is again at work! He has appeared on the Rathgar road under the auspices of the Tramways Company, and has commenced ripping up the street afresh, despite the recent blockade by the Company of the whole of the Rathgar road. It would appear as if this carrying company were determined to retaliate on the public for the recent action of the Corporation with reference to the disgraceful state in which they have left some of our leading streets for weeks past unpaved.

* *

Mrs Blake, of Renvyle House, County Galway, has been giving at Bath before fashionable audiences homely and unaffected recitals of her experiences in Ireland during recent years. The Blakes came over to Ireland in the earlier part of the 14th century, and the great district of Renvyle, County Galway, has been owned by them for nearly three centuries. Mrs Blake is a thoroughly practical lady. Some years ago when the rents of her estate began to fall into arrear Mrs Blake, who is a widow, had to open her house as a hotel and work for her living. She has been exceedingly successful, and we are glad to know that her perseverance and industry have been suitably rewarded.

* *

Lady Compton was at one time the greatest heiress of the day, and she is now one of the best dressed women in London. She is tall, has black hair and beautiful eyes, and is exceedingly popular in the best circles of London Society.

* *

We would direct the attention of the inhabitants of the townships to the arrangements made by their commissioners to cope with any fires which might occur in their districts. We believe we are correct in stating that not one of the townships possesses a fire brigade worthy of the name. The fire brigades of the townships are composed of street sweepers and general road workers, who might at the time of an alarm of fire be scattered over the townships performing their duties or otherwise engaged. Some considerable time must elapse ere the men can be mustered, and it is evident that by the time they assemble the fire must naturally have gained great headway. This is not the only evil. The men are apparently unacquainted with the duties, and the appliances they are provided with are really unfit for the purposes for which they are intended.

These are matters which demand immediate attention. We would advise the people of the townships to insist on a searching examination of the means for preserving their lives from fire. Generally such details seem trivial, while they are really of the first importance. It requires almost as much skill for a fire brigade to fight a fire as it does for troops to fight an enemy. Here we have bodies of men, so-called "fire brigades," who are never drilled, whose appliances are defective, and for the most part utterly neglected, and to these men and these appliances are entrusted the property and lives of the inhabitants of Kingstown, Bray, Drumcondra, the Pembroke, and other townships. If a fire should occur to-morrow by which a number of lives would be sacrificed through the inefficiency of one of these brigades, or much valuable property consumed, the people would demand an explanation from the authorities, who seem to think in all cases that because they can call on the services of the Dublin Fire Brigade they are secure. But is not this a mistake? Each township should have its own trained fire brigade, however small, and the men composing it should know how to work the apparatus, which should be perfect in every respect. Those whom the matter concerns most should seek to ascertain their position, and to know whether the township in which they reside possesses a fire brigade fit to protect them.

* *

We are told that among the upper classes marriage is decidedly at a discount at present. How far this is correct we cannot say, but one thing is certain, that marriages are becoming the exception instead of the rule in the highest circles of society. It is no longer considered to be the first duty of man to marry in the interests of the fair sex, if not his own, and an English contemporary states it is no longer considered a disgrace and a sentence of exclusion from the world if a girl does not marry by the end of her third season. It is also no longer considered absolutely necessary for young widows to remarry unless they wish to condemn themselves to live for ever under the paternal roof and return to second childhood, which, it is noted, is chiefly remarkable for the absence of all that made the first childhood endurable. It is now quite the custom for young widows to set up housekeeping by themselves, and once having tasted the sweets of freedom, they find their new liberty so much to their taste that it requires a very clever and exceedingly fascinating man to coax them into surrendering it again into his keeping.

* *

This state of affairs is regrettable for many reasons, and it is a peculiar sign of the times in which we live that it is possible to come across scores of marriagable people who have firmly made up their minds not to marry, a decision arrived at not so much from youthful affectation or blighted love, but simply because they have noticed the ways and doings of their married friends, and have come to the conclusion that matrimony, as judged from their experience, is "scarcely good enough."

* *

Ladies will be interested to note that opera cloaks this year are more elaborately made and composed of richer materials than ever. They should be long, and trimmed with either fur, feathers, or steel braidings. The leading houses

are making them of plush or very rich brocade. Tea gowns are also attracting much attention. The newest style is made with long Russian sleeves hanging nearly to the feet, with tight undersleeves for warmth. This style looks best on a tall, slight, graceful figure. Capes, *on dit*, will shortly become the fashion for house wear. We are sorry, as they hide a pretty coiffure, and make many a young face look old. The fashion of wearing gloves of a different shade or colour is on the increase, but has not been much adopted over here, where we are slow in welcoming a new fashion which seems rather bizarre. In some cases, however, it looks well. I saw lately a lovely dress composed of two shades of green tulle, dark and light. It was trimmed with exquisite lilies and the suede gloves in the two shades to correspond looked *chic*.

Some of the season's bonnets are entirely formed of large wings of birds, while others are supplied with wings embroidered in chenille and tinsel thread on felt or cloth, the tinsel giving additional stiffness. Tinsel cords are used for edging brims, and galons worn in chenille play an important part. The Empire style of bonnet has wide gatherings of velvet divided by bands of jet, like the classic bandeaus worn at that period in the hair.

"Oedipe Roi" is the name given to a superb material for mantles in all colours. The ground (says *Le Moniteur de la Mode*) is a kind of thick armure, but it is almost totally concealed by the quaint Oriental pattern, which is so raised that it looks like hand embroidery worked over wool. It is a really splendid fabric, of unequalled richness and beauty. In the darker colours it makes rich out-door mantles; in red and the paler colours it is well suited for handsome *sorties-de-hal*, lined with plain thin silk.

Artificial flowers for both evening millinery and dress garniture will be much worn this winter. Velvet roses and leaves and velvet effects generally predominate, although the muslin and silk roses and other small flowers will have their admirers, and will be worn extensively for bonnets. For dress garniture generally the field is wider and of greater variety. Artificial flowers will undoubtedly figure extensively in the very finest and most fashionable evening dress, sometimes appearing on panels, hanging from the waist on each side of the dress.

Some very exquisite Paris novelties in evening dress floral garniture are shown. A striking feature in many of them is the artistic combination of ribbons with the flowers. This is very new and beautiful, as well as graceful. The shapes of these garnitures are very effective, and such as the French know how to get up. Some are for the corsage in V-shape, and others with round neck pieces or collarettes and hair-pieces to match. They are composed of roses, lilacs, pond lilies, and chrysanthemums, the latter being especially popular. Among the other flowers used for this purpose and in highest favour are violets, wistaria, morning glories, apple blossoms, forget-me-nots, mignonette, lilies of the valley, poppies, and heliotropes. A good many simple leaf effects without any bloom will be used.

Accompanying the introduction of artificial flowers for millinery and dress decoration, there has been a revival of the use of artificial plants for house decoration. There is this to be said for them, that they combine the beauty of the natural originals with practical lasting qualities. The perfection to which they now approach nature in making these things is wonderful. Roses, on account of their never-tiring beauty, are the most popular. Arranged in clusters they can be used either in jardinières or in baskets, and sometimes for the corsage, many ladies thinking the long stems more stylish, as they undoubtedly are.

The Rev. Obadiah Bates, of the United States, has positively, and for the last time, fixed the end of the world for November 30th, 1889. From this date he begins "to take his coals in by the sack," and when the summer comes will dispose of wraps and his skates for a merely nominal price. He may, however, be wrong in his calculations, and what we are afraid of is that the American Congress will find in his prophecy a new excuse—for they are always looking about for one—for declining to grant international copyright. They will say that after such a statement from the reverend gentleman "it is really not worth while."

We cull the following pathetic appeal to elderly Christian ladies from the advertisement columns of an English contemporary:—

"Will some kind elderly Christian lady, whose means place her beyond the desire for more, respond to an elderly Christian gentleman, feeling much his loneliness and deep need of a kindly, intelligent, Christian wife?"

Can the sympathetic hearts of the kindly, intelligent, Christian, well-circumstanced ladies represent this?

DANCE PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

Out of a large number of letters received upon this subject we have only space this week for the two following:—

DEAR MR EDITOR—I hope you will allow me to reply to the letter from "A Literary Lady," which appears in your issue of this date. In the first place, no one can doubt that the lady is "over 30," but I shall say no more on this subject, as it seems to be a sore one with her. She evidently wishes us to understand that she moves among the *crème de la crème* of society, and probably she does, but my letter was written only for the benefit of those who, like myself, have limited incomes, and yet wish to entertain their friends. I have an expensive grown-up family, and my income is under £400 a year. We receive a great number of invitations, and do not wish to join the ranks of those who systematically accept hospitality and are mean enough to avoid return it by saying they "cannot afford to entertain." My husband and I are members of an old but reduced family, and our tastes are greatly in advance of our income, yet we have the courage to give over friends such refreshments only as we are able to pay for. I know a family in Co. Dublin who give a sumptuous entertainment every season, for which the household suffer the rest of the year, the housekeeping being conducted on the most cheese-paring system. Another family gives a ball once a year and has to "put up" the family plate before the caterer's bill can be paid! If I would condescend to go into debt I could give *richer* suppers, but I believe that *noblesse oblige* should govern us in this matter, as well as in others. I have been at hundreds of suppers, and have never yet seen any variety in them. How can there be more variety in perpetual sherry or champagne than in claret cup? As a rule ladies over 30 are fond of their supper, and I do not see any reason to think "A Literary Lady" is an exception. I am over 40, and go to dances only to chaperon my daughter, aged 10. I cannot help knowing I value well (for I have been told so for many years), I am worried to dance, but invariably refuse, as I think it ridiculous to see married women over

30 valsing, and I have heard men say the same. I am very young looking for my age, though I do not go out "mutton dressed as lamb" as many women do, my gown being always black (as I am fair) and my neck and arms covered. Twice in the season I have a musical evening to which I invite my literary and married friends, giving them, of course, a suitable supper. It has pleased me greatly to hear that already my former letter has borne fruit, two or three ladies making arrangements to follow my example. One lady has settled to be "at home" every Friday evening. I imagine the amount of enjoyment this will give to her young friends. As to the recipe for claret cup, I could not afford to put cucumber or ice in it, and on principle I would not put brandy or curacao, as girls object to it. I should have said in my former letter, that I have this winter omitted tipsy cake from my menu, and substituted good gravy soup, which is greatly appreciated, and does not add to the expense. If I were to give "a Literary Lady" the names of some of the guests who are satisfied with the refreshments I provide she would, no doubt, be surprised, but before coming to my house they had had a 6 o'clock dinner, and could afford to have a good one.

As to the poor fellow who gave the club dance, he is only one of many! I have been asked by some gentlemen to manage a subscription (private) dance for them, as their funds are limited, and I shall do so with pleasure. Believe me, yours sincerely,

December 8th, 1888.

"HOSTESS."

SIR.—I should like to say a word on the controversy arising out of "Hostess's" letter. The subject seems to me, like most things in our social system, dependent on the "point of view." For instance, a lady with eight marriageable daughters to dispose of, but with no attractions but their beauty and accomplishments, variously mixed up, will devote all the energies with which she is gifted to keep them socially well *en evidence*. Elderly syrens, married or single, will be her abomination, and married gentlemen so many mere sponges for the absorption of her frugal claret cup—useless interlopers, who take up space with their usually large size. She wants to concentrate attention in her eight virginal *ingenues* in blue and white, the restricted circle of privilege observing youths to be all "eligibles." This is her point of view, and it is in our Dublin society variously reproduced with artless trimmings and embellishments. While one mother will seek to launch her prodigies of the Victorian College on society with their conceit and airs, ignorant of the rudiments of *savoir faire*, or of any really useful knowledge to that in the frightful competition that prevails, they may by the parade of their persons, padding (I mean cerebral) and pianos, hook a husband, another matron will practice all the petty devices of rigid economy to make a splendid display on the flimsiest pretext.

"The greatest good of the greatest number" is a social as well as a political maxim. Ladies cannot be permitted to monopolise society for their own family ends, or dogmatise from their own narrow experience and vision, as to the how of these matters. No doubt in Dublin we are a poor people, and I fear a pretentious. Hence our unhappiness. The daughter of a goods store porter will have her cards and her monogram as she will exercise a nice perspicuity about the feather in her hat. Probably she will attend the Victorian College with the object of scraping acquaintance with ladies of a higher social level to float her upward into a more elevated Empyrean. If she be an intrinsically good and genuine girl, I think it would be better to leave her to the resources of Nature, which would certainly provide for her. If she be not, let her efface herself—get off her stilts. Ladies of recognised position and common sense will not incur expense to dress even up to the standard of *Myra's Journal*, let alone the *Ladies' Pictorial*, nor will gentlemen even go to the expense of sixpenny white ties or the trouble to don themselves in their swallow-tail coats, or spend money on cabs to "go out" in this rheumatic climate unless they foresee the bright vista of cultured people of all ages (not in an historical sense) and a good supper in nicely-decorated rooms. Men now-a-days (or nights) will only talk to ladies who can talk—a difficult and rare art not acquired by disingenuous scholars at the Victorian College, not merely pretty "sticks," who simper, sidle, and "take stock," keeping their mouths eternally shut for fear they should commit themselves, as if anybody would be at the pains to think of their commonplace admissions; and an odd celebrity, whether for enormous brains or beard, dyed or otherwise, should be posted here and there. Other mild efforts at the original should be indulged in, adopting as your ideal the lofty flights of Mr Ponsoby-de-Tompkins, unappalled by any apprehension of Mrs Grundy. I quite concur in the views of a "Literary Lady," sound and to the point.—Yours, &c.

ONE WHO KNOWS SOMETHING OF DUBLIN SOCIETY.

VICISSITUDES.

BY

DORA DESMOND.

Author of

"LOVE'S SACRIFICE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

"She does not know," replied Ella. "She must be informed at once. I will go and wake her."

"By no means," said the doctor. "She will need all the sleep she can get. I think we must have more help, for Miss Mabel cannot be neglected, and you are all pretty well spent."

"Could not I manage for Ethel, doctor, with your instructions?" asked Ella, anxiously.

She was thinking of the fast-increasing expenses. The Christmas holidays were now past, but no pupils dare return to the infected house for a very long time, if they ever could again. Horace, their kind friend and benefactor, was dead, and all his little hoard of wealth had gone with the "Ella" into the relentless deep. True, he had, as he thought, amply provided for their comfort till he would return to claim his bride; but no calculation was made for pupils' fees returned, and, least of all, for the weary months of enforced idleness, when the sisters should remain in quarantine.

"If you like to try, Miss Newman, the arrangement can stand for the present," said Dr. Butler, for he perceived the alarm awakened by the mention of an additional nurse, "but you must not over-do your strength or I shall have another patient on my hands. I will ask you now to watch by Miss Mabel for a while, and send Sister Bessie to me."

Ella obeyed, and found the nurse only waiting to be called to new duties, for she had divined the reason of Miss Newman's hurried demand on the doctor.

The good sister soon set his mind at rest as to the double duties.

"We will share the nursing, and trust me to be wherever I am most needed," she said. "Besides, this case is not going to be as bad as the last, I can see. Don't you agree with me, doctor," as he laughingly held up his finger in playful warning against encroachment.

As the nurse predicted, Ethel's illness was a much lighter attack than Mabel's; yet the face of Marian Gray grew thinner and the silver hairs were multiplied as the days passed on, and she took her place by turn in the sick room. Ethel lingered patiently with the sickness, as though indifferent and in no hurry to be rid of it.

Thus the winter wore away, and the first snow-drops were peeping ere Dr. Butler or Sister

Bessie's services could be dispensed with. Mabel Gray was once more glowing with youthful health and spirits. Her recovery had been rapid; but Ethel could scarcely be said to be convalescent.

"She must have change, Mrs Gray," the doctor had said on his last visit—"complete change of air and scene before there can be a real improvement."

"It is easy for doctor to say 'must,'" said her aunt, as she talked over his last injunctions with Marian, "but where are we to get the means of sending her away? I hardly know how his bill is going to be paid. At any rate, when that is settled we will scarcely have a pound left."

"It is very sad," returned her sister. "We can but give her all possible care, and hope for the best. There is no prospect of replenishing the purse at present, for we cannot even expect pupils to return here, nor can we transfer our school to other premises while any trace of sickness lingers."

"We were born to misfortune, I believe," said Ella, crossly. And then as she thought of the grief and disappointment that had visited her so heavily, she burst into tears and left the room.

Spring wore into summer, and the warm June days brought perfect health and vigour to Mabel, while they seemed but to increase the langour and weariness of Ethel. Day by day her strength decreased, and to the loving anxious hearts that watched her with never-ceasing care, it became only too evident that the girl was slowly but surely fading away.

It might have been that a judicious change could have effected her cure if procured in time, and Marian felt a few pangs of self-reproach occasionally, reflecting that there might have been more effort made. Now it was too late. Grayville House must soon be given up, it was true, for the rent could not any longer be paid, but to keep things as much as possible in their customary order as long as Ethel needed comfort was Marian's chief care now, and the girl herself shrank so much from the idea of change that no one would think of disturbing her.

Gently and peacefully the last weeks of Ethel Gray's life passed away. Mother, aunt, and sisters all agreed that not one word of care or trouble should be uttered in her presence. Marian felt that her cup of sorrow was indeed full, and hard it was to see her best beloved child thus fading in life's early promise. Well for her that she knew from whence the chastening came, for this knowledge was a rock of strength to the afflicted woman when the shadow of death rested on her home.

"If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine.
Thy will be done."

The words were softly breathed as she watched the calmly-sleeping girl.

Those sunken eyes and drawn lips denoted that the end was drawing near, and Marian never left her bedside now at night, for she feared the gentle spirit might pass away in sleep. Ethel suffered no bodily pain, and was resigned, even anxious to go.

"Not dying, mother," she had said, when they had to prepare her for the great change, "only going home." And from that day Marian scarcely wished to keep her.

It was in the early dawn of a soft September morning that the summons came at last. Mrs Gray, kneeling with the minister, and holding her daughter's hand clasped in both her own, bowed her head, and tried to breathe her most consoling prayer—"Thy will be done." Mabel, in an agony of uncontrollable grief, stifled the sobs she could not stop on her aunt's shoulder, who, with one hand clasped round her niece, stood tearless and outwardly calm; but in the depths of her dark eyes, fixed with such a passion of pain on the dying face, might be traced a hopeless, despairing grief that told how keenly she felt and resented the trials that had o'ershadowed her life.

CHAPTER IV.

"GO to your mother, Mabel, she has been asking for you several times since you went out," said Miss Newman, meeting Mabel as she returned from a short walk, about three weeks after Ethel's death.

"Poor mamma; I am afraid I have been away too long. Did she want me to read to her, aunt Ella?"

"Not that, my dear, but she wishes you to begin at once with your packing. We are to leave here at the close of next week."

"So soon," Mabel exclaimed. "Why mamma will not be able for a move by that time. We must put it off for a while, aunt, till she is stronger."

"I have nothing to do with it, Mabel," returned Miss Newman in a hard, cold voice. "Had I been consulted, I should say, stay here as long as we can; but the half year's rent is due, and with all the sickness we have had, and poor Ethel's death coming out of scarlatina, it is useless ever to hope to establish a school again. I would like to try some other means of making money, but your mother thinks we should give up the house and move to humbler quarters before we get deeper into debt, so she has actually sent notice to the auctioneer to have the bills put up, and told Mr Marsh that his rent would be paid out of the sale of the furniture. You had better go to her now. She may have something important to be done at once."

When Mabel entered her mother's room she found her kneeling before a chest of drawers, piles of underclothing around her on the floor,

and a large box half full beside her, into which she packed the articles one by one.

"Mother dear, let me do all that. You are not fit for it. Do lie down; there's a darling." And the girl, twining her arm tenderly round her mother, tried to raise her quietly from the kneeling posture.

Marian allowed herself to be helped to the sofa, where indeed she was glad to recline, and resign her task to the strong young hands so willing to supplant her.

Mabel worked away till she had completely emptied the whole set of drawers, locked and strapped the heavy boxes, and then, coming to her mother's side, with a gravity beyond her years she asked.

"Could we not postpone all this till you are stronger and more equal to the exertion?"

"My darling, it gives me such pain to remain in this house, circumstanced as we now are, that I believe I shall never get really strong till we leave it."

"But where are we to go, mamma? I cannot imagine you in the close sittingrooms of a lodging house, and aunt Ella says you want to move into the city. How can we take a house there if we cannot pay the rent of this?"

"We must take lodgings" said Mrs Gray, "and humble ones, too, though not necessarily close and stuffy. The sooner the change is made the better as work of some description may be found for all of us before the winter sets in."

"Then, mother dear, you may count on me," said Mabel, kissing her affectionately. "I will do my best to facilitate matters, but you must rest all the time, plan as much as you like, but leave aunt and I to do the work."

A fortnight later and Marian Gray with her sister and now only child, were the tenants of the back parlour and top back bedroom of a house in Lower Gardiner street.

All their household goods had been auctioned off and the proceeds devoted to paying off those debts necessarily incurred during the past weary year of illness. A few of the plainest and least valuable articles of furniture had been reserved to fit out the rooms chosen for their future house, and now the sisters were once more seeking for employment as workers for the shops in the ladies' outfitting line.

Just now the climax of their troubles was reached, for being unable to pay the rent of the rooms they occupied, and not knowing whither to direct their steps in search of cheaper habitation, nor yet having money to pay for the removal of their little stock of furniture, they had drifted on into arrears which Marian could not even guarantee to pay, and their landlady, an unsympathetic, inexorable woman, who did not reside in the house but let it out in tenements and called once a week for her rents, had served Mrs Gray with a summons.

Marian well knew that she had no mercy to expect at her landlady's hands, and it was her desponding remarks on this subject which drew from Ella the remark made at the commencement of this story, as on the very eve of Christmas they sat hopelessly discussing their gloomy circumstances.

Marian came to her sisters side, and gently laying one hand on hers, while with the other she smoothed back the dark glossy hair, she said—

"Ella darling, it pains me to hear you speak like that. There are many even worse off than we, and no matter how we suffer, nothing can be

gained by rebelling against the decrees of Providence. Through all these trials God has some real good to attain for us, and we must see that we do not prolong the chastising by our puny efforts to kick against the rod."

Ella sat in gloomy silence while her sister spoke. She could not understand such patient trust. It seemed to her undisciplined heart that God in His anger had turned His back on them and would not pity nor help their distress. Nevertheless, she refrained from any further expression of her gloomy thoughts, but laid her cheek softly against the beloved face so near. She said, when Marian had concluded, "What do you propose to do, dear? for I suppose some effort must be made to get out of the difficulty."

"I have been thinking," said Marian "that by calling on Mrs Gaffney's lawyer, and explaining all our circumstances, he might be prevailed on to arrange some compromise, and at least save the degradation of appearing in court."

"In court! Oh, Marian, the very word makes me shiver. I cannot bear to think of it."

"Then do not think of it at all, dear. See, here comes Mabel. She may have some news to divert our thoughts."

Mabel Gray did indeed carry a bright face as she came in, flushed by a quick walk in the frosty air, and with the buoyancy of youth, pleased and happy over the dawning prospect of an engagement as junior governess in a college for young ladies.

"I'm almost engaged, mamma," she exclaimed, joyfully. "Miss Knowles says I am very young, even for a monitor, but if I like to begin with a pound per month she will probably have an opening after Christmas and will try what I can do."

"Bright prospects indeed, Mabel, and a large emolument," observed Miss Newman, satirically. "Pray what amount of time and labour does the beneficent principal require for her monthly sovereign?"

"Oh, we have arranged nothing yet," said Mabel. "Miss Knowles only told me what she generally gives to juniors, and I thought mamma would be thankful to have anything under present circumstances."

"So I am, my dear," said Mrs Gray, kissing her. "You did quite right to accept, and it was very good of Georgie Stokes to remember you when she heard Miss Knowles speak of extending the classes."

Georgina Stokes was the only one of Mrs Gray's old pupils with whom they kept up correspondence. She had been Ethel's friend and companion, and when death and misfortune visited their home the girl had grieved deeply, and lost no opportunity of expressing her sympathy. She was an orphan, and destined to earn her bread by teaching, so a common bond united her to the family of her lost friend, and she it was who first suggested and then watched for an opportunity of introducing Mabel as a junior in the college where she had herself obtained appointment.

"Aunt Ella," whispered Mabel, leaning over her aunt's shoulder, "will you get something nice for tea?—something that mamma would like?" And, opening her hand, she displayed half a sovereign. Then her colour heightened, and she looked half guilty as she said, in answer to Miss Newman's questioning look, "Georgie

gave it to me—slipped it into my hand as I was leaving, and then walked away. I could not help taking it, aunt. You would not have me throw it down."

Miss Newman smiled bitterly.

"No. You can pay it back some day, I daresay, and for the present it will keep us from starvation. We had not the price of a meal left."

The evening closed in a little more cheerily. Food and warmth are great strengtheners to the weary spirit, and many a looming trouble is lightly borne while the present need is supplied; and they sat up cheerily to listen for the joybells, which, though they soothed her heart, also brought to Marian sad memories of her lost darling.

Christmas Day passed peacefully by with the reduced family, and as soon as the day of rest and festivity had passed Marian Gray lost no time in preparing to visit the office of Bentley and Sons, solicitors. It was a painful task to the naturally retiring and gently-bred woman to be obliged to make tale of her poverty and plead immunity from debt; but what lay in her path must be taken up, and Marian never swerved when the line was clearly marked out for her to follow.

A little after ten she was quietly mounting the stairs to the lawyer's office, and when, in answer to her inquiry for Mr Bentley, sen., the clerk ushered her into his private room it never entered his imagination that the self-contained, lady-like woman had come on an errand so degrading to her self-respect, and yet to her a forlorn hope.

Mr Bentley received her with a bow, placed a chair for her to be seated, and waited politely to hear what she had to communicate.

Marian dived at once into her trouble. Producing the ominous-looking blue paper, with its official stamp, she told in as few words as possible the story of her troubles and difficulties, ending with an appeal for time, as it was possible that some of the promises made to herself and her sister would be realised, and they would then be in a position to pay their landlady some portion of what was due. With an immovable, unreadable face the lawyer listened to her story to the end. Once when she happened to allude to her sister as "Miss Newman" he elevated his eyebrows and fixed on her a scrutinising glance. Then, as she paused with a hope that he would say something that might reveal his attentions, it was with a sense of surprise that she heard the question—

"May I ask was Newman your name before marriage, Mrs Gray?"

"It was," answered Marian.

"And your father's George Newman, of Leadenhall street, London?"

"Yes."

Marian looked inquiringly at him, but without answering the look, he walked quietly to where a pile of old newspapers lay on an unused desk. Quickly searching through the pile, he selected first one and then another, and then after comparing their dates with a memorandum in his books, he carried the papers selected back to the table at which Mrs Gray was seated.

"You have not seen the papers very often lately, I suppose," Mr Bentley remarked.

"Lately we have," said Marian, "if you mean for a few months back"—wondering all the time what this could be leading to—"but previous to that, while we were in the midst of sickness and

trouble, we never thought of looking at the newspapers—there was so little to interest us in the outer world."

"That accounts for it," said the lawyer, as if talking to himself, while, with his spectacles on his nose, he was scanning the second column of the paper in his hand.

It was the *London Times*—dated twelve months back—and having found the paragraph required, without a word he folded the paper into a small square, drew a heavy stroke of the pen to mark the spot, and laid it before Mrs Gray.

"If the daughters of George Newman, deceased, late of Leadenhall street, city, or any of their descendants, will communicate with Messrs Hogg and Co., Fleet street, they will hear of something to their advantage."

Slowly Marian slowly read the words, while her brain reeled with the effort to take in their meaning, and while yet she struggled to form a question an *Irish Times* of later date, folded in a similar manner, was placed before her, and the lawyer's finger rested on a paragraph corresponding to the one she had read.

"Your coming here to-day, Mrs Gray, has been one of the most fortunate circumstances of your life."

The voice recalled her to her senses.

She looked up, and said, falteringly—

"I—I do not understand, Mr Bentley. Before my father died his horses, carriages, and even his household furniture, were sold to defray—"

"His debts," interrupted the lawyer.

"I know the whole story, but, my dear lady, were you not aware of what brought your father to this state of bankruptcy? Speculation," he added abruptly, for he noticed the crimson blood gathering to the pale brow, and feared that his words had implied reproach or a slur on the dead man's memory.

"Yes," he went on to say, hastily, "rash speculations in which he sunk thousands that were to all appearance hopelessly lost at that time. The mines in which your father's money was chiefly invested were inundated, and for years nothing could be done to reclaim them, and so the poor man went to his grave a pauper, leaving yourself and your sister totally unprovided for. This much I knew years ago, when I was a junior partner in Hogg's; but of your later history I learned nothing, nor of the fate of George Newman's thousands till I received a communication from my old firm, with which I am still connected, to hunt up if possible a certain Captain Gray, who was supposed to be related to Frank Gray, your husband, and who was said to be residing in or near Dublin.

My first step was to copy the advertisement from the *London Times*, and insert it in the Dublin papers. I next proceeded to trace Captain Gray from the directory, but from some deficiency of information, I never got scent of your whereabouts. Grayville House had passed into other hands at the time of our inquiry, and as the name Newman was not supplied by our informants, we concluded that you had never visited Dublin at all, and resumed the search on the other side of the Channel. And now, Mrs Gray, you have only to supply all the blanks and proof to Hogg and Co. that you are your own father's daughter, to become the possessor of as neat a little property as ever fell to a favoured mortal, for the mines have been paying 50 per cent. for the last three years, and the sum invested by your parent was no mean one, I can assure you. Meanwhile, continued the lawyer, getting so thoroughly interested with his subject that he

awaited no remark from his listener. "Meanwhile your present needs must have immediate attention. From what you have already told me, your financial condition is very low, so I will place a cheque at your disposal. This will obviate the necessity of undue hurry and give you time to collect all the documentary evidence in your possession. Place these in my hands, and then, my dear lady, you may quietly set about making yourself comfortable for the rest of your life."

All through this somewhat lengthy speech Marian sat like one whose senses were benumbed, and when the lawyer filled in and handed her a cheque her over-wrought feelings gave way, and with one convulsive sob Marian Gray fainted for the first time in her life.

Mr Bentley was alarmed, and shall we say, annoyed. It was very awkward for the sedate lawyer to have to summon a clerk to procure water for the fainting lady. But Mrs Gray soon recovered consciousness, and, apologising quietly for her indisposition, she thanked Mr Bentley warmly for his kindness to her, agreed to leave all arrangements in his hands, and, gratefully accepting his offer to procure her a cab, she folded up the welcome cheque, drew on her gloves, pressed the kind hand extended by her new-found friend, and left the office with a lighter step than had borne her for many a day.

A visit to the bank was the only diversion in Mrs Gray's journey from Dame street to Gardiner street, and then as the cab drew up at the door of her house it seemed to Marian she had to live through the whole incomprehensible shock again in order to convey to her sister and Mabel an idea of their altered circumstances.

Various, indeed, were the effects when the story was told.

Mabel danced about in the exuberance of youthful joy, kissed her mother and aunt by turns, and, to do her justice, exulted chiefly in the thought of what comfort this change would bring to them.

Tears of thankfulness flowed freely from Marian's eyes while she related her story, but Ella sat as if turned to stone. Not one expression of gladness escaped her lips, not one remark that could give a clue to the feelings with which she received her sudden accession to wealth.

CHAPTER V.

IT IS midsummer, and a—thing of rare occurrence in this variable climate—a most seasonable midsummer. Kingstown is prematurely thronged, and that queen of watering places has put on her gayest and most attractive garb to satisfy the demands of the exacting multitude who have rushed from the hot dusty city to enjoy the fresh and balmy sea breezes.

A little way beyond the busy town, about a mile from Dalkey, a modest cottage residence stands facing the sea. The grounds are neat and well kept, and all about there is an air of quiet comfort which tells that the possessor is in good circumstances. On one of these intensely hot June afternoons, when everybody endowed with common sense remained as much as possible indoors, two ladies sat talking earnestly within the cool, shady drawingroom of Erina Ville.

The elder lady sat at a small writing table near the open window, where a pleasant breeze from the sea refreshed her while working, for her busy pen had not rested through all the morning hours of this hot and sultry day.

Now she had laid it aside to discuss with her companion a proposition of grave importance to them both.

It needs no second glance at this lady's face to assure us that she is none other than our old friend Marian Gray. And her companion, who reclines at ease in a low easy chair close by, we recognise as Ella Newman.

Ease and opulence have done their work, Ella looks at least five years younger since we last saw her. In spite of her determination not to welcome the recovery of her father's wealth, she has been keenly conscious of the benefits and enjoyment, it conferred, and by her own acknowledgement, felt herself most undeserving of the peace and comfort it brought into her life.

Marian, in her thirty-ninth year showed even greater improvement than her sister. The careworn look had gone, the burden she had borne so patiently, the secret sorrow she had carried through all the years of adversity, had been rolled away. A small widow's cap rested gracefully on the glossy hair, so prettily threaded with silver, and the soft black drapery that enveloped her form heavily trimmed with crape, might lead one to think of a recent bereavement. But it was not quite this. She had heard, it is true, of the death of her long-absent husband, but in such a manner that it brought her peace of mind and thankful gratitude.

A happy, repentant death it was, full of hope for an eternal union, and breathing messages of love, asking for pardon from his wronged and neglected wife. A missionary had conveyed the news, and given Mrs Gray a full account of her husband's conversion and last day on earth, thus satisfying the one desire she had yet unfilled. Mabel was in Paris, and would be home in a few weeks, having had the advantage of twelve months' residence in a first-class academy abroad. Surely Mrs Gray was happy now.

Ella Newman announced her intention of entering a sisterhood; but Mrs Gray strongly opposed the idea. Ella, however, would not entertain her sister's objection.

"Be it so, then," said Marian, "but you have time enough to begin. Let the summer pass before any change is made. Mabel will be here next week, and you will find your time fully occupied when she takes you in hands, I promise you."

Ella smiled, kissed her sister affectionately, and left the room with her mind made up to follow out her proposed plan ere another Christmas passed.

Midwinter again. The piers and rocks of Kingstown presented the deserted and lonely appearance usual at this season of the year. In the town there is a fair share of Christmas stir and bustle. The surrounding residences bear all the inviting glow of warmth and comfort that makes home so desirable at this festive time.

Few care to brave the keen east winds even when the mild beams of a winter sun is shining on the cold granite rocks that line the East Pier. Yet though the short day was closing in fog and gloom on this particular Christmas Eve, and though the air had that sharp, keen feel that betokened an approaching fall of snow, the solitary figure of a lady clad in fur-trimmed Ulster might be seen just at the bend of the pier, leaning against one of the granite boulders, and gazing dreamily at the leaden, sulky-looking waves as they washed monotonously against the seaweed-covered rocks.

She is so absorbed in her own thoughts that the sound of approaching footsteps is unheeded, as a tall, stalwart-looking man with hasty strides was nearing the spot on which she stood.

"Ella!"

With a start she faced round, to be folded in the embrace of one she had long believed dead, as the well-remembered voice whispered, husky with emotion—

"At last, my darling, I have found you."

Many a woman would have fainted away had she so suddenly been confronted by one mourned for as lost for years, but not so with Miss Newman. With one great bound of joy her heart realised that her lover's life had been miraculously preserved, that Horace Gray really stood before her.

Disengaging herself from the embrace that might attract the notice of any person within view, she placed both her hands in his, and, looking with glad and tearful eyes into his face, she said—

"My beloved, have you come back to bless the life that was empty without you?"

Need we follow their expressions of rapture, or dwell upon the joy that filled their hearts, as, arm-in-arm, they wended their way homeward, Ella insisting that all Horace's story must be kept till they gathered round the fire, and listened together—Marian, Mabel, and herself—to the tale, which must be one of thrilling interest?

What a happy group was gathered in the closely-curtained, comfortable drawingroom of Erina Ville on that Christmas Eve.

Horace Gray, with the hand of his betrothed tightly clasped in both his own, Marian sitting radiant with untold gladness, where she could gaze on the face so familiar, yet so changed—for Horace bore marks of suffering and privation, notwithstanding his robust and vigorous frame—Mabel, on a low seat, reclining her head on her uncle's knee, and all listening attentively while he recounted the tale of shipwreck which we have given in a former chapter.

"When the barque went down," he continued, "I thought it was all over with me. I must have lost consciousness for a while, for when next my eyes opened the morning had broken, and I was floating. Something struck me on the side. I reached my hand, and found it was a spar. To grasp it and cling for dear life was the work of a moment, but how this could benefit me I knew not. As the light which rapidly appears in these latitudes enabled me better to view my position, despair filled my heart, for all around nothing could be seen but water. Then a new and awful terror made the very blood curdle in my veins—sharks! For a moment I almost envied my comrades lying peacefully at the bottom of the deep, and then, Marian"—turning an earnest look on his sister-in-law—"your warning words came home to me, and I thought I had deserved my fate for not giving heed to your wisdom. But God kept me from this terrible, dreaded doom. No sharks appeared, and after some hours of drifting, the spar to which I clung was washed on the pebbly beach of a small outlying island near the West Indies. Here I passed two years of my life quite alone, living on shell-fish, and birds I ensnared."

"What a dreadful life, uncle," said Mabel, shuddering. "I cannot imagine how anyone could exist on fish and such things without having bread and vegetables, tea, or anything else that is rational to eat with them. How did you endure it?"

"Ah, my dear, life is sweet, and one will gladly support it under any circumstances rather than lay it down. Hard as it seems, I managed to get on well enough. If it were not for the damp and want of clothing I could have been almost comfortable. But the fogs at night were very heavy, and, having no shelter but the trees and no covering but leaves, I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism or sciatica, as the doctors told me in Melbourne where I landed after I was rescued."

"I thought the climate of the West Indies was remarkably hot and dry," Marian remarked; "but I suppose in these tropical regions the night dews are correspondingly severe?"

"Yes," said Horace; "the dew is almost like rain, and it is very penetrating. I could hardly describe the discomforts and privations I endured during my sojourn on that island; but God had so miraculously preserved my life that I felt assured He would ultimately deliver me from the desolate spot. And so I lived on in hope, scanning the ocean day by day to catch a glimpse of a passing sail. Thus two years passed, as I noted by the seasons, and I was beginning to despair of ever being rescued—for I was convinced now that on that fatal night my vessel had been blown considerably out of her course and I was probably on one of these numerous outlying islands which are never visited by either outward or homeward-bound vessels. However, hope dawned at last, following on a night of inconceivable terror. One of those violent hurricanes which so often occur towards the close of autumn in tropical regions had swept the towering waves almost completely across the island. But for an elevation in the centre it would have been submerged and I once more a waif on the ocean. Standing on the highest point I could gain, I wearily watched for the morning's dawn, expecting every moment to be engulfed by the whirling foam that swept on all sides almost to my very feet. Light came at last. The wind had fallen, and the fury of the waves was lessening; but for hours I dared not venture out of the spot I was standing on lest a wave more powerful than the rest might carry me off. Soon the sun was shining brilliantly, and all traces of the storm had vanished save in the still swollen sea. And then I saw what made my heart throb with a maddening joy—the white sails of a ship passing quite close to the island. The moment I realised that this was a reality and not a trick of imagination, I believe I must have acted like a maniac—shouting, waving my arms, tearing the branches from such trees as were within my reach, till at last I achieved my object. Someone signalled from the deck; a boat was lowered, and though landing was a difficult matter in that heavy sea, within another hour I stood once more on a quarter-deck. The vessel by which I was rescued proved to be an American sailing ship bound for Melbourne. She had been driven out of her course during the last night's gale—fortunately, as her captain warmly said, for it had led them to the island, from which I might not again have had a chance of deliverance. Sympathy was shown by all on board when they heard my unfortunate story, and, thanks to the care and attention I received, before we reached Melbourne my frame was almost restored to its usual vigour. Having searched the chart in vain for any island corresponding to the one I was cast away on, I marked the spot where I supposed it to be, and named it 'Sciatica' in remembrance of my sufferings from that horrid complaint. In Melbourne," continued Horace, "I was obliged

to place myself in the doctor's hands for a long time. My health was so shattered that a voyage home was considered dangerous. At last, however, I was sufficiently resuscitated to get the desired permission, and you may rely upon it I lost no time in securing a passage, which was not hard to do, for friendship was lavished on me by my mates of all nations. None thought they could do enough for the poor castaway. As soon as I reached England I lost not a day in crossing the Channel, hoping against hope that I would find you all right as I left you. By the way, I ought to have told you that I telegraphed, and wrote also from Melbourne, and, getting no reply to either, I became tortured with fears of I knew not what. Thus it was with a nervous dread I felt myself once more borne to the shores of Ireland. And were not my worst fears confirmed when strange faces met me and strange voices answered my queries, saying that they knew nothing of a Mrs Gray? For months I wandered helplessly about, seeking in vain for a clue by which I might trace you."

"It is a wonder you never thought of advertising," said Ella, speaking for the first time during the interesting recital. "It is the usual way of finding out people who are wanted now, is it not?"

"Well, strange to say, I never hit on that plan," replied her lover, "until it was suggested by a young fellow whom I was dining with in the Marine Hotel. Acting on his advice, I inserted advertisements for the next three days; but they did not fetch you. However, as good fortune would have it, a practical old gentleman who holds chambers in Dame street inserted a reply which, you may be sure, I lost no time in taking up; and thus I became acquainted with all the missing threads of your story."

Thus ended Horace Gray's story, told after dinner in his sister-in-law's cosy drawingroom on that memorable Christmas Eve, four years from the commencement of all disasters, when that sad Christmas of sickness and sorrow set in.

"So you were going to join a sisterhood," he said, drawing Ella closer to him, after some general conversation on family affairs. "I hope you mean to let me have a voice in the matter, for I am not at all sure that the plan would agree with domestic comfort."

"Oh, we'll not discuss it now, please," said Ella, blushing vividly, at which they all laughed merrily, for well they knew that Horace's homecoming would make a material change in her views of sisterhoods.

When the joybells pealed on that Christmas morning the little group were still lingering with hearts so full of glad thankfulness and praise to the Almighty Giver of all good that the distant peals of the merry Christmas bells seemed but an echo of the joy that had crowned their lives, and a harbinger of the bright and peaceful future that lay before them.

The End.

TO THE RIVER ERNE.

River, river, mighty river,
Rolling boldly to the sea;
Pressing forward, onward, ever,
Time's swift flight is nought to thee.
Kingdoms moulder and decay,
Still thou speedest on thy way.
River, river, gentle river,
Flowing on so peacefully;
Even as thou glidest, river,
Humbly may I learn from thee
Onward through this life to glide
Till I reach the ocean's tide.

LEONARD MAXWELL.

WOMEN'S BOOKS.

That women, with a few rare and glorious exceptions, do not shine in literature is an incontestable fact; but for all that, when we come to think of it, it cannot but be a matter of great surprise to us that such is the case, for if, for instance, we compare the letters of our female correspondents with those we are favoured with from our male acquaintances, the former will come off with flying colours, while the latter will give evidence of the very poorest ideas of correspondence that could possibly be entertained, being, as a general rule, skeleton and scarecrow to a degree, with literally nothing whatsoever contained in them from beginning to end—just a few sentences poorly expressed and badly put together, with a total absence of all individuality and also of affection, but with a large amount of stops, presumably to make up for other deficiencies! This in substance is the everyday man's letter, and truly it is but a feeble production.

Women, on the other hand, tell everything that can possibly be told in the happiest and best possible way, choosing instinctively through their higher sympathy what will best please each of their several correspondents, and expressing themselves in the manner best calculated to ensure their information being received with pleasure. Of course, when she has a mind to annoy, woman can accomplish her end most successfully and thoroughly through the same fine instinct; but, to give them their due, females as a rule generally allow their tempers to cool before committing their displeasure to paper.

Then, to revert again to the reasons that are calculated to inspire us with wonder at the poor success of women when they venture into print is their natural and spontaneous brilliancy in conversation, their proficiency in the science of persuasive and effective speech, the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and power—proving thereby that the ancients were by no means asleep when they delegated "Rhetoric" to the fair muse Polyhymnia in preference to any of the iron-framed, long-legged gods!

From what sources women derive their unlimited supplies of information on any and every subject under the sun, from the last engagement contracted among their acquaintances to an intimate knowledge of transcendental physics, has hitherto passed all comprehension, and will still remain an insoluble mystery; but so it is. There is not one thing that was ever conceived that they are not able to expatiate upon by the hour with the greatest fluency, spirit, and originality—fresh ideas flowing out in sparkling streams without ever a moment's reflection or hesitation, just as though they were inspired for the time.

Men, on the other hand, can only speak on subjects that they have pondered and brooded over by the hour, and those among them who are pointed out as good conversationalists as a general rule weary you to death in less than half an hour with ponderous jokes and flabby stories of a distinctly gossiping character.

To return, however, to women's contributions to literature—with the brilliant and glorious excep-

tions of Elizabeth Browning, George Eliot, Madame Sand, Charlotte Brontë and one or two others—we seek in vain amongst them for the spirit, force, fire, graceful intricacies of thought, sparkling repartee, and happy comicality of putting things which characterise their conversation and domestic letters. Now why, wherefore, and for what reason is this, unless, as I firmly believe, it is *not* (as a rule) our clever women who write, but the idle who, having no weight in their own families or any particular private interests to concentrate their intellects upon, fly immediately into print without ever pausing to consider their capabilities for one moment, being eaten up with vanity born of ignorance and inexperience.

For clever women have their hands so full—what with managing their husbands, children, houses, servants, friends, and society at large—that they have no leisure to indulge in the luxury of composing for an admiring public. How such writers as the women above described get their books sold, and, what is more, read, passes one's comprehension. That in addition they are also widely despised cannot be a matter of surprise to us when we consider the poverty of their conception, the absence of personality in the individuals portrayed, the flagrant impossibilities in the construction of the plot, and the wordiness and continual tautology and grammatical solecisms disfiguring the pages throughout.

Let us briefly consider one or two of the works of even the best of the female novelists of the present day—I regret to say they barely rank with the productions of second-class authors of the other sex. What strikes one particularly is their untruthfulness to life, otherwise their exceeding unlikeliness. The authors would appear to depend entirely upon their own imaginations, and too often they lack the genius and clever invention that alone could sustain interest and make up in any way for the want of reality which impoverishes them. Take, for instance, "We Two," by E. Lyall. It is simply an impossible story from beginning to end, and quite ridiculous. It represents an agnostic, possessed of great intellectuality and spiritual nature, being hunted, hooted, snubbed to the last extent, persecuted, and finally martyred for his faithful adherence to what is popularly regarded as "Advanced Views" in the cant of the nineteenth century. And all this takes place in strictly modern times, as is testified by the introduction of electric bells in the hotel where he is represented at one time as staying, and not by any means in bygone days, as one might naturally suppose. Now, far from being hunted, hooted, and persecuted, the atheist, or agnostic—or by whatsoever title the "advanced" of the present may be pleased to advertise his infidelity—is, contrariwise, taken up, pampered, fêted, and made much of, so much so, indeed, that there is a downright temptation to the feeble-minded to swell the ranks of unbelievers, hoping thereby to make themselves of interest and attraction to others of even weaker intellect than they, and so throw away the hope of eternal life for a rotten conceit, and from the earnest motive of honest doubt, which is the crooked form religion itself takes in some distorted minds. Then another point in "We Two" which cannot but attract attention is the flagrant adoration which Miss Lyall ventilates in it for Donovan, the hero of another unlikely romance which bears his name. It takes no keen penetration to discover for what purpose he is introduced

into "We Two," for although he adds not one whit of interest to the story, which is even already far too long and ponderous before ever he encumbers the scene, he is the "graven image" before whom all the other characters fall down and worship. People are very fond of saying that women unfailingly betray their sex in books by their elaborate descriptions of dress, and this may be true; but I think they do it no less surely by this inordinate admiration of some one or other hero or heroine of their creation. To take even a "bigger" instance of this let us turn to "Robert Elsmere," Mrs Ward's last novel, which was so popularised by Mr Gladstone's withering critique in the *Nineteenth Century* last March. Of a miserable and poverty-stricken religion, which has not even the merit of originality, being but another form of that kind of Theistical Buddhism joined to an enthusiastic acceptance of the perfection of Christ in His purely human aspect (and this she dilates upon with much fluency and explanation, as though it were a view entirely originated by herself, and now for the first time given expression to in this novel), Robert Elsmere is the god! Through his attractive personality souls are awakened to the highest good, and utter scepticism, sensuality, brutality, and all manner of vices are exorcised by contact with him. Unfortunately for the brotherhood which he has had it in his mind to found, but perhaps conveniently—not to say providentially—for his biographer, he departs this life at the very commencement of this work, which, however, is carried on to the best of the ability of his followers and admirers with whom his influence remains, and in whom his spirit still continues to manifest itself in a wonderful energy and enthusiasm. Before leaving this novel I must say I think it has been taken very undue notice of in its religious aspect. All the clergy and periodicals have been criticising it, cutting it up with great rigour, and exposing its darkness, hollowness, ignorance, poverty, total absence of true argument, and Heaven knows what! and some, I grant, have acquitted themselves very cleverly; but for all that they would, I am certain, have done much better to have kept themselves quiet, for, of course, the masses at once took it for granted that there must be a great deal in it when such a fuss was made over it. I cannot forbear adding a delightful anecdote in connection with this book, which was recorded to me by a cousin the other day. A few Sundays ago a clergyman in the North of Ireland in the course of his sermon commanded his flock on no account to read "Robert Elsmere." The whole congregation, almost to a man, at the earliest possible date repaired to the nearest bookseller's and each provided him or herself with a copy without further delay. To turn to the novels of Miss Braddon, Miss Broughton, Miss Mathers, Mrs Edwards, Mrs Gaskell, Mrs Alexander, and Mrs Oliphant. Though not without merit each in their several ways, they are all more or less stamped with vulgarity, and are distinctly third-class reading. Women's "travels" have long been a standing joke, with their geographical, ornithological, botanical, geological, and all manner of errors. A striking exception to this rule are the works of Miss Gordon Cumming, which are so deservedly popular throughout the Kingdom.

But, in conclusion, let me turn to another branch of literature, and this time one in which women are eminently successful. Take, for instance, the works of Mrs Ewing, Mrs Green, Maria Edg-

worth, Mrs Hodgson Burnett, Mrs Marshall, and Mrs Stretton. What could be more delightful and utterly fascinating to young awakening minds than the charming creations of these talented authoresses?—so full of graceful fancies and home truths, with scenes, plots, conversations just after children's heart, without any of the foolish twaddle that rises such withering contempt in the bosom of the infant of the nineteenth century—the mothers who wrote them comprehending supremely the work they had undertaken, and being at one with the children in their sympathies, ideas, and general acceptance of life, and bending their whole minds to the great task of educating, ennobling, and expanding the young hearts and brains entrusted to them, and at the same time affording entertainment of the happiest and most fascinating nature, showing all through touches of the highest and most captivating genius.

L.

THE LAST CONCERT OF THE DUBLIN MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The last concert of the Dublin Musical Society, given in the Royal University, was one of the best they ever presented to their cultivated and critical audiences. It was one of the best not only in point of numbers, but in performance. We know persons who object to what they call the "scrappy" programme; but a programme of this character possesses the advantage not only of variation, but of contrast.

"Samson" is a great oratorio, but it is possible that a very limited number exclusive of the Handel enthusiasts would sit out three hours of "Samson" with sustained rapture. In our opinion the Dublin Musical Society act wisely in presenting a programme judiciously varied. It is not, strictly speaking, an oratorio society, and its concerts are so few, of necessity, that advantage is wisely taken of the presence of the orchestral band to interpret the ideas of Mendelssohn and the more modern developments of Gounod, as well as others. An immense audience assembled last Thursday. Not only was every seat occupied, but standing room was considered a luxury.

On Mr Joseph Robinson's appearance the applause was unanimous and prolonged. That he deserves the highest gratitude of musical Dublin, is our sincere opinion. There never was a man of ability and of eminence whose faults were not exaggerated under the broadest electric glare of carping criticism, and Mr Joseph Robinson has not escaped this social ordeal. But whatever his faults—and personally we know of none—he is the greatest of Irish conductors, and a man who has done more for the cause of high musical art than any man at present living in this country. We shall be painfully astonished if our fellow-citizens allow him to lay down the *baton* of his splendid society without presenting him with a token of the gratitude and esteem which he has earned by a laborious, life-long devotion to the cause of intellectual progress.

The concert, which opened with a selection from "Samson" was, as we have said, a great success. The overture, which is the best of all Handel oratorio overtures, was played with considerable effect by Mr Horan, organist, and the orchestra. In the latter Mr Levey acted as leader, and it also numbered, amongst other

distinguished instrumentalists, Signor Papini, Herr Lauer, Herr Rudersdorff, and Mr O'Donnell.

The part of Samson was successfully delivered by Mr Melfort D'Alton, who sang the air, "Total Eclipse," with cultured expression, this air being followed by a chorus of Israelites, "Oh, First Created Beam," magnificently rendered by the choir, the basses delivering the phrase, "Let There be Light" forte, and with great vigour. The final chorus of the first part, "Then round about the Starry Throne," was encored. Miss Fanny Emerson, who possesses a good contralto, excellently trained, opened the second part of the "Samson" selection with recitative, following with the air, "Return, O God of Hosts," sung with an amount of expression surprising in so young an artist, but not unexpected by the public, who remember her rendering of "He was a Man of Sorrows" in the "Messiah." Dalila's air, "My Faith and Truth," with the chorus of Virgins, illustrates the remarkable command which Handel possessed over the resources of his wonderful art.

The music expressed the soul of simulated love. The appearance of Madame Nordica to continue the more difficult music of Delila was the signal for universal applause. Mr John Horan, jun., was undoubtedly successful in that most florid and difficult bass air, "Honour and Arms." The remarkable chorus, "Fixed in his Everlasting Seat," where Israelites and Philistines vaunt the powers of their different gods, was splendidly rendered by choir and band. Then came one of the sensations of the evening, the singing by Madame Nordica of the beautiful air, "Let the Bright Seraphim," with trumpet obligato by Mr O'Donnell. The singing was perfect, and Mr O'Donnell's playing equally so. In this song notes on the word "blow" were clarion-like powerful, and at the same time exquisitely beautiful in tone; and Mr O'Donnell delivered his notes without the slightest burr or exaggeration, a splendid feat on such an extremely difficult instrument.

The second part of this admirable concert opened with Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," in which this great composer exhibits the more developed powers of orchestration, which is a marked characteristic of modern music. At the same time the scoring for voices was equally fine, and diverged into phases of emotion of a psychical nature different to the superficial animalism of the older composers. An electric effect was created on the audience by the final chorus of this work, "Woe unto Thee, Babylon," the incident of the drums and cymbals being marvellously effective. This work was repeated in response to the unanimous wish of the audience. The popular recitative and chorus of angels from the late Mrs Robinson's famous cantata, "God is Love" was also redemanded, but was not repeated. Here we see an evidence of the cleverness of the compilers of the programme, Mrs Robinson's work forming a serenely calm contrast to the terrific chorus of Gounod's work. The choir (unaccompanied) sang "Judge me, O God," Psalm 43, composed by Mendelssohn, with great success. To perform a comparatively long work like this without that assistance from the instruments which performs the sometimes needful duty of a tuning fork for uncertain vocalists, proves the high state of cultivation which the Dublin Musical Choir have reached under the *baton* of Mr Robinson. The concert closed with "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater,"

Madame Nordica repeating her former success, and ringing out her final notes above the combined band and chorus forte, so that the entire audience rose to their feet, and a scene of excited enthusiasm ensued for several minutes.

Thus ended the last concert of the Dublin Musical Society, one of the best ever given in this city.

No greater loss could happen to the cause of music in Dublin than the dispersal of this splendid choir of voices, trained for years in the highest productions of musical art. To permit this catastrophe will be to stain our reputations as lovers of music in its grandest forms. A choir like this cannot be created in a day, in a month, or a year. There must, indeed, be a sad lack of public spirit and absence of culture amongst our richer citizens if they allow the society to pass away, and all its triumphs to become a mere dream of the past. When the love of beautiful music has degenerated into the worship of drawingroom doggerel, then we may justly exclaim—

"Woe unto thee, Dublin,
For the day of thy fall is 'nigh'!"

A VISIT TO ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S, BELFAST.

The maiden City of Belfast bears its honours nobly. The Jubilee year brought her much to be proud of, and started her in the race of wealth and rivalry with all the cities of the United Kingdom only more to be admired and respected as she has made herself. Her men by their own hard toil and enterprise have brought their once small seaport town to be the splendid city we see now, increasing every day. As we strolled along through the Royal avenue and Donegal place we were struck by the beauty of Robinson and Cleaver's magnificent establishment, most truly said to be the "Royal Palace of the North," and one of the new City's greatest ornaments—a palatial structure of white stone built at the corner of Donegal square. This magnificent building surpasses any other house of commerce that has been built, and is justly the pride of the city and all connected with it. Seen in the shadows of evening, it looks like some fairy palace in the gloom, its entire frontage lit entirely by electric lights and lamps of every shade and colour, the effect is dazzling, and unconsciously the stranger pauses, the thought passing through his mind, "Can this be the land of poverty and misery we hear of when its men can build and form a palace like that? It is impossible!" Passing through the doorway we were received with courtesy by those within, and stood with silent admiration and astonishment to see the magnificent Sicilian marble staircase which led from the principal hall, such as we seldom see surpassed even in the Royal Palaces of our United Kingdom, giving an air of grandeur to the whole building. Large bevelled mirrors met our gaze wherever we turned, and the beautiful carved show cases lit by different coloured fairy lights, gave the appearance of some highly decorated fancy fair. Last, not least, was the exquisite taste displayed in the assortment of goods in every department.

It is quite vain to tell of its most beautiful damasks. That never-to-be-forgotten gem, the Jubilee doyley, accepted by her most Gracious Majesty the Queen, spoke once for all for Robinson and Cleaver's fame in that department.

Passing on again, we came on one of its most

pleasing innovations, a "ladies' drawingroom," beautifully furnished with the most luxurious taste, its tables strewn with papers and all the periodicals of the day, where friends may talk and lovers sigh in the midst of this vast hall of wealth.

We turned away with regret, and wished from our hearts we could see a few more Robinson and Cleaver's in Ireland, and poverty would be heard of no more. They employ 300 hands daily, and a visit to the fine kitchens on the top floor of the building, where all cooking is done by gas stoves, will show the visitor how well they are treated by this firm, which owes much of its success to the clever management of Mr Gifford.

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

While on all sides we are reminded of the approach of Christmas in the activity of the shops, the press of buyers, and the flourish of wares—a special feature of this year is the variety and elegance of the dainty embroideries that we see in course of completion, at friendly teas, and intimate reunions. The Royal School of Art Needlework may, I think, claim chief credit for this artistic impetus in the direction of delicate personal handiwork, and at the recent sale many useful articles were temptingly begun, and the proper quantity of silks, braids, or crewels laid ready for any amateur glad to adopt a scheme of colouring sanctioned by such authority. Such were tea cloths, footstools, couvettes, sachets, handkerchief cases, &c. In work bags the diversity is immense, the simple pattern made of a square of cardboard with upright sides, the satin fluted or crewelled and finished round the top, bottom, and cover with diminutive frills. The cover is removable, and this model can also be used as a stand for a flower-pot.

But for any lady wearing scissors at her chate-laine and only wishing to carry silks—or, indeed, as a decorative object on a small table, what can be prettier than the snug, grandmotherly workbag fashioned from two squares of richest materials—say an apple-green satin and cream silk. At each corner of the upper square (the cream) a floral design should be worked with the colours given—I would like a tawny tiger lily. Join the squares, lay them flat, and run three parallel threads in a circle all round, within two inches of the edge, passing by the corners. Into these spaces run two ribbons in opposite directions, and gather up into a bag, letting the pointed corners fall over.

There is a great field for imagination in the combining of these bags. I have seen a handsome one in Indian brocade, heavy with gold, lined with terra cotta satin, worked with daffodils in gold thread. The size of a gentleman's pocket-handkerchief is a good proportion for these pretty bags.

An iris is a lovely flower for decorative needlework, on a background of sage green, and makes an excellent pattern for the seat of a Gothic footstool, always a welcome addition in a room, and artistic by reason of its quaint shape. Any working carpenter could make the framework, and Aspinall's enamel would do the rest.

There are not wanting signs that the Christmas card mania is on the wane. In quantity the supply may yet be as considerable as formerly, but there is a woful decadence in quality. When feeble facetiae threaten to preponderate the market, the inference is obvious. Of this

calibre I consider the very general distribution of spoons, forks, warming pans, or material small coins attached to cards, and inscribed, in consideration of the "Hard Times," as relics of "family plate." Cat subjects are unusually numerous, and, if wanting in point, are still always pretty and graceful. There is also great choice in delicate hand-painted cards, but these are not new; nor are the beautiful copies of old masters published by Messrs. Marcus Ward. Fanciful illustrated books, each containing a complete poem, are about the latest thing, and although a few of these were seen last year, they were not procurable then, as now, at the average price of a single card.

The Empire veils which come to us from Paris are seen more in the shops than in the street. These veils have a fine running string in the centre, top, and bottom, and draw in to allow of full play of the features, now that it is the fashion to carry the veil down below the obtrusive point of the nose. For my own part I don't admire these "falls." I think the idea might be modified into a few stitches just over the front, giving enough fullness to clear the obstructive feature, but avoiding the ugly gathering below the chin.

Our theatre-loving public—which must mean quite the majority of our population, for our theatres are nearly all filled to overflowing every night—are on the tip-toe of expectation for the reopening of the Lyceum by Mr Irving and company in "Macbeth." The famous manager has already been seen in this part some ten or twelve years ago, when the Lyceum was in the hands of Mr Bateman, and, as a consistent admirer of Mr Irving, I am "free to confess"—like Truthful James—that I never saw our popular actor in a character more completely and entirely unsuited to him.

Time may have altered his reading, and time also may have mellowed an earlier judgment. This remains to be proved. There is no doubt, however, that much of the interest manifested in this revival is due to the prospect of Miss Ellen Terry's first appearance in the part of Lady Macbeth. As I always prefer this delightful actress in comedy, I doubt finding my ideal in her interpretation. But irrespective of the tragedy, the air is thick with rumours of Lady Macbeth's wonderful costumes—marvels which, they say, are to eclipse all that has hitherto been done in what seems to have recently become the most important detail of stage craft.

At the banquet given by the "League of Patriots" to General Boulanger, the following was the *menu*, which it might be expedient to follow in detail:—

SOUP.

Creme de riz, Brunoise.

This soup is made on the stock of white meat, knuckle of veal—or, if not obtainable, then on light beef stock and cowheel, for a gelatinous flavour is indispensable. Fry to a delicate golden brown carrots, onions, turnips, and a double portion of celery. Add these to stock, and rub through a cullender. Have ready a teacupful of ground rice, previously boiled in some of the stock. Stir smoothly into the soup, give one boil, and serve.

FISH.

Filets de poisson a la Dieppoise.

Rub the filleted fish well over with lemon juice, and let it remain a couple of hours. Then boil very carefully to avoid breaking in water, properly salted, with a bouquet of herbs and two bay leaves. Serve with the following sauce, well

reduced:—Chop finely a shalot, previously boiled. Place it in a gallipot with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, and stand this in a saucepan of boiling water at the side of the fire. Beat up two yolks of fresh eggs with a pinch of powdered saffron. Stir in gently. Add salt and a few grains of cayenne, and drop in a little lemon juice, one drop at a time. Stir over the fire till perfectly hot, but the water must not boil. Lay the fish round the dish, the sauce in the centre, and garnish with sliced gherkin.

ENTREES.

Filet de boeuf aux champignon farcis
Poulardes a la Toulouse.

The first of these entrees is from the part of the beef we call the undercut of the sirloin, which in France can be obtained in its entire length, as meat is cut differently there from here. It is the most delicate piece in the whole ox. Slice and broil the fillet. Prepare the mushrooms by carefully removing the inside, which chop up with some well made sausage meat and sweet herbs; moisten with dissolved butter, and fry carefully, after having filled each mushroom with the stuffing. Medium-sized mushrooms must be chosen, and the stalks retained for the effect of the dish. Remove the mushrooms and keep them hot; add a little strong stock to the butter in which they were fried. Boil up, and pour round the dish in which fillet and mushrooms have been dressed.

The poulardes, or fattened fowl, are cut up and braised in a stewpan with butter and a clove of garlic. When thoroughly cooked, add to the sauce half a tumblerful of good Burgundy, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, half a pint of stock seasoning, and reduce. Serve, garnished with fried sippets of bread in fanciful shapes.

At this point of the *menu*, according to the present fashion in France, ices were served, after which came the roasts. These were venison, with a good rich gravy, highly seasoned, and young ducks *au naturel*.

The sweets I must defer till next week.

AMINA.

ITEMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

MESSRS. ARNOTT AND CO., HENRY STREET.

If there are people among us anxious to secure Christmas novelties in articles of dress, decoration for the person, or for the parlour and drawingroom, who neglect to call at Messrs. Arnott's monster house within this period and the end of the year, they will make a genuine mistake which will not be readily repaired, as the stock of attractive goods now on exhibition by the firm—all of them seasonable articles and specially adapted for presents to friends and relatives at this joyous time—is perhaps the most extensive that this celebrated house has provided for years. The five Continents have been ransacked by their buyers to secure novelties for this Christmas period, and we venture to assert that in no other house in the world could a greater diversity of goods in their special lines—and their name is legion—be found than will be encountered in a journey through their apparently endless departments. If dress fabrics are required, Arnott and Co.'s is undoubtedly the place to secure them of every known design and fashion; and if any of the other thousand and one requirements that our lady friends are constantly in need of should be wanted, a single visit will furnish them with everything they may require. It would take many columns of a newspaper to enumerate even a tithe of the articles kept in stock by this eminent house; but to one and all of our lady friends we would say—Don't lose the present opportunity of inspecting the enormous number of beautiful things that Messrs. Arnott are now exhibiting, and are selling, too, at prices that must astonish the most economical.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AT MESSRS COLEMAN'S.

We are now in the season when interchanges of cards bring back to the recollection or relatives and friends the

old time associations which form such pleasant memories and make the great Natal day a period to be remembered. Perhaps no finer exhibition of Christmas cards is to be seen in Dublin than that just now on view in the three establishments of Messrs. Thomas J. Coleman and Co., at 9 Westmoreland street, 52 Grafton street, and at the very extensive premises, 20 and 21 College Green. It is no exaggeration to say that the variety and elegance of the firm's display of cards are fairly bewildering. Among the chromo cards we would specially notice one printed with an exquisite wreath of pansies, rivalling nature for softness and delicacy; a series of new "Court" greeting cards with lace borders, each in envelope with protector, and several very good designs in sporting cards which are certain to attract many. There is also shown an immense variety of autograph cards with spaces for the sender's and recipient's names, a style rapidly growing in public favour. Their series of cheap packets of cards are certainly wonderful value, ranging in price from 12 cards for a penny to a five-shilling box containing a *recherche* collection. We were particularly struck with their highly amusing collections of comic post cards, and with an ingenious novelty imitating a railway season ticket with good wishes to carry you safely on the journey of life. The "nap" series are sure to be popular with the votaries of this popular game. Messrs. Coleman also show a beautiful variety of hand-painted cards, from the least expensive to the elegant work of art on real ivory. A novelty is a really charming series of dainty booklets ranging in price from sixpence. "Private cards printed to order with the sender's name and greetings are a speciality with Messrs. Coleman, who have established a high reputation in this special branch; and altogether a visit to any of their three houses mentioned cannot fail to be both instructive and profitable.

LA REVEILLE.

GAITY THEATRE.—The Allyn Bernard Company are performing this week in a variety of Plays from eminent authors. "Cinderella" is, we understand, to be the pantomime for this year, in which Mrs Gunn it is expected will take a prominent part.

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL THEATRE PANTOMIME.—"The Fair One with the Golden Locks."—Things are pretty lively at this house just now in preparation for Mr J. F. Warden's fifth effort in the way of providing for the Dublin public a pantomime which will in many respects compare favourably with the London productions. The company is a strong one, and several old Dublin favourites will on Boxing Day come before the footlights to receive a hearty "Cead mille failthe." Amongst these will be found Mr Alfred Rivers, who appeared here last year with Mr Majilton's company in the "Gay City," and whose singing of "Madame Tussaud's" and "Other Arrangements" convinces us that Mr Warden has the right man this time. Mr Keino Johnston of the same company is also engaged, and the well-known Tom Park is going to have a try at "side-shaking," and when he tries he generally succeeds. Amongst the ladies we may mention the Sisters Beresford, who made such a severe "hit" four years ago in the pantomime of "Cinderella," are again to charm and delight the thousands who will flock to see "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." The scenery this year is to eclipse that of any previous year, and the transformation scene is on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted. Altogether we may predict a lengthened and prosperous career for "The Fair One."

Mrs Ellis Cameron, accompanied by Madame Julie Perinni, who will make her *debut* on the occasion, will give a series of costume recitals in the Ancient Concert Rooms on Thursday evening and Saturday morning in aid of the Children's Hospital.

GRAND AMATEUR THEATRICALS, KINGSTOWN TOWN HALL.—These theatricals took place last Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening in aid of the Maternity Institution, and before an audience as large as the spacious hall could accommodate. The programme consisted of Theyre Smith's comedietta, "A Happy Pair," and H. Craven's celebrated comedy-drama, "Meg's Diversion." In "A Happy Pair" Mrs Pollard played "Mrs Honyton" and Mr White "Mr Honyton." Mrs Pollard is a well-known and distinguished amateur, who fully sustained her reputation in this part. She stands, indeed, somewhat above the general school of amateurs, possessing an extremely flexible and musical voice,

splendid vivacity, and true artistic insight into the varying phases which form a natural character. Mr White acted fairly well, but forgot some portions of his part. There is no fault more common with the average amateur than this, and none more disconcerting not only to the actor implicated and the audience, but to the other players. It is most unfair to another artist who knows her part, as Mrs Pollard did, to have the action of the piece suspended whilst her colleague is stepping "aside" to the prompter. The comedy-drama, "Meg's Diversion," was played on the whole very well, and the scenery was not bad. Of course every amateur performance affords large scope for satirical remarks, but we do not wish to air our own cleverness at the expense of ladies and gentlemen who evidently worked hard in such a deserving cause. The performance, generally speaking, was one of the best amateur performances we have seen. We will, however, venture here to give an important suggestion to all amateur actors. Double your rehearsals. This is a golden rule, and for the following reason. The individual actor may think himself perfect, and may indeed be perfect in his part. But apart from his individual acting the audience must be presented with the *ensemble* of a scene, and this *ensemble* can never be successfully achieved until all the actors without exception know how to act with each other, where to stand, and what to do at the right moment. Those who took part in "Meg's Diversion" were Mrs Pollard, Mrs Dallas Pratt, Miss Richardson, and Messrs French, West, Allen, Edwards, and Dallas.

GRAND AMATEUR CONCERT, LEINSTER HALL.—This concert, which took place on Saturday evening, was the finale to the S.S. Augustine and John Bazaar. The remnants of the bazaar were represented by an artistic row of beautifully-designed stalls which formed the background to the concert platform. Apart from the reserved seats, which were well filled, the house presented many empty places, the area being almost unoccupied. As an amateur performance the concert was fairly good. Miss Maude Gonne, who always presents a statuesque appearance and has considerable resource in graceful movements, recited "Nationality," by Thomas Davis, and the "Potion Scene from Romeo and Juliet." Her voice, which is extremely flexible and sympathetic in a small hall, was disconcerted by the larger area of the Leinster Hall. Mr J. Gaffney sang "Dio Possente" and "Les Rameaux." Mr Gaffney may reasonably cherish hopes of achieving a high position as a public vocalist. He has a rich baritone, and sings very intelligently. He has improved since last season. Mr N. P. Healy played several violin solos in an admirable manner. The piano was the worst we have ever heard at a concert, and perhaps this is the reason why Mr Frank Manley's accompaniments were of an indifferent character.

MISS WAYLAND'S RECITAL, MOLESWORTH HALL.—The numbers of persons unable to obtain admission to Miss Wayland's recitals prove the interest which the public take in the career of this accomplished elocutionist. She appeared with more than average success in almost every variety of art to which she has devoted herself. She exhibited her abilities for serious comedy in the scene from the "Merchant of Venice," and was also excellent in the quarrel scene from the "School for Scandal," a piece not only demanding histrionic grasp of the elemental powers of vivacity, but considerable study of the type of woman who adorned the drawingrooms of fifty years ago, and who assuredly stands on a lower scale than the refined and self-possessed woman of the present day. Miss Wayland was ably assisted by Chancellor Tisdall, Mr Ronald Smedley, Miss Dorothy Bayly, Miss Laura Douglas, Miss Lucy Douglas, Miss Dixon, and Mr Sharp.

FREE CONCERTS FOR THE POOR.—The first of a series of free concerts for the poor, organised by the benevolent ladies conducting the penny dinner establishment at St. Kevin street, will be given on Saturday evening next, the 15th inst. The following ladies will take part in the proceedings—Mrs Tobin, Mrs Thompson, Miss Shaw, Miss Dunn, Miss O'Brien, and the Misses Costello; and they will be assisted by the following amongst other gentlemen friends—Messrs Farrell, McLaughlin, Fahie, Christie, &c. Some of Gatty's new plantation songs will be rendered, as also one or two of the old Christy minstrel choruses and other amusing solos and concerted pieces. Not the least interesting feature of the entertainment will be the performance of the scenes from the "Mikado" by Dr. Tyrrel's three clever little children, the eldest of whom is only about nine years of age.

The annual examination of the pupils of the Musical Academy, 35 South Frederick street, commenced on Tuesday, December 4th, 1888, in the presence of a select assemblage. The decision of the judges—Messrs H. Simcon, W. Robinson, and A. Fitzsimon—was unanimous as to the successful pupils. The proficiency of the pupils, both successful and unsuccessful, reflects the highest credit on the principal, Mr P. M. Levenston, R.I.A.M. The following is the list of the successful candidates:—First class—Master H. Franklin, S. Levenston, and M. Rosenberg. Second class—Miss T. Levenston and Miss Barlow. Third class—M. Cassidy and M. Hervey. Fourth class—M. White, M. Barlow, and M. Batchelor.

CONCERT AT KINGSBRIDGE.—Kingsbridge was *en fete* on Saturday evening. The spacious halls of the company were thronged with an appreciative audience, who spent a couple of hours most enjoyably listening to the accomplished rendering of a well-assorted programme. Amongst those who took part in the proceedings were—Miss Belton, Mrs G. A. Drought, Miss Hughes, the Misses Tydd, Miss Ethel Bayley and Miss Langley, Mr T. Godden, and Mr W. H. Alcock. The concert was most successful in every particular.

A most successful amateur concert was held in the Town Hall, Newbridge, on the night of Tuesday, 4th inst., for the benefit of the poor of the town. The house was filled with a fashionable audience, and many had to be turned away from the doors for want of even standing room. The concert opened with a part song the solos of which were effectively rendered by Mrs Baker, Miss Townley, and Corporal Cowan, 4th Dragoon Guards. Watson's familiar song, "Anchored," was admirably sung by Mr Townley, who, in response to a warm encore, gave "Nancy Lee." Mr H. E. Linde, the popular master of Eyrefield, was warmly received, and loudly applauded in several comic songs which he sang with much spirit. Miss Moroney's rendering of "I love my Love" was well deserving of the vigorous encore with which it was greeted, and to which she responded with a bright waltz song. The Misses Townley were heard to much advantage in a duet, as were also the Misses Raskopf in "The Flight of the Swallows." Corporal Cowan sang "The Distant Shore" and "The Skipper" in most attractive style, and was loudly recalled. Mr Baker sang "I Fear no Foe" with great power and feeling, and Sergeant Buckle contributed two brilliant clarinet solos. The accompaniments were played by Mr Moroney, who proved a most efficient conductor.

Three very successful entertainments have been given in the recreation room of the Beggar's Bush Barracks by the 1st Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment. The programme, which was very attractive, included the comic operetta "The Blind Beggars," a legerdemain entertainment by bandsman Trevor, the musical operetta "John and Angelina," and musical and literary pieces. The various artists acquitted themselves excellently on each occasion, and thoroughly deserved the hearty and frequent applause which greeted their acting. Mr W. L. Saunders conducted the musical arrangements. The following took part in the entertainments:—Mrs Woolley, Mrs Cudmore, Miss M. Copping; Mr Pollitt, Sergeant Farrell, Mr Somers, M. Louis Saurin, Mr Lyne, Bandsman Ebdy, Bandsman Trevors, Lance-Corporal Ebsworth, &c.

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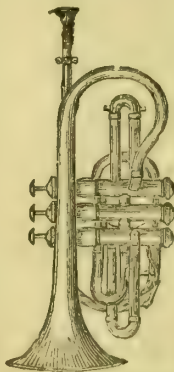
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Amusement Notices inserted at special rates.

Cheques &c., to be made payable to ERNEST MANICO.

EDITORIAL.

All correspondence addressed to the Editor must be authenticated by the writer's name and address.

The Editor invites communications relative to marriages, marriage engagements, at homes, balls, dances, and fashionable movements, no charge being made for the insertion of these items.

Invitations for balls, concerts, marriage ceremonies, exhibitions, &c., forwarded to the Editor will receive prompt and courteous attention.

The Editor will endeavour to return rejected manuscripts when stamps are forwarded to him for that purpose.

S. BARING GOULD'S
New Serial Story,
entitled

THE

PENNYCOME-
QUICKS,

Will be Commenced in our issue of
January 5, 1889.

IRISH SOCIETY.

WEEK ENDING 22nd DECEMBER, 1888.

Father Christmas is once more just about to show his genial countenance to an expectant world. He generally brings with him pleasures innumerable alike to young and old, and, in his large and generous heart, he does not forget the poor or the needy, the outcast or the homeless, the gay or the sad. He has for each a message, and delivers it with such tenderness that hard

hearts are melted and affections stimulated. Looking back over the past twelve months we, as well as our readers, have many kindnesses to remember, and in such retrospection let us for the time—for ever, if possible—forget the unrelenting attempts of those whose evil intentions followed us as the vulture does its prey. Let us forget that such creatures exist in a Christian country, but with hearts strengthened by domestic love and brightened by the prospects of a happy and prosperous future, let us joyfully welcome the season of "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." With these few words we simply and sincerely wish each individual reader and friend of IRISH SOCIETY

THE BEST COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

and

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Owing to Christmas Day falling upon a Tuesday this year, and in order to give our employees the full benefit of the universal holiday, IRISH SOCIETY will not be issued until Thursday forenoon next week. Should any of our many friends find a difficulty in procuring the paper from newsagents, a postcard to the manager at this office will remove any further cause of complaint.

Bright, beautiful frost—crisp of yourself, and turning everything in animated Nature at 'his season to gladness! The young and healthy rejoice in you, and even the old and feeble regard you with something akin to veneration, for they are really much better in health with the thermometer at 32 than with a muggy, foggy, miserable atmosphere, even though the venerable Fahrenheit should register 52 degrees.

Not too much frost, but just enough to give an air of invigoration to the strong, and an added feeling of buoyancy to the invalid, with, if possible, an utter absence of winds from all quarters. Those winds! They have killed more people in these Kingdoms within the present year than all the epidemics combined. Since the first of January last Boreas has been a constant visitor in these latitudes, blowing with more or less violence, and from a meteorological point of view it may be of interest to state that during the eleven months the wind has been for seven of them from the Eastward!

Christmas is after all bringing us genial weather. Bright skies overhead with occasional flashes of sunshine are having the effect of bringing ladies out in the necessary work of shopping, and not for a great many years past at this holiday time have warehousemen and shop proprietors been doing so good a business as that with which they

are now favoured. The absence of sloop and slush underfoot has a good deal to do with this pleasant state of affairs, and we can all only hope that this agreeable condition of things may continue.

The Queen, with the Empress Frederick and her three daughters, left Windsor Castle shortly after 12 o'clock on Tuesday for Osborne, where the Court will be in residence until February, when it will return to Windsor.

The Queen and all the members of the Royal Family now in England attended a special service at the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore, on Friday, it being the 27th anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort.

Before retiring from the mausoleum her Majesty and the Royal Family arranged several beautiful wreaths round the tomb of Prince Albert. The Empress Frederick's floral tribute consisted of a pretty mauve and white cross bearing the letters "F," "V."

After the service the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family left Windsor for Marlborough House.

The Empress Eugenie is expected to arrive in Paris on the 20th. She will stay with Princess Nathalie, with whom she has been reconciled through the means of Prince Victor Napoleon.

It is now asserted on the best authority that the recent reports of an impending divorce between the King and Queen of Portugal are groundless. The Duchess of Braganza is supposed to have been the cause of the recent coldness between the Royal couple. This young Princess appears to have a hatred to etiquette, and in this point resembles her father-in-law. She has given offence to Queen Maria Pia, who wishes to maintain the ancient courtly formalities.

Queen Maria Pia is about restoring her palace at Lisbon on a magnificent scale. Furniture, tapestries, and bric-a-brac are continually arriving from Paris, and the best artists and sculptors have been engaged for the work.

Queen Nathalie has requested King Milan to allow her to see her son during the Christmas holidays. Queen Nathalie intends remaining in Russia till the 15th of January, and King Milan evidently does not like to trust the Prince on Russian ground, so insists that the Queen should come to Roumania, and that her meeting with her son should take place within that territory.

In the political circles at Vienna it is believed that before long Queen Nathalie will send her protest against the divorce to the Sovereigns of

Europe. It is thought that the only one who will not receive the protest will be the Emperor William, as the Queen of Servia cannot forget the treatment she received at Wiesbaden.

A despatch from Buda Pesth announces the death of Monsignor Anglicons, Patriarch of the Servian Church.

The marriage arranged between Mr Walter Hugh Rawnsley, of Southfield, Louth, and Helen Maud, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Chaplin, of Westgate House, Louth, will take place early next month.

In forthcoming marriages a recent *on dit* couples the names of the Chief Secretary for Ireland and a daughter of the late Colonel King-Harman.

The threatening attitude of the *jeunesse doree* in America towards the English aristocracy for their extensive swoop on marriageable heiresses will have to include Italy and France if matters continue to progress at their present ratio. In Italy there are at present eight princesses of American origin, two duchesses, and nineteen marchionesses and countesses. In France the proportion is not so great, but is daily on the increase.

During this month in Paris the marriage will take place of Prince Don Clement Torlonia, Duke of Torrita, with Mdle. Heredia, a beautiful Spaniard, niece of the Duchess of Sartona. The fiance is the only son of Don Giovanni Torlonia and the Duchess Francesca, *nee* Princess Ruspoli, who remarried Count de Risseleff, who was once Russian Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence.

A marriage by special licence took place on the 12th inst. at 84 Lower Leeson street—that of John Roberts Price, of the Bombay Civil Service, and May, only daughter of the late Henry Somers, M.D., Surgeon-Major Army Medical Staff. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Robert O'Callaghan, Vicar of Hutton, Cranswick, East Yorks, and the Rev. Charles Fleury, M.A., senior curate Christ Church, Leeson Park.

At the Adelaide road Presbyterian Church on Wednesday last Mr David Fleming, of Glasgow, was married to Helena, widow of the late Mr Walter Stanger, of Nottingham, and third daughter of Mr James Steen Millar, J.P., of Palmerston Park, Dublin. The Rev. George Hanson, M.A., was the officiating clergyman.

A marriage will take place in January between Mr G. Pentland, of Black Hall, Drogheda, and Jessie Frances, fourth daughter of Sir Croker Barrington, Bart., of Glenstal, County Limerick.

The marriage of Mr J. H. Lavies and Miss May Salt, second daughter of Mr John Salt, M.P., will take place at Chislehurst early next month. None but immediate relatives will be present, owing to the recent death of Dr. Lavies, whose express wish it was that the wedding should not be postponed.

The marriage of the Rev. Newton Mant and Miss Margaret Beresford Hope will take place on Thursday, January 3rd, at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, at 2 o'clock.

"A Constant Reader" sends us the following:—

In one of your numbers of last March a notice appeared to the effect that the second eldest and very pretty daughter of a late celebrated countryman of yours (who had died the previous October) would during the summer be married to a member of an old English family, and one of a long race of soldiers and sailors. That wedding never took place. For some reason, not much known, the engagement was broken off, and the lady's health has, in consequence, much suffered.

By command of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry a performance of amateur theatricals will take place in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, on Friday evening, December 28th, at 8.30 p.m. Ladies and gentlemen who have attended a Drawing Room or Levee at the Castle during last season, and desire being present at the performance of the 28th inst., are requested to send in their names and addresses to the Chamberlain's Office, Dublin Castle, on or before Saturday, December 22nd.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry gave a series of dinner parties at the Viceregal Lodge last week. The guests, which numbered about 40 each day, included all the prominent Irish officials and their wives, as well as many of the leading residents in Dublin and the neighbourhood. A military band played during dinner on each occasion.

The Marchioness of Londonderry and Lady Berkeley Paget visited on Friday the sale of Christmas presents at the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework. Her Excellency made several purchases, and greatly admired the beauty of the articles exhibited.

The children's fancy ball to be given after Christmas by her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry is causing a great amount of interest and expectation among the juveniles who have been favoured with invitations, and also has given satisfaction to the houses which have received orders to furnish the different pretty costumes to be worn on the occasion of this gay festivity.

The Earl and Countess of Roden have started for the South of France, and intend passing the winter abroad.

Sir Robert Shaw, Bart., and Lady Shaw are at Pau, and are enjoying much the warmth and sunshine which has prevailed there. Pau has been favoured with an exceptionally fine season.

The Marchioness of Dufferin received a visit from seven hundred native Indian women previous to her departure from Bombay. Her ladyship was only attended by ladies. Neither the Marquis nor any of his suite were present, in accordance with the strict seclusion in which the women of India live.

The Germans on the occasion of the recent visit of the young Duchess of Aosta were much surprised at her ignorance of etiquette. She found the Court at Berlin in deep mourning, but this did not prevent her from wearing a sky blue satin dress, and on another evening a tea rose pink one.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin left Calcutta on the 10th inst., and received on their departure an enthusiastic ovation from the inhabitants.

The Marquis of Lansdowne has now formally assumed the charge of the Indian Government, and we wish him the same good fortune which has attended the universally popular Viceroy whom he succeeds.

A night or two ago White Lodge, the residence of Princess Mary Adelaide, was entered by burglars, but they were discovered before they had time to secure the valuables they were in search of, and escaped by a ladder they had placed against the window. All trace of them was lost.

Sir Thomas Brady has presented on behalf of the Royal Humane Society a medal and certificate to Mr Robert Davis, of Howth, for courageous and heroic conduct in saving life at sea.

Accounts from the Riviera report weather colder than our own. Some ten days ago the barometer at Monaco registered seven degrees lower than those in London, and visitors are scarce. Yet we hear that a recently-made Duchess has proceeded thither undeterred by the Clerk of the Weather, and unaccompanied by the Duke.

The visit of a fair guest at the ducal country seat is said to have proved unpopular, although the Duchess made herself responsible for the invitation. The bells—which did not ring on the occasion of the wedding—were ringing for Sunday service, when his Grace organised a riding party, which her Grace did not join.

The Parnell Commission drags its slow length along, but is prophesied to give us at least one enduring monument in the shape of an elaborate picture by Mr Calderon.

Lady Granby is the patroness of the Grantham Hospital Ball announced for Thursday, January 3, and a large party of guests are expected during the week by the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir.

The largest collection on Hospital Sunday at any of the London churches was that taken at St. Jude's, South Kensington, which amounted to over £1,164. The Rev. Dr. Forrest, a talented Irishman, is the rector of St. Jude's.

On dit that a sensational divorce suit is pending, which, as the parties are well known in Dublin society, is looked forward to with much interest and not a little curiosity. The lady in the case is seeking to divorce her husband.

Dr. Bennett, of Fitzwilliam street, entertained a large number of his professional friends to dinner at his residence on Wednesday evening last.

Mrs Ferguson, of Crosthwaite Park, Kingstown, gave a very pleasant afternoon party at her residence on the 18th inst.

At the *bal poudre* recently given at Clonmel Miss Moore, of Summerhill, Miss Moore, of Barne, and the Misses Perry, of Woodroffe, were pronounced the belles of the room.

* *

A bachelor's ball, *bal poudre*, will take place in the Town Hall, Blackrock, on Friday, the 21st inst., and promises to be a very brilliant one. Invitations for this dance are regularly sought for, but the accommodation is so small that the guests must necessarily be ditto. Those, however, for whom the doors are open on Friday evening will, no doubt, much enjoy themselves.

* *

A few evenings ago a very successful ball was given at the Rathmines Dancing Academy by Mrs O'Brien. About thirty couples, past and present pupils, were entertained, and departed well pleased and delighted. The hostess was fortunate enough to secure the services of the Gasparro Brothers, and to their music the early morn was tripped in by youth and beauty. Many of the dresses of the ladies were singularly pleasing, and formed a picture never gazed upon but with the utmost pleasure. Altogether Mrs O'Brien is to be congratulated on the great success of her evening, and the remarkable proficiency of her pupils.

* *

The first Cinderella dance of the season in aid of the funds of the Children's Orthopædic Hospital, Dublin, took place on Monday evening in the Leinster Hall, Molesworth street. The ballroom was tastefully decorated, and the music was excellent. Dancing commenced shortly after 10 o'clock, and was kept up till the early hours of Tuesday morning. The attendance was large and fashionable, and the verdict of all present was that the dance was a pronounced success, and should be repeated at an early date.

* *

At a meeting held in the Kingstown Town Hall on Saturday, 15th December—Captain Symes in the chair, and the following ladies and gentlemen present:—Captain Fullerton, R.N., Captain Pollard, R.N., Mr G. M'Murdo, Mr R. Walsh, Berks Regiment, Mr L. Peacocke, Mr H. West, Mr J. Wynne, Mrs Harran, Mrs Pollard, Mrs Symes, and Mrs Betham—it was proposed to undertake a theatrical performance at the above Town Hall of "Uncle's Will"—Burnand's burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" on 16th and 17th January, the proceeds to be devoted towards the poor of Kingstown without distinction.

* *

We are glad to notice that the Ohio Amateur Minstrels are again in full swing, and we believe this season it is the intention of the troupe to give some very good entertainments in aid of various deserving charitable institutions in the city. Mr J. E. Wilson is still the conductor, and Messrs. Wm. D'Arcy and J. Stanley the stump orators. Judging from the past performances of those minstrels, we anticipate that they will render much assistance in their way.

* *

The stir in the leading thoroughfares of the city at the present time is wonderfully refreshing, and Christmas seems to be approaching in the good old style when work and money were more brisk than they have unfortunately been during the past few years. People are to be met with in every direction bent under the load of

their Christmas purchases, and the fascinating decorations and mechanical toys in the shop windows are a source of keen enjoyment to old and young alike. Window decoration has reached a high standard of excellence in Dublin, and much credit is due to the deft fingers and artistic imaginations of those who conceived the various displays.

* *

In this connection we may say that the alterations made by some of the shopkeepers in Sackville street are in the proper direction, as many of the establishments in that world-famed thoroughfare are much in need of new fronts, and, may we suggest, particularly of the kind introduced by Messrs O'Farrell and Russell. In passing O'Farrell's shop one cannot but admire the beautiful new front and the tempting and tasteful display of smokers' requisites in the window. Were other shopkeepers to follow the tobacconist's example, we should soon have the Sackville street shop windows metamorphosed into so many fine art galleries, each with a charming peculiarity of its own. We hope the day is not far distant when such will be the case.

* *

Major-General N. Stevenson, presently commanding the Cork District, will succeed Major-General Damill, C.B., in command of the Northern District at York next May. The name of his successor by the pleasant waters of the river Lee has not yet been announced.

* *

The 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), now quartered in the Island Bridge Barracks, are under orders to move to England early in the spring, Aldershot probably being their station. The 11th Hussars will leave many friends behind them in Dublin.

* *

Major-General Clarke, C.B., late D.A.G. on the staff of his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, G.C.B., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, has been appointed to succeed Major-General H. J. Buchanan, C.B., in command of the 3rd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, when the latter officer moves to Colchester on the 1st proximo.

* *

Our Military Correspondent writes:—The message received by the Governor of Suakin from Osman Digna has raised fresh, but alas faint hopes, that that gallant and enterprising explorer, Stanley, may still be alive, although at best in a most precarious situation. We know that the object of his expedition was to establish communications with, and if possible relieve Emin Pasha, and it is just possible that he may have succeeded in reaching him. But we should probably have received intelligence of his having done so, as Stanley was a man of great resources, and was well acquainted with the desert tribes, and he would probably have found means of eluding the vigilance of the cordon of Mahdist troops who were posted to intercept spies. The return of the despatch to Emin which Stanley carried with him seems to point to the fact of his having been captured, but whether Emin is also a prisoner, and whether both or either are alive or dead, is still a matter of conjecture.

* *

Be this as it may, the receipt of the letter has given rise to a considerable complication at Suakin. If Stanley and Emin are alive they are probably prisoners at Khartoum, and in the event of Osman Digna being defeated with heavy

loss, as is anticipated by General Grenfell, their lives will infallibly be sacrificed. Again the large force of Mahdists which were watching Emin to prevent his escape, are now released from that duty, and are available for the defence of the entrenchments before Suakin, or even for the attack of the town itself.

* *

This is probably the reason why General Grenfell did not make his attack on the trenches in the early part of the week as he originally intended, and he will now postpone offensive operations until he is in possession of reliable information as to the number of the force likely to be opposed to him. No apparent increase of strength has been shown by the enemy so far, who amuse themselves by firing random shots into the Artillery Forts without doing much damage. Meanwhile General Grenfell is keeping his men hard at work at drill, and seems full of spirits and confidence. Two regiments of infantry stationed at Malta have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Suakin at a moment's notice, and there are 13 ships of the Royal Navy in Valetta Harbour.

* *

Two of the batteries R.H.A. and R.A. now quartered in the Portobello Barracks and the batteries R.A. stationed at Athlone and Newbridge, are ordered to England—the latter in April next, and the former in September, 1889.

* *

"The Christmas tree at Annadale Hall," beautifully illustrated and got up by Messrs Marcus Ward, is to be out this week. This story gives a true account of those who took part in it. It is written by the Hon. Mrs Forbes, and is to be obtained at Messrs Olley's in Belfast, and Carson's in Dublin.

* *

Mr John Coulter, of 1 Erin Terrace, Belfast, has brought out the first monthly part of his publication "Curious Notions," which is issued on behalf of temperance principles. No temperance man or woman should be without it. "Curious Notions" is well printed, vigorously written, and suggestively illustrated. For threepence it is a wonderful production.

* *

Friday in Belfast is the fashionable night for all amusements. Old and young seek for some outing, and Mr Collisson's concerts are one source of endless pleasure. Too much praise cannot be given to him for getting up these concerts and bringing the most talented artists to sing, placing the priceless treat within the reach of the most slender purse by the moderate charge for tickets. On Friday night Isadore de Lara delighted the audience by singing his beautiful song, "The Garden of Sleep." As we listened to his impressive voice the reality of that garden of death struck each of our hearts with sadness, forgetting that it was but a creation of his brain. It drew tears from many eyes, and a sigh from every heart in the Ulster Hall.

* *

His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was the guest last week of the Marquis of Drogheda at Moor Abbey, where the distinguished party assembled to meet the Commander of the Forces in Ireland enjoyed some excellent shooting, the bags being exceptionally good.

* *

In a suit for a dissolution of marriage heard the other day, there was an account of a domestic festivity such as the world (if it has any sense of

humour at all) will not "willingly let die." Nothing in real life has ever occurred like it, though there are some scenes in "Alice in Wonderland" which have a wonderful resemblance to it. The party consisted of an architect (the husband complained of) a harpist and a solicitor, and the entertainment seems to have been as promiscuous in its nature as the professional callings of the company. The harpist met the architect in the street, and invited himself (harp and all) to his house, where they were joined (apparently without invitation) by the solicitor. They "all partook of alcoholic refreshment," and after midnight, up to which time, it being Sunday night, the music was entirely of a sacred character. The architect, according to the wife's account, proceeded to drag her out of bed to join the secular revel that succeeded it. His own statement was that the harpist's performance was so fine that he naturally wished her to get up and hear it, and that he only used such arguments as would be likely to have weight with a musical and accomplished mind. Upon the whole the lady, however, seems to have exercised a sound discretion, for in the early hours a quarrel arose, and though the harpist was ejected, on the architect going out to see the solicitor home he found on his return that the musician had re-entered the house in his absence and gone to sleep on the drawingroom sofa, on which ensued a battle royal. And yet there are some people who assert that domestic life in this country is invariably dull.

Miss Alleyn, who has just finished her engagement at the Gaiety, unlike most ladies of the stage, cares naught for "the applause of the indiscriminating multitude." All she is anxious for is "the presence of one very good judge and the knowledge of his approval." These words (of course) were spoken to Mr Gladstone, who went to see "The Taming of the Shrew" at Chester Theatre the other night. Even now it is not at all clear who played the part of the "Shrew."

Would not every little child feel happier if he or she could remember in the midst of their own enjoyment at this happy Christmas time that they had helped in ever so small a way to brighten the life of some tired and sick little patient in the Children's Hospital, Harcourt street. And should not parents, who see their own plentiful tables surrounded by the blooming faces of their darlings, or perhaps remembering the best-loved face of the "one who is not," think with pity of the little children who never knew, till the kindly doors of the hospital opened to receive them, what it was to get enough to eat, to lie in a clean bed, or to play with a real toy. Subscriptions and children's collections to be sent to Miss Bessie Lyons, Lady Superintendent, 88 Harcourt street, Dublin.

"A. F." writes us a long letter, in which he kindly and sympathetically treats of the "little ones" in hospital, for which, we regret, we cannot find room this week. He appeals to the charitable on behalf of the waifs and strays of our streets.

Mrs Power-Lalor makes an urgent appeal on behalf of her poor ladies for means to give them a Christmas dinner. It is hoped it will be as generously responded to as it was this time last year. Any subscriptions forwarded to Mrs Power-Lalor, Long Orchard, Templemore, will be gratefully received.

Mr John Denham Smith, once so well known as a popular preacher in Dublin, is lying in a very prostrate condition at his residence, York street, London. The death of a gentleman of the same name, announced in the English papers, has been the cause of much pain to Mr Denham Smith's family, as numerous communications have been received by them in consequence, written evidently under a mistake.

The death of Mr Geoffrey Browning Hone, of Yapton, Monkstown, at the early age of 38 years, is universally regretted not only by his family circle and immediate relatives, but by the world of sport, in which sphere he had been for many years a prominent character, maintaining the prestige of his family on many a cricket field. He was also famous as a polo player; he excelled at billiards, was a good shot, and took a keen interest in the hunting field and racecourse. He survived his brother William, also well known as a cricketer, only two months. Mr Geoffrey Hone left no will, and a large fortune recently inherited will pass to his brother and sister, now the only survivors of his family.

Viscount Mandeville, son and heir of the Duke of Manchester, has been gazetted a bankrupt. The noble lord is in delicate health, and was unable to appear in court.

Lord Wolseley has been seriously ill at the Ranger's Lodge, Greenwich Park, but is now recovering.

A charming book for the little ones, published by Messrs Marcus Ward, is "Enquire within for the Old Woman that lived in a Shoe."

The opening of the Beauty Show at Turin has been fixed for the 26th of January. The Committee offers to pay the hotel expenses of candidates who may be foreigners or from the provinces of Italy.

In reply to an interrogation very forcibly put by Lord Archibald Douglas, Mr Stanhope admitted in the House of Commons that the Government are quite alive to the very defective conditions of the sanitary arrangements in the Royal Barracks, Dublin. Captain Speid, of the Black Watch, who died last week, was the fifth, and we trust will be the last, victim to the drain demon in these barracks. It is probable that while the drains are being thoroughly examined and the whole system renewed, the troops will be withdrawn from these unsavoury quarters, as has been done in the case of the Royal Artillery at Tilbury Fort.

Our Belfast Correspondent writes:—"That far-famed house of Death the Royal Barracks in Dublin, records another victim. Will no one speak one word for those gallant men who would willingly give their lives for their Queen and country in time of war. When Colonel Gonne passed away we thought Dublin would have made a stir; but alas, his name was soon forgotten and Captain Speid comes on the list to remind us once again. His death has thrown a gloom over the regiment in Belfast. He contracted the fever in Dublin and returned to Willowbank but to die in the arms of his comrades. The "Shadow of Death" must fall over each regiment whose sad lot it is to occupy that fatal barrack.

As all meet at mess each casts a fearful look around to see who next amongst them is laid low and doomed to the same fate as those gone before them. Let the powers that be consider quickly what is to be done for the future to remedy this crying evil, and remember the old motto, "Tis never too late to mend."

Our Clonmel correspondent writes:—

"While other packs have been having a dullish time of it, the Tipperary hounds have again had an extraordinary week. Commencing on Monday, they had a nice hunting run with a ringing fox from Knockfee round Loryhloher and back, which lasted just an hour and a quarter. Scent being bad, the pace was rather slow; but there was no absolute check. On Wednesday they met at Ballinure, and commenced the day with a very fast 45 minutes from Meldrum to Coleman, where the fox got to ground. They then went on to Mobarnane, where they found at once, and, passing through Silverfort and Noan, they simply raced away in the direction of Holycross. This marvellous run lasted one hour and 45 minutes, and the distance covered was fully sixteen miles, when the hounds came to their first check within a mile of Thurles. It being past four o'clock and nearly dark, Mr Burke, who with only five others survived out of a field of over forty, whipped off the hounds and got them to the railway station.

"They wound up the week's sport on Saturday after a long blank morning by a very fast half hour from Knockeevan to Grove in the afternoon. Whatever the energetic master may say, horses and hounds will not be sorry to see the frost."

Miss Adye Curran in the composition of the "Pink Pearl Waltz" (Cramer, Wood, and Co., Westmoreland street,) shows an undoubted melodic ability, without the showy elaboration affected by composers in the first glory of print. The "Pink Pearl Waltz" possesses several pretty melodies, and is arranged with welcome simplicity. It is in F, and dedicated to the Army Medical Corps. We have no doubt it will be welcomed by amateurs who dread the technique of difficult fingering.

A lady correspondent who has been victimised by a provincial artist (?) sends us the following letter accompanied by the cards. We share our correspondent's opinion of their merit.

SIR,—Seeing an advertisement in the *Irish Times* from a lady, saying she would sell handpainted cards at one penny each, I sent her sevenpence (5 stamps) to send me six cards post paid. I enclose the cards I received. My young nieces said they smelt of blacking. When you see the cards you can throw them in the waste basket. This is the last time I intend being victimised. A dozen of cards from Coleman's for one penny would have been good enough to send anyone, but those I enclose I can pass no opinion on but that they are disgusting.

We are glad to learn that Colonel Robert Eglinton Seton, lately commanding the 4th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers (City of Dublin Militia) has been gazetted Honorary Colonel of the battalion—an appointment which has given great satisfaction to the officers and men of the regiment he so long commanded.

Can nothing be done by the authorities of St. Patrick's Cathedral to clear the porch of the sacred edifice of the numerous representatives of the "Masher," "Dude," and "O'Arry" persuasion who congregate there when service is over on Sunday afternoons? During the summer months these gallants form in line from two to six deep along the kerbstone of Guinness's road, but now that the cold winter has come they have betaken themselves to a more sheltered position on the steps in the porch, to the extreme inconvenience and downright annoyance of many members of the fair sex who visit the Cathedral.

There can be little harm in looking at a pretty girl, but surely ladies, when they do go to church, should be allowed to carry away with them pleasant and edifying impressions of sermon and song, without their sensibilities being subjected to the terrible ordeal of passing through that formidable array of male beauty and intelligence which weekly draws itself up at the door of our National Cathedral.

Ladies are still sedulously pushing their way to the front. There are now 14,465 commercial travellers in the United States who are women. Evidently Jonathan knows what he is about. Three theatres in London are managed by women. Grace Hawthorn is the lessee of the Princess; Mrs John Wood directs the affairs of the new Court Theatre, and Miss Edith Woodworth shares with Edgar Bruce the management of the Globe Theatre.

A correspondent writes:—

I see by your last two editions a question very properly, I think, put to the charitable public—viz, "Where are now our coal funds?" For your information and for that of the public if you like, in Blackrock we have a coal fund now established over 15 years. Annually we have about 150 poor families on the roll. They pay 7s each during the summer, when work is plentiful, &c., in return for which 11 bags of best quality coal is delivered to their houses, one bag each week during the severe cold. The balance of the cash is made up by public subscription. The cost of coal, including delivery, storage, rent, and expenses for advertising, stationery, &c., is about 18s 6d per ton. We always have a balance on the right side, and the poor are only too pleased to join the fund. Next year we hope to give more benefits to the poor.

Our informant further expresses the hope that our remarks may bear fruit. We sincerely trust they may. It very often happens that, in the coldest months of the year in Dublin, work is scarce, and that much poverty and distress consequently exist. Through the benevolent and kindly-hearted committees that work for the poor in the direction of procuring coal and food the most necessitous are often relieved and warmth and comfort supplied. We cordially invite our readers to remember the coal funds for the poor at this season.

The freshness and beauty of Madame Patti's voice and appearance excited the admiration and delight of the French audience who recently heard her in the opera of "Romeo et Juliette." Her dresses were lovely. The one which perhaps excited the most admiration was the gown worn in the second part of the opera. The drapery and sleeves, as well as the rest of the bodice, was made of shaded cut velvet in a beautiful tone of kobia. The underskirt was of grey-blue faille, trimmed with passementerie in a darker shade of blue, brightened here and there by touches of gold. The little cap of kobia velvet was trimmed with a mixture of black and grey beads. Over

the pleated chemisette of crepe lisse there fell a pretty necklace of black beads, with a cross of jet attached to it.

A freak of fashion in which some granddames now indulge is to have a coat of arms embroidered on the front of their bodice. The Princess Waldemar of Denmark displays the joint arms of Orleans and Denmark on the left side of her dress, just above her heart. Ladies who cannot boast of crests have their monograms embroidered instead.

Ladies' dresses with one side of the bodice made in the material of the jupe and the other in the material of the drapery are very much seen, and when well combined (that is, all one colour, but patterned and plain) they look novel, without being startling. The fronts cross, and are sometimes accompanied by an Empire sash. Two colours, or even different shades, would be impossible, reminding us too forcibly of Mr Grossmith's costume in the "Yeoman of the Guard."

What is a massacre? Lieutenant-General Graham deprecates the use of the word "massacre" in connection with the battles in the Eastern Soudan in 1884 and 1885. He endeavours to make out that the contest between the Soudanese and the British troops was a fair one. The only way to decide is to take toll of the dead and wounded on either side. Is it not notorious that our Gatling guns and Gardiners mowed down the Soudanese like corn falling before the sickle? Have we not all read of the dead piled breast high, of the desert sands thickly strewn with bodies, and of the slaughter at which our soldiers themselves sickened? In the intention it was not massacre, but in the result it was. That is the only difference. The whole chapter of Soudan history is a shameful record of our bloodguiltiness.

Who should smoke the Queen's pipe? At present it is burnt, but its incense yields no pleasure. No less than 15,300lbs., representing more than £4,000 worth of smuggled tobacco, was destroyed by her Majesty's Customs last year. There are not a few who think the weed ought to have been given to the poor, and the sick and aged paupers in the wards of our hospitals and workhouses. The suggestion is a good one. The Queen's pipe would thus become the solace of the sick, the infirm, and the aged.

We have all heard Mrs Cleveland's praises sung and resung, and therefore it will not astonish us to learn what kindly generosity she displayed on learning the news of her husband's defeat. Immediately on being informed of the result of the Presidential election, this charming young lady sat down and wrote a letter of warmest congratulation to Mrs Harrison, the wife of her husband's successful rival.

The 3rd and 6th Battalions Connaught Rangers (North and South Mayo Militia), each consisting of five companies, are about to be amalgamated into one battalion of six companies with headquarters at Castlebar instead of at Westport and Ballina. The existing battalions comprise—2 Colonels, 2 Majors, 9 Captains, 13 Subalterns, 2 Adjutants, 2 Medical Officers. Who will get the command of the amalgamated battalion has not

yet being determined, but rumour has it that an outsider will be brought in to "boss the show." What will be done with the supernumerary captains, subalterns, and adjutant is also a matter of doubt. The change, however, is a good one, and were a few more amalgamations in the militia of Ireland to take place, greater efficiency and economy would be the result. With advantage to the service the Leitrim and Roscommon Militia might be made into one—and the Sligo and Clare Artillery Militia would together only make a decent brigade.

Captain J. D. Barry, Royal Horse Artillery, eldest son of Lord Justice Barry, has retired from the service, receiving a gratuity of £1,200. He entered the Royal Artillery as a lieutenant on the 14th August, 1876, and became captain 19th March, 1885, and was for some time A.D.C. on the personal staff of Earl Spence when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Captain Barry is well known in the country as an accomplished setephechase rider.

Mr Richard C. Lynch, of Petersburgh Castle, has been appointed Inspector under the Local Government Board, in succession to the late Captain Sampson. Mr Lynch has been acting as vice-guardian for New Ross and Ballinasloe Unions, and has given great satisfaction. He is married to the youngest daughter of the late Sir John Nugent, Bart., of Ballinlough Castle, Co. Westmeath.

"I was never exactly buried alive," said an old clerk, recounting his experiences, "but I once worked a week in an establishment that did not advertise. When I came out my head was almost as white as you now see it. Solitary confinement did it."

Americans of various cities are trying to outdo each other in the matter of taste in giving dinner parties and wedding breakfasts. The taste is not edible. We read that at a wedding breakfast given recently, on the occasion of the marriage of the son of a millionaire haberdasher to a beautiful girl in the swell set, the table was covered so thickly with La France roses—the bride's favourite flower—that there was scarcely any room for the plates. Corsage bouquets of the finest orchids were used. At a pretty dinner of eighteen the other day one set of plates was used that had been specially made in Europe and imported at a cost of £12 each. No viands were served on them. As the guests sat down they found one of the plates at each place, and after they had spent a few minutes inspecting the decorations the plates were removed, and the oysters served on other dishes. The first plates were laid again between each course, a different one to each guest at every change, and, as no two decorations were alike, the effect was like that of a little art exhibition.

We understand the grazing between the lines of rails in the immediate vicinity of Westland row station is to be let. Terms on application to the directors Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company. As the grass has not been interfered with during the summer, its fattening qualities are of an exceptional character. Intending bidders will be shown over the grazing lots.

BARS AND CROCHETS.

"IRISH SOCIETY" Waltz. Price 2s. Dublin: Messrs Cramer Wood and Co.

This exceedingly popular waltz has been produced by the above eminent firm of music publishers, and, as most of our readers are already aware of the sweet and tuneful harmony of the piece, we have every confidence in recommending it now in its more artistic and permanent form.

"THE OLD FERRYMAN." Music by M. Piccolomini. Words by John Muir. Howard and Co., London.

The popular composer, M. Piccolomini, has in his new song, "The Old Ferryman," again made an effort for the suffrages of his many admirers amongst the musical public. We are sure he will not be disappointed. This song, though it does not surpass, is quite on a level with his former efforts. It is in a semi-religious strain, admirably suited for full-toned baritone or contralto, the sustained notes offering considerable scope for crescendos. With organ and violin obligato "The Old Ferryman" would have admirable effect.

"VERONA." Dance antique pour piano, par M. Piccolomini. Howard and Co. London.

In this piece we have further evidence of the extreme cleverness of M. Piccolomini in gauging the average drawingroom taste of the day. "Verona," whilst being too complicated for beginners, presents no difficulty which even a moderate juvenile performer could not conquer. At the same time the most accomplished pianist would find it a clever and refined trifle. Its melodies are cheerful and fascinating.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

A home establishment capable of producing Christmas cards equal in merit to those of the best English and German houses deserves to be encouraged, and as a stimulus thereto Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Belfast, have favoured us with specimens of their Christmas art productions for review, and it is no selfish thought which prompts the candid opinion that the artistic skill displayed does credit to the professional ability of our Northern fellow-countrymen. The printing, lithographing, and embossing of Christmas cards is an occupation which demands fine taste and perfect workmanship, and these essentials Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Belfast, possess in a high degree. Glancing at the various designs in the packet now before us, we see a display of beautiful conceptions worked out with a softness and richness that at once captivate the eye and inspire admiration. The landscape scenes are exquisitely tinted, and each minute detail of the artist's drawing is brought out with a peculiarly fascinating truthfulness. The miniature reproductions of celebrated pictures are most valuable, particularly the representation of the Virgin and her Child from Holbein's picture in the Dresden gallery. The richness and beauty of this card, which is of a good size, must be seen to be admired. The other seasonable specimens are in the highest style of art, and we have sincere pleasure in recommending our readers when purchasing their supplies of cards to ask for a sight of those produced by this eminent firm.

ITEMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

MESSRS FRANCIS SMYTH AND SON, 75 GRAFTON STREET.

That Ireland is a moist country goes without saying, and that we have been favoured with more than our fair share of downpours for a long time past is an assertion which needs no confirmation by anyone venturing to make it. But if we have an excess of rain with all its discomforts and annoyances, we have also the satisfaction of knowing that we have among us a gentleman who on the shortest possible notice could provide the whole population of the city with protection against the worst in this way that Jupiter Pluvius could accomplish. The firm of Francis Smyth and Son is an old and respected one in Dublin, and to the maturer generation of citizens it is a well-known fact that the lamented father of the present proprietor kept the umbrella industry alive in Ireland during years of manufacturing depression which would have chilled the ardour of less sanguine and energetic men. His son follows worthily in his footsteps, and even

improves on the example of his father. The firm have done good service to this class of Irish work by their exhibits of umbrellas and parasols at all the principal exhibitions of recent years, which has resulted in greatly extending their already large trade, and in showing to people across Channel that in this special manufacture they are able to excel any firm in the United Kingdom.

MESSRS TRAYNOR AND CO., SOUTH GREAT GEORGE'S STREET.

This old-established firm, who are native manufacturers of the articles they sell, and who give extended employment in Dublin, do not exaggerate when they claim for themselves that they hold one of the largest, best, and cheapest stocks of brushes of all kinds and for all purposes to be found in any other establishment in the city or elsewhere. Messrs Traynor's reputation for turning out genuine goods is now so thoroughly known and appreciated that it will not be necessary to do more at this season than to recommend all requiring brushes of any kind or pattern to call at George's street, where from an enormous stock they can readily supply their requirements.

MESSRS. ELVERY & CO., LOWER SACKVILLE STREET.

The public require no assurance of excellence when Messrs. Elvery's goods are in question, and a recent inspection has apprised us of the fact that for the present Christmas season the firm are displaying a collection such as certainly could not be found in any similar house in Ireland, nor perhaps in any town or city across Channel. Reliable waterproofs for ladies and gentlemen are at all times to be procured at this house, but on the present occasion they are exhibiting such a splendid assortment of new designs that we cannot do better than invite the public to examine the stock for themselves. Every article required for field sports and games is there in abundance, and for high-class goods the charges are characterised by a moderation which might be imitated with advantage to the purchasing public at other emporiums.

The Confectioners' Hall (Messrs Lemon and Co., Lower Sackville street) is just now a sight to attract the undivided attention of everyone passing through that part of "the finest thoroughfare in Europe." For years past the windows of the Confectioners' Hall have been looked to as naturally as the Christmas season came round for a most attractive show in all that connects our associations with the hallowed time; but on the present occasion this old and respected firm has outstripped any of its previous most ambitious efforts. Their Christmas tree occasions expressions of admiration from every individual, young or old, who passes the premises, laden as it is with every delicacy that could tempt the palate, while the representation of "Old Father Christmas"—the largest of its kind hitherto attempted in Ireland—is an artistic effort of a high order. To one and all we would say—"go and see Messrs Lemon and Co's. Show. It will well repay you for the trouble."

MESSRS TAAFFE AND COLDWELL, GRAFTON STREET.

This eminent firm, who have attained the highest possible perfection in the art of providing perfect-fitting shirts, have on exhibition for the Christmas season a rare collection of these indispensable articles of the toilette, in an enormous variety of plain and coloured goods. To say that you have been fitted by Messrs Taaffe and Coldwell with shirts is to affirm that you have been supplied with the best possible garment of this kind obtainable in any country of the world, just as to declare that if you wear these goods by any other maker you have not hit on the right article yet. Call at 81 Grafton street and you will not be disappointed.

JOHN NICKSON AND CO., WESTMORELAND STREET.

This is one of the best-established houses in its peculiar line to be found within the confines of the city, and those who patronise it once rarely fail to do so again. For this reason, they have at all times a splendid stock to select from, and the charges of the house are well known for their moderation. At the present season they are naturally strong in furs, and ladies requiring reliable articles of this kind at prices which will compare favourably with those levied elsewhere, will make a mistake if they omit calling at Messrs. J. Nickson and Co's. They are in seal coats and fancy shapes, capes, visites, victorines, boas, muffs, trimmings, in all the fashionable furs, and there is a large collection from which to choose in fur-lined and trimmed cloaks and visites. It may be useful to mention that seal mantles are

altered, re-lined, and trimmed by the firm, and that all kinds of fur work is done on the premises by experienced working furriers.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 69 GRAFTON STREET.

We can well believe the assertion of "Mark Twain" in one of his humorous works that if you desire to make friends with your wife after a domestic storm, or, better still, before it, present her with one of Singer's most admirable and useful sewing machines. It is late in the day now to descant on the virtues of this instrument in a well-ordered household; but, paterfamilias, if you have not already tried it go in for it now, and you won't regret having taken our and "Mark Twain's" advice. The company have already sold close on 7,000,000 of these indispensable aids to home work, and the annual sales exceed 600,000. Their price, too, is marvellous—from £4 4s, with 10 per cent. discount for cash, and very little calculation is consequently necessary to show that they will soon clear away their original cost. They are obtainable, too, on hire at 2s. 6d. per week, with option of purchase. "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once," and get one.

D. KELLETT, SOUTH GREAT GEORGE'S STREET.

It is neither curious nor strange that ladies of taste in matters of their personal costumes and adornments—those thousand little nameless attractions that the rougher sex don't quite understand, but always pay due homage to—should patronise so extensively as they do Mr Kellett's unique establishment, characterised as it is by an infinity of attractive articles always sure to draw the gentler sex, whose taste in matters of the artistic in dress is, of course, vastly superior to anything men can exhibit in this domain, or indeed pretend to. At the present time it is quite a treat just to stand outside the windows of the George's street house, and to examine the beautiful things that are artistically displayed there; but, ladies, if any of you have not explored the interior—its wealth of elegance—lose no time in doing so. If you fail to be caught by the embarrassment of beautiful things intended exclusively for yourselves, that "duck" of a "Directorie" bonnet is certain to catch you. It is the prettiest thing of the season, and you will agree with us when you have had leisure to admire it.

MESSRS HARRISON & CO., HENRY STREET.

Of course Christmas dinners, or dinners at any other time, would be nothing without pastry and confections, and in this department we may remind our readers that Messrs Harrison and Co. as caterers stand at the very top of the tree. Young people will, of course, marry, and children will prattle round their knees, and here again Messrs Harrison prove themselves the right men in the right place, in providing wedding and christening cakes, wedding breakfasts, luncheons, garden parties, "at homes," ball suppers, and pic-nic parties. In all these departments and several others in the catering line they have achieved a high reputation, and those requiring services such as they efficiently render will benefit themselves by taking note of the fact.

MR D'ARCY, GEORGE'S STREET AND SOUTH CITY MARKET.

Always up to time and to the requirements of his numerous customers, Mr D'Arcy has made arrangements by which he will be constantly supplied during the present and coming seasons with fish, poultry, game and ice. Mr D'Arcy purveys for his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and Viceregal Household, as well as for the officers' messes of the Dublin garrison; and we may whisper to our readers in the strictest confidence that for the coming Christmas season, turkeys, geese, and all the rest of the feathered tribe which are looked for at table during the great festival, will not be so dear as previously, while the numbers to select from are unusually large and in splendid condition.

W. BOLTON AND CO., WESTMORELAND STREET.

Since beyond the recollection of the present generation Messrs W. Bolton and Co. have catered for the wants of an extensive circle in Dublin in the matter of all articles required for the economy of the household. These of course mean edibles, and the liquors that go to make the dinner reunion a success. What the house has done in this respect for more than 50 years is now well known. As the years roll on they have added steadily to their reputation in these respects. Their present show of provisions of the choicest character will well repay a visit on the part of mothers of households.

WITHIN THE MIRROR.

BY
ALICE HORTOR.

Author of

"THROUGH HIS FAULT," "SAVED BY A WOMAN'S LOVE," "AT THE RISK OF HER LIFE," &C.

CHAPTER I.

I AM going to relate an incident happening in my own life and experience, which I cannot doubt partook of the supernatural order.

Almost every family has a ghost story of its own, and doubtless many of these legends would be found to have their origin in merely natural causes were any individual brave enough to investigate the matter; but of the circumstances detailed in the following story no explanation seems possible; they are, and must still remain, a mystery.

In the year 1860 I joined the legal profession, and my name was placed on the rolls. Soon afterwards an old solicitor, one of my friends, died, leaving in my hands papers bearing on a difficult case which he had been studying. Not to fatigue my readers with dry law details, I will merely state that through a disputed will a large sum of money had been thrown into Chancery. After many years of fruitless litigation, most of the claimants died, but when the various briefs, certificates, proofs, and other documents passed into my possession, I determined to seek out the rightful owner who might yet remain, and, if possible, place this disputed wealth in his or her hands.

From information received I succeeded in tracing her to a place called Harriton, but on travelling thither all clue to her present position or abode seemed lost; for in answer to my numerous inquiries I found that no one was acquainted with the name of Frolich.

Vexed with my want of success, I was moodily pondering what further steps to take, when I was agreeably surprised by the entrance of my old friend Bosworth, an artist.

"Why, old fellow!" he ejaculated, "what brings you into this part of the world?"

"I will tell you directly. And what if I repeat the question to you?"

"Oh, I am on a sketching tour," he said.

"Yes; there is picturesque scenery surrounding this neighbourhood," I remarked.

"I should rather think there is. It is a gem of a place. Yesterday I was in quite an exquisite spot; let me describe it, then you shall see the sketch I made. Imagine a gently rising hill crowned with luxuriant trees, behind which misty purple mountains, touched with gleams of gold, sloped down to the sea, with white-capped waves just faintly seen in the distance. Beneath the hill nestled an old farm-house with many gables and quaintly formed windows, which looked out on a broad expanse of corn fields and green meadows, through which ran a silver brook."

"It sounds promising," I replied.

He produced the sketch. It was a masterly production, and I complimented him on his clever representation of hill and dale.

"I hope it will hang in next year's Academy," he replied. "It will be a good picture when completed."

He looked musingly at the drawing, then remarked—

"The place is beautiful; but within that old house I saw a fairer sight than even the scenery. Before I tell about that, may I ask, Kendall, if you are still a bachelor?"

"Yes, quite unattached still," I said with a laugh.

"Then if you wish to continue still free, let me advise you not to visit Hurst Farm, for you will most assuredly quite lose your heart there."

"Have you left yours behind, then?"

"Indeed I have," said Bosworth, dismally.

"The fact is, a most beautiful girl is governess in that house—I saw her surrounded by three or four rosy children. As for her looks, just fancy a pair of soft brown eyes, a delicate nose, and most tempting little mouth, and round the oval face a quantity of rich dark hair."

"Bravo, Bosworth! an enthusiastic description," I cried.

"Did you learn her name?" for here a sudden thought struck me. "She might be the very person of whom I am in search."

"She was a Miss Ashton, for I heard the children calling her."

"Not my missing heiress at any rate," I sighed, and then I gave Bosworth the reason of my visiting Harriton.

"What a pity," ejaculated my friend. "Had she but turned out to be the interesting damsel you are seeking, I might have married her with that fortune of her own."

"Always supposing that she was willing," I put in.

"Of course that's understood."

"You conceited fellow!"

Charles Bosworth laughed, then changing the subject, asked,

"How long do you propose to remain here?"

"Well, I do not exactly know. I must pursue this search a little longer, though no clue appears at present to Miss Frolich. I know she did come to this place, and how she did manage to vanish puzzles me extremely."

"It is strange," remarked my friend. "Her name is so peculiar a one, you would think she could be most easily traced. Look," undoing the strap of his portfolio, "this is a rough sketch of my divinity. What think you of her?"

It was a pensive but very sweet face which smiled out upon me from the drawing, and I could but acknowledge that he had not exaggerated its attractions.

"A lovely girl, no doubt," I said. "But did she sit to you?"

"Not very likely, I never spoke to her even. This is drawn from recollection."

CHAPTER II.

I STAYED on in Harriton for some weeks, but with no success. From no one could

I obtain any information of the lady's whereabouts whom I sought, so at last I gave up the quest and returned to London. My attention was there so occupied with other affairs that during the lapse of some time I did not think of the heiress who had so mysteriously vanished. Then one evening the old Chancery case seemed to take possession of my mind. Again I brought out all the papers which related to it, and diligently searched them to see if possibly there could be any other person whose claim to the money might stand; but a painstaking examination only resulted in proving beyond doubt that no one beyond

Miss Frolich had any title. The subject so occupied my brain that even while undressing for bed I was still pondering on this baffling case.

I had lain down, but could not sleep for thoughts of the unknown girl still thronged my mind. I wondered what she was like—plain or pretty, if she had any knowledge of the wealth awaiting her, or was quite unconscious of its existence. Then came the troubled fear that she might even then be in great destitution, perhaps starving.

What if she died, and the goal of my quest should be a grave! It was just at this point in my reflections the strange event happened of which I have spoken.

My dressing table stood in front of the window, which was uncurtained; on it rested a large looking-glass, which, being just opposite the bed, my eyes naturally turned upon. The sky that night was partially obscured by thick masses of clouds, but behind them the moon occasionally showed her light. Piercing through this vapour at last she shone forth brightly upon the mirror. Judge of my astonishment when I saw this scene distinctly reflected therein—

A wide desolate moor, with fir-trees scattered here and there; in the distance a range of mountains giving a glimpse of the sea beyond. The snow lay thickly over all, and a few flakes still continued to fall as though a heavy storm were just ceasing. Suddenly there appeared a moving figure in the midst of the snow. It was that of a young and slender girl, and she advanced slowly up an almost obliterated path. To my astonishment she was clothed only in her night dress, and her feet were quite bare. I saw her stagger, fall on her knees, then sink gradually down, until she reclined on a snow-covered bank. Lying thus, she turned her face fully towards me. I recognised with a start of surprise the original of Charles Bosworth's sketch. The likeness was unmistakeable, though her countenance was deadly pale, and her eyes were closed, while her long, dark hair floated like a sombre veil across the glittering snow. As I gazed on her immovable figure plunged in a slumber which must apparently end in death, a solemn voice seemed to cry in the air, "Save her! Save her from such a fate on Christmas-Eve!" Then, like a flash, the vision was gone.

I rubbed my eyes—I looked again, for the scene had appeared so real that I almost believed it to be then happening. The moon still shone brightly on the mirror, but of aught else it was utterly blank. There was no sign of snowy landscapes—no sign of sleeping woman. I felt strangely excited, unaccountably disturbed.

What was the thing which had happened to me? Not a dream, for I had not slept—my senses were as fully awake as ever.

Could it be of supernatural origin? Getting out of bed I examined the looking-glass to ascertain whether the reflection of the curtains or any other articles of furniture could produce such an appearance, but no like effect could I perceive. "Ridiculous!" I exclaimed as I returned once more to my couch. "It must have been an optical delusion."

I resolutely closed my eyes, and tried to sleep after that. In vain, that desolate scene was still before them, while that warning voice still rang in my ears, "Save her! Save her from such a fate on Christmas-Eve!"

And by the first streak of dawn an irresistible impulse seized me to seek out Miss Ashton at Hurst Farm, and learn for myself whether this

vision of mine was but an hallucination or a warning of a catastrophe which I was called upon to avert. I felt the absurdity of my visit should she be in no danger, but I could not rest without investigating the matter.

This very morning was the 24th of December. If the mystery was to be explained I must set about it at once, so I entered the first train which started for Harriton. It did not arrive at its destination until the evening, so during that long journey I had ample leisure for reflection on the events of the preceeding night. Then I began to think that it was rather an absurd thing for a sober-minded practical solicitor to go tramping about the country on such an errand.

"Why," I ejaculated aloud, I must be the victim of a delusion. The snow has not even fallen!

But a strange shudder passed through me even as I spoke, for I saw through the window that moment a shower of thick flakes begin to fall, until the scene all around was covered by a spotless mantle. So far then the vision was being realized. I felt my journey would not be in vain. As the train glided into the small station I spoke to a porter standing near—

"How far is it to Hurst Farm?"

"About six miles," he replied. "You surely do not think of going there to-night, sir?"

"I do, indeed."

The man shook his head.

"The snow will be there in great drifts by this time, and you, being a stranger, are almost sure to lose your way. If so you'll be frozen before morning."

"A pleasant anticipation," I muttered. Then aloud, "I hope to meet a better fate than that. Tell me, is there a wide open moor with fir trees on it near Hurst Farm?"

"Yes, sir, there's a lonely part like that we call the 'Waste' about a mile nearer here than the farm."

This was evidently the place I sought.

"What road must I take to reach it? Direct me as clearly as you can, please," I said.

The porter led the way to a gate just outside the station, where he minutely described what turnings I was to take.

It was a wretched night. The wind blew keenly, scattering icy particles of snow against my face with a force which seemed to wound my skin. Before me stretched a long desolate road. No creature was in sight. Setting my teeth together I dashed on against the blinding storm until I heard a clock strike nine. By this time I had passed into the open country, and not a vestige of a dwelling was to be seen. I floundered onwards, sometimes sinking into deep holes, sometimes measuring my length on the ground, as I slipped over some hidden stone. About five miles had been traversed, I fancied, when I stopped for an instant to clear away the snow from my hair and eyes. My hands and feet were benumbed. My whole body seemed to be growing stiff. Was I myself to be the one to perish there from cold?

At this moment the snow began to cease, and the moon emerged presently from behind some clouds.

The path I was following turned abruptly to the right. I pressed forward, gained the top, and lo! the very scene of my last night's vision was before me—the bright moonlight falling on the snow, the distant mountains, with a glimpse of the sea; the fir-trees, and stretch of bare moorland descending into a valley—all, all were there just as I had seen them depicted in the mirror.

Standing still, I waited, for I felt anxious as to what next was to happen. A moment more, and the opposite way to that I had come a girl's slight figure appeared.

She was so thinly clad that through her white robe I could plainly trace the outline of her limbs, and the small feet, which sank ankle deep in the snow at every step, were bare.

As she came towards me, with a slow, gliding motion, I noticed her eyes were closed. This circumstance gave me the key to her condition. She was evidently in a somnambulistic trance.

When quite close to my side she staggered, sank on her knees, then her whole body yielded until she reclined at full length on a snow-covered bank, as in my vision; turned her pale face fully to my gaze, and I saw the fac-simile of Bosworth's sketch.

The whole scene is vividly before my memory still—the motionless girl, the calm, unconscious face upturned in the chill moonlight, with its veil of long dark hair floating across the snow.

I stood at her feet, and gazed down on this maiden I had been so strangely impelled to rescue from a dreadful end, and in that desolate spot her beauty sank into my heart like a spell. I loved her from that hour.

I saw that every moment as it passed seemed to produce a deeper stupor. In that intense cold she must soon expire unless help could be obtained, and where was it to be found in this waste of snow? The porter's words flashed across my mind—"The Waste is about a mile nearer here than the farm."

I bounded up the path before me which the girl had descended, gained the top, and saw—oh, joy! the old farmhouse described by Bosworth lying in the valley below. At all costs I must carry her thither. I darted back, threw off my great coat, and enveloped her in it. Then remembering a flask I carried, I poured some drops of spirit between her pale lips, and took a draught myself to enable my benumbed body to accomplish the task which had to be performed.

With a deep-drawn sigh she opened her eyes, gazing with a bewildered look on her surroundings.

"Pray do not be alarmed, Miss Ashton!" I cried. "I will convey you—"

"Safely home," I was about to add; but the horror of finding herself thus alone with a strange man on a snow-clad moor in the middle of the night was too much for maiden modesty. She fell back and fainted. No time was to be lost. I caught her up in my arms, and, with that inanimate form clasped closely to my breast, strode on vigorously to Hurst Farm through the deep clogging snow. I was a powerful man, but the burden I carried made me sink deeply at every step.

As I went on the cold seemed to clutch my very heart. Every pulse seemed chilled; my brain began to swim, my legs to totter; I could scarcely stand. I gave a wild despairing look at the house still some yards distant. Within sight of shelter were we both to perish beneath the cruel benumbing snow?

"Oh, God!" I shrieked, passionately, "have mercy! Give me strength at least to save her life!"

One more desperate struggle onwards, a gasping cry for help, and I fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER III.

I AWOKE to find myself comfortably in bed. I looked round a strange room. "What has happened? How came I hither?" I inquired confusedly of a stout, pleasant-faced woman who sat beside me.

"You were found last night half dressed, in the snow outside this house, and," she added, with hesitation, "our governess clasped in your arms."

"Oh, I remember now!" I cried. "Is she safe?"

"Well, I should think she must have taken a violent cold, for nothing in the world she had on but her night-dress and your coat, I suppose."

"Who found us?"

"My husband. He was awakened by a dreadful cry. Thinking some one was lost in the snow, he went downstairs, found the street door open wide, and you and Miss Ashton lying on the ground outside."

I explained to my good hostess my adventure of the previous night—not disclosing, however, the mysterious vision by which I had been prompted—and lest any reflection might be cast upon Miss Ashton I took care to observe—

"She and I are complete strangers, for we have never met in our lives before, but had I not chanced to be on the waste last night, she must have perished from the intense cold."

My listener shuddered.

"Poor girl! What a dreadful death it would have been? And you found her there on the moor, sir?"

"Yes, stretched out on the snow as though it were her bed."

"Well, it's mercy that saved her," said the good woman with a sigh of relief, "for we are all very fond of Miss Ashton, and should have been sorry to have lost her, dear child."

That Christmas Day was the strangest I ever saw. As I leaned back on my pillows, for every bone seemed to ache, I heard the bells from the distant church ringing out gaily their glad tidings of joy, and my heart leaped up with a warm thanksgiving to know that I had rescued from the grasp of Death the gentle maiden.

And then for some weeks pain reigned supreme both in my chamber and in Miss Ashton's, for such an exposure as we had had in the freezing night air was not to be lightly overcome, and we hovered on the brink of a violent attack of rheumatic fever; but timely remedies turned it aside, and in time we were both sufficiently recovered to come down stairs. So at last the day dawned when I looked again on the sweet face I had last seen white and chilled amidst the snow.

Now a soft colour tinged her cheeks, and her dark hair was coiled closely around the dainty head.

"I have to thank you for saving my life," she said warmly, giving me her hand.

I murmured how glad I was to have been of service to her.

Motioning me to sit by her side, she said—

"Will you tell me what really happened. I can only remember the consternation I felt when I saw a strange face bending over me."

We were quite alone. I began the story which I have already told in these pages. Her eyes, full of soft wonder, were often raised to mine during its recital, and as I concluded, a vivid blush crimsoned her cheek.

"Oh, Mr Kendall, how can I thank you for

such kindness? Is it not mysterious that one hitherto unknown to me should be called in that strange manner to save my life? There does not seem to be any connecting link between our lives."

Moved by a sudden impulse to tell her all, I responded—

"I believe I was called to your rescue because you were my fate—the one woman I was to love among all the world."

She rose hastily, covered with confusion at my abrupt disclosure.

"Do not leave me," I cried, "nor be angry at this declaration, for I have only revealed the true feelings of my heart. From the first moment I saw you in the snow I loved you. Give me a little time and do not say no to my suit now."

She did not say no. Therefore I trusted in the future, she might say yes; but fearing to go farther then, I abruptly changed the subject by asking—

"May I know your name?"

She smiled, as she replied—

"Do you mean my surname, for you have called me by the other several times?"

I looked in surprise.

"I have addressed you as Miss Ashton."

"Yes; well, Ashton is my Christian name, as I have said; but I am of German extraction, and when I first came to Hurst Farm Mrs Roper and her children found it so difficult to pronounce my 'outlandish' name correctly that they took to calling me by my Christian name. I am so generally addressed by it now that I do not believe that any one in this neighbourhood is aware that Ashton is not my surname."

"Is that surname Frolich?"

"Yes. Is it known to you?"

So thus in the maiden of the snow my missing heiress was found at last.

I then told her what had been the object of my journey to Harrington in the previous autumn, and how I had been baffled in my search by no one knowing the name of Frolich.

Then I asked—

"Did not your father, Franz Frolich, marry Selina Errington?"

"Yes, I am sure that was my mother's maiden name."

"Well, your mother was great granddaughter to the original testator, John Herniman. There was a dispute about his will amongst his relations after his death, and ultimately the money was thrown into Chancery. That occurred in the year 1740. Since then all the original legatees have died, and I have ascertained that the only person now living who has a claim as next-of-kin is the daughter of Franz Frolich. All, therefore, that now is required is to prove your identity by the certificate of your birth, for I can obtain the solemn declaration of one who knew your parents that you are the only issue of their marriage."

"As to the certificate of my birth, I can easily get that," was the reply.

"Then I hope soon to place you in possession of the money."

"And I shall be rich—how strange it will seem," she said, with a child's simplicity.

"Yes; sufficiently well off to be beyond the reach of poverty for the rest of your life, and able to satisfy all moderate desires."

A little sigh escaped me with the words, for, alas! I as a young solicitor had my fortune to make, and she would be far above my reach.

A few months afterwards the Chancery case was concluded, and I went with Miss Frolich to the Bank of England to receive her money. As it was paid down, she whispered confidentially—

"Do take care of one of these until we get home. I am afraid of losing them."

I complied with her request.

We reached the apartments she occupied, and she invited me in. We were then no strangers to each other, for legal matters had necessitated frequent visits to her abode; but I felt as I entered that this must be for the last time; our pleas and intercourse could now but end. She was dearer to me now than before, for intimacy had only revealed the sweet graces of her character, and I fancied at times that she was not quite indifferent to my love, but though we often spoke of our strange meeting in the snow, I never alluded to my past avowal of affection, deeming it scarcely honourable to seek to bind her by an engagement when she would so soon be in a position to choose a wealthier lover. Silently I regarded her sweet face, as she fingered lightly the crisp bank notes I had placed before her.

"I owe it all to you," she cried, raising her eloquent eyes to mine. "Mr Kendall, I can never express my gratitude."

I turned away. "You need not thank me," I murmured. "I would have done much more than this to make you happy."

"I know you would."

She laid her hand on my arm, and her slender fingers were trembling as she said earnestly—

"Do, do let me induce you to share this money. Remember that but for you it would never have been mine. How unfair, then, it would be for me to enjoy it all while your labour gained nothing."

"Nothing, when your life is made happy! Is not that knowledge sufficient recompense for any work of mine?" I cried passionately, forgetting for a moment my assumed calmness.

"But I should be much happier could I reward you. Please let me."

"Had our cases been reversed, would you not have enjoyed placing a fortune in my hands?" I asked.

"I should indeed!"

"Then you do not grudge me a like gratification. And now let the question of payment for my services be dropped for ever between us."

"Will you then accept nothing from me? Mr Kendall, you were not so proud at Hurst Farm."

I did not pretend to misunderstand her words. It seemed to be best to tell her plainly the truth. So I replied in a clear voice—

"I dare not ask now for the treasure which I was bold enough to plead for there—circumstances have so entirely changed. But," I passionately added, "one favour before we part. Grant me one kiss, and then, praying God to bless you, I will go forth upon my lonely way."

But not such was to be my portion. One sweet glance from my darling's eyes, as I bent over her, revealed her love, and before this knowledge all my prudent resolutions melted away into nothingness as I clasped my promised wife to my heart.

In the following summer we paid together a visit to Hurst Farm. Mrs Roper was charmed by our marriage, her chief delight consisting in

the fact of that outlandish name being exchanged for one her tongue could pronounce.

When the sun was brightly shining over hill and dale I stood once more with Ashton upon the "Waste." How different was the scene to that terrible Christmas Eve when I rescued my darling from an awful death.

We still possess the looking-glass which once reflected so remarkable a scene; but though Ashton declares it makes her quite nervous to look at it in the moonlight, no further manifestation of events to come has ever again been depicted there. As to the extraordinary appearance I once saw within its depths, I can give no explanation whatever. Now, as then, it remains a mystery.

MY CONTINENTAL TRIP.

A TRUE STORY

BY

A TRAPERNA.

IN MY youth I was passionately fond of the Latin authors, and even more so of the modern

Italian writers, probably because my mother was an Italian, and my earliest recollections were snatches of Italian melody she used to sing me. Through her, the pages of gentle Maro's matchless strain and Horace's and Ovid's bright music became much better known to me than those of Shakespeare or of Spencer, and the weird, vivid word-paintings of Italy's immortal Dante, than the regular rhythm and grand conceptions of England's divine blind bard.

At my mother's knee I formed a resolve to visit this fair land of Italy to behold for myself those hills and valleys which Virgil has sung so sweetly of, the homes of the gods, of the consuls, and the Cæsars, and when I graduated "M.D." in my university I determined to take a rest from my studies and visit Rome.

My journey from Dublin to Dover was commonplace, and in truth wearisome, and I was glad indeed when I boarded the handsome steamer which plies between the "white cliffs" and "La Belle France."

On board the steamer were the usual allowance of invalids, *en route* for the homœopathic establishments of Germany, several fussy little Frenchmen, and a few English families on their way to make the steep passes of the Alps, the vineyards of fair France, and the wide calm lakes of beauteous Italy resound with the merry laughter which makes bright the homesteads of less sunny but happier Albion.

Among these I noticed one group in particular. It consisted of but three—*paterfamilias* with the bluff red face of an Irish squire, quite in contrast with the pale, delicate face of the mother, while unlike either was the small graceful little figure which made up the little group. Curiosity impelled me to go closer to have a better view. I did so, and just as I came alongside them the younger lady turned her head in my direction, and I saw the sweetest and most beautiful face I ever beheld. Her eyes were of the deepest violet, her cheeks of a creamy hue just tinged with a rose blush, pouting coral lips, and perfectly oval face, the whole crowned with a wealth of

golden hair, and forming a model for a Madonna.

She looked for a moment in my direction, and saying something to the elder lady, went down to the cabin. Reader, like most of my countrymen I had ever been a lover of beauty, and was ever willing to worship at the shrine of a beautiful form, and with my antiquarian notions still upon me I compared my love of women with the mythological devotion to Aphrodite the personification of all that was beautiful in woman.

I now beheld a real substantial Venus, a very "goddess of my dreams" and I was willing and longing to worship.

No event, however, occurred during our short voyage to form an acquaintance. So the fairy-like little maiden departed at the wharf, leaving me alone on the mainland of Europe without a friend nearer than the dear ones in the fair city on the Liffey.

For the first time I felt lonely, but at length I plucked up spirits, and calling a cab drove to the railway station, where I found I had over an hour to wait for the next train to Paris. The polite French porter conducted me to the waitingroom, and, perceiving I was English, brought me a *Times*, and between it and writing up my notebook time flew so quickly that I was astonished when my guardian porter told me my train was about to start.

The summer sun was sinking in the West when the train turned an angle, and I saw Paris in the distance.

Another moment and we dash into the great station, where an army of porters assail the *voyageurs*. One seizes my portmanteau, puts me into a cabriolet, receives his franc with a touch of his hat, and goes off in search of another victim.

The cabby drives to the "Europeene Hote," and in a very few minutes I find myself drinking delicious French coffee, reading "Charivari," and listening to the incessant chatter of a couple of elderly French ladies by turns.

Presently I went out into the street, one of the gayest of the boulevards. As I sauntered along, lost in the current of my thoughts, I felt a strong grasp on my shoulder, and heard a hearty voice, with a rich Irish brogue, say—

"Och! Bob, me darlint, and how's ivery bone in yer body? Shure I haven't seen you fur goodness knows how long. Arrah, what brings you here?"

Turning I recognise in the speaker my bosom friend at school, and *alter ego* in my early college days, then plain Ned Berkeley, now Lord Ashcroft.

After a cordial greeting Ned asked me to give an account of myself. I told him I had come over on a holiday before entering on my winter's work, as I had been appointed house surgeon in a leading Dublin hospital.

He told me in return that he was over on his wedding tour, and insisted on my going with him to his hotel to dine and be introduced to Lady Ashcroft and her mother and sister, adding as an inducement that the latter ladies had just arrived from Dublin.

I apologised on account of travel-stained garments; but he would have no denial, so we got into a cab and drove to his residence, a handsome building.

On entering, a pretty little brunette bounded down the stairs to meet Lord Ashcroft, stopping abruptly when she saw a stranger with him.

"This is Doctor Lambert, my dear old chum,

Nelly. I brought him in for some dinner," cried his lordship.

The little lady bowed, and, shaking hands warmly, said she had often heard her husband speak of me as his only rival in the University Boat Club. She led the way to their drawing-room, and behold, my heart gave such a bound that I thought it was going to leave its normal position in the thorax, to take up a rather abnormal abode in my mouth, for reclining on a lounge was none other than the little Psyche who had so captivated me on the steamer.

"This is the Hon. Miss M'Clure, my wife's sister, Doctor," said Ned, as he introduced me to her.

I had the honour of afterwards taking the lady down to dinner, when during conversation I found that her claims to beauty were not confined to her personal appearance, as she was an artist of great promise, and had been with her sketch book from the Wicklow Mountains to the Caucasus.

I stopped long that evening, for Ned and I made ourselves very merry after the ladies had retired with reminiscences of our boyish pranks and practical jokes in dear old Trinity. When we parted long after midnight I walked through the still busy streets like one in a dream. Maud M'Clure's golden hair and azure eyes were with me like a phantom—in fact, dear reader, I was in love.

Oh! how I cursed my bitter fate when I remembered that she was an heiress to some £50,000, and I a poor Irish M.D. with nought but my profession to live by.

At length I determined to fly from temptation, so I told Ashcroft that I had only come to Paris on my way to Italy, and that I would have to leave the next day, as my time was limited. Picture my surprise when he told me that he, too, intended "doing" the home of the Cæsars, and suggested that we should travel together. I agreed. So three days afterwards we were steaming into the railway station of the Eternal City.

I started off one morning to examine an old inscription on the Appian Way, of which a learned old professor in Trinity had asked me to bring him an accurate copy. I was riding on a splendid blood horse belonging to a Roman nobleman, who was a friend of Lord Ashcroft's. I was cantering along quietly when I heard a clatter on the paved way behind me, and I saw Miss M'Clure coming along like a whirlwind on a magnificent black Arab her father had given her as a birthday present a day or so before.

The brute had got the bit between his teeth, and was tearing along at a fearful rate. I tried to stop him, but in vain. On he went, my poor darling sitting him gallantly the while, and pulling with all her little might. I dashed my spurs into the flanks of my animal, and we went off like a bird in pursuit. On, on we went in that awful race till at last I could see nothing but the black horse, with the little blue form on its back, a few yards in front of me.

On, on we rushed through the warm Italian air till I heard a voice shouting clearly—

"The marble quarry—the marble quarry! My God, they are lost!"

I remembered the place in that dreadful moment. There was the precipice, hundreds of feet deep, at the bottom of the hill. We were now thundering down, and I saw a means of saving her life if I could only reach her.

Goaded to despair, I lashed my horse fiercely, spurring at the same time, until the poor brute

made an almost supernatural plunge forward, and I got alongside the black devil.

In a moment I seized the bridle, flung myself headlong from my own horse, and hit the Arab fair between the eyes with my heavily-loaded riding whip.

I felt a sharp pain and a heavy weight falling on me. Then I remembered no more.

When I again opened my eyes I was lying in a chamber of my hotel, with the Ashcrofts and Maud bending over me. I felt a dull aching pain in my head, and I asked what was wrong.

"Oh, doctor," said Maud, her great violet eyes dim with tears, "you have been very ill. Your arm is broken and your head badly cut."

I looked down, and sure enough my arm was in a splint and bandaged. In an instant the awful race flashed to my recollection, and I asked—

"Are you hurt, Miss M'Clure?"

"You are a fine fellow, Bob," said Lord Ashcroft. "You saved my little sister's life, but you must keep quiet, as the doctor says we are not to talk to you."

One evening, when the stars were sitting on the ruby thrones and the moon shining softly over that Southern scene, we sat together in the garden, and I told my love to Maud, but words of mine would be too weak to describe my delight when the golden head fell on my shoulder and the sweet lips murmured—

"Yes, Bob, I love you dearly."

We were so engrossed in each other that we did not hear a step on the gravel walk, and were almost startled when we heard Lord Brookland exclaim—

"You have won her fairly, Lambert. Take her and keep her. If she makes as good a wife as she does a daughter you will have no reason to regret your choice."

I am now practising in Geneva, for Italy seems more my home than the land of my birth, for there a greater blessing than even life itself was given me—

"Now, don't be silly," says a blonde and beauteous matron, who is looking over my shoulder as I write this; but, reader, that my Continental tour was the greatest and happiest event in my life is my conviction.

IF.

If I had but known in the morning,
When I carelessly went away,
Of the cruel thoughts locked up in your heart
With the words you were loth to say,
I would not have been so thoughtless,
I would not have left you there,
Till the cruel thoughts had been banished far,
And the bitter words made fair.

If I had but known in the morning
The path that my feet would tread,
I had not waited till evening to say
The words that I left unsaid;
And my heart had not been closed to you,
Nor yours have been closed to me,
If we had but seen in the morning, dear,
What now seems so easy to see.

Oh, those little things in the morning
So easily left undone,
How they oft outweigh in the balance of life
The greatest things ever begun;
And the cloud, that a word in the morning,
Or a smile or a kiss could dispel,
May grow to a storm by the eventide
That nothing can ever quell.

A. C. IVINS.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

The late Mr Charles Dickens did not so much create as popularise the season of Christmas. He not only encouraged notions of fraternal jollity, but promoted impulses of private charity. He invariably placed a poor's plate beside the British plum-pudding. He was not versed in the more scientific aspects of sociology, but devoted his artistic emotionalism to the happiest side of individualism.

Now-a-days we do not regard the Christmas consumption of indigestible plum-pudding and copious draughts of fermented liquor as being anything but a partially-tolerated revival of the bucolic past, and it is an awful but irrefutable fact that Christmas cards are going out of fashion. It is not to be rashly supposed in consequence that the social feelings which prompt us to gather under one roof to make each other happy are in decadence. On the contrary, they exist to-day in stronger force than formerly, but they are of a more intellectual or purely fraternal complexion, and are based less and less as time goes by on the mere gratification of eating and drinking.

The modern girl who takes high rank in the final examination of the College of Surgeons must find a more refined and not less pleasurable scope for her animal spirits in some form of amusement less unsightly than the game of "hunt the slipper," and the modern schoolboy, who is studying conic sections with the intention of winning honours at the Intermediate, is not likely to be thrown into animalistic ecstasies at the sight of a plum-pudding, however large or studded however thickly with the shelled almond. The members of the older generation, who view the signs of the day with horror-stricken eyes, shake their heads and talk in tones of mysterious wisdom of the "good old times." They believe that the growing dislike to, consider Christmas a period of a riotous devotion to the wants of the stomach a sure and certain sign of the degeneracy of society. We, on the other hand, hold that society through its multitudinous faults and miseries is slowly but steadily progressing, and the desire for gregarious and individual enjoyment is increasing and becoming purified. Yet, that the old idea of pleasure being necessarily based on justification of appetite is dying slowly is evidenced by the mental mood which in many associate the idea of a ball with that of a supper. Whenever an elaborate supper is organised in connection with a private party it is invariably the inspiration of the mother of the family who is still in the clutches of the traditions of the last generation. Fifty years ago no man was considered worthy of the diploma of gentleman unless he could get drunk at least once a day, and the fashionable programme of a dinner party consisted of the retirement of the ladies after dinner, until such time as the gentlemen were sufficiently intoxicated to make their appearance in the drawingroom.

That time has happily passed with many other fine old customs of the "good old times," yet in many an anxious mother's brain there still lingers the phantom of the exaggerated notion concerning the all-devouring appetite of the male items of her circle. It seems like heresy to assure these ladies that the young men of the new generation do not frequent their social gatherings mainly with the object of gorging themselves to

repletion, and that, on the contrary, they find the feminine element, the waltz, and the æsthetic charms of music sufficiently pleasureable. There is, of course, a certain percentage of men who hunger after the stomachic delights of the supper table, but their number is rapidly diminishing, and the unhealthiness of indulging in the meal of supper on any occasion whatever, is rapidly becoming a fixed tenet in the ordinary habits of life. In country towns where the military element is still worshipped as a fetish, the superabundant supper table is a customary feature, but we are happy to say that the metropolitan matron has, in a great degree, discarded the notion that a military gentleman who cannot support himself in comfort is the best possible match for her marriageable daughter and we hope, in time she will equally realise that the majority of men in the present day consider the supper a most undesirable survival of the dark ages.

If she is willing to marry her daughter to the man who frequents her house for the sake of what he gets to eat and drink, we may commend her diplomacy while regretting her taste; if, on the other hand, she wishes to parade her monetary resources by a lavish display of eatables and drinkables, we can assure her that no intelligent man is likely to base his calculations of her daughter's marketable value on the occasional sight of a well-filled supper table. The man who wants to marry for pecuniary profit is liable to look on the overlaid table either as an hysteric effort or else a display of goods which are still on the debit side of the shopkeeper's books. In order, therefore, to satisfy the cynical doubts of this class of man, the anxious mother should display the caterer's receipt in some place likely to meet the cynic's eyes. We do not know in what way the heavy supper table differs from any other display of vulgar ostentation, and if the unmarried girls are depending on it as a likely bait, we advise them to give up the idea of marriage and seek some mode of self-dependence. The man who delights before marriage in associating the personal charms of his beloved with champagne and oysters is most likely after marriage to associate more with the champagne and oysters than with his wife.

We have received several communications on the subject of low dresses at dance parties, and one writer is anxious to debar the middle-aged from this form of attire. We do not countenance any interference with individual liberty so long as it does not intrench on the liberty of others, and we do not see why middle aged women should not wear low dresses if they please. Personally, we do not believe in the habit of low dresses either for young or old. It is a direct challenge to the insidious advances of phthisis and pneumonia. The custom on this account alone is to be deplored. Of course to disinterested observers, only one woman in fifty enhances her charms with a low body, but what woman could be convinced, by any known process of scientific logic or embellished rhetoric, that her shoulders and bust would be infinitely more captivating if artistically covered? We know of none—not one. We have sometimes met a woman who was conscious of defects in her face, a too-retrouse nose, small eyes, or high cheek bones, but never, on any occasion which we can recall, met a woman who believed that her naked shoulders could exhibit angularity or scragginess. From a moral point of view we do not consider the general custom of low bodies deleterious. On the contrary,

we know of nothing more calculated to induce a man to lead a virtuous life than the aspect of many ladies in the regulation costume. And, taken on a wider basis, any custom which, like this, has become universal ceases to wear the air of novelty, and therefore of charm. The dangers of a chill to a young girl hurrying from a heated ball-room or theatre into the night air are infinitely more serious.

It is a poor exchange to barter a fresh young life for the triumphs of an hour.

ECONOMICAL HINTS.

PLUM PUDDING RECIPE.

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

Having had thirty years' experience of house-keeping for a large family on small means, I have learned a great deal, and feel such sympathy for people who are similarly situated that I copy some of the entries in my "Hard Times Recipe Book," hoping they may be of use to some struggling head of a house. People talk about a "skeleton in the family." There are really two skeletons in almost every family, and they are in the cupboard. Their names are "waste" and "credit." I once spent a week in the house of a lady whose cook enjoyed fifty guineas a year, and I spent two hours every morning in the kitchen watching her operations. Two things struck me forcibly in connection with her work—the exquisite cleanliness of all her paraphernalia (she kept the kitchenmaid busy) and the absence of all waste, the most delicious dishes and sauces, &c., being made out of the most extraordinary scraps. I got a great many hints from this woman, as she considered it a condescension on my part to take an interest in her work, and these hints have been of very great benefit to me, as I married a gentleman with a very limited income. I had living with me for eleven years a servant who was obliged to go home to nurse her invalid mother. She told me that several women in the village asked her how she managed to have always a delicious dinner, while they who spent the same amount on their housekeeping never could have anything but perpetual tea and a "relish," a most wasteful and unwholesome system of eating. As we are nearing Christmas, I shall give a recipe for a cheap plum-pudding and some hints on the subject of that much-abused viand.

Recipe for a 7lb. plum-pudding, costing 2/4—

INGREDIENTS.

	s.	d.
1lb. stale beef suet	...	0 6
1lb. pudding raisins	...	0 6
1lb. currants	...	0 3
1/2lb. mixed peel	...	0 2
1lb. brown sugar	...	0 1 1/2
1 lemon	...	0 1
2 eggs	...	0 2
Bread and flour	...	0 4
1 teaspoonful ground allspice	...	0 0 1/2
1 bottle XX	...	0 2
Total	...	2 4

Chop the suet very fine, taking care to shake flour on it to prevent it sticking to the knife or pastry board. Stone the raisins and divide each into four. Wash and dry currants. Cut the peel into small pieces. Crumble the soft part of a 4-lb. loaf, taking the crusts off neatly. Take the rind very thin off the lemon, and chop it fine. Put all these ingre-

dients into a large basin with a teaspoonful of ground allspice, a pound of brown sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of flour, squeeze the juice of the lemon over it, mix very well, and wet it with the eggs well beaten in a bowl that will also hold a little more than half the XX. Pour this over the dry mixture, and stir well till all is moistened, adding more XX if necessary. This mixture should then be put into a cloth which was wrung out of fresh water and well greased with dripping (fresh and clean)—an economical housekeeper never uses lard where dripping can be used. This should be boiled for five hours, remembering there must be a plate in the pot. The water must be boiling, and must never for one moment stop boiling till the pudding is lifted out (do not even draw back the pot before lifting it out). The water must always cover the cloth, and this must be managed by adding boiling water when necessary. This pudding will be a plain one, and therefore a wholesome one, fit for a family. The raisins for plum pudding should always be cut up small. The omission of this precaution is one reason why this pudding so often disagrees with those who partake of it; and another reason is eating sweet white sauce with it, which is very unwholesome and unnecessary, and should never be given to children. Some persons like whiskey or sherry sauce, made with sugar, boiling water, and the stimulant; and this is rather good for those who like the flavour. If a plum pudding be underboiled it is most unwholesome; fried plum pudding is poison, and cold plum-pudding is little better. To serve plum pudding the second day, cut it into rather thin slices, place neatly on a dish, covering it with another dish, and place in a cool oven till as hot as it need be. It is then exactly the same as the first day—not greasy, not broken up. Those who have no oven can heat it just the same on a plate covered with another plate or round delf (not tin) cover over a saucepan of boiling water. It is a good plan to prepare the ingredients for a plum pudding by degrees, stoning the raisins one day, chopping suet the next, and so on. Indeed, the longer the fruit, &c., is mixed up before it is needed, so much better is the flavour.

A CINDERELLA CIRCLE.

Last winter some ladies residing in that fashionable Dublin suburb, the neighbourhood of Leeson Park, instituted a series of dances under the above title, and more delightful dances have never been given in Dublin. The "Circle" consisted of six ladies (who took it in turn to have a dance at her house each Thursday; and 40 members who were balloted for in very strict fashion. There were certain rules, which were rigidly enforced. One was there was not to be a pianist employed, the members supplying the necessary dance music; there should be no supper—liberal refreshments only. The lady at whose house the dance took place had the privilege of inviting ten of her private friends. This "circle" brought together a number of young people, and afforded a great deal of enjoyment. Why do not other suburbs form a "circle?" Rathmines and Rathgar, Clontarf, Donnybrook, &c., might well follow the example set by Leeson Park and neighbourhood. And why might there not be also a "musical circle" formed? It would encourage a great deal of amateur talent that is at present unheard of.

DANCE PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

The following further correspondence has been received relative to this interesting subject:—

DEAR MR EDITOR.—As a dancing man I desire to make a few remarks on the letter signed "A Literary Lady," which appears in your issue of December 8th. In the first place she is "over 30" as that is the part of "Hostess's" letter which has evidently annoyed her. Young men, who, like myself, have been poring over books all day, go out in the evening for recreation, and are not ambitious to meet "literary" ladies, who would "bring them up" every now and then with a facer in the shape of a question with which they are quite unable to grapple. I lately heard a gentleman say it was positively refreshing now-a-days to meet an ignorant girl, and to a certain extent I agree with him, though of course *In media tuta sinis ibis*. From the tone of "Literary Lady's" letter I venture to say she would enjoy herself much better at a dinner where she could have what schoolboys call a "good tuck in," while between the courses she could converse on the most abstruse subjects with the gentleman who was so fortunate (?) as to have taken her down to dinner (he might be able to "take her down" in another way too.) I am an eligible man, yet I am not afraid to dance only with young girls, and prefer them as partners to ladies past their *premiere jeunesse* no matter how well they valse. An American writer has aptly said "Ladies who go in for *women's rights* are sure to be *men's lefts*," for, as a rule, men do not admire *bas bleus* unless the gowns be worn long enough to hide them. I shall anxiously watch the course taken by your correspondents on this subject, and beg to subscribe myself, yours truly,

IGNORAMUS.

DEAR MR EDITOR.—As I enclosed my card in the first letter I wrote to you on the subject of "Dancing Men," you will on inquiry be able to verify the following statement, which I wish to make as a reply to "One who knows something of Dublin Society." I have but two daughters, one nearly 19 years old, and the other still a child. I have given small and early dances with "frugal" refreshments for the last five years, when my daughters were in the nursery and schoolroom. I inherit from my mother (who was a most talented and popular hostess) a fixed opinion that girls are not marriageable till they are over 20, and therefore I am not "devoting all my energies" or "practising petty devices to make a splendid display" in order to get my daughter "disposed of." Men of position, intellect, culture, and refinement, consider it well worth while to "talk" to me and my daughter, though we are not "prodigies of the Victorian College." As I am a woman I regret to say the letter was evidently, from its rancorous tone, written by a woman, no man would write it, except perhaps an elderly man, one crossed in love, who would shudder at the thought of venturing out in this "rheumatic climate" to a social gathering at which he would not be sure of a good supper and literary ladies of a suitable age with whom he could indulge in the "rare art" of talking; but if I may judge from the verbosity of the letter, I should not care to spend an evening "talking" to the writer, whether male or female, though I am told I am an accomplished "talkist." I shall not write again upon this subject and thank you for devoting so much space to my former letters. Yours sincerely,

HOSTESS.

DEAR SIR,—I did not intend to ask for any of your valuable space so soon again, but just *un petit mot* in defence of married ladies beyond the fatal 30 appearing in the usual evening costume. Dublin ladies under all their soft carelessness of manner have an astonishing amount of tact, good taste, and common sense; and may be and are fully trusted by their husbands, brothers, and sons not to make any mistake about dress; and if a full-blown matronly beauty happens to have pretty arms and neck to show, I do not see why she should not let them be seen on such occasions as permit, particularly as in crowded gas-lit rooms the heat sometimes makes it very agreeable to be divested of the most necessary and customary high-necked, long-sleeved jacket worn during the day. Any lady not wishing or able to show in the customary ball-room attire would perhaps enjoy herself more by staying away. An at-home literally means a lady receiving her friends in her own house and making them as happy and as pleased with themselves and each other as her resources will permit, and no lady is perfectly happy if she feels she is dressed unsuitably for the occasion, whether for morning or evening. I do not know of those unhappy people to whom "Hostess" alludes as having to "put up" their plate and live upon short commons for twelve months as the inevitable result of giving a dance. Any of my acquaintances confine themselves to three or four dances during

the season and if every hostess did so much Dublin society would have a good time of dancing. But a dance every week at every house one knows! That would, I fear, turn "our girls" into very useless idle dolls, and unless "papa's" purse and generosity were unlimited, into mere "rag dolls," at the end of the season, as it would simply involve a dance every night at, perhaps, two or three different houses. As for the supper question, that is a matter of course, and I think ought not to be made a point of discussion at all. Positively the last, dear Editor, from yours, &c., &c.,

A LITERARY LADY.

SIR.—The two letters you printed in last week's issue upon evening parties amused and edified me in their several ways, not from any special humour or knowledge that they contained; but I think from a *naïve* self-disclosure of character not very relevant to the question in discussion. How truly feminine was that of "Hostess!" telling her income, her age, and suggesting, though 40, her fine physical points. She says she is fair, and of course also fat—that goes without saying—she gives you quite the idea of a seductive matron, though she *does* cover her arms and shoulders at her parties. She also treats us to other personal confidences, which, no doubt, would be most interesting had we the pleasure of her acquaintance, but as we have not, and are not likely—she is so very exclusive—being in point an unknown quantity, shrouded in the veil of the anonymous, the obtrusion of the facts serve no purpose. I shall however try to make a point out of them; but before I attempt, I may say that I have the honour of knowing a "Literary Lady," having met her at parties, and I can assure "Hostess" that though she is certainly over 30—perhaps nearer "Hostess's" own age—she still has most presentable arms and shoulders, for the exquisite moulding of which she was not many years ago famous. Now she emulates "Hostess's" prudence, though she by no means exacts imitation from younger ladies, who have to make their way in society by such exhibition. "Hostess" will also be surprised to learn that personally she sees no charms in supper—and that brings me to the point, which is this—that "Hostess" sees only one phase of the subject her own, she only believes in claret cups as a beverage—sandwiches as pabulum, high-necked dresses on young ladies, and hobble-de-hoys in swallow-tails, all because her income is under £400, and she has daughters to marry. She is candid in the declaration of her purpose, she deserves to succeed, and I hope her efforts will be rewarded in at least the person of that eldest daughter of hers. But speaking as a man, let it be known unequivocally to the readers of IRISH SOCIETY, that it is a man who writes this, who likes to see both sexes and all ages well represented at parties—who is of a certain, but still progressive age himself—he likes suppers, and he is typical of thousands. I also believe firmly that in no attire does a woman up to 40 look so bewitching and becoming as in orthodox evening dress, as *decolléte* as the charms she has to display will safely admit of. But let not herself be the judge of this. Exuberance and tenuity are equally fatal. Speaking as a man who has seen, heard, and observed, and I hope "Hostess" will defer to me in this, I know no party can be a success if the dress be not proper, and the supper varied. Now a word as to the letter with the long signature. "One who Knows" is a little hard on the Victorian College. It produces very accomplished and well-bred *cleves*—girls as renowned for their beauty as attainments and modesty—doubtless there are such female "prigs" as your correspondent refers to, but this college has no speciality in them, they are to be found everywhere. The girls at the Victorian, I hear, are very hard-working, and, though young, take life in earnest. Small blame to them if they sometimes try—as "Hostess" would elegantly put it—to make "their mutton pass for lamb."—Yours,

ONE OF THE EXCLUDED.

Lord Tennyson has dubbed Mary Anderson the "Ministering Angel of Tobacco." This peculiar appellation arose from the constant application by Miss Anderson, while visiting the poet Laureate in England, to be permitted to fill the great man's pipe. Of course the man of rhyme always accorded the young lady her wishes, and we are informed he very much enjoyed the particular pipes which her beautiful hands had replenished. A captious critic would like to know how many of his lordship's admirers would gladly black his boots and hail with gratitude the title "Ministering Angel of the Blacking-brush?"

OUR LADIES' LONDON LETTER.

The Russomania, now so acute in Paris, is chiefly responsible for our fur-trimmed morning dresses and bejewelled evening toilettes.

The French are a little bit like children in their enthusiasms. A writer in one of the most popular of Paris newspapers thus commenced a leading article—"Oh, fair Russia, where the inward soul and the outward life seem endowed with a supernatural existence—so vast is thy soul and so grandiose thy outward life—great Slav empire that winter invests with a covering of snow and frost; like, as it were, the mantle of an empress encrusted with brilliants, France loves thee and greets thee with the tenderness of a sister!" This is pretty gushing for a serious Nineteenth Century morning paper, and the impressionable scribe goes on to compare his own grey climate with the keen clear skies of the Northern Capital, and to contrast the narrow frivolous life of Paris with the Oriental splendors of St. Petersburg, where in "marble palaces, permeated with the rich odours of exotics, statuesque dames wander cuirassed in dazzling gems like shadows through the radiance of a dream!"

Russian novels are in great demand, Russian music is a feature in every concert, and I am even told that caviare sandwiches are *de rigueur* at five o'clock tea.

This feeling has, of course, a political origin; but after a while the mainspring of a craze becomes lost, and is simply followed by the public while it lasts, as sheep follow the bell-wether.

I can imagine a typical Parisienne—or for that matter, a Parisien—struggling with the pages of Tolstoi in "Peace and War," or, a still greater book, "Crime and Punishment." Such deep analysis of character, such searching diagnosis of motive, and such minute though vivid descriptions of scenery would probably appear to them almost as formidable as prosecuting a journey over the Russian steppes after the airy spiritual sketches of L. Halevy and Octave Feuillet.

The presence of the Grand Duchess Wladimir in Paris is of a nature to fan the already kindled flame of admiration for all things Russian, since her costumes are of a magnificence to quite realise the dreams of the ardent journalist already quoted.

On one occasion she was seen in sapphire velvet, bordered round neck, sleeves, train, and panels with blue fox fur. The let-in front was in paler blue China crape, embroidered with silver lotus flowers, interspersed with gleaming sapphires. In the hair were two pointed ornaments of sapphire shaped like birds' wings. Another lovely dress was in mauve and silver tissue. Evidently this great lady has a particular fancy for silver, for at the ball of the Duchess d'Uzes she was clad in a superb white satin

robe emblazoned with silver discs. A chatelaine of white ostrich feathers, tipped with silver, crossed the corsage to the hem of the dress, and reappeared in tufts about the train; epaulettes of diamonds, and in the hair a diamond tiara. A fur boa was wound round the neck in addition to heavier wraps, and sometimes retained when these were discarded.

I must say I prefer the style of these majestic robes to the example set by the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, who displayed the joint coats of arms of Orleans and Denmark worked on the bodice of a dress—a mode which is being copied by lesser lights in the form of monograms and crests.

It may seem hypercritical to call such an act snobbish, since orders and decorations are an integral part of *grande tenue*; but I see a great distinction between those dignities conferred—and worn as much in compliment to donor as recipient—and the ostentatious obtrusion of personal rank.

Coronets and monograms are very useful badges of ownership on horsecloths and livery buttons, or on pocket-handkerchiefs and small articles liable to get lost; but it is unnecessary to advertise on one's person, an ownership in oneself. As well might anyone appear sprouting over with the family tree.

And indeed this would not be by any means a bad idea for a family ball—a costume representing the family tree. The branches and offshoots would offer innumerable ramifications for embroidery, twirling and curling in every direction to culminate in delicate stitches, narrowing to a point.

I present this original suggestion with pleasure to anyone on the lookout for a novelty in fancy dress, only care must be given to the selection of colours, otherwise, in black and red for instance, appearance might be *tant soit peu diabolique*.

Drawingroom meetings have become more and more a feature in London Society. Philanthropic ladies, and ladies personally interested in any good work, are always willing to lend their handsome houses for the purposes of lecture or debate, and none more so than Mrs Arthur Lewis (known on the stage, for too short a time, as the incomparable Kate Terry) at whose charming residence on Campden Hill a course of lectures on aids to the sick and wounded has just concluded.

In spite, or in consequence, of some adverse criticism at the outset, the new opera of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan is drawing larger houses than most of its many predecessors. This adverse criticism, which was directed against the libretto, I wholly fail to understand; for behind the contradictions which make the charm as well as the speciality, of the Gilbertian libretti, there lurks, in this particular instance, an undercurrent of pathos that invests the slight story with almost dramatic dignity. This is finely indicated throughout by Mr Grossmith with a subtle delicacy, which proclaims a distinct reserve of higher powers in our popular "Society Clown," and it culminates in the touching situation at the end,

when, after singing once more with Elsie the stroller's song of happier days, the forsaken jester presses a kiss on his lady's hand and sinks broken-hearted to the earth.

There is real poetry in this finale; but it is always a doubtful experiment to show the tragic side of a humorous character. The public is never quite sure how to take it, and resents its own uncertainty. With another actor than Mr Grossmith, I can conceive possible danger to this dramatic element vibrating in the background and it is in this way I account for the failure of "The Yeomen of the Guard" in New York. I shall look with great interest to my Irish friends' verdict on this opera, for it will doubtless not be long before it is presented in Dublin. Of the merit of the music there can be no question. It has not an unequal moment from beginning to end, but necessarily some portions will achieve the most rapid popularity. Such will be primarily the witty duet, "Were I thy Bride," and the beautiful "I have a Song to sing O." For the publishing rights of the music alone an enterprising firm is said to have paid the enormous sum of £25,000.

I must not forget that the *entremets sucrés* of the "Ligne Patriotique" banquet to Boulanger are yet due; but before them the vegetables—always a separate course in France—were handed round, and comprised various salads, *chousfleurs au gratin*, and *artichauts frits*. For the former the cauliflower, after boiling, is divided from the stalk in convenient pieces, stirred with a lump of butter, pepper, and salt to taste, and covered with a layer of grated cheese; pieces of butter are laid on the top, then baked to a golden brown. The artichokes, after sufficient boiling, have the leaves and chokes removed, are then dried and dipped into a light batter, then crisply fried in oil or butter.

Entremets sucrés are generally cold; pastry always so. Whipped cream enters largely into every dish—*charlotte russe*, *savarin creme*, and various *gateaux moutés*. The *menu* included *creme framboisee*, *creme au cafe*, *gelee au rhum*, *gelee de coings*, which are made as in England, and severally flavoured with raspberries, coffee, rum, and quinces. In the latter some of the fruit is chopped small, and introduced into the jelly, as we do with pine apple. The exception consisted in a simple little Spanish dish, called *torrijas*, much relished by Southerners, and made thus—Slice a sufficient number of French rolls into finger lengths, without; crust steep in beaten egg well sweetened, then in some good Curacao, and allow to drain; repeat three times. Fry carefully till lightly coloured, and serve hot, thickly powdered with sugar and grated cinnamon.

AMINA.

A COURT SCENE.—A celebrity noted for being "a bit of a poet" was brought before the local justice charged with assault, when the following conversation took place. Justice—"Is your name John Fray?" Accused—"It is, your honour, so people say." Justice—"Was it you who struck this man and caused the alarm?" Accused—"Sure it was, your honour; but I thought there was no harm." Justice—"Now, stop that! Did you come here to make rhymes?" Accused—"No, your honour, but it will happen sometimes." The judge could not refrain from laughing at the man's ready wit, and with smiling face, said—"Go away, you rascal; get out of my sight." John Fray also smiled as he acknowledged the kindness of the justice, saying—"Thank ye yer honour, and a very good night."

LA REVEILLE.

GAIETY THEATRE—MISS ALLEYN.—The public, in the poor support offered this clever young actress, were enemies to themselves. On Monday night the idyllic play, "King Rene's Daughter," was presented, followed with Lytton's bombastic but effective "Lady of Lyons." As "Iolanthe," the blind daughter of King Rene, Miss Alleyn presented one of the most charming personations on the stage. Her voice is exceedingly musical and expressive, ranking indeed close to the exquisite elocution of Madame Modjeska. As "Pauline" in the "Lady of Lyons" Miss Alleyn was extremely picturesque, and here again her lovely voice exhibited a wonderful variety of expression. Mr Horace Allen was one of the best Claude Melnotte's we have ever seen, not excepting the much-advertised Henry Irving. He even made the stilted platitudes of Lytton's blank verse acceptable to the most cultured ears. Mr Charles Bernard was fairly good as "Colonel Dumas," and the rest of the company were indifferent. The applause of the limited audience was frequent, and on several occasions rose to enthusiasm.

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QUEEN'S ROYAL THEATRE.—After a highly successful engagement extending over a fortnight, the clever company conducted by Messrs Miller and Elliston vacated the boards on Saturday, and they were succeeded on Monday and Tuesday by Mr Charles Sullivan and a specially organised company in the legendary drama of "The Fairy Circle," which was well received. The theatre is now closed in preparation for Mr Warden's pantomime of "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," which is being rehearsed daily, and will be produced on Boxing Day with dazzling scenic effects. Painters, costumiers, &c. are hard at work, and the stage of the Queen's now rivals in activity the busiest of Oriental marts.

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DUBLIN POPULAR CONCERTS, LEINSTER HALL.—The third concert of the season took place last Saturday evening before a house packed in every part. Numbers of persons stood contentedly to the end of the concert; and we have no doubt that, apart from the public interest in the performers, the programme, being varied from the hackneyed type, drew many amongst the closely-crowded audience. The public have begun to realise the absurdity of the star system, and to accept pleasure from good music honestly and fairly performed by moderate artists. Take for example, the opening item of the concert, the duet "La Luna Immobile," from Boito's "Mephistofele." The singers were Miss Lena Goulding and Mrs Scott-Ffennell. The novel beauty of this original composition was evidently appreciated by the entire audience, who recalled the singers, both of whom sang correctly and in tune, and we doubt if the public would have received a much greater interpretation from two world-famous stars. It is, indeed, time that we paid more attention to the music performed than to the professional status of the artist. Signor Abramoff sang the cheerful "Madamina" from Don Giovanni, and followed immediately with the gloomily dramatic "Incantation" from "Robert le Diable," his splendid vocalism in this latter composition being received with enthusiasm. Miss Hendon Warde, a blonde of handsome presence, coupled the songs "Creole Love Song" and "Wandering Wishes." Her voice is not powerful, but has considerable range and some sweet notes. The "Creole Love Song" is quaint and picturesque. Mr Collisson played an arrangement from "Tannhauser" by Liszt, a piece which presents appalling difficulties to the ordinary amateur, but apparently possessed none for the clever and popular performer. Miss Lena Goulding sang recitative and aria "Ah, Dolce" from Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," a soprano air with intricate scale passages dear to the Italian School of Donizetti's day. In this air Miss Goulding's scale singing was much slurred,

a fault evidently due to nervousness, for in the second part of the programme she sang the more difficult intervals in Bizet's "Arabian Girl" in an almost perfect manner. She has a fine soprano, and considerable musical feeling, but at present is addicted to unpleasant physical contortions which, we hope, will disappear in time. This song of Bizet's is in some passages identical with the habenera of "Carmen." Mrs Scott-Ffennell sang with feeling and culture, "Lament of the Mendicant" from Meyerbeer's "Prophet." In the second part Signor Abramoff was encored for "Infelice" and replied with the ever-fresh Mephistophele Serenade from Faust. Mrs Scott-Ffennell followed with a new song by Mr Roeder "If all the Light were Mine" accompanied by the composer. The words of this song, which are judiciously composed mainly of open vowels to aid the vocalist, are by Mrs Power O'Donoghue. The melody is simple, unadorned, but of a placid beauty, most likely to render it a decided favourite with mezzo-soprano and baritone. The lovely trio "Queen of the Night" by Smart, which closed this concert, was greatly interrupted by the exit of several persons from the reserved seats and balcony. Unless these persons had special engagements we cannot understand their departure. It could not have been fear of a crush, for the Leinster Hall has numerous doors; nor lateness of the hour, for the concert was over at twenty minutes past 10. We have purposely left Mr Isidor de Lara last, as his appearance was evidently of much interest to many. He plays his own accompaniments, and, with surprising modesty, invariably sings his own compositions. He belongs to the Brompton School of aesthetics so ably led by our fellow-citizen, Mr Oscar Wilde. Of this school Wilde is the prophet, Swinburne the poet, and Mr Isidor de Lara the musician. Mr de Lara has considerable personal attractions of an effeminate order, but his songs are chaotic, and his playing bizarre. It is true he was recalled the historic "three times" after the "Garden of Sleep," but an element of sardonic humour was suffused through the applause. We regret the cruelty of this form of recall, but we are compelled to state that Mr de Lara is a clever man posing as a genius, and a year or two hence will be unknown unless he recasts the mould of his intellect. However, Mr De Lara's personality is so interesting and his style of singing so unique that we expect he will have a crowded house for his recital on Thursday in the Ancient Concert Rooms.

* *

CHRISTMAS MARKET, THE CONCERT HALL, COFFEE PALACE, TOWNSEND STREET.—This was one of the most charming bazaars we ever attended. If the space was limited it had the advantage of being innocent of those vast expanses of bare flooring and desolate roofing conspicuous in bazaars of larger pretensions. The approach through the hall was festooned with green leaves, leading like an enchanted passage to the fairy scene beyond. The walls of the concert room as well as the chandeliers and balcony, were festooned with aesthetic conceits in paper and emerald leaves, and each stall was a realised phantasy. The English language is too limited to describe the charms of the lovely girls who, attired in fanciful costumes which such an occasion invariably inspires, mingled with the crowd endeavouring with the sweetest insistence to force the baby's perambulator on the unmarried man, and the gilded smoking cap on the youth who abhors tobacco. Such a bewildering bouquet of miscellaneous levelness is seldom gathered in so limited a space; and many a man must have lost all his heart, however judiciously he may have saved portion of his spare cash. The programme of amusements opened with a scene representing "Father Christmas and his little merry men," followed by a prologue written by Miss Hort for the occasion and recited by Professor Burke. The performance of the American comedieta, "The Coming Woman" was up to a high standard of amateur ability, and wonderfully smart considering that the rehearsals were limited to two. Miss Alice O'Hea was, in figure and action, fairly good as "Victorine Wifal," Miss Tuckey as "Judge Wifal" was, on the

whole, portentous. Miss Moore played "Mrs Badger" with considerable force, and Mrs Moore successfully essayed "Miss Griffin." Mr Tatlow was too nerveless as "Mr Wifal" but the part is a difficult one of self-effacement. Mr Herbert Whitton as "Thomas Carberry" was unusually clever for an amateur, exhibiting considerable ability in quiet, suppressed humour. One of the chief items in the Christmas Market was the appearance of the "Leinster Amateur Orchestra Band." This is an admirable little band of about 15 performers, with strings, brass, and wood instruments. The want of such a body of performers has long been felt for public entertainments of a moderate nature. It is conducted by Mr Joseph A. Collins, who, though one of the youngest conductors in the city, is extremely clever and well able to master the difficulties of the baton. We heartily wish Mr Collins and his bright little band a long career of future successes.

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A very successful performance of Mr H. J. Byron's well-known play in three acts, "Uncle," was given in the Town Hall, Blackrock, on Thursday last under the auspices of the Blackrock Permanent Improvement and Amusement Committee. As "Mrs Beaumont," Mrs Betham acted remarkably well, her singing of "In the Gloaming" being warmly applauded. Miss Betham made a charming "Emily Montrose," and as "Sarah Jane," Miss Jenkins was quite at home. Mr H. West's impersonation of the difficult role of the "Uncle" was capital. The other characters of "Peter Fletcher," "Paul Beaumont," and "Puffin," the pieman, were one and all well sustained. The play was very well mounted, and the stage arrangements evidently under the management of no novice. The attendance was so large that many were unable to obtain admittance, and a second performance of the same took place before an overflowing house.

* *

On Saturday and Monday evenings, in the Town Hall, Kingstown, Professor Leozedt, the famous London illusionist and prestidigitateur, gave a very pleasant entertainment in sleight of hand. Some startling novelties were produced, all without the aid of apparatus or confederates, the audience being quite mystified. One of many clever tricks was the "new solution to the Gordian knot," which was done with such neatness and precision as to defy detection.

* *

FREE CONCERTS FOR THE POOR.—The first of a series of free concerts for the poor, promoted by the ladies managing the St. Kevin street Penny Dinner establishment, took place on Saturday evening, and from every point of view was quite a success. A large audience attended. The programme was opened by pianforte solo, played with excellent taste by Miss Florence Purcell, followed by Gatty's new plantation song, "De Ole Banjo," in the chorus of which all the performers joined. Mr Green sang "Father O'Flynn," and was warmly encored. "Molly Bawn" was sung by Mrs Thompson, and the "Yeoman's Wedding" by Mr Christie, both of which were well received, and after an admirable rendering by Miss Shaw of "The Bunch of Cowslips," cake and oranges were distributed amongst the audience. The second part of the programme was opened with the trio "Bother the Men," by the Misses Costello and Miss Dunn, followed by the "Meeting of the Waters." An amusing recitation, "The Maiden Aunt," was given with great effect by Miss Purcell, and produced roars of laughter. "Katieleen Mavourneen" was very nicely rendered by Mr Macnamara. Mr Angelo Fahie successfully contributed "The Midshipmite." An enjoyable evening was brought to a conclusion by Gatty's chorus, "Good Night." The piano (which was kindly lent for the occasion by Messrs Pehmann) was skilfully manipulated by Miss Florence Purcell, who played most of the accompaniments during the evening.

AMUSEMENTS.

GAIETY THEATRE.

To-night (WEDNESDAY), Dec. 19th, at 8,
A GRAND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

In aid of the Funds of the City of Dublin Hospital,
and under the distinguished patronage of his Excellency
the Lord Lieutenant, K.G., the Marchioness of Lon-
donderry, and their Serene Highnesses Prince and Prin-
cess Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

The late T. W. Robertson's Charming Comedy,
SCHOOL,

Will be performed by distinguished amateurs.

Prices—Private Boxes, 20s, 30s, 40s; Balcony Stalls,
5s; Second Circle, 2s; Pit, 1s; Gallery, 6d.

In consequence of the great demand for seats a portion
of the Pit-Stalls will be (Numbered and Reserved) 5s.
Places can be secured at Cramer's.

ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.
LEINSTER LECTURE HALL,
MOLESWORTH STREET.

Grand Public Recital

On

WEDNESDAY Evening, December 19, 1888,
At 8 o'clock.

The President, Rev. Chancellor Tisdall, D.D.,
in the chair.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Pianoforte—New Ballad and March,	Professor Harvey
Recital, Played by the Composer.	James Fields
Recital, "The Owl Critic,"	Mrs MEYRICK
Recital, "The Singing of the Magnificat,"	E. Nesbitt
Song, Professor BURKE.	J. L. Molloy
Song, "Love's Old Sweet Song,"	Miss M. E. MORDAUNT BYRNE.
Reading, "The Banquet Scene from Macbeth,"	Shakespeare
Recital, (By particular request), Dr. TISDALL.	J. De Quincey
Song, "An Ould Foin's Welcome,"	Mr JOSEPH HOLLOWAY.
Recital, (A Story of Christmas Eve), Mr JOSEPH HOLLOWAY.	Mozart
Song, "Qui s'adieu,"	Mr M. D. COLLINS.
Recital, "The Retrospection of a Jack,"	Anon
	Mr PATRICK WARD.

PART II.

Pianoforte, "Aurora Valse Brillante,"	Professor Harvey
Recital, Played by the Composer.	Shakespeare
Recital, "The Potion Scene from Romeo and Juliet,"	Miss MAUD GONNE.
Recital, "The Legend Beautiful,"	Longfellow
Song, Mr JAMES EDGAR.	Rossini
Song, "Di tanti palpiti,"	Mrs BRADFORD.
Reading, "Phaenix Crohoore, or the Irish Wedding,"	Le Fanu
Recital, Selection from "Richelieu,"	Lytton
Song, Mr M. D. COLLINS.	Alex Roche
Song, "I watch for Thee in Starless Night,"	Miss M. E. MORDAUNT BYRNE.
Recital, "The Slave who Saved St. Michael's,"	Mary Stansbury
	Mr A. M. JAMESON.

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at 8 o'clock.

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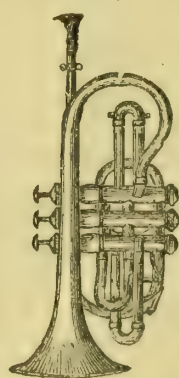
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Office, 11 D'Olier Street, in the City of Dublin. Week ending 22nd
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NOTICES.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

IRISH SOCIETY will be sent free to any address in the United Kingdom at the following *prepaid* rates—

Twelve Months	6s 6d
Six	3s 3d
Three	1s 8d

The paper can be ordered direct from the Office, or from Messrs Eason and Son, Limited, Middle Abbey street, Dublin, who will punctually attend to all orders received. Single copies may be obtained from all newsagents, Price One Penny. Should there be any difficulty in securing the paper, a postcard to the Manager, 11 D'Olier street, Dublin, will be highly esteemed.

TO ADVERTISERS.

As the advertising space in IRISH SOCIETY is limited and as our circulation is large, select, and *bona fide*, advertisers will consult their own interests by securing as much of it as suits their requirements with the least delay possible. Our scale of charges is as follows—

Whole Page	£5 0 0
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EDITORIAL.

All correspondence addressed to the Editor must be authenticated by the writer's name and address.

The Editor invites communications relative to marriages, marriage engagements, at homes, balls, dances, and fashionable movements, no charge being made for the insertion of these items.

Invitations for balls, concerts, marriage ceremonies, exhibitions, &c., forwarded to the Editor will receive prompt and courteous attention.

The Editor will endeavour to return rejected manuscripts when stamps are forwarded to him for that purpose.

IRISH SOCIETY.

WEEK ENDING 29th DECEMBER, 1888.

THE EDITOR TO HIS NUMEROUS READERS.

We have now reached the close of the year, at the commencement of which we first had the honour of addressing you, and the time seems opportune and fitting—this being the great festive season when the human heart is freely open to the most generous emotions and when kindly brotherhood should be the one great influence predominating us all—for us to tender you our cordial greetings for the New Year, and to thank you in all sincerity for the generosity of the support which you have extended to us during the first year of our literary existence, and which has resulted in

ESTABLISHING IRISH SOCIETY ON SECURE FOUNDATIONS,

and in rendering it an assured fact that if in the future we only do as well as we have done in the

past, we shall not only never lose you as friends, but that we shall attract a still larger *clientele* than that which we are proud to cater for to-day.

The first issue of IRISH SOCIETY appeared on the 14th of January of the present year, and in our prospectus we announced plainly the principles that would guide us in our conduct of this journal. These, we may remind our readers, were, first and foremost, a determination to exclude that class of news called "gossip," which, penetrating the sacredness of the domestic hearth, and the friendly shelter of the social and family circle, would give to the world matters with which the world proper has no business, and which could only inflict pain on perfectly unoffending people. This is what so-called "Society" journals across Channel call "spicy" gossip—retailing smart things which wound people who do not deserve to be hurt, and which, when inquired into, often prove to be baseless and without a shadow of foundation. Well, we have kept our promise in this respect, and we can appeal with confidence to our readers for an endorsement of this assertion.

We can also take credit to ourselves for a studious abstinence from any participation in matters political, these being subjects with which we have nothing whatever to do, and into which in the columns of IRISH SOCIETY we decline to enter. We thus make ourselves welcome in all circles.

Further than this, we intend to keep our journal pure from all contaminating literature, so as to ensure its acceptance as a welcome guest at all Irish firesides, and in its pages for the coming year will be found stories, tales, and other literary matter that in point of freshness, originality, and interest will bear favourable comparison with the best of our London competitors.

Encouraged by past favours, we propose to do better in the coming year than in the past, and as a commencement in this direction, OUR FIRST ISSUE FOR THE NEW YEAR WILL BE ENLARGED BY FOUR PAGES, in order to make room for the great demand upon our space, and to give due prominence to the crush of Society matter pressing upon us. In that number will be commenced

A NEW STORY OF STARTLING INTEREST,

By S. BARING GOULD,
Entitled

"THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS,"

which will prove, we venture to affirm, the "draw" of the literary season. It

is powerfully written, full of pathos and humour combined—a nice judicious mixture, with perhaps the latter predominating, though where the division takes place it may not be easy to discover. It is, however, pure, and, what is an additional recommendation, amusing, and will, we are sure, be highly appreciated by the readers of IRISH SOCIETY. Gossip of a legitimate kind will have even more attention bestowed on it than previously, and in all respects we will endeavour to make our journal one eminently worthy of the support of the whole Irish community, and particularly of the favour of the good citizens and citizenesses of the Metropolis of Ireland.

Again we tender to all our cordial thanks for past support, and wish to everyone

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR.

11 D'Olier street, Dublin,
29th December, 1888.

The Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia attended a special service in the chapel at Osborne last week in memory of Prince Alexander of Hesse. Her Majesty is in good health, and takes daily exercise, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and her daughters.

The Prince of Wales is expected at Cannes in February, and will probably spend three weeks there.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg arrived in London on Friday from Germany, and left town on Saturday for Osborne.

The Comte de Paris, with the Princess Helene, sailed on Friday from Dartmouth in a Castle Line steamer for Lisbon to spend the Christmas with the Duke and Duchess of Braganza.

The ancient cathedral of St Patrick presented a most animated appearance on Friday afternoon, on the occasion of the marriage of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttleton, of Eton College, and Caroline, younger daughter of the Very Rev. John West, Dean of St. Patrick's. Flags floated from the summit of the venerable building, and the chancel was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers.

Exactly at three o'clock the bride entered by the western door, conducted by her father, and was met by a procession of choristers, singing, "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us." The scene as she moved slowly along to the altar was most impressive.

The bride's train and corsage were of rich striped Velour broche, trimmed with antique

Brussels lace and bouquets of orange blossom; petticoat of Lyons satin, with flounces of Brussels point, chatelaine of orange blossom, and foliage. She carried a bouquet to correspond, and wore ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

Two small pages in quaint costumes of crimson velvet and lace—Masters Alexander and Dickenson—bore the bride's train, and she was attended by four bridesmaids—the Misses Evelyn and Mabel Dickinson, the Hon. Sybil Lyttleton, and Miss Mina Mc'Donnell, in costumes of dove-coloured silk and cashmere, and pretty hats to match. The whole of the bride's trousseau, as well as the costumes of the bridesmaids and several of the guests, were supplied by Mr Cameron, of Grafton street.

The Dean of the Chapel Royal officiated, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Lyttleton, brother of the bridegroom. A very large assembly of friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony, including his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin (Lord Plunket) and Lord Lyttleton. Unfortunately the day was very wet, which marred considerably the pleasure of a great crowd outside the building, which had assembled to witness the interesting proceedings.

As the wedding party left the cathedral the joy bells rang a merry peal, and during the entertainment of the guests at the Deanery the band of the Metropolitan Police played "St. Patrick's Day" and a varied selection of music, which was much appreciated. The presents were very numerous and of a costly description.

The decorations for the cathedral were provided by Messrs Ramsay, of Ball's Bridge, and were much admired. The selection of flowers, considering the season, was beautiful and varied. The bride's bouquet and those of the bridesmaids were also worthy of mention, and contrasted well with "the dim religious light" of the venerable cathedral.

The following were amongst the number who were present at the ceremony and reception:—The Archbishop of Dublin and the Hon. Miss Plunket, Lord Lyttleton, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Lyttleton, Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, Dean of the Chapel Royal and Mrs Dickenson and family, Archdeacon of Dublin, Mrs and the Misses Scott, Mr and Mrs J. A. Dickenson, Mr T. Arnold, Rev. J. A. Dickenson and the Misses Dickenson, Mr and Mrs J. Mayne Colles, Miss Balfour, Rev. S. Donaldson, Mr Arthur Benson, Mr E. W. Houson, Mr A. C. Cole, Professor Edward Dowden, Mr and Miss Dowden, Dr., Mrs, and Miss Grogan, Canon Scott, Mrs, and Miss Scott, Mrs Mc'Donnell, Miss Mina Mc'Donnell, Mr A. Mc'Donnell, Mr John Hutchell, Miss Atkinson, Miss Pilkington, Mrs Hamilton, &c., &c.

The marriage of Mr Oliver and Miss Nina Lytton, daughter of Commissioner Lytton, 67 Merrion Square and Ardavilling, Cloyne, County Cork, took place at St. Stephen's Church, Upper Mount Street, on St. Stephen's Day.

The marriage of Lord Moreton, son of the Earl of Ducie, to Ada Margarette, eldest daughter of Mr Dudley Robert Smith, of Pirbright, Surrey, took place in St. Peter's Church, Eaton square, on Tuesday. Mr Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote was the best man, and the bride was attended by six bridesmaids, the Misses Beatrice, Muriel, and Cicely Smith, and Miss Oakley, Miss Cara Moreton, and Miss Leveson Gower.

The service was fully choral, and the bride was given away by her father. Mr and Mrs Dudley Smith afterwards received the wedding party at their residence in Belgrave square. Later in the afternoon Lord and Lady Moreton started for Sarsden, the Earl of Ducie's seat in Oxfordshire.

The marriage of Commander Edward Payne Gallwey and Miss Daisy Gresley is arranged to take place on the 3rd of January at St. Michael's, Chester square, at half-past 2 o'clock.

St. Stephen's Day opened rather cold and bleak, but by 10 a.m. Aurora shone out in all the splendour of a summer morning, and graced the happy wedding party which assembled in St. Peter's Church, Aungier street. The occasion was the marriage of Miss Powell, eldest daughter of Mr Powell, Harold's Cross road, with Mr William Lawson, of Eiffel road, Dublin. Shortly after 10 o'clock the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father, and carrying an exquisite bouquet of flowers, accompanied by five bridesmaids, entered the Church, and proceeded up the aisle to the altar, the organ meanwhile pealing out a joyous welcome. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. B. Askin, Rector of Harold's Cross Church, assisted by the Rev. Mr Carleton, curate of St. Peter's. Having signed the register, the wedding party withdrew, and drove to Mr Powell's residence, where a sumptuous breakfast was supplied.

The bride, who looked exceedingly happy, was attired in a dress of ivory duchesse satin, with train to match; trimming of Carrickmacross lace, a chatelaine of orange blossom, and full veil and spray of orange blossom fastened with a diamond star. The bridesmaids were each dressed in costumes of electric grey, with sashes and vests of ivory watered silk, and hats to match. They looked very pretty, and took a most interesting part in the happy ceremony. They were Miss Hannah Powell, and Miss Lucy Powell (sisters of the bride,) Miss Russell, Miss Saunders, and Miss Cissie Saunders (cousins of the bride.)

There were about 200 spectators present, and amongst the guests were—Mr Powell, Mrs Esther Powell, Mr and Mrs Thomas Powell, Mr and Mrs Russell, Mr and Mrs Saunders, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Mayhew, Master J. Russell, Mr John Powell junr., Mr McLelland, Mr Macdonald, Mr and Mrs Boon, Mr and Mrs Small, Miss Guignet, Mr Caltin, &c., &c. The wedding presents were numerous, highly useful, handsome, and costly.

A marriage will shortly take place between Captain St. John St. George Ord, Royal Artillery, son of the late Major-General Sir Harry St. George Ord, G.C.M.G., C.B., and Miss Augusta Abraham, daughter of the late Rev. Canon Abraham, of Risby, Suffolk.

The marriage of Mr Thomas Snow, of Cleve, Exeter, and Miss Edith Banbury, of Shirley House, Croydon, will be solemnised on the 16th of January at Shirley.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Mr Edward J. Greene, of the Queen's Bench Division of her Majesty's High Court of Justice, Ireland, and Mary, eldest

daughter of Mr Fraser Tytler, of Woodhouselee, Rosslyn, Midlothian.

James Heron, eldest son of Sir James R. Walker and Lady Walker, of Sand Hutton, Yorkshire, is engaged to Maud, eldest daughter of Major-General and the Hon. Mrs Cecil Ives, of Moyns Park, Essex. The marriage will not take place till early in the summer.

The marriage of Mr Francis Fitzgerald and the Hon. Mina North will take place at the Oratory, Brompton, on the 23rd of January.

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place early in the spring, between Edith Maud Salmon, second daughter of Mr John Salmon, of Cleadon Park, County Durham, and Mr John Carnegie Cheales, of Exeter College, Oxford, son of the Rev. A. Cheales, of Brockham, Surrey, and grand-nephew of Sir Alan Bellingham, Bart.

The engagement is announced of Lord William Beauchamp Nevill, fourth son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, and Mdle. de Murietta, eldest daughter of the Marquis de Santurce.

A marriage has been arranged between the Duke of Newcastle and Miss Candy, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs Candy, and granddaughter of the late Lord Rossmore.

Lord Hartington goes after Christmas to Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire, where he will receive visitors for a few days previous to his departure for Italy.

The Coffee Palace at Leicester, said to be the finest in the world, was opened on Thursday by the Duchess of Rutland. The structure cost £25,000, and the internal fittings are most elaborate.

A monument is to be erected in London to the memory of Jenny Lind. It is in the form of a cross of polished Swedish granite, and has been sculptured at Aberdeen.

It is rumoured that in addition to the Vice-regal festivities at Christmas, several dinner parties and two balls will be given at the Chief Secretary's Lodge early in the new year.

Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, accompanied by the Countess of Shrewsbury and Lady Claud Hamilton, visited the Depot of Irish Home Industries in Dawson street on Wednesday. The visitors made many purchases, and much admired all the articles of home manufacture, both useful and ornamental, there on sale.

On the 28th inst. the grand amateur theatricals commanded by their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry, take place in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle. Carriages of guests are to enter by the main entrance, and the doors will be opened at 7.45, performance commencing at 8.30.

Theresa, Countess of Shrewsbury, has arrived in Ireland on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

IRISH SOCIETY.

The Earl of Meath and Lady May Brabazon have arrived at Kilruddery from England.

Mrs James Murphy has issued invitations for a ball at her residence, Altadore, Blackrock, on Friday, January 4, 1889.

Major-General and the Hon. Mrs Cecil Ives, and Miss Maud Ives have left Moyns Park, Essex, for the Pavillon de la Rochefoucauld, Biarritz, for the winter.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society have awarded the Society's bronze medal to the Marquis of Breadalbane for his gallant rescue of a man from the Tay at Taymouth while a tremendous flood was flowing in the river.

Captain and Mrs Stratford Tuite and Mrs Roche Smith have arrived at No. 2 Upper Mount street.

Colonel M'Calmont, C.B., 4th Dragoon Guards, having obtained leave of absence from the command of his regiment, now quartered at Newbridge, made tracks for Suakin, where he hoped to be in time for the attack on the enemy's trenches. The gallant colonel of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards has seen much service in Egypt and the Soudan.

A military household for the Prince of Naples will shortly be constituted. It will consist of a Lieutenant-General, a Colonel, and two other high officers.

Lady Hillington's dance at Wildernes Park was a great success. The house party included—The Marchioness of Blandford and Lady Frances Spencer Churchill, Lord Frederick Hamilton, the Hon. Arthur and Hon. Norah Harbord, Mr and Mrs W. H. Grenfell, &c. The dancing took place in the great hall, which has been newly decorated, and was beautifully illuminated by electric light.

The *bal poudre* given in the Town Hall, Blackrock, was a great success, and the bachelors deserve every praise and credit, the arrangements being perfect, and everything went off admirably. We noticed Mrs Harran and Mrs Pollard, both of whom looked charming, as usual. The Misses Richardson wore becoming white wigs. Miss Maud Shepherd, an extremely pretty girl with a very sweet expression, was decidedly the belle. Mrs Gibton's two pretty daughters looked fresh and animated. Miss Perry and Miss Buckley also were very smart-looking. Two ladies only in the room were not *poudre*, which looked remarkable.

A most successful children's party was given last Friday by Mrs E. Stamer O'Grady, at her residence, 33 Merrion Square, North. The spacious hall, staircase, and reception-rooms were beautifully decorated with coloured lights, holly and ivy, with various sprigs of mistletoe, which caused much merriment among the little folks during the evening. At 6.30 the guests began to arrive and were received most gallantly by Masters Stamer and Guillamore O'Grady. The floor was excellent, and Mr Mervyn Brown played his best, dancing being kept up to a late hour.

On Wednesday evening, December 19th, the annual Christmas party and presentation of gifts to the pupils of the Masonic Female Orphan School took place in the beautiful building at Simmons Court devoted to that institution. The building was *en fete*, and the scene a brilliant one.

The proceedings opened with a concert in which the pupils displayed marked ability. This was followed by an operetta, which was received with renewed applause by the large audience. The Christmas gifts were then presented to the pupils by the Deputy Grand Master after the pupils had joined him and the brethren present in saluting the Grand Master. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock in two spacious apartments. Refreshments were elegantly served in the board-room, and the company separated at 11.30 o'clock after a most enjoyable evening.

After the amateur theatricals in the Gaiety Theatre, in aid of the City of Dublin Hospital, Mr and Mrs M. de Groot entertained a large circle of friends at supper at their residence, Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, and received the congratulations of those present at the great histrionic talent displayed by their daughter, Miss Sarah de Groot.

We understand that Miss Sarah de Groot, who as "Belle" in "School" made such a favourable impression at the Gaiety Theatre on the 19th inst., has determined to embrace the stage as a profession. We venture to predict for this gifted young lady a brilliant career, as she has both rare gifts of mind and body—great intellect set in a lovely frame.

We understand that Mr R. W. Barrington, of Eden Park, Dundrum, will give a Cinderella dance on the 3rd of January, and a children's party on Saturday, January 5.

Apropos of dancing, a country masher coming up to town for a week received a card for a Cinderella dance. He understood the invitation well enough, but was sorely puzzled by the mystic letters, "R.S.V.P." Bringing it to a friend (who was a wag) he asked for a solution of the puzzle. "Oh," said his friend, "don't you see. It means 'Rum served very plentifully.'" "You don't say so," returned the masher. "Then I'll go!"

I stand on the Old Year's threshold,
And shed many a bitter tear,
Watching with panting breath the days
Of the flying swift leap year.

With all its pains and sorrows,
Plighted vows, crushed hopes and fears
Harsh words so unkindly spoken
Remembered in after years.

Onward, as borne on eagle's wings
Tho' chained with many a weight,
Twist'd knots, broken hearts and links
Are records of Eighty-Eight.

Across the silence whispering
Still its dying voice I hear,
Awakening hopes of joy and love,
Coming in the glad New Year.

MIRIAM PHILLIPS.

Davy Stephens presents his compliments to his friends and patrons, and wishes them one and all a very Happy New Year. Davy also wishes to express the desire that he may retain their friendship and custom.

The Grand Bazaar which was opened by Lady C. Montgomery, and held in the Exhibition Hall in Belfast for the Children's Hospital, has been a great success, and kept all the ladies busy buying and selling all the week. As we strolled into this merry fancy fair during the evening we were pleased with the effect of the fine hall, lit up with magic lanterns and arranged as a Swiss village, we felt almost transported to that happy land. Where we saw the most charming young girls flitting about offering their wares with such bewitching looks it was only the hardest of hearts dared to refuse. We saw the most grumpy old men pull out their purses with a sigh, and deliver up their last shilling but for one soft "Thank you" from those ruby lips.

Numerous were the attractions offered—Christy minstrel songs; but none came up in our minds to a beautiful little fairy child about six years, who walked up to the high platform with perfect confidence, and bowed to the company with childish grace, holding a violin in her hand very nearly as large as herself, which she surprised the company by playing on with wonderful execution and taste, going through the most difficult variations of "Home Sweet Home" and other airs, and fairly bringing down a storm of applause which she received with great dignity. We believe the day will come when this little genius, Minnie Wright, will make a great name for herself in the musical world. At last we passed out into the silent night with lighter purses and heavier hearts when we felt our empty pockets, until the secret whisper of a happy conscience came to cheer us by bringing to our hearts and minds the thought that every penny was well spent that went to the aid of the suffering little ones in the hospital.

With heartiest satisfaction we publish the news that authentic communications have come to hand from H. M. Stanley and Emin Bey. It is now beyond question that less than four months ago Stanley was alive and well, surrounded by a band of faithful followers, including all the Europeans who set out with him. The great explorer was journeying slowly towards Lake Nyanza, and so far as he then realised, was in no danger from enemies, disease, or privation. Furthermore, he had a few days previously parted from Emin Bey, whom he left in health, and, so far as can be gathered, in comfort and safety.

Major William J. Irwin, in command of the 20th Hussars at the recent brilliant charge upon the Dervish cavalry at Suakin, is the only son of General William Irwin, colonel of the Connaught Rangers, of St. Catherine's Park, Leixlip.

Fifty years ago the manufacture of hats and caps was a thriving industry in Dublin and in some other parts of Ireland, but in the usual vicissitudes it declined and almost disappeared. One firm, however, has made gallant efforts to retain it, and as "there is nothing so successful as success," the fact deserves record. Mr William Graham, of 4 Grafton street, is worthily following in the footsteps of the best of his predecessors, and is manufacturing *chapeaux* of all kinds for gentlemen, and for ladies too, in a style of beauty of finish that does his artistic taste credit and entitles him to general patronages. The varieties of head-dress shown at Mr Graham's establishment is extremely varied, and among his extensive and beautiful stock the most fastidious can have their requirements supplied. This worthy Dublin manufacturer of hats and caps was the solitary representative of this old Irish industry at our native section in the Manchester Exhibition of last year, at which he gained distinguished honour.

Christmas has come and gone, and on the whole it may be said, so far as Dublin is concerned, that it was a fairly joyous one. The rich are at all times well able to take care of themselves, and their comfort is consequently assured; but the working classes and the humble stratum of society look to the great festive time as a season of enjoyment; and it affords us unqualified pleasure to know that the general rejoicing was, if not universal, at least widespread and hearty.

Among the military the day was observed with the usual honours—roast beef and plum pudding with the usual *et ceteras* of the dinner table, accompanied with the heartiest enjoyment. In the various hospitals convalescents, as usual at this season, participated in generous cheer suited to their condition of health; the little ones in the Orthopædic and other hospitals for children came in for their share of the good things going, and quite a treat was given to that interesting class of our afflicted fellow-beings who are being looked after in the Richmond District Asylum for the Insane. Of course the inmates of the North and South Dublin Unions had their Christmas indulgences, and no institution seems to have been forgotten.

The total amount of the sum raised by subscription for the projected Dufferin Zenana Hospital in Calcutta is 69,850 rupees. A valuable site has been acquired, and the foundation stone was laid by Lady Dufferin on the 5th inst., the Viceroy being also present on the occasion.

Apropos of Lord Charles Beresford's recent "spill" in Rotten Row, and his buoyant telegram to the effect that his appearance might suggest to "thinking men" the conclusion that he had been skirmishing "with Lord George, and got the worst of it," another and equally characteristic telegram from England's foremost sailor will recur to many minds. It is related that, being unable to return from Paris in time to fulfil a dinner engagement, which, in view of the quarter whence it emanated, took the form of a command, he addressed a telegram to a certain exalted personage, which on being opened read as follows—"Cannot come. Official lie to follow in due course."

The fashion—German presumably—which obliges the young Princesses at Windsor to wear white crepe caps only a shade less sepulchral than those of their mother the Empress Frederick seems to us a very exaggerated addition to the trappings of woe, and an unnecessary handicap to fresh young faces.

Generous subscriptions have come in for the tram conductors for the purpose of bestowing Christmas boxes on as deserving a class of public servants as could be found in any part of the United Kingdom. Their lot is a hard one, but the employment is a constant one, and if the pay is not extravagant, it at least enables these industrious men to keep an humble home about them and their families.

We have heard of two churlish gentlemen, constant frequenters of the trams, who refused point blank when asked by sympathisers with the drivers and conductors to subscribe any-

thing to the fund intended to make these worthy people's Christmas more enjoyable than it otherwise would be. "Their employers should look after them at Christmas time," was the rejoinder in one case, and in the other the reply will not bear repetition.

Well, thanks to the generous travelling public, the tramway men have been enabled to provide, and, we trust, enjoy, a better Christmas dinner for themselves and their families than they would otherwise have done. They have one characteristic with which we are all familiar—nothing can exceed their uniform politeness and their desire to oblige everyone travelling on the system.

For once in a way the great Northern of Ireland Railway has done the right thing at the right time, and in an unusually gracious manner as well. For years past the numerous natives of the Northern province who spend a large portion of the year in Dublin, and who naturally wish to go home to their own folk at Christmas, have never been afforded any further opportunities than those available by the ordinary trains, exactly similar to those at hand by any train on any other day of the year. But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Even the Great Northern has seen the error of its ways in this respect, and is making amends. We give the management welcome on taking their place in the ranks of progress.

On Saturday last they ran a special extra train from Amiens street to Belfast, calling at every station on the line, and the number of people availing themselves of the opportunity—the return tickets extending up to the early days of January—was large. The company improved on this, and on Monday last they repeated the experiment, with profit to themselves and advantage to the travelling public.

A correspondent sends the following—

I've read remarks made now and then
Regarding "Dublin dancing men,"
In your new journal, where we find
So much to occupy the mind.
Hostess begins with programme shady,
Swooped down on by a learned lady,
On her two menkind rush with fury,
Condemn her without judge or jury.
In her defence two more then write
Endeavouring to set things right,
Till 'tween the writers (he's and she's)
Y've raised a very pretty breeze!

Once more Osman Digna has been made to feel the strength of the British arm, and it is not likely that the garrison of Suakin will be much molested for the next six months or so. But the future policy of the Government with regard to this most abominable hole, compared with which Aden is a paradise, is far from clear. Lord Salisbury has stated that we must occupy Egypt until that country has established a firm Government for itself. This can never be done until Zebehr and Osman Digna are allowed to work their wicked will in the Southern provinces, and these worthies will never come to any terms which interfere with their lucrative traffic in "black ivory." Whether the European Congress alluded to by the Premier will be able to check the slave trade to any extent seems far from certain, but until something really effectual is done in the matter, it will be necessary for us to defend Suakin.

More than a fortnight ago, on December the 7th, Captain W. Minhear, Governor of the Clonmel Prison, disappeared, and has not been heard of since. Captain Minhear was at the Freemason's Lodge in Clonmel up to half-past 12 that night, looking on at the *bal poudre* in the Courthouse, which is opposite, and which can be easily seen into from the upper window of the Lodge.

About that hour he left the Lodge, and was observed by the steward to walk in the direction of the quay. There was a strong flood running, and the river was within a couple of inches of the level of the top of the quay, which is quite open, with no wall or railings of any description. A bargeman states that he was sitting in his barge about half-past 12 when he heard a splash and a shout, but the night was so dark that he saw nothing and did nothing. It is feared that Capt. Minhear, who was very near sighted, walked into the river and was carried away by the flood. The police have been dragging the river daily between Clonmel and Canick, but no traces of the missing gentleman have been found.

We notice in the daily papers an eloquent appeal made by Mrs Power Lalor on behalf of her Distressed Ladies. At no time can their position be more trying to them than at Christmas, when they see everyone preparing to enjoy the festive season, and remember the many happy Christmases they spent in the days when they were well off. Now they are stricken by poverty, and it is sad to read of these delicately nurtured women, that Mrs Power Lalor's motive in appealing to the charitable is to enable her to provide as many as possible with meat for their Christmas dinner and a fire to warm them on Christmas night. Any contribution will be most gratefully received by Mrs Power Lalor, 34 Rutland square.

On Tuesday last considerable consternation was caused in London by the rumour that the Government had disbanded and done away with the Honourable Artillery Company and removed their guns, arms, and equipment from the headquarters of the corps, the Armoury House, Finsbury.

The latter part of the rumour was correct, but the story of the disbandment was incorrect. The Honourable Artillery Company is all that remains of the ancient-trained bands of the City of London. In addition to his many other distinctions, we read of the historic John Gilpin, "a trained band captain eke was he of famous London town." The corps consists of a battery of field artillery, a squadron of light cavalry and eight companies of infantry. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel, and the Duke of Portland Effective Colonel. The uniform was the same as the Foot Guards, and a commission in the Company is a much coveted honour among the younger of the city magnates.

A new career is open to women. A young lady in the City of London has made a great success as a process server. Being young and good-looking, doors fly open to her which are barred against the ordinary sheriff's officer's hooked nose, and the law prevails for the first time by the aid of beauty. Perhaps this agreeable novelty would succeed even in our country.

Philip Carmody is an enterprising young gentleman who has just had an experience which in the interests of the rising generation deserves to be recorded. At the outset we may mention that as this is a true tale; we have slightly altered the hero's cognomen, as it would be inconvenient to be given in print, more especially as he is in the Civil Service, but many will doubtless recognise his identity, and that will serve all necessary purposes.

* *

At a recent concert given by that clever *entrepreneur*, Mr Sullivan, in the Leinster Hall, Master Philip found himself in the position of being able to render a slight service to a young lady who was accompanied by an elderly female relative, and on the strength of this obligation he gallantly, on the conclusion of the performance, offered his escort to see the ladies home. After a slight demur the proposal was accepted, and Phil started on his way northward, the ladies' destination being Philsborough.

* *

The tram from the Pillar was the easy and natural means of locomotion for the journey, and thither accordingly our Civil Service *attache* escorted his lady friends. They got seats in the vehicle, which of course at that hour was crowded, and proceeded on their way. Fares were taken at the first station, the Rotundo, and Master Philip gallantly tendered what he fondly believed to be a silver sixpence for his two lady friends and himself.

* *

Horror! It was a spurious one. Phil's resources were exhausted, and he had not another stiver between him and the blue ethereal vault of heaven. His countenance was a study for a Raphael. The car proceeded until North Frederick street was reached, when, another halt being made, Phil made a dart from the car, and gallantly disappeared in the darkness. The ladies paid for themselves, and the poor fellow has not since made any inquiries as to how they reached their home. The story conveys its moral. Make sure that you have the price of a seat in the tramcar before you volunteer to do the courteous thing to ladies, and beware of spurious coin, especially sixpences of an unlawful pattern.

* *

Around the festal board on Christmas Day we listened to the history of a benignant old lady whose portrait smiled down on the assembled guests. The painting was not the work of an Ancient Master, but was drawn by a poor, deformed boy, who has long since gone to his rest, a grandson of the subject of his brush. In the genial old face could be traced the beauty of old age, and a chaste and true heart shone in the purity of the eyes. Beside her stood her loom, now laid aside like herself from all earthly work and trouble. As we listened to the story of her life, we thought as

She dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

These family portraits are precious relics of the past; they are the links that bind us to those who have gone before to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Although the proprietor of this picture has risen to high rank

and moves in the best society in Dublin, we are pleased to see that he is not ashamed to tell of his dear old mother and her weaver's shuttle.

* *

"There's no justice here for a woman," shouted an enraged Amazon to an astonished judge in the courts a few weeks ago. The incident passed from our memory until on reading Mr Siddons' last words we thought it might help others if we printed the indignant lady's exclamation, and Mrs Siddons' expiring expression together. On approaching death, Mrs Siddons is reported to have said that she hoped yet to live in a world where some justice was done to women. Let all disappointed women, therefore look forward like Mrs Siddons to the other world where they will get justice if such be denied to them in this sub lunary sphere.

* *

We were present the other evening at a select party where several young gentlemen were in a fix as to whether they should sit upon a sofa in the presence of ladies. We were rather at a loss ourselves for an elucidation of this ticklish point, but on consulting our *vade mecum* we find that "the etiquette of sofas belongs to the study of manners. No man should take a seat on a sofa while the women occupy chairs, nor should any particular man sit upon a sofa beside a lady unless asked to do so. The sofa should be reserved for the ladies, and the men should take chairs near the sofa or stand before it if they wish to talk to its occupants." Now, gentlemen, read, learn, and inwardly digest!

* *

A wealthy lady in the land of stars and stripes has discarded the customary knife and fork for the table, and has substituted in the place of these necessary dining implements fanciful daggers and miniature swords enriched with jewels and fine art work. Will the roast beef or mutton taste any the better, we wonder!

* *

A day or two before the great annual Christmas festival a scene of the most cruel nature was witnessed in D'Olier street. A woman belonging to the great army of beggars that infest our city, as well as suburban thoroughfares, was standing at Kinahan's corner, surrounded by a few sparsely-clad children without boots or stockings. The cold was intense, and the poor children must have suffered much from its severity. We felt inclined to help the little creatures; but the brutal action of the mother deterred us from doing so. Seeing that the miserable infants did not arouse sufficient sympathy in the passers by the woman—let us hope she was not a mother—deliberately turned upon the innocent children around her and administered a severe and heartless beating to each, which had the instant effect of filling the air with piteous and heartbreaking sobs. Immediately after the children commenced crying the woman turned upon each passer by, whom she addressed in that demeaning, semi-religious, and semi-threatening style which has been created into a fine art by those miserable creatures, who are a disgrace and a shame to the Metropolis of Ireland.

* *

Deliberate cruelty of this nature is not, we believe, a rare occurrence in Dublin—indeed, we are told on undoubted authority that children are let out to beggars at so much per head per

diem, and a more deplorable or debasing system it would be impossible to find existing amongst even the most barbarous or uncivilised of people. That such a system should thrive in our midst is a shame and a disgrace to the citizens of Dublin, for we feel assured if the citizens did not encourage the system of begging which is so prevalent a feature of life in the city, the hosts of mendicants that impede and importune at every corner and in every street would very soon disappear from our midst. Why, in London or Edinburgh if a man or woman be found begging he or she is at once marched off to the police station, and next morning probably sent to jail for 30 or 60 days, during which they can ruminate upon the harshness of their lot, or grieve over the departed spirit of self-reliance and independence which ought to characterise every individual, be he rich or poor. It is high time our streets, our shop doors, and our quays were purged of this pest. Why should we be called upon to pay poor rates if we have also to support a whining horde of mendicants in our streets? Why do not the police, under whose very eyes those begging impostors ply their trade, put down with a firm and determined hand the nefarious crew of child-beating beggars and blasphemers that crowd every part of the city? It is a duty they owe to the public, and one which ought to be performed with strictness, impartiality, and justice.

* *

A correspondent writes us as follows, intimating that the culprit is a regular reader of IRISH SOCIETY. This particular reader is represented as of commanding appearance and good birth, whose sole foible is "good manners." Of these he is eternally prating, and, of course, like all other praters, he is particularly ignorant of the subject upon which his eloquence is expended. A "young maiden, scarcely twenty yet!" has been pestered with the attentions of this martial-looking Adonis, and she has also had a fair share of his manners maxims dinned into her ears. She declares that her modesty will not permit her to tell the gentleman personally that he "is undoubtedly the worst mannered man she ever met, but, Mr Editor, will you kindly allow me to read him the following homily upon his favourite subject in your estimable columns." Of course we are only too happy to be of the slightest use to the modest young lady, who writes:—

"To J.K.T.—"Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there—now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality they aid morals, they supply them or they totally destroy them."

Our readers will perhaps better understand our correspondent's point when they know that the gentleman for whose special benefit the above lines are printed is a barrister.

* *

DEAR BOB!—A merry heart doeth good like medicine, and merriment at meals is better than pepsine for the digestion!

* *

Going into a shop the other evening, writes a correspondent, I was so harassed and disgusted by the importunities of the shopkeeper and his assistants that I had to make my way out into the busy thoroughfare without my intended purchase. When will shopkeepers learn to recognise the rights of a customer to purchase what or when

he likes? When will they learn to allow a purchaser to chose his or her article without

planting their huge artillery
With which they daily make most dreadful battery?

Shopkeepers should bear in mind that it requires firmness and self-denial to buy only what one can pay for. Without a spirit of abnegation one is by the importunities of shopmen in danger of buying on time and being always in debt. A man seldom enters a shop without knowing beforehand what he is in quest of; a woman, on the other hand, sometimes goes in without any settled idea; but where goods are neatly and artistically displayed within and publicly advertised without there is no need for importunity or inconvenience. Our correspondent gives the name of the establishment in question, and we have searched through the daily and weekly papers without finding the name of this enterprising haberdasher. No wonder he and his assistants find it necessary to importune. Did they not do so, and did they not now and again secure a gullible greenhorn, they might as well put up the shutters, upon which they would be justified in printing, "We did not advertise—*ergo* we had to close our doors!" Advertisements serve as the motor of commercial life, and without them no firm can expect to prosper.

Whether the art of writing in these days of the multiplication of books is an advantage or not may well be questioned; but it is certain that the being able to read is a useful accomplishment. What comes of the ignorance of it is illustrated by the fatal error into which all the flowers and birds have fallen through the unprecedented mildness of the weather. The newspapers tell us, of course, that we are being blessed with a phenomenal winter—that we are warmer than folks on the Riviera by 14 degrees—but our feathered fellow-creatures and what is called unscientifically, as well as poetically, "the flora," are under the impression that it is spring. The birds are singing and pairing, the flowers are growing and blooming under an entire misapprehension which one glance at a penny almanac, if they could but read it, would at once dispel.

One of the puzzles alike in military and civil circles—one of those things "no fellah can understand"—is how the movements of regiments are arranged by the powers that be. One regiment or battalion gets invariably the best station, and, having got a first class one, manages somehow to keep it, whilst other regiments or battalions never know what it is to be in decent quarters, are constantly on the move, and almost always split up into numerous detachments, injurious alike to the discipline and comfort of the men, and fatal to the mess. In Ireland there are two striking instances of how differently battalions are treated, to be found in the case of the 1st Battalion 8th (The King's) Regiment and the 1st Battalion the Sherwood Foresters. The former came to Dublin from the Curragh in September, 1885, and are still in Beggar's Bush Barracks; the latter have never been six months in the one garrison, and are always split up.

A few ladies have started in London a restaurant for women only, at which well-cooked dinners may be had at a charge of sixpence or eightpence. Daily governesses and shop-assistants who have but a limited time for their meals often suffer great inconvenience from the difficulty of being served at restaurants and eating-houses at the busy dinner hour, where they find

men already in occupation of all the available seats. At the new restaurant, which is in a central position at the West End, no men are admitted—exclusion that obviates one of the greatest difficulties that a woman has to encounter when in search of the necessary mid-day meal.

The army tailors have been very quiet of late, and no recent changes in Royal Artillery uniform have been recorded. The fancy lancer-plastron tunic, which was designed to make the field gunner (and driver) beautiful for ever, cannot be found even in the chamber of horrors. Committees are diligently "considering" practical changes which may "after long years" produce some effect, but in the meantime Snip is out of it, especially as there is a tendency to buy accoutrements at the stores.

"How is it done?" will be the first question of a civilian paterfamilias struggling to maintain a large family when hears that for the next six months at Aldershot the rates to be charged to officers for bread and meat issued to them will be for the former 11-rod per pound and for the latter 6½d per pound.

Theosophists claim Mr Edison as one of their number, and he is reputed to acknowledge spiritual influence in his inventions. But it is known that Mr Edison arrives at his splendid results by sheer hard work and exhaustive experiments; and the spirits must therefore have adapted themselves to his means.

The son of a well known London tailor once held a commission in the Guards. One day he irritated a brother officer celebrated for the length of his pedigree and the shortness of his temper. "Why didn't your father make a tailor of you?" quoth the aristocrat. "For the same reason, probably, that your father didn't make you a gentleman," retorted the plebeian.

The Glennamuice Touring Club, the members of which have had so many enjoyable excursions during the past season to such places of interest as the Seven Churches, Glen of the Downs, Poul-a-Phouca, and other localities within driving distance of Dublin, intend (weather permitting) to make a special excursion on New Year's Day to Glendalough, via the Feather Bed Mountain, Lough Bray, Sally Gap, and Laragh. By this route one of the most romantic of roads is traversed, and the charming ravine, with its majestic waterfall (Glennamuice) is passed. Should the weather prove at all favourable the drive will be most invigorating, and as the dispositions of the Glennamuicers lean to the side of "merry-making," time will pass pleasantly, and the journey, which might be otherwise a fatiguing one, will no doubt be shortened by the good humour of the company, while the vocal abilities of the "band" will be frequently called into requisition. The club intend returning next day via Annamoe and Roundwood, and will dine at the Sugar Loaf Hotel, where the hospitable proprietor, Mr Pluck, will, no doubt, have all the necessaries prepared with which to appease eager and nipping appetites.

It is rumoured in military circles in Dublin that the Sergeant-Major of the 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment now quartered in the Ship Street Barracks has been left by a distant

relative, who recently died in America, the trifling sum of one sixth of a million sterling. We trust that the rumour may prove true, and we wish the Sergeant-Major of the old 28th Foot a long life to enjoy the thousands he has fallen heir to.

A lady in New York has a growing *clientele* of patients who come to her to be treated for ugliness; moreover, she has effected wonderful cures. The beauty doctor has taken entire charge of a woman for six months in several instances, with the result that her friends scarcely knew her at the end of that time, so greatly had her appearance changed. We do not doubt the statement in the least. It is only surprising that such practitioners did not set up in business long ago, so well understood at present are the conditions of life which "make for" ugliness. But superstition and cant join hands with Mrs Grundy in discountenancing the efforts of science in this matter. "A Fellow of the College of Surgeons" published an excellent treatise on the scientific culture of beauty some years ago under the title "Kallos." It may very well have served the American specialist to begin public operations. Doubtless she follows the careful and elaborate treatment there laid down. But the author did not give his name, and the public had no guarantee of genuineness beyond the high character of the firm which published his work. Many deformities which are thought "natural" and hopeless lie no deeper than the flesh, and therefore can be cured—if remedies be applied in time they almost certainly will be. There is talk of an infirmary or private hospital being shortly established in New York, and we hope to see the time when they will be common in this country as well as in the United States.

This is not exactly the big gooseberry season, when the morning papers are at a loss for subjects with which to interest their readers, and turn on to invention and imagination for a change; but people might be excused for believing that we had reverted to the season in question when they find London and other editors seriously discussing the subject of the discovery of the skeleton of a baby in Holyrood Palace, which is supposed to be the child of Queen Mary and Darnley, and, of course, the real James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.

This curious story about the discovery, beneath the floor of Mary Stuart's room at Holyrood of the remains of a baby wrapped in cloth of gold ciphered with the Royal "J" is not, it appears, heard of for the first time, as many historians have hinted that the personage who became James I. was a supposititious child. One London journal amusingly hints that if it were possible to prove the little skeleton belonged to the real child of Mary Stuart and Darnley, everything would be upset, and there would be a splendid chance for Sir William Harcourt as a lineal representative of the Plantagenets. Just fancy the burly baronet as William V!

The tale will probably interest people during the holidays, and doubtless will afford employment for a long time to come to that numerous army of antiquarians who, with a superabundance of learned leisure, will occupy their precious time upon it for the rest of their natural lives. The occupation is harmless, and can hurt no one, while it may serve to amuse themselves.

THE CURSE OF CARTHLOE.

BY

ANNIE BUTLER.

"With eager hand Hope deftly weaves
The mantle that our pride would don,
While busy-finger'd Care unveils
The garments as we put them on.
We rear our palaces of joy,
And tread them with exulting shout.
Till, crumbling round, 'tis plainly found
Some corner-stones have been left out.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Shadow and substance ever blending;
'Mid flowers of peace and tares of strife
Gaily beginning, sadly ending."

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUR was four on a chill winter's evening, and everything looked dark and miserable, for although the little country railway station was supposed to be brilliantly lighted, the foggy atmosphere made each lamp burn faintly and feebly.

A train had just come in, and in a first-class carriage were two females, who, as a porter in the voice of another Stentor proclaimed the name of the station, arose and hastily gathered up travelling rugs, handbags, &c.

As they stepped on to the platform, it might have been observed that one was tall, seemingly slender, and walked with the air of a young queen, while her companion was short, stout, and fussy, her mode of locomotion being an ambling trot. It would not have required much acumen to guess the two as mistress and maid, which were their relative positions.

A figure—that of a man in livery—approached the lady, and touching his hat he asked respectfully—

"Are ye Miss Geraldine, Miss?"

"Yes," replied the lady, smiling, "is anyone waiting for me?"

"Th' carriage, Miss," (another touch of the hat,) "an' Sir Ambrose."

The man led the way through a small gate, and just outside it loomed a huge, old-fashioned carriage, the steam from the nostrils of its two horses adding considerably to the general fog.

When the door of the vehicle was opened, at first glance Miss Geraldine saw therein a neatly tucked-up bundle of wrappers. A second glance and the bundle of wrappers had taken the form of an elderly man, whose face—a very ugly one—was close to hers, with a pair of cold grey eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

"Oh!" Miss Geraldine cried, involuntarily.

"What makes you call out 'oh'?" asked the swathed-up figure, sharply. "Come in and let the door be shut. Who's this?" as the maid prepared to step in after her mistress.

"My maid," replied Miss Geraldine.

"Then let her sit outside with the footman."

"Impossible this cold evening," said the lady, indignantly.

"Not colder for her than for him," was the snappish reply.

"Indeed, Miss Oonagh, I'd sooner sit outside," hastily interposed the girl; and not giving her mistress time to answer, she drew back, and the carriage door was closed.

With a subdued growl the wrappers were readjusted, and the owner of the grey eyes closed them as if in sleep.

Oonagh Geraldine had not expected much

courtesy from Sir Ambrose Carthloe, neither had she expected such a display of positive rudeness and inhumanity. She felt hurt and annoyed. "Poor aunt Anne," she sighed; "what a life must be yours."

The baronet had married an aunt of Miss Geraldine's, which union had so displeased her only brother—Oonagh's father—that he would never see her after. No, not even when report wafted to him an account of the wretched life she was leading with her ill-tempered spouse, and how, after many years, when a daughter was born to them, he felt bitterly disappointed it was not a son.

Oonagh's father and mother died within a short period of each other, and when Mr Geraldine knew the dread messenger whose cry is "Vanity! vanity! all things are vanity," was approaching his couch, his heart turned to his sister. In a hastily drawn-up will he left Lady Carthloe guardian to his loved daughter, and in a letter penned a few short hours before death he reminded her of the deep affection that had existed between them in youthful days, and commended his precious child to the care of his beloved sister.

The breaking up of a happy home, her recent grief, her friendless condition, all preyed on Oonagh's mind, and rendered her weary and indifferent to life. But when a letter came from the aunt she had never beheld, breathing nothing but sincerest affection, it was as a balm to the wounded heart of the lonely orphan.

So with pleasing anticipations Oonagh journeyed down to Ballybough—anticipations based upon the paragraph in her aunt's letter, where, after fixing the day, she said, "I cannot tell with what delight I look forward to the hour when I shall fold the sweet child of my very dear dead brother in my arms."

Oonagh half expected her aunt would be at the station when she arrived, but the airy structure she had been erecting on her way down to Ballybough tumbled about her ears when she encountered Sir Ambrose Carthloe.

"Why, why did he come?" she thought, tears of mortification and disappointment trickling down her pale cheeks as she leant back wearily in a corner of the carriage.

There was no use in trying to get any idea of the leading features of the country as the vehicle drove along. There being no possibility of making either shape or form out of the black, weird objects passing the windows; so there was nothing for the girl but her own sad thoughts.

Meantime the maid was shivering with cold on her perch outside, although the footman had gallantly added his extra coat to her wraps, for the winter air has a peculiar knack of insinuating itself down travellers' necks, getting under their cloaks, finding out the weakest points in overcoats, and attacking them savagely, to say nothing of his cannibal endeavours to bite off fingers and toes.

Yet, notwithstanding her half-petrified condition, Miss Geraldine's maid considered herself much better off than "poor Miss Oonagh shut up with that cranky old—" and the sentence was concluded by a word sounding suspiciously like "brute."

Carthloe being some distance from Ballybough Station, by the time it was reached the moon had arisen, the mist dispersed, and myriads of bright, frosty stars, glowed and scintillated in the great purple dome above.

As the carriage proceeded along the drive, Oonagh ruefully surveyed her future home.

Surely the dreariest spot on earth must Carthloe. Even the beautifying silvery rays of the Queen of Night failed to render it aught than bleak, bare, ugly.

The stopping of the vehicle aroused the baronet, who, with more agility than Oonagh gave him credit for, alighted, then gave her two cold fingers by way of assistance.

They ascended a large circular flight of stone steps leading up to a pillared doorway, the massive proportions of which looked grim in the pale moonlight. As Oonagh advanced into the great, cold-looking hall, a lady, very tall, very dark, and very sad, advanced to meet her.

Then from heart to heart flew that mysterious sympathetic thrill no one can describe—though all at some period of their lives must have experienced its subtle power—and aunt and niece were folded in each other's embrace.

The girl burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing, which for some seconds she could not control, and Lady Carthloe held her to her heaving bosom, but said not a word.

A harsh sarcastic laugh from the baronet acted on poor Oonagh like a douche of cold water. She raised her head, stammering out something about "feeling very tired."

"You must be tired and cold, dear child," said Lady Carthloe, and her voice sounded sweet and tender. "Come with me to your room."

"Where is Mary?" And Miss Geraldine looked round.

"Not far from you, Miss Oonagh," was the reply, as the girl cast a defiant look at Sir Ambrose, who muttered—

"Saucy jade!"

His wife caught the words, and a wave of crimson passed over her pale face.

Along a high narrow passage Lady Carthloe led the way up a broad flight of stone stairs partly covered by very ancient tapestry carpeting, through a saloon that was a dreary waste, and a corridor, gaunt, grey, and chilly, at the end of which was an open door.

"These are your rooms, my dear," Lady Carthloe said, setting down the light on a small table conveniently placed in front of the fire, which was crackling merrily in the grate.

The fire was the only cheerful object Oonagh had seen since her entrance to Carthloe, and she was about making an observation, when suddenly there was a crash of broken glass, and a mirror over the mantelpiece, framed in curious ebony carving, fell to the ground.

Happily no one was near it, and only itself was injured, but the noise startled and discomposed the three females.

"That glass has hung there for years," said Lady Carthloe, with much regret, as she stooped over the fragments.

"Is it an evil omen that it should fall as I came in?" asked Oonagh, gravely.

"Don't trouble about it, dear," replied her aunt. "I daresay the wall refused to hold the fastening any longer. But take off your wraps, my child, until I get a good look at you."

As a loose cloak, a close hat, and a Shetland veil were removed, Lady Carthloe beheld a girl of unusual beauty and supreme grace, the dark sables she wore contrasting with the dazzling fairness of her complexion and making her look wonderfully and marvellously lovely.

Speechless, the elder lady gazed for an instant. Then, "My darling, you have your dear dead father's eyes and expression," burst from her, and

again she caught the orphan to her bosom, kissing her on brow, cheeks, and lips.

"But, like all elderly people, I am selfish, love," she continued, "in keeping you from undressing and having a rest. You must not come down to dinner. It shall be brought up to you, and Mary, too," she added, kindly.

"Thank you so much, Aunt Anne," replied Oonagh, relieved at not having to encounter the surly baronet any more that evening, while Mary curtsied, and from that moment Lady Carthloe gained a sincere if humble friend.

"When you have dined and rested, dear, may I bring in Tossie for introduction?"

"My little cousin?" cried Oonagh, gladly.

"Oh, yes, aunt; bring her in as soon as you can." When Oonagh had partaken of a cosy meal, Lady Carthloe came in accompanied by a beautiful little girl about ten or eleven years old, with earnest eyes and soft black hair.

"Tossie, darling, go and kiss your dear cousin," said Aunt Anne, tenderly.

The child coloured shyly, but obeyed, and in flute-like tones said to Oonagh—

"I am so glad you have come."

"You sweet pet!" exclaimed Miss Geraldine, as she caught the little one in her arms. "Oh, Aunt Anne, how you must adore her!"

Lady Carthloe did not reply, but her pathetic face reflected a glorious light—the light of a mother's holy love.

With Tossie cuddled on one side and her aunt the other, while Mary Calinan flitted about arranging matters to her liking, Oonagh felt happier than she had for weeks before.

A feeling of delicacy made her refrain from even hinting to the wife what she thought of the husband, but she could plainly see her aunt's spirit was so broken that she cowered at the sound of his name.

After her visitors had departed, Oonagh retired to bed, where for a long time after lying down she felt feverish and restless; but at length the drowsy god cast his spell on her, and she slept.

Presently she thought she was standing on the threshold of a door, looking into a rather shabby, dimly-lighted apartment. Two people occupied it, and in her dream Oonagh knew them to be brother and sister, although the slender figure of the girl was in such strong contrast to the Herculean proportions of the young man. They had the same crisp, wavy, dark-brown hair, and broad, low brows; the same deep, gray eyes, well-rounded chin, and lips that drooped sadly. Oonagh saw the girl's breast heave while tears trickled down her cheeks. Then, impelled by some unseen power, and not understanding why she did so, Oonagh called out—

"Come to Carthloe!"

No sooner did brother and sister hear these words than the shadow of a smile played round the girl's small mouth, and the reflection of some distant happiness was visible in the mysterious depths of the young man's eyes. All this passed without their having appeared to be in the remotest degree aware of a third presence. Then the air became filled with strange whizzing noises, and in a half-stupefied condition Oonagh awoke.

This dream made a strange impression on her mind, and strive as she would she could not dismiss the idea that Fate had in some way or the other mixed her up in the destinies of that brother and sister.

Though, as a general rule, Miss Geraldine

was a great foe to the supernatural, the dreary building, with its time-worn adornments, had already infected her with something of its own spirit, making her think with Hamlet that "There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The following morning dawned bright and clear, and on putting aside the curtains, Oonagh found that her rooms were situated in the rear of the house, and looked out on an old-fashioned garden, weedy and neglected. To the right of this garden was a large stagnant pool, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew in fantastic shapes some dwarfish trees.

Taken altogether, Carthloe presented a most dismal appearance, and made Miss Geraldine shiver.

Both Sir Ambrose and Lady Carthloe were in the breakfast room when Oonagh entered. To the former she gave a cold, formal salutation, while on the latter she bestowed an affectionate kiss.

On inquiring after Tossie, whose sweet child-face Oonagh longed again to see, Aunt Anne informed her that Tossie did not yet take any of her meals outside the nursery.

"Children are great plagues at table," growled the baronet, "especially girls."

The meal proving a dull one, Oonagh was heartily glad when it came to an end and she was free to go and look about the place. "Might Tossie go with me?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied Lady Carthloe, quickly. "Come, we will fetch her."

The child was delighted at being chosen to walk out with her grown-up cousin, and after being carefully wrapped up by the fond mother, the little creature, seizing Oonagh's hand, declared herself in readiness.

Aunt Anne gazed after them in loving admiration, her niece's charms striking her anew every time she gazed upon her.

Along went Oonagh, dignified grace in every movement of her slender figure, and on her wide marble brow sat Thought, enthroned amid such beauty as eye hath seldom seen.

"You must be my guide, Tossie," said she, smiling down at the child.

"Then I will show you my trees first, and then we will go and see Mrs Daly at the lodge. She is very fond of mamma and me."

Tossie's trees proved to be the scruntly ones growing along the side of the dyke, and when Oonagh asked why she called them her trees, the little one replied, in awe-stricken tones—

"Because they talk to me when their leaves are on, and I watch beside them every day in the summer."

Oonagh did not laugh at the child's odd fancy of the trees talking, but she asked—

"What do they say, Tossie?"

"They carry messages from the birds," replied the child, "but," looking puzzled, "I cannot tell you what they say, though I feel it."

"Never mind, darling. I daresay the trees' whispers to my little cousin have not much of earth. But now we will go and see your nice Mrs Daly."

"This is a very grim place," thought Miss Geraldine, as every step brought into sight some token of desolation. "A week here will teach me to believe in ghosts. Damp, gloomy, and unpleasant altogether."

Now, Oonagh knew that Sir Ambrose had wealth, but she had always heard him spoken of as miserly, and this she understood now in its full significance.

"Poor Aunt Anne! Poor little Tossie!" she breathed to herself again and again.

The door of the tiny lodge was ajar, and in Tossie poked her head.

"Come on, cousin," she called, "Mrs Daly is here."

When Oonagh stepped in, she saw that a bright fire of peat burned on the hearth, and an air of great cleanliness prevailed in the humble dwelling. But what attracted her attention most was the mistress of this abode, who, arising from her stool, dropped a deep curtsy and her knitting.

She was an antique gem, with shoes of the stoutest, blue woollen stockings of the most darned variety possible, linsey-woolsey petticoat of the curtest, apron of the whitest, and cap of the tallest and stiffest—mounting guard over her face—and her nose of the shortest; but there was a beam of good nature and sincerity on her broad rosy face that Miss Geraldine was quick to read and appreciate, she being one of the few who understand there is more real nobility in goodness than the blood of Paladin and all his peers, if virtue be absent, could bestow.

"This is my cousin that's come to live with us," was Tossie's introduction of Oonagh.

Mrs Daly, with another dip lower than the first, exclaimed—

"It's proud I'm t' see ye, miss."

"Thank you, Mrs Daly." And the girl gave one of her dazzling smiles.

"Would ye be after restin' a bit, miss? and you, Miss Tossie, darlin'?"

After seating herself on a carefully dusted stool, Oonagh made the old woman resume her seat and her knitting.

"How's her ladyship th' day, Miss Tossie?" inquired Mrs Daly.

"Mamma is well, thank you," replied the child, who was stroking the fur of a black cat, that purred loudly as it rubbed itself against her.

"God keep her so," murmured the woman, more to herself than her hearers.

"You have been here a long time, Mrs Daly," said Oonagh.

"Deed yis, miss, me an' me poor man—God be good t' his sowl—kem here in Sir John's time. He was a kind jintleman—Lord rest him. They wor both fine lads—fine lads," went on the old woman, "an' who ought t' know that as well as the wan that nurs'd thim, an' that's meself, miss."

"I cannot imagine you to have nursed Sir Ambrose," said Oonagh, surprised, for the fresh complexion and clear eyes of the woman seemed to betoken she had numbered less years than the baronet.

Mrs Daly smiled as she made answer, "Deed yis, miss, an' I lived in th' house as long as Sir John wor spared, but whin he wint—"

She paused, and the pause was significant.

"You always make such a nice tea for mamma and me, Mrs Daly," put in Tossie, as she hugged and fondled puss.

"If I make so bould, miss, as t' ax ye t' have a cup wid little missie," said Mrs Daly.

"Thank you, I should like a cup very much. Tea is a weakness of mine," replied Oonagh, merrily.

So the small delf teapot was drawn forth, and the small kettle placed to boil, while two dainty china cups—reverentially handled—were placed on a cross-legged, well-scoured table.

"You must join us in our tea-drinking, Mrs Daly."

"She will," said Tossie, "and poor 'Dollie' must have some milk."

Much flattered, the old woman took down from her dresser a cup and saucer of common delf; then made tea.

Over the fragrant beverage did she wax loquacious, amongst other things informing Miss Geraldine that she had been in close attendance on sweet Miss Marjery Carthloe, an only sister of Sir Ambrose's.

"An' the purty angel's heart jist bruk, Miss, when she heerd th' young gentleman she meant t' marry wor found dead in his bed."

Perhaps memory brought a whiff of some "little affair" of her own out of the graveyard of the past, for a big tear at this stage of her narrative went rolling bodily into her cup.

"She did nothin', Miss, bud sit all day lookin' sthraight afore her, and sayin' over and over agin, 'If I might only be at rest—at rest.'"

"Sorrow that finds vent in tears finds ease," said Oonagh, sighing. "It is the silent grief that eats away the heart."

"Thru, Miss; bud, beggin' yer pardon, ye don't know what sorrow is."

"I am an orphan," said the girl in a voice that spoke volumes.

Not one, but many tears now tricked down Mrs Daly's apple cheeks.

"Don't mind a stupid ould woman, Miss, darlin'. Shure I might have know'd by th' black shuit. Och, I could jist bite the tongue ov me."

"Do not blame yourself, Mrs Daly," replied Oonagh, gently. "How could you know? But come, Tossie. Mamma will think we are lost. Good-bye, Mrs Daly. We will often to come see you and get a cup of delicious tea."

"If words were roses, wishes rainbows bright," Miss Geraldine would have been surrounded by both as she passed from the lodge.

In turning down a side path Miss Oonagh saw Mary Calina napproaching, and by her side a tall, handsome young countryman.

"Here's your Mary and my Teddy," cried Tossie, clapping her tiny hands.

"Who's your Teddy, little cousin?"

"He's called Teddy the Fail, and he is Mrs Daly's grandson, and I am very fond of him, and mamma likes him, too."

"I think 'mamma' could not dislike anyone," laughed Oonagh.

Instantly the child's face clouded over.

"I know you will not tell," she whispered, "but I know mamma does not like papa."

"Hush, hush, Tossie!" cried Oonagh, horrified to hear such from the child. "You must not think anything so—so wicked."

She was going at first to say "untruthful," but substituted "wicked" instead.

Mary Calinan and her escort being now close by, no more was said.

Teddy respectfully touched his soft hat, and was modestly proceeding on, when Tossie seized hold of him to inquire after a bird whose wounded leg Teddy had bound up a few days before.

After delivering his bulletin relative to birdie's health, Teddy was allowed to go on his way.

"You were not long in picking up a cavalier, Mary," remarked Miss Geraldine, roguishly.

Mary's rosy cheeks took a deeper hue as she answered—

"It was quite an accident, Miss Oonagh. Her ladyship was sending me for you, as it was near luncheon hour, and the young man came to show me the way."

As flushed, breathless, but glowing Miss Geraldine and Tossie gained the front entrance, a gentleman was just removing his hand from the knocker. He turned round, and Oonagh fairly staggered, for there, with the pale wintry sun on his fine face stood one of the originals of her dream.

They gazed at each other, her eyes filled with an expression akin to terror, his overflowing with reverential admiration. Then the portal opened, and as Oonagh passed in she heard the stranger ask to see Sir Ambrose.

The domestic hesitating, Miss Geraldine said courteously,

"Sir Ambrose is at home. Show this gentleman to him," addressing the servant.

Oh! how much there is in a voice. As Oonagh's liquid tones fell on the stranger's ear it lingered on his heart as a never-to-be forgotten melody, thrilling him through as an angel's whisper.

Quivering with an emotion not definable, Miss Geraldine sought her room, where, resting her head on her hands, she strove to collect her thoughts.

Nervous in temperament, quick but vigorous in action, her greatest fault might be considered to lie in the depth of her feelings; the most trivial action calling forth nearly as much energy as the most important.

Fifteen minutes later aunt Anne stole in, her whole manner so agitated that Oonagh, starting up, asked "What ails you dear aunt?"

Moistening her parched lips two or three times ere she could reply, Lady Carthloe said, hurriedly,

"Don't ask me anything *now*, dear, but come down."

Oonagh's glance wandered round the dining-room, and the baronet was quick to understand the reason why.

"There is no one here," he said, with an ugly sneer.

Calmly ignoring himself and his remark, the girl sat down, and though avoiding looking in his direction, she knew the grey eyes of Sir Ambrose were fixed steadily upon her.

Pale and spiritless Lady Carthloe sat like one who had lost all interest in outer things.

Would that with the loss of the susceptibility to find pleasure in objects and occupations that could formerly confer delight, we could also lose that quick sense of pain and sorrow which subsides not when the other is blunted!

Harrows that break the soil prepare it for submission, and many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened.

When they had again retired to Oonagh's apartment the girl drew her aunt's pallid face to her bosom.

"Tell me, dear aunt Annie, what it is!"

"If I might, child, if I might," moaned Lady Carthloe, clinging close.

Softly Oonagh smoothed her hair until she was a little calmer; then she said,

"I can at least help you bear the trouble, whatever it is."

"You speak earnestly, my child."

"Because *I feel* earnestly," answered Oonagh, kissing the brow on which care, not time, had set a seal.

"You are young and clear-headed, and may see a way out of the labyrinth that bewilders me. Oonagh, oh Oonagh! the young man you met at the door to-day is—is my husband's nephew, and I believe rightful heir to Carthloe."

Miss Geraldine drew a deep breath. Was

this thing really true, or was her poor old mind wandering?

Yes, 'tis only too true," continued Lady Carthloe. "Ah, dear! the sin—the crime," wringing her thin hands. "But I must tell you all before you can understand. When the late baronet lay dangerously ill he sent for his brother, wishing to make a up breach that had existed between them for years. I came to Carthloe with him, and never can I forget the first day I set foot in this house. That night I sat alone by the fast dying fire in the diningroom. My husband had desired me wait there until he came down from the bedside of his dying brother. How I cowered over the embers as the great clock on the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rustled among the evergreens outside the window, like the stealthy whispering of thieves. All else was still as the grave. As I sat an overpowering sense of loneliness came over me, and, shivering, I rose and went softly upstairs. The bedroom assigned me was next Sir John's, and panelled all round in carved oak, the designs being acorns and leaves. I suppose it was something more than chance made me pass my hand carelessly over a bunch of acorns, admiring how true they were to nature. Suddenly my fingers encountered what felt like the head of a nail, and as I gave it a slight pressure, there was a click, when, to my amazement, back flew a panel, revealing a dark drapery beyond—the drapery of the dying man's bed. I was about closing the aperture when a few words arrested my hand and attention. They were—

"So you never guessed I was married, Ambrose?"

"How could I?" answered my husband in hoarse tones.

"True, true. I kept the secret well; but now I'm dying, and must give my children their just right."

"I alone, Oonagh, could know what a bitter blow these words were to my husband. He had never thought it worth while to conceal his sentiments from me."

"I have sent a letter to my solicitor, Dalton," went on Sir John, "with instructions to forward it to my son if I die."

"Then Dalton knows you have a son?"

"No, no. That is a secret as yet from all but you, Ambrose. My children bear their mother's name. I made her, God forgive me, believe they had no claim on any other. But after her death I saw that they were well cared for and educated, all—all but acknowledged."

"What did you tell your—your son in that letter?"

"Nothing but if he and his sister came here to Carthloe they would receive certain papers which would prove who had been their father, and also establish their claim to a considerable sum of money. Money is good—very good," he rambled.

"Have you got those papers, John?"

"And I trembled at the tones the words were uttered in."

"What papers?"

"Relating to your children."

"Have I children? Ah, yes, I remember—twin boy and girl."

"Where are the papers?"

"And I knew he bent over the sick man."

"The papers are— Wait now until I think. Why they are— My children! My children!"

"Where are the papers? Quick! Quick!"

again—
ing The casket is in—Rose, Rose! you will forgive me now!"

"Then a gasp and a silence which told that another life had dropped through into the vast river of eternity.

"Sir John was dead!"

"Simpleton!" was the ejaculation of his brother. "No doubt you were raving all the time."

"Sick at heart, I closed the panel, crept into bed, and feigned sleep; when shortly afterwards my husband looked into my room. I fancy he spent that night looking over and destroying any documents he did not like; but by keeping out of his way until the day of the funeral he had not the faintest suspicion I knew aught of that death-bed scene. On the day of the funeral a vehicle drove up, and from it stepped a handsome lad about eighteen, and a girl apparently his sister. In a second I knew they were the twin children of the late Sir John.

"Poor orphans!" burst from my lips. "Poor defrauded orphans!"

"Who are you chattering about, madam?" asked my husband, stealing quietly into the room and seizing my wrist.

But why distress you with minute details, dear child. Enough that he forced the truth from me, then laughed in my face and said the doctor could prove his unfortunate brother had been of unsound mind for months; that the children he had asserted to be his were the orphans of an old college companion of his, and to whom he had allowed an annuity after the death of their parents. I asked why were they here? and the only reply I got was an enraged glare, as he half raised his hand to strike. Just then a frightful buzzing came in my ears, the room went round, and the next thing I was conscious of was lying in bed with my darling wee Tossie beside me. After a time some faint glimmer of what had passed returned to me, but as the shadow of an ugly dream, and it was only to-day, Oonagh, when the heir of Carthloe came here again, that I realised it was no dream but a dread reality."

"Why not have spoken out all you knew, aunt?" cried Oonagh, excitedly.

"Hush, child!" said Lady Carthloe, half raising herself from her niece's arms, and trembling violently. "I was afraid of him."

Oonagh knew whom she meant, and as they sat silently clasped in each other's embrace, both became conscious of a stealthy step outside.

A knock followed, and, without waiting for permission, a human head, hollow-cheeked and evil looking, peeped in upon the pair.

"How very affectionate!" sneered Sir Ambrose.

With the air of a young empress, Oonagh reared her lovely head, and replied haughtily—

"Natural affection is not to be scoffed at."

The baronet fixed his wicked eyes full on the girl, but she never flinched, and her soul-lit orbs flashed back scorn and defiance into his.

"I have been looking every place for you, Lady Carthloe," addressing his pale, frightened wife. "I require your presence in the library."

Without a word poor, patient Anne arose, and joined her husband.

Sunset faded into twilight, and twilight, resting a brief interval on the bosom of night, gave up to her the care of earth and disappeared.

Still Oonagh Geraldine remained brooding over the strange story she had heard from Aunt Annie.

CHAPTER II.

RESTLESS and unhappy, Miss Geraldine felt in no mood for sleep; so after Mary Calinan and all the other inmates of Carthloe had retired, she stole, lamp in hand, to the library for a book.

Carelessly she glanced at the titles of those whose bindings marked them as latter day volumes, selecting for more careful inspection a few books of very ancient appearance.

The first of these, opened at random, proved to be a regular history of Carthloe, and Oonagh determined to study it.

Seated by the fire in her room, she read page after page until she came to a remarkable legend.

It seemed some lord of Carthloe in days far back was blessed with twin sons and an only daughter, which daughter, being a beauty and very rich, chose to fall in love and secretly wed her brothers' tutor. When the proud young men accidentally learned this, they vowed to slay him who had brought such disgrace on Carthloe. The sister becoming aware of their intention warned her lover husband, and made him leave the house secretly. The brothers pursued, overtook, and shot him, his dead body being discovered by some peasants and carried back to Carthloe. They laid down their ghastly burden on the great stone slab in the hall, and as the lady of Carthloe looked on the dead face, she uttered, half aloud—

"I am alone now!"

Then on high she raised her snowy arms, and cursed her brothers—cursed their heritage—

"Woe to you fragrant gardens in the golden light of May;

This dead man's face disfigured I show to you this day,

That you at it may wither, that every well may dry,
That you from hence for ever a stony waste may lie!"

Shivering, Miss Geraldine closed the weird old book. Was this the cause of the gloom and desolation? Did the curse cling to Carthloe still? Aye, truly, or why that tale of deceit and fraud so lately poured into her ears?

She lay thinking after retiring to bed, and her thoughts took the form of Sir Ambrose Carthloe and his defrauded nephew. Had the baronet discovered and destroyed the papers spoken of by his dying brother? or were they still lying where Sir John had concealed them?

On consulting her watch the following morning, to her astonishment Oonagh discovered she had slept unusually late. For all this she felt uncommonly tired and unrefreshed, and had a strong desire to renew acquaintance with the pillow, but she shook it off and got up.

Presently Mary Calinan, looking perplexed and flurried, came into the room.

"Oh, Miss Oonagh, did you hear anything in the night?" she asked, breathlessly.

"No, Mary. Why do you ask?"

"Because they say, Miss Oonagh, the ghost of Carthloe walked last night, as steps were heard coming from the room where Sir John died, and this morning everything was found topsy-turvy."

Miss Geraldine laughed.

"I expect your ghost was a rat, Mary, or a multitude of rats."

Mary screwed up her lips, and shook her head, but said no more.

That day Oonagh and Tossie walked beyond the precincts of the grounds, and—a most unusual occurrence in winter—a heavy thunder-

storm came on at a place where no shelter could be obtained. As the thunder crashed, the lightning gleamed, and the rain came down in a torrent, Tossie screamed frantically, clinging to Oonagh with her face buried in her dress.

Miss Geraldine strove to calm the child, whose terror seemed to increase every moment, and a pedestrian coming up paused on hearing the little one's shrill cries.

"Can I be of any service?" a rich, full voice asked.

Oonagh started, as looking up she beheld for the second time the heir of Carthloe. Tossie, too, raised her little head, and, stretching out her tiny arms, cried in plaintive accents—

"Do, do save us, good, good man."

Paul Braidon stooped, and tenderly gathering the wee maiden in his strong arms, lifted her up and pillowed her head on his broad shoulder.

"I will take you safely home," he said, tenderly.

The child nestled to him, and ceased crying.

Oonagh gave a sigh of relief, and said frankly—

"Thank you so much."

Paul stammered and turned pale. From the first time Oonagh Geraldine had flashed on his gaze a feeling had sprung into existence which he could not as yet define. Only he knew it was something too sacred, too deeply shrouded for voice, if the first breath that gave it utterance would bid it fly for ever.

So not a word was spoken until the entrance to Carthloe was gained. Paul's manner having thrown a restraint over Oonagh, made her feel painfully shy.

The rage of the storm was now passed, and at the gate lodge Paul was about to lay down his light burden and go his way, but the little lady clasped his neck tightly, declaring that he must leave her with mamma or the thunder would come again.

Smiling at Oonagh, the young man obeyed the small tyrant, and presently all three were standing at the hall door.

Miss Geraldine felt painfully embarrassed. She dared not ask him in. Yet how uncourteous—worse than that, how strange must not doing so appear. His own house, his own lands, yet almost turned from its door!

A lump arose in the girl's throat, a wave of womanly pity passed over her soul. Silently she extended her hand, which poor Paul pressed with warmth, murmured a half-choked sob, "Thank you," and passed in with the child from view.

That evening Tossie became ill, and at night was delirious. The poor mother in agony hurg over the little bed, and to all Oonagh's endeavours to cheer her, would answer—

"My sin hath found me out."

A doctor, residing some miles away, was sent for, but before he arrived the child commenced to call out for the good man to save her from the thunder.

In vain Lady Carthloe and Oonagh sobbed and petted, nothing for Tossie but the presence of the "good man."

"Where is he to be found?" cried the half-distracted parent, wringing her hands. "My God, must my darling die? Will no one find Paul Braidon?"

Mary Calinan without a word darted from the room, and throwing a cloak about her made her way to Mrs Daly's, certain to find a willing mercury in Teddy-the-Flail. As it happened, Teddy knew where the strange gentleman had taken up his abode, and soon he was on his

way with a message from Lady Carthloe, imploring Paul to come to her dying child.

But when in answer to that appeal Paul arrived at Carthloe, Tossie was in convulsions, and her mother insensible beside her. Oonagh had Lady Carthloe removed to her room, leaving Mary Calinan in charge, while she herself remained to do all in her power for the little sufferer.

When the physician appeared and his directions had been carried out, poor Tossie's attacks became fewer, and finally she fell into a half sleep, half stupor, from which, the doctor said, if she awoke calm and clear they might hope, but if the convulsive fits returned, then—

Praying, watching, and hoping, Oonagh Geraldine sat for hours beside that tiny white couch, the sharer of her vigils being Paul Braidon, and those two, so strangely brought together, learnt in that short time to know each other's characters better than weeks of ordinary intercourse would have taught them.

Alas, for human hopes! Ere another sun dawned Tossie had gone to that Heaven whose child she was—earth would see her sweet face, list to her glad laugh, feel her light step no more.

Gone! and for ever! Oh! the unutterable agony to the young and loving contained in those brief words.

When Lady Carthloe awakened, it was only to learn she was childless, and the dumb despair with which she caressed the rigid little form was more touching than any burst of violent grief.

In that death chamber were also the weeping Oonagh and the sympathetic Paul, who, much as he disliked the owner of Carthloe, could not tear himself away from the frightful sight.

But Sir Ambrose had no pity, no remorse, when, shortly afterwards, he entered the funeral chamber of his only child. His look of amazement changed to hatred when he beheld there the man he had so wronged, and with a furious exclamation he seized his unfortunate wife in a savage grip, exclaiming—

"So, madam, you are entertaining company."

A shade of exquisite anguish passed over Lady Carthloe's countenance, her poor wounded spirit writhed within; but she recoiled from his touch as if some noxious insect had stung her, crying out—

"Your words and threats are powerless to me now. Too long I listened—too long obeyed, and now am I punished for my sin. You can do no more; *you have done your worst*. Hear me, Paul Braidon," sinking on her knees, "before heaven, and in the presence of my dead darling, I declare you to be the son of the late Sir John Carthloe."

Paul turned ghastly as these words smote on his ear, but the baronet, with a diabolical chuckle, said—

"Does that elevate yonder adventurer, madam?"

"He is his son *and heir*. Deny it if you can," cried Lady Carthloe, her pale face working with excitement.

"Prove your fine words, madam, and I will not deny them," he hissed.

"You are a deeper villain even than I thought, Ambrose Carthloe," said his wife, her wreathed lips instinct with scorn, "if you have destroyed the proofs."

"Enough of this," and Sir Ambrose stamped his foot. "You leave this house, young man,

and beware how you come here sneaking a fourth time, or I will have you arrested for trying to obtain money under false pretences. Then all the ignominy attached to your birth will become known—it must be there, when you acknowledge the name you bear was your mother's."

A tiny coffin had been deposited in the vault of the Carthloes, and the last of those who had followed the funeral had left when Paul approached the abode of the departed, and after gazing at the inscription recording the death of Sir John Carthloe, as if he would fain wring something from that mute marble slab, a groan burst from him and he covered his quivering face in his hands. Would the mystery surrounding his birth and that of sister ever be solved?

"Mr Braidon," was uttered in a tone of deep feeling.

Paul sprang to his feet, and before him stood Oonagh in all her beauty, but reigning paramount on her serene countenance sat the expression of holy sympathy.

"Is Miss Geraldine come to spy my hour of weakness?" exclaimed he, bitterly.

"No, no," was all she could say. Her voice faltered, her whole frame heaved with a vast emotion, and one large tear escaped from either downcast eyelid.

"I am aware that I may not pretend to a friendship with Miss Geraldine," answered Paul, coldly. "Aware of the barrier between us. Did you come to remind me of this?"

"And can you deem me thus?" asked Oonagh, sadly.

"Miss Geraldine! Oonagh! I am miserable, I know not what I say. You are noble and generous!" cried Paul, seizing her hand wildly, and impressing on it passionate kisses. "Oh, the agony of this moment! when we *must* part for ever. Oonagh, Oonagh, I love you deeply! Over the anguish of my heart this flame will ever burn brightly. Heaven bless you. Would that I might die at your feet!" and he bent his knee to his love.

Then Oonagh, hearkening only to her woman's heart, laid her hand gently on the bowed head, and whispered, tenderly,

"Paul, my Paul!"

Thus in her pride and purity Oonagh came to Paul in his sorrow, and above his night of darkness arose her sun of love.

Does ever woman where the heart is concerned look to the future save in hope? And this indulgence of hope is a delicious delusion, but an unwise one; it is like closing our eyes on the reality and living in a world of dreams—like drinking in the perfume of the rose and denying the existence of its thorns.

With a new sense of happiness Oonagh took her place beside her aunt—for Lady Carthloe was lying seriously ill—the night after her interview with Paul. She had dismissed Mary Calinan, and was quite alone in the large, ghostly-looking bed-room.

As the hours wore on her eyes became heavy, and half asleep and awake she thought Tossie stood by her side, a seraphic smile on her baby lips as she held up a finger and beckoned Oonagh to follow her. This she did and the spirit child brought her to the spot from which the mirror had fallen the first evening of her arrival at Carthloe, and pointing to where the glass had been suspended, Oonagh saw there a square opening, and in it a small casket bound with brass.

As she gazed a hand touched hers, the spell

was broken, and she awoke to find in her own room and Mary, with startled eyes.

Oonagh passed her hand over her brow, looked about for her little cousin.

"Come and lie down, Miss Oonagh," coaxed Mary. "You were asleep though moving about." But sleep was now very far from Oonagh Geraldine. Some important *denouement*, she felt convinced, was at hand; and Mary thought her young mistress had taken leave of her senses when she commenced running her hand over the wall above the mantelpiece.

Exactly where the old mirror had hung Oonagh fancied gave forth a hollow sound, and in her excitement she seized the steel poker and struck with all her force.

The first and second strokes proved fruitless, but at the third a flag of wood fell down, and there was a hollow beneath.

Half-fainting Oonagh hesitated to put forth her hand. When she did so, to Mary's amazement, her mistress drew from the wall a small brass-bound box securely sealed, and having an inscription written on white paper pasted on the lid.

Hastily Oonagh read this, when a glad cry broke from her lips, followed by the words, "Father, I thank Thee!"

Scarcely waiting for the morning light she carried her precious treasure to her lover, and as she entered the humble cottage that sheltered him her greeting was—

"Courage! Joy! Lift up the head which nothing on earth should lower!"

Two hours after and Sir Ambrose learned that his reign at Carthloe had expired, the papers proving the right of his brother's twin children having come to light.

Now Oonagh Geraldine saw in all its beauty the true Christian principles of the man she had elected lord of her young heart.

Paul neither triumphed over or sought for punishment on the man who had so wronged him. Ambrose Carthloe was allowed to leave the country unmolested and retire to the South of France, where he lived in seclusion for two years. At the expiration of that time he died uncared for and unregretted. "What a man sows that must he also reap."

Long, long before the wedding bells had pealed for the union of Paul Carthloe with Oonagh Geraldine, and aunt Annie in giving her niece into his keeping said, solemnly,

"Take her, Paul, and God bless you both. Recollect with awe and gratitude at the altar at which you are about to kneel, that Providence directed her to bring you the happiness of your life."

The dense cloud that had so long overshadowed Carthloe passed away for ever when the twin children of Sir John came in for their own.

Paulina Carthloe resided with her beloved brother and his sweet wife for three blissful years, then a young poet lover claimed her for his own.

Mary Calinan gave herself into the care of honest Teddy-the-Fail, and up to the present has never regretted doing so.

Aunt Annie still lives and finds a melancholy pleasure in thinking that her angel child, by revealing to Oonagh where the papers were concealed, had removed the curse from Carthloe.

OF IRISH ART.

year has exhibited a marvellous manifestation of the general activity of Irish intellect, in almost every department of research, knowledge, and discovery. It is not our province to touch on politics nor on science in this review. We may, in passing, state that our scientific societies are not slumbering, and that during the past twelve months, Professor Ball, Sir Howard Grubb, Mr Wigham, and other Irishmen have demonstrated to the world that the popular belief that our genius is altogether emotional is a ridiculous and ignorant fallacy.

In the domain of musical competition we have not yet produced a successor to Balfe or Wallace. Dr. Villiers Stanford has composed several admirable works, but does not yet stand alone on his own personality. Sir Robert Stewart has essayed cantata and song, but his originality is not of a sufficiently pronounced type, and Dr. Joze has not produced the opera which we daily expect from his clever pen. This dearth of composers is due chiefly to the fact that we have not as yet realised a separate art existence as a nation, and do not possess what we may call a national stage distinctive in type from other European nations.

Another reason is the fact that music has not as yet become a recognised portion of the education of every Irish child, as it shall in the near future.

What we prefer to call the temporary collapse of the Dublin Musical Society may, at first sight, appear indicative of a failing interest in music. But second thoughts assure us that the collapse cannot be due to the members of the choir, who were sufficiently enthusiastic to subscribe from their own pockets to the funds, and we are dubious concerning the allegations of the want of public support. We attended every concert of the Society and found the hall full on each occasion, and we know that the concert hall is presented free by the Royal University. Hence there may possibly have been some want of business tact on the part of the committee. They inform the public that the cost of bringing instrumentalists from England is excessive. But why bring instrumentalists from England? We see no necessity to go outside this city for a band. However, we trust the Society will shortly be reformed on a more substantial basis. It is to be hoped that the University of Dublin Choral Society will be in better form next year than it has been during the past. They will act wisely in appealing oftener to the support of the general public, for the applause of friends is a delusive criterion both to the individual amateur and the associated performers.

We should be sorry to see this Society, which always aims at first-class work, drop out of existence.

We hope its clever conductor, Sir Robert Stewart, will be sterner in future, even though he may do violence to his own habitual good nature.

The progress made by the Dublin Orchestral Union in the favourable estimation of the public has been even more pronounced than formerly during the past year. Its programmes, like its performances, are always admirable. It educates not only its own performers in the difficult art of concerted music, but the public in the best works of the best composers, and it is with the greatest pleasure we record its unbroken series of

triumphs. The most casual observer of the growth of the social organism must have been struck during the past year with the rapid multiplication of local choral societies. Almost every parish of every denomination in this city has now its choral society, round which all the local amateurs rally with enthusiasm. This is a most healthy sign, and presages a glorious musical future for the city. Several societies have, indeed, almost risen to the highest importance, notably St. Patrick's and the St. Cecilia Oratorio Societies. The recent agitation concerning the Royal Irish Academy of Music, chiefly in connection with the Coulson Bequest, has had the admirable result of placing the Academy more directly under public notice, and hence the Council will be induced to increase the force of their exertions. The brief attempt of the trade bands to obtain scientific instruction unfortunately failed; but we are greatly mistaken in our estimate of the manly robustness of the workmen of this city if they do not exert themselves in the cause of their musical brothers. If we do not err, the Corporation have power, under the Libraries' Act, to levy a tax for educational purposes of this nature, and we would more cheerfully pay a tax levied to establish a metropolitan musical academy than for ripping up the thoroughfares and assisting the Gas Company to demonstrate how a city should not be lighted. We strongly advise the musicians of the working class to send a deputation to the Lord Mayor on this subject and demand their just rights. They possess the sympathy of every enlightened citizen. We may conclude our review of the musical year by expressing gratification at the visits of the Italian Opera Company and the splendid series of Italian concerts. Not less do we owe our gratitude to our able fellow-citizen, Mr J. M. Sullivan, for his splendid popular concerts, and it is an admirable sign of our intellectual progress to observe the support which he is receiving from the public. His concerts constitute an educational factor of the highest order, and as a clever organiser and able impresario he has no superior.

We turn now to consider the domain of painting, and here also we are agreeably confronted with proofs that our artists are steadily progressing and wisely raising their standard of excellence. The recent exhibitions of the Royal Hibernian Academy show a distinct advance on those of former years, and we are glad to notice an indication of revival in the plastic arts.

The Dublin Sketching Club achieved a success this season so remarkable that we may safely predict for it a future of golden splendour. Like all great movements which have largely affected the life of nations, its beginning was obscure and its early stages one of difficult struggles, but it has now achieved a firm footing in the estimation of the public, and can face the future with light hearts and, we hope, heavy purses. The National Gallery still slumbers in the arms of Fra Angelico, and remains in the bog of the bygone centuries, while the art-life of the nation is pressing onward towards untrodden fields. It records its weekly influx of nurses and children with imperturbable gravity, and graciously offers the comfortable seats of its velvet ottomans to the tired pedestrian. We are glad to observe in this connection a growing tendency amongst our educationalists to revolt against the inane despotism of the South Kensington Ring. We would indeed, be destitute of common manli-

ness if we continued to allow ourselves to be dictated to by a circle of London academic dunces.

The rise of the Association of Elocutionists deserves particular notice. The public already recognise its mission as one of the highest importance, and Edinburgh and London received the impetus of progress from Dublin, and were glad to form branch societies of the association. So great has been the influence of this society on the intellectual life of the people, that it has now become a recognised custom to have elocution items as portion of most concert programmes, and the public recitals of the society in its own hall are invariably crowded.

Though we have merely given the most cursory glance at the progress of the art-life of the city during the last year, we think it will be admitted that we are not behind any other great European city in the march of intellect.

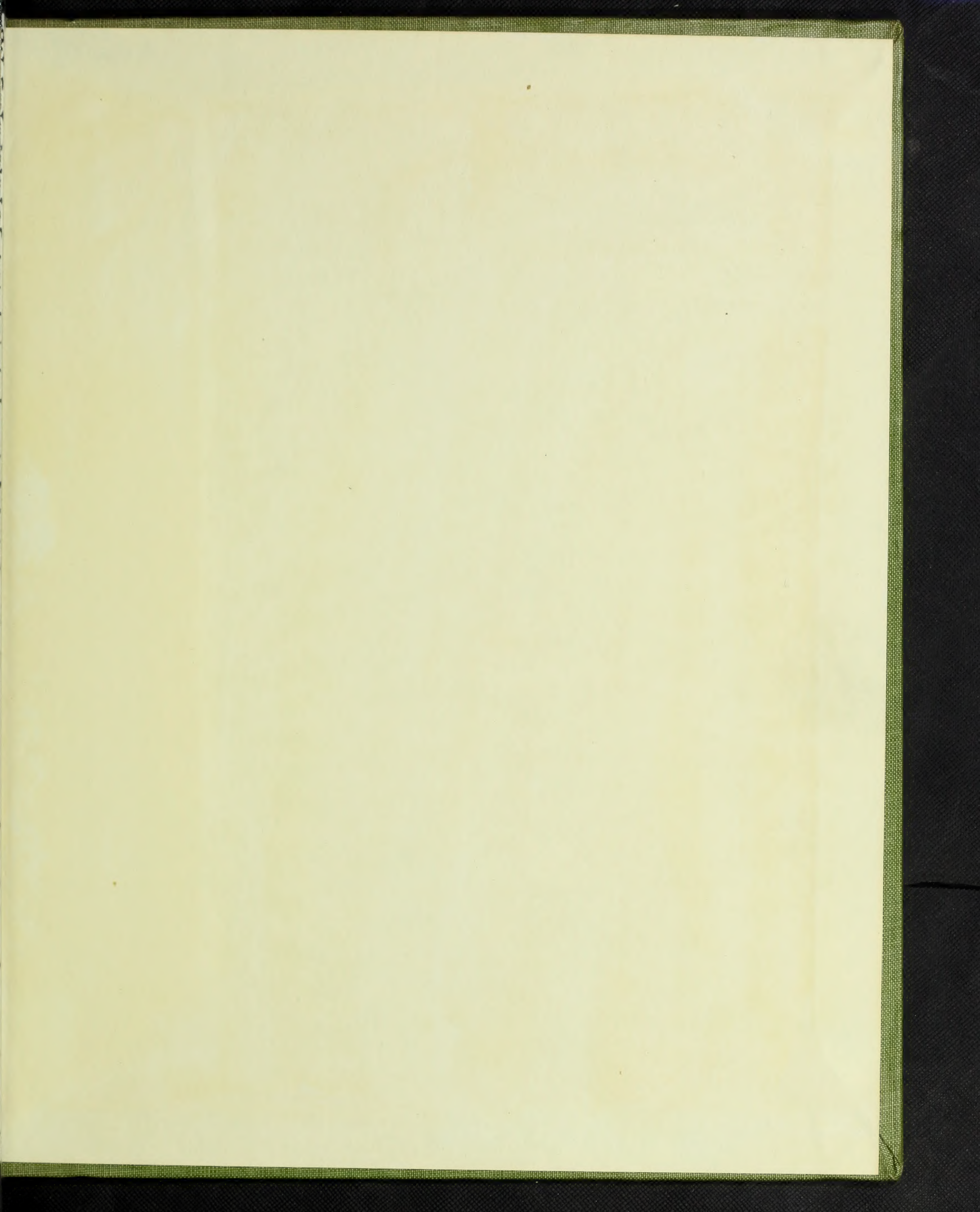
ECONOMICAL HINTS.

"HARD TIMES" COLLARED HEAD.

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

In many households it is a usual practice to have a collared head made occasionally, as it is a handy dish for breakfast, luncheon, &c., a sort of "cut and come again" viand; but many persons object to it because, as a rule, it is fat and greasy and does not look well. Collared head made from the following recipe (which is 36 years old) is not only a delicious, but a very handsome dish, an ornament to any table, and has been the admiration of first-rate housekeepers who have begged for a copy of the recipe. Old pictures, old wines, old china, and old silver are sought after, and an old recipe ought to be quite as good as a new one, and indeed it is generally superior. Let it be borne in mind that this recipe is intended for poor housekeepers. Take four pigs' cheeks, which can be got at 3d per lb. at any purveyor's, and put them in steep in cold water for twelve hours. The following hints may be of use to the buyer. Choose cheeks that have a small ear and short nose—they are always young. Corned meat taken fresh out of the pickle is always best, but buyers object to it on account of the loss of weight by the liquor. This may be avoided by the customer not choosing the first piece lifted out, and eventually settling on one of them after it has had time to drain. When lifted out of the steep the cheeks should be scraped, washed, and put down in a roomy pot of warm water, in which they should be allowed to stew quietly for one hour after the water has come to the boil. Throw off all this water, put on fresh, and allow it to boil till the bones can be pulled out of the cheeks quite free from meat. Lift all out on a large dish, and while hot remove all the bones, leaving the flesh to be cut up when cold. It should never be cut up while hot, as it spoils the appearance and breaks up the fat, which makes it seem greasy. Blow aside the fat on the water in which the pork has been boiled, and put away a pint of the liquor separately. The remainder will be useful for boiling winter greens or Swedes, giving them a very good flavour, the fat making them boil very tender. When the pork is quite cold it should be cut up with a sharp knife in rather small pieces (small pieces make a much nicer "collar" and the fat and lean amalgamate better) removing the skin from each piece without the least waste—in fact there should not be a morsel lost except the very thin skin, and the inside of the ear and

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